

# Like Five O'Clock

*by* Parker Tettleton

She pulled the book off its shelf. It meant something else now. He'd quote her in the mirror, at the backs of buses that kept her moving, something she'd said without saying. He would remember for them. She'd forget, without him, the way she wanted. Garland and lights were on her stub. The station was packed, like five o'clock, except it wasn't.

