

Cockburn Bruce

"Berlin Tonight 706"

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dull twilight spits hesitant sulphur rain

sky been down around our ears for weeks

only once -- gap-glimpsed moon over that anal-
retentive border wall

as we laughed through some midnight checkpoint
under yellow urban cloud

weeks of frantic motion -- petrol veins of europe
pumping

through scratchy acid-bitten transparent winter trees

through brownish haze that makes a ghost of the
horizon

i'm rushing after some ever-receding destination

berlin tonight

table-dancing in black tights

waving a silver crutch in the blue lights

shapechanging over glass

on the front line of the last gasp

green shoots of winter wheat and patches of snow

russian walks dog in saxon field

from the top of a solitary tree like the one on the flag of
lebanon

unblinking eye of hawk follows traffic on the autobahn

tank convoy winds down smokestack valley

proud chemical pennants wave against the sky

turret gunner laughs when i throw up my hands

i'm all glasses and grin to him under my "commie" fur
hat

berlin tonight

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on the front line of the last gasp

(2 GERMANIES, 2/85

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