

# Down Here I Drink Alone

*by* Tyler Berg

Deep in the silent vacuum of space a satellite circles us.  
Down here I drink alone, my friends long ago sailed for sleep's soft shores.  
Down the road a greasy fryer gurgles to life at a fast food joint.  
In Bluff City my grandmother drinks her third cup of Folgers.  
In Africa something innocent dies in the soul of child.  
In D.C. lobbyists play poker with working men's wages.  
Somewhere a factory worker is maimed by the machine that puts food on his table.  
Somewhere a wiry mutt pokes along a country road, insides ablaze with hunger.  
Somewhere in someplace something occurs.  
The tapestry of time gets another stitch.  
The countdown clock rolls forward.  
The whole crazy picture gets a little bit clearer.  
But down here I drink alone.

