

A Love Poem for Lonely Prime Numbers

59 wakes up on the wrong side of the bed.
Realizes all his hair is on one side of his head.
Takes just under a minute to work out that it's because of the way that he slept.
He finds some clothes and gets dressed.
He can't help but look in the mirror and be subtly impressed
How he looks rough around the edges and yet casually messed.
And as he glances out the window, he sees the sight that he gets blessed with of 60 from across the street.

Now 60 was beautiful.

With perfectly trimmed cuticles, dressed in something suitable.
Never rude or crude at all.
Unimprovable, right on time as usual, more on cue than a snooker ball but liked to play it super cool.

59 wanted to tell her that he knew her favorite flower.
He thought of her every second, every minute, every hour.
But he knew it wouldn't work, he'd never get the girl.
Because although she lived across the street they came from different worlds.

While 59 admired 60's perfectly round figure, 60 thought 59 was odd.
One of his favorite films was "101 Dalmatians."
She preferred the sequel.
He romanticized the idea they were star-crossed lovers.
They could overcome the odds and evens because they had each other.
While she maintained the strict views imposed on her by her mother
That separate could not be equal.

And though at the time he felt stupid and dumb
For trying to love a girl controlled by her stupid mum,
He should have been comforted by the simple sum.
Take 59 away from 60, and you're left with 'the one'.

Sure enough after two months of moping around,
61 days later, 61 was who he found,
He had lost his keys and his parents were out.
So one day after school he went into a house
As he noticed the slightly wonky numbers on the door,
He wondered why he'd never introduced himself before,
As she let him in, his jaw dropped in awe.
61 was like 60, but a little bit more.

She had prettier eyes, and an approachable smile,
And like him, rough around the edges, casual style,
And like him, everything was in disorganized piles,
And like him, her mum didn't mind if friends stayed a while.
Because she was like him, and he liked her.

He reckoned she would like him if she knew he was like her,
And it was different this time. I mean, this girl was wicked,

So he plucked up the courage and asked for her digits.
She said, "I'm 61." He grinned, said, "I'm 59."

Today I've had a really nice time,
So tomorrow if you wanted you could come over to mine?

She said, "Sure."
She loved talking to someone just as quirky,
She agreed to this unofficial first date.
In the end he was only ready one minute early,
But it didn't matter because she arrived one minute late.

And from that moment on there was nonstop chatter,
How they loved "X Factor," how they had two factors,
How that did not matter, distinctiveness made them better,
By the end of the night they knew they were meant together.

And one day she was talking about stuck-up 60,
She noticed that 59 looked a bit shifty.
He blushed, told her of his crush:
"The best thing that never happened because it led to us."
61 was clever, see, not prone to jealousy,
She looked him in the eyes and told him quite tenderly,
"You're 59, I'm 61, together we combine to become twice what 60 could ever be."

At this point 59 had tears in his eyes,
Was so glad to have this one-of-a-kind girl in his life.
He told her the very definition of being prime
Was that with only one and himself could his heart divide,
And she was the one he wanted to give his heart to,
She said she felt the same and now she knew the films were half true.

Because that wasn't real love, that love was just a sample,
When it came to real love, they were a prime example.'

Harry Baker