

## Sarah Allgood

### **You, Like Summer's Day**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day,  
Where in Missouri one hates to stay?  
The air is thick, suffocating: anxious  
for the next season, when free from thy grip.

A Missouri summer the skin doth itch,  
Effects of tiny creatures; "Son of a bitch!"  
Long day suffers into uninvited night,  
When sun's absence can't defeat thee—my plight.

Picnics planned for the park,  
Filled with such promise and hope.  
But when the door is opened into a sky dark,  
The rain doth pour: a sweltering storm.

Expecting good times, met only with regret,  
Loathing mistaken for happiness met.

Thou hast burdened me for long enough,  
Make now like trees in fall, and leave.