

Grampa the good ghost

Over the years, working in a busy, pediatric tertiary emergency department, I was always amazed at the great artistic talent of so many of my nursing colleagues. Displayed in tole painting, knitting, memory books, and now poetry, so many emergency nurses have a deeply creative side. These nurses surely bring this creativity to the art and science of their nursing practice every day.

The poetry submission for this edition's pediatric section comes from Gary Bussiere from the Children's Hospital of Eastern Ontario (CHEO). Gary has worked in the CHEO ED for nine years. For the last three years, Gary has been a member of the ED's clinical leadership team in his role as clinical leader. The child-friendly and family-focused manner with which Gary approaches his day-to-day nursing life is clearly evident in his children's poem, entitled Grampa the Good Ghost. Enjoy!

By Gary Bussiere

It was a time of the day, a time I feared the most.
In my bed, in the darkness, in the land of the ghosts.
I'd say all my prayers, bid my Mom and Dad 'night,
Then they'd close the door and would turn out my light.
Well, it wouldn't be long after Mom and Dad parted,
That the room would get scary, and the haunting had started.

Bad little creatures that would screech, fly, and swing,
Drop onto my bed, and do scarier things.
They would climb up my curtains, and jump from the lights,
And leave me half frozen with a bad case of frights.

No night was special, they came and went as they pleased,
They taunted, they name called, they laughed and they teased.
I'd call to my parents, they'd turn the lights on,
And just like a miracle, these creatures were gone.

They'd try to convince me these creatures weren't real,
To cut out this foolishness, it was no big deal.
But the moment they left me, and went back to sleep,
These creatures, by hundreds, from the walls they would seep.
They would start out again, having fun in the dark,
And my room became one big amusement park.

This went on for years, from darkness to dawn,
And then in the morning, with sunrise, be gone.
I tried everything that I knew then, to chase,
All the creatures away, but they'd laugh to my face.
One evening my fear had not quite reached its peak,
When I walked a ghost, with a smile, cheek to cheek,
His dark hair was flaked with white all around,
And he did not float, his feet walked on the ground.

He proceeded to walk through my room, around my bed,
To safety, deep under my covers, I fled.
I felt the bed sink as he sat by my side,
And I dug down deeper, to hide, and I cried.

Don't be nervous, the ghost said, and started to laugh,
Think of funny animals, for instance, giraffes.
Think of your fun, with your friends at the park,
Don't think of your fear as you lay in the dark.
This advice comes from many, I won't try to boast.
Bestowed upon you by your Grampa, the Ghost.

Every night, just prepare as you get ready for bed,
Think of fun, laugh and dreams, everything that I've said.
Smiling's the best, oh these creatures can't take,
A happy young child, that won't cower and shake.

Just laugh when they come, and these creatures won't stay,
For a happy young child, puts an end to their play.
One thing to remember, while you are so young,
That Grampa protects you, when darkness has come.

Not all Grampas are ghosts, some you see everyday,
Some you talk on the phone with, some live far away.
Ghosts don't exist, they're only in your mind,
And that all fades away, with the passage of time. 