

## **Sonnet 18a: Sonnet to a Menopausal Woman**

By Andrew Cool, with apologies to Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Of sweaty underboob and flushing face:  
Howling rants doth declare the day unfit,  
For oestrogen's grip hath body zero grace;  
Too bloody hot the temperature seems,  
And randomly so does the fever peak;  
That which once was nice is often nice no more,  
By changing hormone does the body reek;  
Yet nevermore does this furnace fail me,  
The dangling sword o'er me cannot be shook;  
Nor can refuge in sweet Death be solace,  
These times define eternal as too short:  
So long I breathe to suffer in your eye,  
So long endured, I speak now my goodbye.

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