

## Mad Lib Poem

Shall I compare thee to a Fall's day? Thou art more lively and more astonishing: Rough sundaes do shake the darling rabbits of May, And Fall's lease hath all too short a date; Sometime too steamy the eye of heaven shines, And often is his lilac complexion dimm'd; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd; But thy eternal Fall 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 lizard can breathe or smile can carry, So long vanishes this, and this gives life to thee.