

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

*O pity poor Peggy Noonan,
Hitched her wagon to a star
And found Disneyland.*

Crossed by the gift of speech, she joined a band
of youth in public life, the herald star
and nascent flower of liberal power. Their van
of privileged fellows traveled from here to far,
attractive, able, rich, exclusive, tanned.
A sense of separation spread to mar
ambition like a stain. She left them soon, and
feeling put-upon, she changed her tune.

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Changed her tune from classical to canned
because she saw they knew each other. Far
in past of lucky caste, they had a hand
in freedom's cause or at the least were par
with Kennedys. Their bays and ivy fanned
the smudge of disapproval. See you tar
your betters to look brighter; pray for ruin, and
blame your darkness on an Other's noon.

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Taking a turn, she blamed Them for the land
within they showed her, quite by chance, where bar
the shuddering, gulping swamps of alien sand.
Yet change of party still has left her far
from pleased: success, belonging to the clan.
She said things she didn't mean; they started to jar.
A slave does not believe what its his doom
and fate to utter. One were the words and the tune.

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