

Jed the Humanoid

Grandaddy

Last night something pretty bad happened.
We lost a friend,
All shocked and broken,
Shut down, exploded. JED-E3 is what we first called him.
Then it was "Jed,"
But Jed's system's dead.
Therefore, so's Jed. We assembled him in the Kitchen,
Made out of this and
Made out of that and
Whatever was at hand. When we finished Jed we were so proud.
We celebrated,
Congratulated,
At what we'd created. Jed could run or walk, sing or talk, and
Compile thoughts, and
Solve lots of problems.
We learned so much from him. A couple years went by and something happened.
We gave Jed less attention.
We had new inventions.
We left for a convention. Jed had found our booze and drank every drop.
He fizzled and popped,
He rattled and knocked,
Finally he just stopped.

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