

59

By Harry Baker

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 mom 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.

Paper People

By Harry Baker

I like people.
I like some paper people.
They'd be purple paper people.
Maybe pop up purple paper people.
Proper pop up purple paper people.
'How do you prop up pop up purple paper people?'
I hear you cry. Well I...

I'd probably prop up proper pop up purple paper people
with a proper pop up purple people paperclip,
but I'd pre-prepare appropriate adhesives as alternatives,
a cheeky pack of blu tack just in case the paper slipped.
I could build a pop up metropolis.
but i wouldn't wanna deal with all the paper people politics.
paper politicians with their paper-thin policies,
broken promises without appropriate apologies.
there'd be a little paper me, and a little paper you,
and we'd watch paper TV and it would all be paper view.
we'd watch the poppy paper rappers rap about their paper package
or watch paper people carriers get stuck in paper traffic on the A4.
There'd be a paper princess Kate but we'd all stare at paper Pippa,
and then we'd all live in fear of killer Jack the paper ripper.
cause the paper propaganda propagates the people's prejudices,
papers printing pictures of the photogenic terrorists.

There'd be a little paper me, and a little paper you,
but in a pop up population people's problems pop up too.
there'd be a pompous paper parliament who remained out of touch,
and who ignored the people's protests about all the paper cuts,
then the peaceful paper protests would get blown to paper pieces,
by the confetti cannons manned by pre-emptive police.
and there's still be paper money, so there'd still be paper greed,
and the paper piggy bankers pocketing more than they need.
purchasing the potpourri to pepper their paper properties,
while others live in poverty and ain't acknowledged properly,

a proper poor economy where so many are proper poor,
but while their needs are ignored the money goes to big wars,
funding origami armies building paper planes
while we remain imprisoned by our own paper chains,
and the greater shame, is that we always seem to stay the same,
what changes is who's in power choosing how to lay the blame,
they're naming names, forgetting these are names of people,
cause in the end it all comes down to people.

I like people. cause even when the situation's dire,
it is only ever people who are able to inspire,
and on paper – it's hard to see how we all cope,
but in the bottom of pandora's box there's still hope,
and i still hope cause i believe in people.

People like my Grandparents. who every single day since i was born have taken time out of their
morning to pray for me.
that's 7433 days straight of someone checking i'm okay and that's amazing.
people like my aunt who puts on plays for prisoners.
people who are capable of genuine forgiveness.
people who go out of their way to make your life better and expect nothing in return.
people have potential to be powerful.
and just because the people in power tend to pretend to be different, we don't all need to
succumb to the system.
a paper population is no different.
there's be a little paper me and a little paper you,
and we could watch paper TV and it would all be paper view,
and in a pop up population people's problems pop up too
but even if the whole world fell apart then we'd still make it through
because we're people.

The Sunshine Kid

By Harry Baker

Old man sunshine was proud of his son,
And it brightened his day to see his little boy run, Not because of what he'd done,
nor the problems overcome,
But that despite that his disposition remained a sunny one.
It hadn't always been like this.
There'd been times when he'd tried to hide his brightness,
Every star hits periods of hardship,
It takes a brighter light to inspire them through the darkness.
If we go back to when he was born in a nebula,
We know that he never was thought of as regular,
Because he had a flair about him,
To say the Midas touch is wrong but all he went near seemed to turn a little bronze,
Yeah this sun was loved by some more than others,
It was a case of Joseph and his dreamcoat and his brothers
Standing out from the crowd had its pros and its cons,
And jealousy created enemies in those he outshone
Such as the Shadow People.

Now the Shadow People didn't like the Sunshine Kid,
Because he showed up the dark things the Shadow People did,
And when he shone he showed the places where the Shadow People hid,
So the Shadow People had an evil plan to get rid of him,
First up – they made fun of his sunspots,
Shooting his dreams from the sky, their words were gunshots,
Designed to remind him he wasn't very cool
And he didn't fit in with any popular kids at school.
They said his head was up in space and they would bring him down to earth,
Essentially he came from nothing and that is what he was worth,
He'd never get to go to university to learn,
Only degrees he'd ever show would be the 1st degree burns
From those that came too close, they told him he was too bright,
That's why no-one ever looked him in the eye,
His judgement became clouded and so did the sky,
With evaporated tears as the sun started to cry.

The sunshine kid was bright, with a warm personality,
but inside he burned savagely –
Hurt by the words and curses of the shadowy
folk who spoke holes in his soul and left cavities,
and as his heart hardened,
his spark darkened,
Every time they called him names it cooled his flame,
He thought they might like him if he kept his light dim
But they were busy telling lightning she had terrible aim,
He couldn't quite get to grips with what they said,
So he let his light be eclipsed by what they said,
He fell into a Lone Star State like Texas,
And felt like he'd been punched in his solar plexus.

That's when Little Miss Sunshine came along
Singing her favourite song
about how we're made to be strong,
And you don't have to be wrong to belong,
Just be true to who you are,
because we are all stars at heart.
Little miss sunshine was hot stuff –
The kind of girl when you looked at her you forgot stuff,
But for him, there was no forgetting her,
The minute he saw her her image burned in his retina,
She was out of this world, and she accepted him,
Something about this girl meant he knew whenever she was next to him,
Things weren't as dark as they seemed,
and he dared to dream,
Shadows were nowhere to be seen;
when she was there he beamed,
His eyes would light up in ways that can't be faked,
When she grinned her rays erased the razor-tipped words of hate,
They gave each other nicknames
they were 'cool star' and 'fun sun',
And gradually the shadowy damage became undone,
She was one in a septillion,
and she was brilliant,
Could turn the coldest blooded reptilian vermilion,
Loved by billions,

from Chileans to Brazilians,
And taught the Sunshine Kid the meaning of resilience.

She said:

"All the darkness in the world cannot put out the light of a single candle,
So how the hell can they handle your light?

Only you can choose to dim it,

and the sky is the limit,

so silence the critics

by burning."

If eyes are windows to the soul then she drew back the curtains

And let the sunshine through the hurting.

In a universe of adversity two stars stuck together,

And though day becomes night the memories last forever,

Whether the weatherman said it or not, it would be fine,

Cause even behind the clouds the kid could still shine.

The Sunshine Kid was bright, with a warm personality,

And inside he burned savagely,

Fuelled by the fire inspired across galaxies,

By the girl who showed him belief.