

## Four Poems · *George Shelton*

### THE BODY IS BEAUTIFUL

The body is beautiful, air, light,  
in speech or mute. Words clothe a moment,  
press oil to the forehead, hot, cool.  
How you lay naked on a blue blanket.

How I sat up, watched a tall tree.  
And you sat, half-sat, half-lay, on  
your elbows, cool, hot, cool, and thought  
a few good thoughts, so you said and seemed.

It seems now thoughts are all good.  
Jane, what a blue blanket you lay on.

### MARCH

I was swimming in the sky, the blue sky,  
it was lovely, it was easy.  
Houses, shrubs, grass, mounds of dirt  
clung to the world like food to a carpet.  
The trees swayed, the birds walked the air,  
and cirrus clouds swung around and off my neck.  
Then I saw you defying gravity,  
the tap of your heels on the concrete.  
On the way to the market?  
I dipped down.  
You stopped, looked back.  
Your hair hung down, or twisted in the wind.  
You stared but did not see me.  
Forgot something?  
You turned off. The asphalt began to leak  
gravel and balls of tar, the street rolled,