

Riley, you shared an umbrella with a stranger in the rain, //
and then you shared six years, two flats //
and one very loud dog with him. //

I knew about a month in, //
the night my car died //
and you drove across town at eleven o'clock //
and never once made it a thing. //

That is you. //
You do the kind thing //
and then you refuse to mention it. //

You waited two years while I finished what I had started, //
working doubles, //
and you never said hurry up. //

When the boiler broke we slept in our coats, //
and you made it funny. //

You got my dad talking about my mum again, //
just by asking. //

You read the manual; I take things apart; //
and between us, somehow, everything gets built. //

And every time it got hard, //
you said the four words //
I now believe more than any others: //
we'll figure it out.

So here is what I promise. //

I will keep showing up, //

on the good days and the long ones. //

I will do the dishes, most of the time. //

I will keep half of every umbrella for you. //

I will never, ever call Biscuit a small dog. //

And when it gets hard, I will say it first, //

before you have to: //

we'll figure it out. //

I love you. //

Let's go and figure it out.