

## 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 35<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
Celebration of the Selma to Montgomery  
Voting Rights March