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The German romantics have it...

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Boy wonder bred
   In twelve different classrooms
One day finds that it isn't all in the books
Can this darling dunsel of his
   Shoves his breast into his harmless hand
And says
   Love me not love.

Jim Coleman

And the overcast came underneath
   The underpass, just like they
Knew it would, silently.
And I was waiting under bridges for
   Something to happen while others
Were on the bridges happening.
And the overcast came underneath
   The underpass, blinding security
And making waiting risky.
And the overhauls came underneath
   The underpants, just like they
Knew it would, silently.
And the sun shone through the
   Overcast and found the underpass
Empty, and clothes left behind
Covered with fig leaves and dew drops.
And the overcast left as the people on
   The bridge evaporated and it was
My turn to pay the toll and cross
The bridge and take off my clothes
And be seen.

Jim Coleman

The German romantics have it
   That on the instant of touch
Reputation begins
That anticipation is greater
   Than the act.
This philosopher has it
   That on the point of touch
Wonder begins.
The two different interpretations
   Seem to depend upon
How much you touch
But in reality
The diverse consequences
Come from what you
Touch
   First.

Jim Coleman

Love lies somewhere behind
   Buttoned barred bosoms,
When the love is finally barred and free
It fights, of necessity, with respect
Which usually wins the battle
Can
   The male sex can't keep its
Mouth shut
And nobody
   Likes a fussy reputation.

Jim Coleman