

Hannah,

It's been a year now. It feels like no time has passed at all. To think I used to spend every day this way; without you. I don't remember it being this unbearable. To see life go on is incomprehensible ... what is wrong with all these people, I wonder. Don't they know how dark the world has become?

I cannot believe how lucky I was to be yours. Your kindness, patience, love. From the outside we would seem to have so little in common, but little would they know. I fall asleep each night to the memory of our first meeting. That endless night sky, our mutual confessions of loneliness, and the hope we had brought each other to an end.

The cop and the teacher. Such separate worlds. But somehow despite it all, we kept a happy home. The moment I saw your face at the end of a long shift, the fear, the anger, would melt away and whole world would light up. It devastates me more than anything to know I will never have that again.

But I will see you again, my apple crumble. I hope you forgive me for what that will take.

Your boy in blue,

Rod.