

Our Dog Bernard

by Barry Louis Polisar

Our dog Bernard lived in the back yard
'Til one warm summer day.
Our dog Bernard hit the boulevard;
He just up and ran away.

He left a note taped to the door
"I'm tired of this life," it said.
"I'm tired of eating dog food
And getting chased off of the bed."

He ran off with the bus driver,
He's living with her now I'm told.
Spends all his time watching TV,
Getting fat, and growing old.

Oh Bernard, Bernard, please come back,
You know that I love you.
I'll let you ride in the four-wheel-drive.
I'll make it all up to you.