

KAREN LEPRI

Wave

You begin on one side
 of the integral
 body and arrive (gasp) on the other

No predictable measure of time, no table
 of coming and going to pour
 by candlelight, the sips, pocks, dregs

accrued with tide. How to believe
 the overextended
 family, our aqueous genome's reach—

If I push here, where will you feel it?
 Which village
 will cry into the distance?

Troops, march, march.

Underwater, a little bomb; above
 black specks of surfers