**Calendar Man**

I’m ninety-one today

What more can I say?

I’ve still got the key of the door

And I‘ve never been ninety-one before.

I no longer have a car,

But I don’t go very far;

But I like a bunch of keys

To play with at my ease.

I’m happy when the front door rings;

Who knows what this encounter brings.

No thank you to the hard luck gripe;

Yes, please if my mood is ripe.

Now 91: is it a number prime?

Go through the factors, take your time-

Two, three, five, seven as you seek

How many days in a week?

Thirteen Lunar months a year;

Do the Maths and all is clear.

Like it? Do you want some more?

Or am I just a crashing bore?

OK. Next one up is ninety-seven;

Prime? Yes or no? The odds are even.

OK. OK! Yes. that’s enough;

Not everybody likes this stuff.

I liked numbers, all my life;

Doing accounts in times of strife.

When there’s no figures in my cup

I’ll know for sure my number’s up!

I’m ninety-one all day, Hooray!

I’ve plenty more to say

But not, perhaps, today.

And I’ve got the key of the door;

Come tomorrow, round about four

And I’ve never been ninety-one before.

*Roger Shakeshaft, 11 July 1933 - 2024*

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