

Kiel M. Gregory

THROUGH THE RAIN, ALL THE WAY HOME

The rains of California are warm, I've been told, and I can imagine you twirling between palm trees. Night sky illuminated by bright moon. Streetlamps sparkle raindrops. Your long blonde hair matted and wet — it clings to your neck, your shoulders, the features of your face, contrasts with your deep blue eyes. Your laugh fills the evening air, and here, right now, in this singular instance, is when you shine. You are alive. San Francisco is where you live now, and Colorado is where we agreed to meet again, even though it's not even close to halfway between us. They say *home is where the heart is*, and I would drive all the way there if I knew I'd find it true. Coffee and a hike, I said, and you said you'd love to. California, so far away, is lucky to call you *home*.