

Bookmark

by Philip F. Clark

He opened an old book,
flipping through its yellowed
pages. A small piece of blue paper
fell to the floor; he picked it up.
"Meet Tom at 4:00. Julius Bar."
Standing there, Tom appeared
as he sat down with the note,
putting Tom back together:
Tall, he remembered; Irish,
green eyes and a scar on his lip.
He always wore the same red shirt,
and jeans that fit like a glove.
Tom would tell stories
about the men he had that week.
He was a writer who never got published.
Tom only kissed him once and that
lasted for years. He felt the scar
as he tried to read the book.

