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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.