

Letter to Love.

I tried to look up the most romantic number. So that it could be our number. Like Venus has her moons, like an electron has his proton. This number is for us. Google came out with the “Love Numbers”, “h”, “k”, and “l”.

*“The **Love numbers** h, k, and l are dimensionless parameters that measure the rigidity of a planetary body and the susceptibility of its shape to change in response to a tidal potential.”*

I don't really know what it means, something about the earth's core and tides. Maybe love is the physics of the Earth. Maybe only Augustus Edward Hough Love knows the answer to his theorem. Maybe we shall be “thought-slaves” to the numbers, until the armageddon. Anyway, because there's three dimensionless numbers of love, I thought I'd write them to you as three letters.

Letter #h.

Hey, love.

How are you? How have you been? I hope Rome is nice and romantic, I hope you really find yourself there. *Letter #h* is really for how much I love you. That sort of waving love that the car yard tube men wave. Just, letting you know I'm here. Waving at you with my love. The capital *H*. That's us. Two vertical people standing and a horizontal line of love between them. Keeping them together. That line is my love in this *Letter #h*.

I don't know much about the bible either, second only to my ignorance on these *Love Numbers*, but I guess I am Samson too. Tube man Samson. My love for you is my hair and when you turn away you are Delilah. Cutting my hair; with it, you take my love.

The h is also for the whispering. The quiet, breathy whisper you lull to my ears, at ease (but so quiet the third letter of ease breaks and hitches in your throat and only the h is heard as to not break the love for you, h). Your name whispered over and over. Soft. To not break anything. The h is for the whispering and for the h that spills into every word as I try not to break them. I. Love. You. The h carries across the words. The h becomes the word so whispered. Each word carried by the h to ache into a sigh of “i” and “love” and “you”.

I'm good by the way, in case you were wondering.

Come around again yeah? We can for another walk around the gardens. Yeah, come around again, that'd be nice. When will we be okay? I really do miss you. Come around again, no matter how uncertain. I really do love you.

h. h. h.

Ache. My love for you aches.

In a year the earth makes it all the way back around sun. I dunno if you have the same responsibilities as that as *Number H*, but it'd be nice if you could bring H home.

*"Tungsten has the highest tensile strength of any natural metal, but it's **brittle** and tends to shatter on impact."*

My dear, dear friend my love you for is tungsten.

Letter #k

I don't really know why they're called love numbers when they're letters. It's a bit illogical really. Maybe August Love was just illiterate... Maybe they just forgot letters existed. Sounds a kind of familiar...

When I need you, you're there. Hell, it's great. We have a great time, you're a really good friend...When you're there. Don't get me wrong, I really appreciate it, I really do. But, sometimes...sometimes I guess I just wonder...yeah..

Sometimes, I need you. But, it's not Sunday yet..and Sunday is like, your day. And you aren't there. And I can't go to you. Or you're busy, or, or, something. Is it just a coincidence you happen to call to go out for a drink and fresh Aro Bake bread, just when I really need you? When I've been secretly urging you to help me out for the past week. Is it just a coincidence you happen to tell me you are there through the voice in my head at night when I really, really, need you? Is it just a coincidence you stumbled my step against the curb so I would miss the oncoming car when I stepped onto Molesworth Street last Monday? Is it a coincidence? Maybe you just have a lot on your to-do list lately. That's okay.

I've been trying to convince myself I'm not just another coffee date call-up when it's convenient for you.

Sometimes, it's really hard.

“....but it's **brittle** and tends to shatter on impact.”

Maybe our dimensionless parameters of *Love Numbers* can overcome Tungsten.

Letter #1.

The last one. This one was hard. Because it's so simple. *L* is for love. That is it.

“*l*” is just a dash.

Maybe I am overthinking this with these other two letters. Maybe love is just when $x=0$ and keeps climbing up and up into the y axis. Eventually it'll hit heaven. Or the end of the page. I don't know, I really just don't know.

The lowercase *l* just doesn't curve. It has one direction, it knows where it's going, it has one job.

I know it'll always be there. Most letters need an *l* type stroke to be complete. *l* is in both *h* and *k*. Without the *l* the other letters just look like a sad uncompleted *n* and a *v* turned on its side. *l* is probably the most important.

l is I love you man. I fricken love you. *l* is although I hate you for wavering, I love you. *l* is the although I know you are forgetting about me, although I know you are going through your own stuff, *l* is the I will always always be there in the end, unwavering for you. *l* is the $x=0$, infinitely going up the y axis. The line going up off the page, going on and on, splitting the world and going back to the start and going over and over and over. Taking the letters around the sun, bringing *h* and *k* back home. *l* is for you.

26 letters in the alphabet; I give *l* to you. *h* and *k* we can share. You take my *l*, and you go hard.

L is for love and this letter *l* is for you.

So yeah, there you have my letters. I attached the URL to the wikipedia link so you can have a look yourself. Let me know if you can figure it out.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Love_number

With love,
Yours sincerely.