By Charles Olson

all
wrong
And I am asked—ask myself (I, too, covered
with the gurry of it) where
shall we go from here, what can we do
when even the public conveyances
sing?

how can we go anywhere,
even cross-town

how get out of anywhere (the bodies
all buried
in shallow graves?


Source: The Maximus Poems (University of California Press, 1987)