

*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 dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st 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*

*Thou shan't compare me to a summer's day!  
I am more fierce and far much more ablaze  
There's far more of my character to say  
This lively spirit dost thou, fool, amaze  
Thy verses seek to me objectify  
A person am I, whilst thou art scum!  
To mine true value thou giv'st the lie  
Thy advances, I care not for, ye bum!  
My looks aren't immortal nor relevant  
And most of all wish I now to impart  
A flirtation's meaning, it is most scant  
Dissimilar to joy found in my heart  
So, long as I can breathe and live quite free,  
So long lives this, mine rightful spurn to thee!*