

Eleanor Hardy

Jonathan's Deathbed

Jonathan's deathbed was strewn with salvation in
gadgets and gizmos that soiled his mattress with
beating his hammer against his new heart made of
iron and stealing the warmth of his ring.
Fiddling, jittering, spluttering, crying
his name like a love-song,
a meaningless
thing.

Molly, his wife, would pursue his creation with
care and affecting mathematic precision to
better her dear husband's still-mortal guess.
Fearless and shameless and hopeless, pathetically
wanting no more and
expecting no
less.

Tim was their orphan, withdrawn with elation at
endless results embryonically won.
Perfect formation and heartless damnation
as Paradise offers
a thrice-empty
shun.

Death's minstrel followed this path of destruction to
find out their instrument, plucked on its string with his
cold rubber fingers and let their priest bless by its
psalmodic tone—only heaven can sing.
Parodied mastery, pantomime mystery
ruled their ambitions, now dead and now done with
since no-one remembers—no—
nobody heard from that
bullet-proof hideout their
life's melody.

*“Fiddle-dee-dee,” said the minstrel, “The only thing
Left of this life is its sweet melody. So
Fiddle-dee fiddle-dee fiddle-dee fiddle-dee
Fiddle-dee fiddle-dee fiddle-dee fiddle-dee
Fiddle-dee fiddle-dee
Fiddle-dee fiddle-dee
Fiddle-dee fiddle-dee
Fiddle-dee
-Dee.”*