

In Prayer

“Before we had you, I prayed,”
my Mother said.

There is comfort in prayer?
There is
Comfort in
Prayer.

So

Dear God,
I’m thankful for everything
But

This heap of thrash
that Somebody’s burning
smells like
 hate and
 flesh,
 bones and the left-overs
of Civil War
and South Carolina’s adding more charcoal
more charcoal
and the hooded figures on horses prance
around, mocking
burn fire burn
so hot
even the devil won’t come near

God,
Did You know
they shot him, they killed him, they
lynched the preacher, they bombed the
church, they
murdered the children, they raped the
women, Oh
My God
and Selma* keeps asking
“Shall we overcome?”

where are You God
where
are You and where
were You?

Who created black and white?

God,
Would You say both
Would You say neither
Would You say stop
Would You say keep on
Would You tell me to put out the fire?

There is comfort in prayer?
There is
Comfort in
Prayer.

We shall
Overcome
as the night sky blackens
and the white stars peek out
to see the gray smoke cover the land.

-Brea Thomas

* Selma, Alabama—used specifically in
reference to my trip to the 35th Anniversary
Celebration of the Selma to Montgomery
Voting Rights March