

Reagan

The man is old, they said
But a player of small parts
The nation's need is more than that
And in the country's hurting hearts
Weary of the eagle's wounds
Questions came and doubt was rife
Could he find the will, the strength
To give the land new life?

The people spoke, the office came
The helm was his to hold
The Californian had now arrived
His vision to unfold
And on his oath of office
The ink was not yet dried
When an angry, youthful countryman
His President defied

The shots rang out and echoed loud
Like thunder o'er the land
Disbelief, and fear, and grief,
A need to understand
Raged in the nation's frightened heart
Could it be again
That we could lose the one we chose
To be our leading man?

Would there be another name
New lyrics from now on
To add along to the painful song
For Abraham, Martin and John?

Notes:

Reflections on the attempt on President Reagan's life, written shortly after that event.