

# 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.

