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James Palmer

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Scars and Time

She has a small scar behind her left earlobe and I wonder if she knows that I'm aware of it. I've always wondered how it came to be and I used to make up stories in my head. Stories involving nipping puppies, or a renegade fishing pole cast when she was 13. Then came college and being on and off again and separated by an ocean. Then the marriage and children and parental responsibilities and less and less time for ourselves. There was no time to talk, no time to think about the scar. There was no time anymore. Then there was the separation, but I still had hope until I was handed the bundle of paperwork one day at my door. I nearly dropped my drink. All these years, memories, placed into legally formatted documents with spots for my signature. Now I have nothing but time to think, nothing but time for another person. I'm sitting here at my kitchen table wondering if her next lover will notice the small scar behind her left earlobe. I fear they might. I fear they may ask what it is from. I fear she may tell them.