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