

Immortal Tears

“There’s a tear in my beer,” said Audrey Rose.

“How does it taste?” he asked her.

“Salty.”

“Is it lonely?”

“I don’t think so. There have been so many before him and many more to come later.”

“Your tear is a he?”

“This one is.” Audrey Rose leaned her head against the wall next to her.

“When will the tears stop?” He ordered her a shot of Rumplemintz. “To wash away the salty taste.”

“When I stop feeling.”

The tear crawled up the side of Audrey Rose’s glass, struggled over the edge and slid down the other side, making his way towards the edge of the bar, closer to the ground.

“Where’s he going?” he asked.

“To join the snow. Tears seek immortality, too.”

“Come again?”

“He’ll slide and bounce and slither and shimmy...”

A girl approached them and shook her shoulders back and forth, her arms wide, a teasing dance.

“Shimmy,” said the girl as she danced moving her shoulders, bouncing her breasts.

“Shimmy.”

Audrey Rose tried to fight the tickle starting inside of her. Her tear hadn’t even reached the door before Audrey Rose got up and shimmied her whole being with this girl. Their

bodies touched, their soft mounds of breasts, their hair moved down their backs. Audrey Rose laughed and spun and twirled around the bar. When she came back, he had a new beer waiting for her.

“What happened to my other beer?” Audrey Rose plopped down beside him.

“I drank it.” He pushed the new beer towards Audrey Rose. She lapped the foam with her tongue, like when she was a little girl, with the fizz of a can of coke.

“What were we talking about?”

“The immortality of the tear.”

Audrey Rose spun around on her stool to check the progress of her tear. The tear was halfway under the door, already exhausted.

“It’s so simple. He has to reach the snow in order to freeze. Then he can live among the other crystals, although he might be a bit of a misfit considering how salty he is and he is technically woman-made, while the others fall from the sky, all very natural. But...”

Audrey Rose decided to chug her beer, “at the very least he’ll live a few more weeks, maybe even months until the snow melts from the ground and even then, he may be absorbed into the soil and become food for a little sprout of grass or a gnarled old pine tree. Whereas if he stayed here, he would probably evaporate and be sucked into some drunk’s mouth and that is like the living hell for any tear. Especially because tears die on tongues, so all he can hope for is to wake up amongst the fur and thickness of the morning after, maybe stuck to the roof of a mouth, ready to be scrubbed away and contaminated by toothpaste. Yuck.”

“Shimmy. Shimmy.” The girl was back.

The tear was resting under the edge of the door.

“Shimmy. Shimmy.” The girl whispered in Audrey Rose’s ear.

Audrey Rose motioned to the bartender, Steve. Three Car Bombs. Make hers’ extra strong. “Maybe it’ll knock the shimmy out of her,” Audrey Rose whispered to him.

The girl drank it down, her shimmy slowed down. “Shim. Shim.”

“Shim, Shim, Shimminy.” Audrey Rose replied as the girl faded into the people around her.

The tear was on the move again, inching across the foot or so of concrete that kept the front door safe.

“What else lives inside you, Audrey Rose?”

“I never know until it comes out.”

He took her hand and kissed the tan flesh. Audrey Rose sat up, back straight like a queen.

“Thank you mi’lord.”

“Anything for mi’lady.”

The tear reached the snow, moved a safe distance into white depths, settling down for peaceful nap until spring.

“Anything?”

“Anything.”

“Shimmy.”

-Do not attempt to recreate the events of Audrey Rose’s life. They will result in internal and/or external death or at the very least a yeast infection.