Almost California Love

Santa Barbara's sunlight made the gold in Miguel's eyes shimmer. Our gaze lingered. In Laguna Beach, he crooned Gipsy Kings to me at sunrise. Under a blazing Los Angeles sky, he thrust chrysanthemums into my sweaty hands, then disappeared. In San Luis Obispo, he taught me to salsa in the Madonna Inn Jacuzzi, our bodies glowing in the full moon. In Point Reyes, rain raged all afternoon, so we huddled in my car. In Stinson Beach, the sun appeared briefly for me to tell him I loved him. He embraced me and let me down gently as the sun set.