Flag Erotic

It is the universal custom to display the flag only from sunrise to sunset on buildings and on moreover flag staffs in the open. However, when a patriotic effect is desired, the flag may be displayed 24 hours a day if properly illuminated during the hours of darkness.

You're not supposed to think of the flag in that way. Flags have rules about touching, folding.

But what's remarkable about the way it hangs in zero wind, folding in on itself like a closed flower in the silence in the stillness without words or whisper?

Isn't there something about the careless fall, the gentle tousled fall, of being passionately tumbled, the thin silky fabric, done disarrayed by wind?

Isn't there why we must keep it lit at night? Is it our own easy amorous contemplation? And is even this unpatriotic? And will you respect me in the morning?

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Size Matters

Size matters. It’s true, you see, it’s a flag you can’t see. That’s what graduate students at the University of Texas in Dallas had in mind when they created a tiny flag so small it would take more than 10 to span the width of a human hair.

An in, an out of size, not the bigger the better. Every flag flawed with perfection. I don’t think we’ll be adding any more stars any time soon. We’ve got enough trouble with the ones we already have. We lock our doors but leave our mailboxes open. In case someone wants to say they love us some random night full of unfixed stars.

You can put anything on a flag. You can put the flag on a toothpick or grow one with flowers. Just bills, the mailman says, and he knows what a bill looks like. The flag bracket was made for a bigger flag, drilled into the siding, claiming this house as one more piece of America.

Proportion is a relative thing. The size of a child’s coffin is always too large. Modesty is a relative thing. Where it comes to flags. If it’s the thought that counts which doing the counting? Perhaps each of us in our own tiny country and our hearts are our flags. Perhaps not. I need to check our country. You can’t just learn, but I’m not even sure anymore. Where my children were young we used to make flags for imaginary countries with customs and counties.

It takes a certain amount of naivety to make any flag or flag. Once more probably about the size of this one. We lived each other. We had pandas.