



It's A little Bit Funny

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I have always felt inside that Maria Elena, my wife, and spouse, and for many years, is part of me, like a cold 50-50 orange and vanilla all-in-one ice cream bar. Our courtship evolved around music, and we both loved Elton John. After we said our vows, we partied with our families at the CYO hall in Boyle Heights. We rented a Honda Civic the next day and drove north on Highway One to San Francisco. It was our honeymoon trip, and I had my cassettes. We would take turns picking out music. I had a custom mixed tape of Elton John's music. It was his songs we heard repeatedly on our drive up north.

The lyrics to Elton John's Love Song, the first phrase, kept coming into my mind while driving. "The words I have to say..." Those six words were played over and over in my head. Occasionally, I would glance at Marie Elena and observe the sea and the mountains around me. The words I uttered a day ago in front of family, ".may well be simple, but their true," as Elton John says. Yes, we are together "till death."

The scenery was beautiful; I took the most beautiful picture of Maria Elena posing with her lovely face and smile against a gloomy sky with the bridge and the city of Francisco behind her. As we drove back, we listened to the flip side of the cassette, and the decline on PCH South was even sweeter, and I started to question myself. What can I bring to a newly formed relationship? At least half a mortgage? And Elton John's words would speak for me again in my cabeza.

"I don't have much money, but boy, if I did," I turn to capture her profile. I would insert the words "house on the shoreline, otra casa in Big Sur. What a dreamer I am. I'm an artist, not a sculptor. And continue with Elton John's words, "but then again, no." That "no" took fifty percent of my life. And the song continues as I sing it in my head, an altered version of it.

"I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do." I know she has green eyes; she turns to me and says, "How wonderful life is while you're in my world, 'Elena'." And we both smile mutually in silence down the Pacific Coast Highway.

We visited the Hearst Castle and admired the rich but vowed never to be that rich in materials. Be straightforward and live simple.

It's the last four hours of our honeymoon. "It's your turn, Babes, to pick a cassette." She finds her favorite cassette, The Psychedelic Furs, and inserts it.

Our honeymoon was a time for me to swallow up the acceptance of 'no's and share the mountains, the ocean, and the world with one person. The words of the song Heaven, by the Psychedelic Furs take over Elton John's words in my head. "And heaven, yeah, heaven is the home of our hearts, and heaven don't tear you us apart." We arrived, parked the car, and looked at our nest. Knowing that our hearts will flourish together like one 50-50 ice cream bar is a little bit funny.