

1970

# From: "The Limitations of Schubert"

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## Recommended Citation

Evans, Jeptha. "From: "The Limitations of Schubert"." *The Iowa Review* 1.2 (1970): 11-11. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.1039>

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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.