

Bruce Cockburn

"Berlin Tonight"

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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
table-dancing in black tights
waving a silver crutch in the blue lights
shapechanging over glass
on the front line of the last gasp

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