Community

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.7463
Community

I at the time I didn't know

A grown-up word for one

except I knew some dirty words

I was eleven sometimes waiting for the bus

The bus stop

was the sidewalk was up

on a little hill looked down on the street

Except it was too low to call a hill but there

isn't a special name for dirt that kind of low

And so I call it was a hill

And sometimes these two cops the same they

I think it was the same they

every Sunday they would

drive up under me expose themselves

All the police back then were white

even the bus drivers were white

I knew some
dirty words for one but seeing them they
didn't match the words
I couldn’t
didn’t
ever saw their faces
saw
their uniforms their hats
the deepest blue I ever seen a
Black man get lost in blue like that a real dark one
I never saw their faces
But I could tell they sometimes they
were laughing from the way their chests shook
like their hearts had gotten loose

This thing it
wasn’t in them with white girls
I can’t believe it was

If it was white girls too they
how could they have been
the men they were in the community