

**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