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LIKELIHOODS

I say to take more off the top.
You are curious and soundproof.
We breeze through the detectors.
I say what it is, distress marks and all
in its high baroque phase.
You’re on autopilot, rich and in all likelihood
smooth around the perimeter.
In all likelihood someone on the Montrealer
will come forward. You wait your turn
for the next go-kart and I recall how
you like to refer to inanimate objects—
hat, mug, OK Computer—as your best friends.
I say they’re easier to catch if you let them escape first.
Orthogonal by nature, you are suspicious

of correlation. We decide to banish what we are
about to forget so it’s as good as gone.
You find yourself an arcade, romantic if seen from
the right distance but you want to go inside?
I say the point of Ophelia was her hair
when it was like seaweed.
You give the goats names, one
after another, like it never happened.
In all likelihood the aid of headlamps
can help us with the vision thing.
I say there are sherpas and then there are sherpas.
You think information is out to destroy us,
that it can be coaxed to form
at least a temporary seal.