

shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
now, that's been done
a rose by any other name would be Deshae
and Shakespeare by now is ecstatic,
reveling in the glory of the comparison
but I wax rhapsodic, as they say in old books,
and such a mood little fits
pragmatic me.

what I really want here is an impression:

she going, going, looking, talking, writing, studying
always doing something, never
stopping

and if she has more reason to shake from life
every drop of living, then I still am wondering

how she avoids hurrying
and puts so much self into
seeing

and listening
and trusting

and these least active of actions are her greatest
tricks



for Deshae Lott