

BARKING DOG

Is that my dog who's barking in the yard?
Twenty-four seven he's on guard,
or so he thinks, as he sounds his alarm,
protecting us all from possible harm.

Is that my dog, howling at the noise
of delivery trucks and neighborhood boys,
replying to whistles of a distant train,
challenging the thunder from a summer rain?

Is my dog yelping at chattering squirrels,
approving the giggles of rope-skipping girls,
pretending he's fierce as he frightens a cat,
expressing delight with the place where he's at?

Indeed, it is he, and I hear him now
flustering, blustering, making a row.
If I don't shut him up, he'll be yapping all night
and prove that his bark is worse than his bite.

by Lee Netzler