



Poughtaytow

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<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/poughtaytow.aspx>

Who invented this language that we speak? Does a bucket leek or leak? Why is there a K in knife or knee? And who the hell spelled psychiatry? English is spelled just how it sounds. Yet everything else is meant to confound. I before E except in weigh? OK, fine, but end in GH you say? An ' contracts but a ... omits? Who's to say what punctuation fits? Does a person have a sole or soul? Maybe we better take a pole. Or poll? Stake for dinner with a side of beats? And don't forget a role and maybe some pees. Why aren't words the way we hear them? Oh yeah... I remember now... phlegm. Knowledge is our friend you say? I before E and that damn silent K. Fourteen punctuations and only twenty-six letters. Is it possible we need more letter getters? Won or one or to or too or two. Whose and who's or just a who or whoo. Hi or high or buy, by, bye or bi. It's enough to make a person cry. I've had it up to here, do you hear? All these effects have affects I fear. So one more thing before I go. Just say no to what you know. For my two cents they make no sense. Then again, maybe I'm two dense.