

1968

## And the overcast came underneath...

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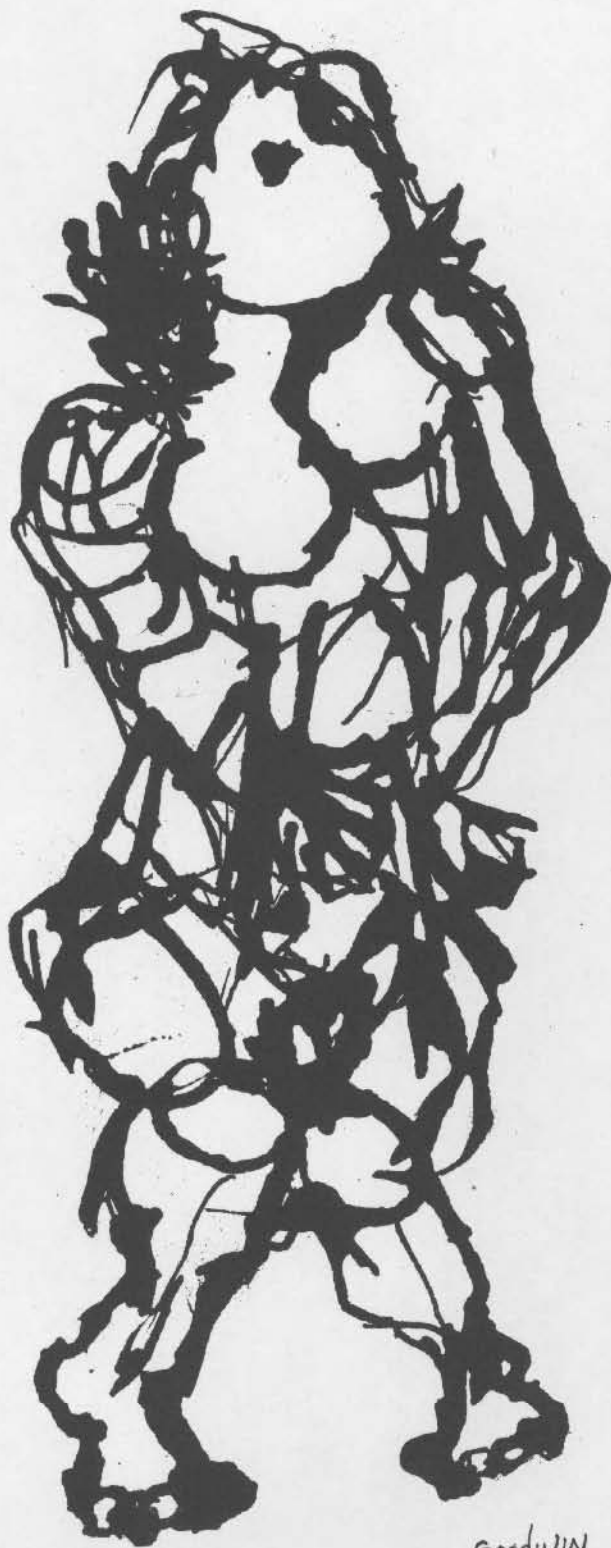
And the overcast came underneath...

**Cover Page Footnote**

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

JIM COLEMAN



GoodWIN

MIKE GOODWIN

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

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  
 Repulsion 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