

## Confidence Interval

Ursula Whitcher

University of Wisconsin - Eau Claire, whitchua@uwec.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.claremont.edu/jhm>



Part of the [Mathematics Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Whitcher, U. "Confidence Interval," *Journal of Humanistic Mathematics*, Volume 2 Issue 2 (July 2012), pages 152-. DOI: 10.5642/jhummath.201202.14 . Available at: <http://scholarship.claremont.edu/jhm/vol2/iss2/14>

©2012 by the authors. This work is licensed under a Creative Commons License.

JHM is an open access bi-annual journal sponsored by the Claremont Center for the Mathematical

Sciences and published by the Claremont Colleges Library | ISSN 2159-8118 | <http://scholarship.claremont.edu/jhm/>

---

# Confidence Interval

## **Cover Page Footnote**

All characters and statistics described in this poem are products of the writer's imagination.

# Confidence Interval

Ursula Whitcher

*Department of Mathematics, University of Wisconsin - Eau Claire*  
whitchua@uwec.edu

---

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.