

## **Tears In My Beer**

Last night there were so many tears in Audrey Rose's beer, she thought it was tequila. It might have been tequila. It might have been many. But her beers were salty and she could see each little tear, fighting not to be swallowed up by the yeasty brew. She licked them out with her tongue, took them back into her body, whence they had come.

"Why do you keep falling from my eyes?" She asked them.

The tears were shy at first, tears aren't talked to very often. They shuddered and shook and made her drink vibrate. Beer spilled over the top, spread foamy on the counter, seeped towards the edges. She let it drip onto her skirt, sink into the fabric, eventually dry.

The tears didn't feel like they could ever dry inside her, liquid sloshing through her body.

Then a brave tear spoke.

"I'm for your mother. I've been thinking about her, missing her, and wanted to see if I fell out of your face, I might be able to find her for you before I dried up." Sweet tear.

After he broke the silence, other tears started to talk to me. One for Audrey Rose's father who died young, one for her brother or sister that curled up and died before ever facing the world.

Then more tears joined. They fell so other tears might not have to fall. Her lap filled.

The floor of the bar flooded with tears. Those that made it outside froze to ice, slipping and tripping people. Trying to see who these people were, making them stop for a

moment. Wouldn't it be nice if everything just stopped for a moment. Silence. No more voices. No more. Silence.

Audrey Rose sat at the bar, drinking her beer. The brew was salty. Audrey Rose peered into it, looking for grains of salt, but all she found were tears. So many tears fighting not to be swallowed up by the salty brew.