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Perfect (a poem)

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Perfect (a poem)

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Mathematicians call six a perfect
number. Twenty-eight is another one.
Such a number is equal to the sum
of its proper positive divisors.
It shows an inward beauty, a trimness
of package: numbers containing other
numbers they keep whole. I'm happy to know
that unseen intellects puzzle over
such matters, in love with numbers and what
they do, while in your eyes, my love, fervent
life multiplies inwardly; and I ply
my discipline, admiring as you
talk or laugh, struggling to comprehend
your forms and powers and untold numbers