

DOGUE

What It's Like to Fly Bark Air, the First-in-Class Airline for Dogs (and Their People)

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Photo: Getty Images

Watching the Rocky Mountains recede into the distance from the cushioned comfort of a Gulfstream GV, one can easily find oneself reconsidering the feasibility of a bicoastal commute. I turn to my companion, a stoic and stately blonde with a soulful stare. “This is totally doable, right? Like, we could do this regularly if we had to?” He exhales in response, a damp snort.

A flight attendant appears bearing a silver-domed tray and balletically lowers herself to lap height. Actually, kind of below. Well, now she's *on* the floor. But of course, it's not for me, this platter of temporarily hidden delights: She raises the lid and points its contents at my seatmate, who enthusiastically, and without much pausing for things like chewing or breath (let alone politesse), scarfs down far more than his designated share of cylindrical rolls of Beefy Meat Hunks. At the center of the platter is a brown leather loafer. This—like the bone-broth “champagne” service that preceded it—is *not* about me or what I might consider plane (or regular) etiquette. This is Bark Air. *This* is for the dogs.

Off that first flight, bags in hand, our driver—well, *Hugo's* driver—awaits, as does our hotel, **The Mark**, whose dog-focused programming (impeccable, pup-friendly service; a Jean-Georges canine in-room dining menu; beautifully branded dog bowls and beds; and prime park access) make it arguably the best and most dog-friendly hotel in New York. (It ain't bad for humans, either.) Landing back in reality wouldn't be so harsh after all. And for Hugo, it's nothing but clear skies ahead.