

A Very Unlikely Occurrence

MC Frontalot

I thought the chance, it was a hundred to one.
On one thumb I could count up the percentage of my coming
undone.
But then some calculation of impatiently fated rhymes:
sour patch ribbon to the wreck of my valentine.
That a fine mess like this should get dished,
I would have made it more unlikely if I had one wish.
I take ish with the interstitial liquid bliss
and insist another double on the rocks with twist.
This is a fist full of good credit.
This is a circumstance that I must edit.
I said it ever thusly, with the bust knee
you could trust me,
can't front without two feet to step fuss-free.
But see, that's just fine. I lost mine,
handed then the bandit (thin) my last dime,
watched the wheels spin, thinking infinitesimal
my ten-decimal chance. The professional
gamblers scoffed (but the bells went off).