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, gaming, looking, talking, writing, studying,
Always doing something, never stopping.

And if she has more reason to shake from life
evry 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


\[\text{for Deshae Lott}\]