

# On Returning

## Wire

You'll be sorry when the sun has roasted you to  
Lobster red, nothing said  
When yellow has turned green to brown, divide by four  
Multiply by nine, describe your divisions, anatomical derision  
Lobster head and lobster feet  
On arriving with a third language  
Tucked into your brief case, next to your toothbrush  
Along with a copy of the Nouvelle Observateur  
While your sons and daughters who registered naught  
Under intensive electronic scanning  
You regard your body with regard to events  
With which nothing planned  
Never lacked a sense of theater  
On returning with the tab you've gained  
A head of world service, the best of your culture  
An evening of fun in the metropolis of your dream

Songwriters

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