

Rewriting the Poem

Runny Laints for Pove

Since Runny's parted stainting,
His mur is quite a fess.
There's red whaint on his piskers,
And chellow on his yest,
There's preen and gurple on his face,
But he could not lare cess.
He's pappy—'cause he only haints
The things that he loves best.

My rewrite in "regular" language: