Boy wonder bred...

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1968/iss1/14
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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1968.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1968/iss1/14
Boy wonder bred  
In twelve different classrooms  
One day finds that it isn’t all in the books  
Can this darling nonsense 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

MIKE GOODWIN

Love lies somewhere behind  
Battened 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 lousy reputation.

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