

Karen Neuberg

# WAVING ITS SHAKY

There — that one. Waving its shaky.  
Rolling its perky, stroking its regular size.  
Extolling an unsaid, an undone, a redone, a hash  
of a batch, a piece of this thought and that, lackadaisical  
and smashing, downy and sequined, a mosaic  
from beach glass rubbed smooth by time.  
It can shimmer all it wants. Or simmer (it's summer!)  
or hide in a tank. Soft cola edges already dissolving.  
Hole in the middle spreading to fingers. Lifting the sheer  
weight of the hour. And promising, promising  
it will reveal in a singular shine.