From England, With Love

Two teenagers are leaving the library. Walls covered with poems from the past, feet following the footsteps of those who've left their mark. Outside on the worn steps, she yanks him to one side and kisses him his back pressed up against stone, her eyes closed, and no sound apart from their hearts, beating louder than rain against concrete.

This is their place now.

The wedding was in winter. Their parents said a castle in the country was no place for strapless dresses in December but they decided not to listen because

This is their place now.

A pair of pensioners sit by the beach. She used to come here with the kids, sit by the old arcade, rock their youngest to sleep in a sea breeze, and think about her husband. She promised herself in 40 years the two of them would come here every afternoon and watch the water through the cracks in the wood so now, that's what they do.

This is their place now.

If you listen, buildings whisper in the wind: “Make your commitments inside me, come back to me on anniversaries, point me out when you see me in the distance. Know me as yours and I will keep your memories deep in my foundations.

I am your place now.

I am with you both and I will stay when you are gone. Standing tall against the elements, and counting every couple's heartbeats, sheltering people who are madly in love, protecting memories and dreams from the famous English weather.”