

Cleveland

By Eric Odum

Ripples penetrate and dirty bubble pop, but how does the water remain?

The willow stands tall, like our cranes that hang above broken concrete,

But see Cleveland is more than dirty,

It's a central hub of things ready to be discovered

talents

About a block from the corner man offering that stuff he says will make the
pain go away

when it'll only cloud the eyes to what's around them,

making them miss their exit,

not going towards the future that's meant to be—

Cleveland

Can be a double-edged knife,

Our faults are blown out of proportion—even though it is the sad truth that
our losses outweigh the success,

Yet we're still here,

trying like a dyslexic child in a reading class to pass but still nowhere close
to succeeding!

Supposedly we're the poorest city, but they don't take the time to see that
we're rich in passion, in perseverance, in the instinct to survive,

if that means becoming the best: awkward pause: we try

Beating the best: awkward pause: we try,

Coming together: awkward pause, random hand motions signifying

togetherness: we try...but unification is an action way too complex for
people anywhere,

It's not seen as a simple thought, because our differences seem to pull the
binds that tie us apart and we tumble like bricks kicked off a four story
building,
Spiraling
Downward,
Downward,
Downward,
Till we hit bottom and shatter, left in the pieces they found us in,
Yet we still exist, our souls can't be broken,
Fires on a lake can't break us, your judgment can't break us and no one can
take us away from our birthright no matter how small it may seem, because
Cleveland is to the Clevelanders what Rome was to the Romans,
Gladly we lack a Caesar, but Brutus' come by the dozens, waiting for
someone to "Be their eyes" and guide them into what seems to be the right
direction, but I'm sad to see these young Capote's lost, those maturing
Langston's gone, these prodigies disappearing without a trace,
But I've found a light in this world that darkness didn't dare permeate,
And I'll rise---like Maya Angelou through these trials and tribulations to see
that Cleveland is never erased from this planet,
Cause we've got to--much--potential...just to go and waste it.