Bourne toWrite... creative writing workshops

I Hope You Know

by Mikey Young

I hope this video camera works. I hope you get to see this. I hope that, by the end of it, you will know—as I have always known—how much I love you.

For a long time, I was lonely, and I didn't know—or didn't want to accept—the loneliness life had placed upon me. It happened gradually. It happened in such a way that, when the sad days arrived, they began to roll into one. A blur. A heavy cloud of rain waiting to burst. One day became one week, then one year. The cloud never broke; somehow, it only became heavier.

We saw the seasons together. Every spring was a brisk walk; every summer was a picnic. Every autumn was a stew; every winter was a crackling log fire, with damp shoes and a red nose.

A single bed in a tiny flat was all we needed. A DVD player, a CD player, a little pink Christmas tree.

Then came the holidays. The cheap ones at first. The ones with the plastic-cup cocktails and the Rennie chasers. The middle-of-nowhere ones. The dangerous ones. The ones where we spent too much. Those days were my favourite days. They were priceless.

You made my shoulders lighter. My lungs breathe more freely. My heart beat stronger. I hope you know this. I hope this isn't a surprise.

As quietly as the sadness arrived in my life, it began to dissipate. It ebbed back into the darkness, into the cold, where it has stayed. Thanks to you.

Since meeting you, I have wondered if you know how much I love you.

Not the written 'I love you'. Or the spoken 'I love you'. Or the 'before I walk out the door and kiss you on the cheek' I love you.

The real love that comes with time and understanding and patience and kindness. It comes with late-night kebabs and early-morning flights. It comes with knowing that the most beautiful thing in this world is you.

I love you.