

Cockburn Bruce

"Radium Rain 922"

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They're hosing down trucks at the border under a
rainbow sign --
the raindrops falling on my head burn into my mind.
on a hillside in the distance there's a patch of green
sunshine
ain't it a shame
ain't it a shame
about the radium rain.

Everyday in the paper you can watch the numbers rise,
no such event can over take us here, we're much too
wise
in the meantime don't eat anything that grows and
don't breathe when the cars go by
ain't it a shame
ain't it a shame
about the radium rain

Big motorcycle rumbles out of the rain like some
creation of mist.
there's a man on a roof with a blindfold on and a hand
grenade in his fist.
i walk stiff, with teeth clenched tight, filled with
nostalgia for a clean wind's kiss.
ain't it a shame
ain't it a shame
about the radium rain.

A flock of birds writes something on the sky in a
language i can't understand.
God's graffiti -- but it don't say why so much evil seems
to land on man
when everyone i meet just wants to live and love, and
get along as best they can.
ain't it a shame
ain't it a shame
about the radium rain.

(Cologne, May 8, 1986)

