

# The Tragically Short Life of the American Barfly

*by* Tyler Berg

It's midnight on a Monday and I'm kicking rocks down State Street.  
Just another faceless vagrant traversing the closest thing this city  
has to a metropolitan thoroughfare.

I blend in you see, an inconspicuous element in a dubious  
compound, just another gnat buzzing towards the garish green  
beacon of an "Irish Pub"

I heave a sigh of gratitude as my boot thumps reassuringly against  
the scarred hardwood and I breathe in the bouquet of the bar room,  
cigarette smoke and drakkar noir invades my olfactory faculties.

Tomorrow I will once again take upon myself the leaden yoke of  
provider, the age old mantle of a decent man, the eight hour stretch  
that puts food on the table and gas in the car.

But

That is then and the devil reigns in the here and now.

Tonight I am the barfly and tomorrow I die.

