

## How I Spent My Fall Vacation

Bruce Cockburn

Sun went down looking like the eye of God  
Behind icy mist and stark bare trees  
Inside the dim empty cinema two 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 with 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...