

**14 self-referential verses derived
anagrammatically from William Shakespeare's
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"**

Amateur lamely codes his metaphors,
a tortured rhyme atop a level metronome:
his gawkish hymn, fenagled, odd. Troubadours,
so alarmed, lash out at artless heathendom.

O' tho heathens' enemies've oftimes hooey
championed—extolling doomed "ism"s. Find
American siderism different? Marvel! Fooley!
Can crosscutting a number here change your mind?

Halfhearted bluster, mostly unmeant,
shows out fools' pretensions. Sorta oafish—
rewrought sonnet—alas, had balderdash his hint?
Its new meter: No? Not new? A little roughish?

Seeress, charlatan, obey one's game: nonce.
Live less. Go list VII of heathens' eight "don't"s.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
and summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
and often is his gold complexion dimmed;
and every fair from fair sometime declines,
by chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;

but thy eternal summer shall not fade,
nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
when in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
so long lives this, and this gives life to thee.