

## BRUCE AND THE GHOSTS

Bruce and the ghosts  
Bruce was a ghost  
Bruce is a ghost  
A ghost called Bruce

Who is Bruce?  
Fred Dagg's son  
Bruce, Bruce, Bruce  
And Bruce. No?

This is my story  
Bruce is who he is  
Who he was (past tense)  
Sadly. Now he is free

He can be who he likes  
Flesh cannot constrain him  
I sadly marked his passing  
Did not believe it. He was young

Ambitious, he was Bruce, everlasting  
You laugh, you deride my foolishness  
He is, was and will always be the Bruce  
I knew, I remember and I celebrate

With his passing was also the link  
To the others of 50 years ago.  
Time flies. Tempus fugits.

He moved, sometime in the 1970's,  
A long way, out of the country  
Thereafter, I saw him seldom  
(once a decade?) I complain not

Each time was a new beginning  
A conversation interrupted - still relevant  
Still important. Yes friendship lasts forever  
A form of love in the larger sense

There is a picture? In my memory.  
It was taken on one of his visits.  
An apartment on a beach resort

My wife and I met to have lunch

with Bruce and his mother

A most pleasant time together and lunch

It was. Possibly one of the happiest times

Of my life.

Of the four people who were there

I am the only one left standing, alive.

A bitter-sweet observation, at the least

One day it will be me as the subject

Les and the ghosts

Les was a ghost

Les is a ghost

A ghost called Les

(He was an opera ghost?)

Cue music, maestro

Leslie Bush

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