Dear Elizabeth,

I don’t know how to start, whether to say hi or hello, which of the two sounds better. I don’t know if I should try to make it laid back so there’s no need for me to be stressed, or be whimsy and try to make you laugh somehow. All I know is that this is a romantic love letter.

Sometimes, I find myself looking up at the stars, imagining things, imagining how we would be ten to twenty years from now. Will we still be lying out under these skies, making plans and discovering mysteries, asking questions that have eluded the minds of many for centuries? The possibilities haunt me in my sleep, all of those secrets I want to share but for now I would have to keep for myself.

When life gets me down, I look up the night sky – imagine things and eventually sigh. I remember that you’re mine – not for ten to twenty years but through all time.

Lovingly yours,

James