

Oprah at the opera

By Robert Fitt (with apologies to Dr. Suess or Shel Silverstein, whichever one is most easily offended when their style is abused).

It isn't so often, you'll have to confess, that Oprah has ever got into a mess so entangling, so gangling, that she can't escape, (except for the government's pile of red tape).

But one fine summer day, (so her staff members say), when the heat was so heated the sun was blasé, She found a great hall at the end of the mall where the opera was playing, and paid them a call.

The hall was filled up (I feel bound to confess) so crowded it shrouded all chance of access. But gilly by golly! Who should she meet but the mucky-muck Mayor of Mulberry street, who had extra seats (though high up in the air), and called out to Oprah to offer a chair.

When Oprah was seated, she heard a 'bravo' and turned to the stage with it's lights all aglow. The chorus was swarming, the scenery in place, the actors were forming in limited space. The orchestra warmed-up with vigor and vim, while waiting until all the footlights went dim. The curtain then moved. (It moved silently uply, while the house lights went downly though somewhat abruptly).

It was then that it happened (don't anyone tell) that Oprah excitedly stood at the rail with a surge of emotion—(an adrenaline thing)—with no thought of promotion she just had to SING!

Her eyes glowed like light bulbs, her heart quicker still, Her pulse was too rapid, lungs starting to fill; then she wiggled and waggled and puckering her lips, she leaned over the railing and just let her rip!!

The hall was besieged by splendiferous sound that bounced from the ceiling and up from the ground, rolled over the balcony, over the floor, up through the windows and out through the door. Then shot quickly past the open-mouthed crowd, bounced out past the bower and up through the clouds, way up past the chimney tops, then very soon her song soon had flattened the man on the moon!

Now . . . I didn't see this; but everyone said (from wee early morning 'til late, late, to bed) that it was spectacular—something to see! That she could be heard from New York to Trawlee. So loud that the crowd quickly jumped to its feet, (re-shouting some things that we'd best not repeat); but the five o'clock news is preparing to quote, and their wide eyed producer is soon to devote, the whole doggone hour to that Opera, and crow how convincingly Opra had stolen the show!!!!!!!