

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

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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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