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Bruce: Our Brother the Dog

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BRUCE: Our Brother the Dog

Florence E. Brown

Bruce was laughter,
Laughter packed down tight and spilling over,
Silent, sparkling, from-the-heart laughter.
Joyous, barking, jumping and dancing laughter.

Bruce was freedom,
Belly-to-the-earth running,
Over-the-hill-and-far-away running,
Bruce was a rover.

Bruce was a cuddler, a baby,
A lover of everyone,
From the tip of his wet, red tongue
To the tip of his plummy, perpetual-motion tail,
Bruce was a lover!
No "if" . . . , "but" . . . or "maybe"!

Bruce was courage!
All four feet planted firmly
Behind a bark like a lion's roar,
Bruce said firmly, "If I don't know you,
You're not to approach my house, my charges,
So don't take one step more!"

Bruce was a darling,
The dear friend of the whole neighborhood,
And half the town.
Children, and old people, and middle-aged people
Talked to him, and fed him, and loved him,
And shed hot tears with us that final day
When someone's car ran him down.