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## The Old Man's Fiddle

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# THE OLD MAN'S FIDDLE

By Randy Morrison

The dull brass buckles creak and unlatch;

The old leather case is slowly opened wide.

Grandchildren, nieces, nephews —

All gather around.

Their eyes growing round,

They don't make a sound.

"It's no 'Stradiveros', but it gets the job done,"

Barks the old man as he lifts the old fiddle

From its dustless resting place.

The stain is worn through in spots on the neck,

And the old horse-hair bow is growing thinner

each day.

With thin, crooked fingers, he raises

It slowly to his chin.

With some unseen power, he is able to hold it there.

Then the old horse-hair bow starts to dance on the strings.

The pale, crooked fingers march proudly from note to note.

Then the weather-tuned strings start to sing all

their songs.

First they sing glad songs,

Joyous and free.

The old man's deep eyes grow deeper but brighter,

Remembering the good times from the past of his life.

Then they sing sad songs,

Hollow and cold.

The old man's deep eyes grow deeper and dim,

Remembering the bad times from the past of his life.

The teary-eyed man takes the bow from the strings,

The last solemn note escapes from the room.

The old wooden fiddle grows silent again.

The old man looks older than he did before.



*RANDY MORRISON — sometimes a speaker, sometimes an athlete, and sometimes a writer — is a junior at Weatherford High School. The subject of his poem is Louis Morrison, his deceased grandfather.*