**Candidate for a Pulitzer Prize  
by Mark Eckman and Jerrold H. Zar**

I have a spelling checker,  
It came with my PC.  
It plainly marks for my review  
Mistakes I cannot see.

I ran this poem through it,  
You’re sure real glad to know.  
It’s very polished in it's way.  
My checker told me so.

A checker is a blessing,  
It frees you loads of time.  
It helps me write all styles to read,  
And aids me when I rhyme.

Each phrase composed up on my screen  
I trust to be a jewel.  
The checker pours over every word  
To check some spelling rule.

Before availing checkers  
Our spelling might decline,  
And if we're lax or have a lapse,  
We would be made to whine.

But now because my spelling  
Is checked with such great flair,  
There are no faults within my sight,  
Of none I am aware.

Now spelling does not faze me,  
It does not bring a tear.  
My papers all do gladden  
With rapt words fair as here.

To write with care is quite a feat  
Of which one should be proud,  
And we must do the best we can,  
So flaws are not allowed.

So you can see why I do praise  
Such software for PCs,  
And why I break in to a verse  
By writing want to please.