

Cockburn Bruce

"The Charity Of Night"

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Big city, Europa, July of 64.
It's 5AM. Weather blowing bitter off the Baltic.
Car slows beside him as he walks, hubcaps slow
revolution, jaundiced looking
pockmarked face round and windburn, short greasy
black beard.
Couple of language stabs, settle on English.
It's cold.
I give you ride?
Don't you want to kiss me?

This goes on halfway across the cobbled bridge. Driver
pulls ahead gets out by
the construction fence, ambles toward a rubbing bulge
in his pants. In his
jacket is the revolver. The hand is already in the pocket
for warmth and
fingers slide easily around wood grips. As slow as that
predator's footsteps
the gun comes out, arm straightens, scythe blade
bisecting yellow forehead.
Wind. Blue metal street light. Faint twilight shining in
the corners of
stones.

Chorus:
Wave on wave of life
Like the great wide oceans roll
Haunting hands of memory
Pluck silver strands of soul
The damage and the dying done, the clarity of light
gentle bows and glasses raised to the charity of night

Slow revolution, 1985, crosswise in a hammock in the
hot volcanic hills.
Its 3AM, the night after the air raid.

>From the ridge she watched A37s like ugly gulls
make a dozen swooping passes
over some luckless town maybe ten clicks beyond the
border. In the distance the

Pacific glimmered silver. Now lascivious laughter floats
on the darkness from
the police post next door. Male voices and a woman's.
Little clouds of desire
painted around the edges with rum. In the muddy
street a pig suddenly screams.

Chorus

Pacific glimmers silver. Moon full over shadow
mansion.
West coast. Can't say when.

There is incense and heat-driven scent of flowers. A
tongue slides over soft
skin, love pounds in veins, brains buzzing balls of lust.
Fingers twine in wet
hair, limbs twist and roll. On the dresser wax drips in
slow motion down the
long side of a black candle. Ecstatic halo of flame and
pheromone.

Chorus

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