

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.