

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