

Walking My Lobster Back Home

by Con Chapman

On learning that the poet Gerard de Nerval had a pet lobster he walked on a leash.

Gee but it's great after being out late,
Walking my lobster back home.
There's little risk that she'll turn into bisque,
Walking my lobster back home.

She grows quite bored of the maddening horde,
So I recite her a poem.
She slept with me once and complained that I snored,
Walking my lobster back home.

We stop for a while, she gives me a feel,
And snuggles her claws to my chest.
She's not like a dog or a shrimp that you peel
Her green roe's all over my vest.

When we stroll about I keep her on a leash,
Sometimes she borrows my comb.
We go out to eat and of course she has quiche,
Walking my lobster back home.

She rides on my back to a little clam shack
For a pop quiz on the Teapot Dome.
She borrows my pen and she takes it again
Walking my lobster, talking my lobster
She's sure my baby, I don't mean maybe
Walking my lobster back home.

