

...may 2, 1985...

i operate on probabilities –
the chance of rain tomorrow ten percent
with cloud and showers likely by a half
and eighty percent chance that i will walk
uptown before the evening settles in –
ninety-nine point nine – the likelihood
of turning on a radio
to hear a fiftieth of what is said –

always the avoidance of totality –
always that nagging fraction of a doubt
that i might open eyes on some tomorrow
to find myself not here and not myself –

prognostications and deductions
predicting hours by percentages
into illusions that yesterday proved false
and that today has proven almost right –

can this be real? this probability
of scribbling words beneath a fragment moon?
or am i only ten percent aware
and nine tenths dreaming of these words i write?

©pamela swanson
www.poetpam.com

