

The whistle sounds. Schubert waves from the deck.
He is going home. Where he lives
Lions aren't cooped up in back yards,
And policemen have bones in their noses.

Goodbye to Mozart, he thinks. The crowd on the dock
Is screaming. Schubert could care less.
Bon voyage, Schubert. Don't mind us.
We scream because the whistle is too loud.

Schubert waves from the deck. Confetti
Flies through the air. He smiles,
Doffs his hat. Congenial to the last,
Schubert. We admire that despite ourselves.

I wish those lions, he thinks,
Would stop screaming, and doffs his hat.
We laugh like hell and shout, "You could
Care less, Schubert, you're going home."

Schubert is going home. The whistle
Sounds. Confetti flies through the air.
So long, ta ta. He thumbs his nose
At the concrete, waves goodbye to Mozart.