

June 24, 2014 - At first sight

Every weekday morning, I walked to the corner cafe for my latte, the newspaper and a glimpse of her. As I stepped into Starbucks, I breathed in the strong, bitter smell of coffee. Scanning the room, I saw her. She was sitting at a table in the corner of the room, sipping her salted caramel mocha with her Macbook on the table. Her dark hair fell in soft curls around her shoulders, and her hazel eyes moved rapidly across the laptop screen.

I got my coffee and chose the table right next to hers. I eased the latte onto the table. As I sat down, she glanced up at me. I offered her a smile. She smiled back. There was a deep dimple in her cheek.

I opened my silver laptop and began to work. I couldn't help glancing at her from time to time. I noticed all these weird little things about her, like the way her lips pursed when she concentrated hard, and the little scar at the edge of her mouth.

I didn't even know her name. But I was already in love.