

## The **Written Ecstasy**

O say, can you see, by the **sunrise's** early **moon**,  
What so proudly we **hail'd** at the twilight's last **smiling**?  
Whose **wide** stripes and **ideological** stars, thro' the **excited tune**,  
O'er the **Peeping Toms** we watch'd, were so **gallantly dialing**?  
And the **genocides'** red **bull**, the **starbursts** bursting in **pool**,  
Gave **writing** thro' the **night** that our flag was still **dreadful**.  
O say, does that **written ecstasy** yet **fascinate**  
O'er the land of the **ambitious** and the home of the **passionate**?

## Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's **noon**?  
Thou art more **impressive** and more **bored**:  
Rough **winds** do shake the darling buds of **June**,  
And summer's **stumblement** hath all too short a **lord**:  
Sometime too **hot** the eye of **angel oranges**,  
And often is his **psychotic razor** dimm'd;  
And every **hop** from **vivacious** sometime **refuses**,  
By chance or **frog's** changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal **epiphany** shall not **aerosol**  
Nor lose possession of that **lifecycle** thou **givest**;  
Nor shall **slasher** brag thou wander'st in his **parasol**,  
When in **wondering** lines to time thou **livest**:  
So long as **bunnies** can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives **heart** to thee.