

The Dog Barked

by Barry Louis Polisar

The man woke up. Something was wrong. He fell out of his bed
He realized, he'd had a stroke when he could not turn his head
The dog stirred when he heard the noise, awakened by the fall,
Saw that the man was breathing but could not move at all.
He licked his face, he pawed him, gave a whimper and a yelp
The hours passed, turned into days but no one came to help

The dog barked once, the dog barked twice
The dog scratched at the door
No one answered, no one came,
The man lay on the floor.

You can go for days and days without a thing to eat
But you must drink to stay alive; the man knew he was beat
He laid upon his back, planning for the worst,
He feared that he might not be found and soon would die of thirst.
Now a dog will drink from anywhere in order to survive
But trapped inside that house how could he keep that man alive?

The dog picked up a shirt that he saw lying on the floor,
And clenched it tight within his jaw, went to the bathroom door.
He dipped it in the toilet bowl, he held it with his teeth,
Then brought it to his master, giving him relief.
He held that shirt right to his lips, the water dripped straight down
The man was saved, he got to drink; the next day he was found.