

**Cockburn Bruce****"How I Spent My Fall Vacation 510"**

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sun went down looking like the eye of God  
behind icy mist and stark bare trees  
inside the dim empty cinema 2 guys in leather  
jackets glance at each other and shiver  
"they never built these places with winter in mind"  
out the window down the gray road you can see  
old walled monastery  
now become a barracks for the paramilitary police

i saw an old lady's face once on a Japanese train  
half lit, rich and soft luminosity  
she was dozing straight upright head bobbing almost  
imperceptibly  
wheels were playing fast in 9/8 time  
her husband's friendly face suddenly folded up in a  
sneeze  
across the straight a volcano flew a white smoke flag  
of surrender

in a Roman street on a full moon night  
i was sick and there was a young cop in a circle  
of yellow light  
as we drew near he snapped the safety off his  
machine pistol and slid a trembling finger  
to the trigger  
i wanted to say something calming but couldn't  
catch his eye  
he didn't want contact -- he was trained to  
see movement  
"well don't shoot me man i'm a graceful slow dancer  
i'm just a dream to you not real at all"

i wonder if i'll end up like Bernie in his dream  
a displaced person in some foreign border town  
waiting for a train part hope part myth while the  
station changes hands  
or just sitting at home growing tenser with the times  
or like that guy in "The Seventh Seal" watching the  
newly dead dance across the hills  
or wearing this leather jacket shivering with a  
friend while the eye of God blazes at us like

the sun...

(Autumn '79 Pavia, Hokkaido, Paris

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