



SHALL I COMPARE THEE

(by Elisa Dal Maso – 3M)

Shall I compare thee to a spring's day?
Thou art as lovely as the temperature:
Gentle showers do grow the sweet buds someday,
And the other, the sun heats the nature.

Sometime goes too fast this season;
It is like knocking on heaven's gate,
And it opens every heart without a reason,
And the fairness inside explodes ignoring fate:

But thy immortality of blossom blast,
Nor lose possession of that perfection thou owest,
Nor shall life cry 'cause it's too fast,
As in my eternal soul thou growest.

So long as spring can come and go,
So long lives this, and this makes life so.