

Berlin Tonight

Bruce Cockburn

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 urb
an 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 Leb
anon
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

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