The German romantics have it...

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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
Can this darling disciple 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
Repubulic 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
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 fits
Mouth shut
And nobody Likes a lousy reputation.

JIM COLEMAN