

Where Does Love Come?

by Kevin Liu

He was rummaging through his giant pile of clothing on the floor, looking for something to wear to sleep. When he couldn't quite tell what was dirty and what was clean, he knew it was time for laundry. Just as he was going to give up, he noticed a bright aqua piece of cloth peeking out from the bottom of a clump. Instantly, he knew what it was. It was a gift, a memory; it was two years ago.

It was summer. Outside, the heat still had not subsided, but thankfully, the air conditioning was humming away in the back of a small single. He didn't know what time it was, but it definitely was late...very late, or should he say early in the morning?

It didn't *really* matter to him because she lay beside him on a twin-sized bed that barely fit the two of them. This night was already more exciting than he could have ever imagined. He hadn't expected she would say yes to his offer to come visit him. And after the movie, she had surprisingly stayed so into the night, they talked - just a sincerely honest conversation. And now, their shoulders just barely touched.

"I'm just a little shy about all of this," he said in a small voice.

"Really?" she asked with a hint of disbelief.

"Yes, I'm actually really shy about this kind of stuff," he tried to reassure her.

"Say it again," she said softly.

Maybe, it was her voice, or maybe her gentle, but commanding tone. As she said those words, his heart skipped a beat, could it be that...

"I'm actually shy about..." he began, but he never quite finished. She had already climbed on top of him, their faces coming ever closer until their lips touched.

He bent down slightly, ruffled through the jeans and plaid shirts, picked up that bright aqua shirt. He looked for a moment at the huge yellow letters on the front, spelling "Where Does Love

Come?" Chuckling to himself, he quickly put the shirt over his head, and hit the lights.

