

Cuyahoga
County
**Public
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By Scott Minar

CAESURA

At four in the morning the streets in Cleveland

break up and roll themselves away

only to be planted again by the front wheels

of cars rolling downtown at daybreak. No one

sees it, but I know it happens that way.

There are people I used to work with

who would call thoughts like that crazy. Maybe

they are. But I need to explain

the sex workers on Carnegie, the gun in every
other locker at the factory where my friend works,

the body face down in the lot where I saw it
first. I knew a black man, fifty and

strong as an ox, who tore down his painting
from our locker at Christmas. It was

beautiful and someone made him take it down. He tore
it from the wall in pieces. Some answers

are hard to get: places don't mean much anymore and
the smaller pains in a lifetime—

small because they weren't yours or they happened
long ago— fade away. But I know

there is something wild beating in our hearts and

sometimes it gets out, you can almost hear it.