

George Shelton

FACT—HAH!
DOUBT—HAH!

All week long it's a
do your watch, look the time—
aplomb's a bomb
among the blond.
Do your mouth,
loud the alley.
Watch the stairs,
stare the moon, up there.
Winter's bitter
stricken fingers
lug a sunk boat
here and about.
Push your worth
through sweaters and shirts—
up pops a face:
grab a piece of that elastic fact.
Park your doubt—
here, here are guesses
run to weeds.
In early spring,
surviving cold trees,
go striding to world—
your wholly pugilistic attitude,
abuse that yellow sun.