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Think Marx. Think about all the *workers of the world*
at least once having been

in your office, how you caught yourself
apologizing to a man for the smell—

you see— it wasn't— that's not—

and remembered it was sweat, that all you've smelled
this October is sweat—

paydirt from the local build-up before winter—

oh forget it you said, but made a man twice your age
feel ashamed—

and you did not know how to apologize

so you did not apologize

(which is a crime)

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You think your ears will bleed from out their drums—

you think it is possible at twenty-seven to *hear enough*
and be done with that sense, at least—

your tongue, too, for having said *we can only do so much*
this many times, this many times, this many times—

your nose as well, because sweat has a smell and dirt
has a smell and of course booze has a smell

like desperation and a car in the black trees

