

Malibu Dreamer

In the coolness of the summer clover you had my undivided attention. Your clothes, like mine, tattered, some torn – mostly hand-me-downs but the coral satin gown with the white lace bodice was always stunning and hid the damage the family dog left behind on your once-perfect body.

The neighborhood clothing trades were often painful and disappointing; in the same way it would be difficult for Goodwill to compete with Nordstrom's, we often left with the same fashions we'd come with – the yellow bikini and coral satin gown, but we always left together.

And you never had a boyfriend, but I didn't either. And you didn't have a fancy home or car, but I didn't either. There wasn't a pool or dream home with an elevator. And you never once complained about your makeshift furniture – the lime colored plastic celery – borrowed from the playschool grocery cart – that served as your sofa.

In spite of everything, you were always smiling. And those hot summers of the 70s would never have been the same without you.

I saw in you, a version of myself; a makeshift Malibu dreamer.