Confidence Interval

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Some things are about as likely
as throwing a dart at a pie plate and hitting the uneaten slice,
and some things are about as likely
as *me* throwing a dart at a pie plate, and hitting the plate,
and some things are like throwing a dart at the beach and hitting one grain of sand
or hitting a particular grain of sand, that happens to be shaped like a clock,
at the twelve o'clock position.

I am lying here with my hand on your breast and your hand on my hand,
estimating whether I love you,
and when I will know if I love you,
which is different entirely.

You might say that knowing I love you
given your hand on my hand on your breast
is like throwing a dart at the ocean
and hitting the ocean.
But in my life I have kissed exactly two boys and five girls,
and one of those was a dare.
In this world there are seven billion people.
If my soul is meant for one soul, that's like hitting grains of sand,
or maybe pebbles.

I do not think you are my pebble.
I dislike the way you don't talk to your mother,
and the cups of tea you scatter around your flat,
where your cats will taste them.
But the likelihood I will stay here, hand in your hand,
as this square of sunlight slides across the floor
is the likelihood of me eating the pie
instead of throwing darts at it, if I had pie,
or dipping my toes in the ocean, if I had oceans,
in other words certain, at least
barring tsunamis.