



1986

## Georgia: July, 1961

Carla Thomas

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Carla Thomas

GEORGIA: JULY, 1961

Through the lush tunnel of Carolina  
we have come to this moment.  
Weathered wood beneath our backs,  
we give our breath to the night  
in the milky warm sleep of children.  
There are only the three of us,  
me and my brothers,  
asleep on boards.

Even in my dreams  
their soft round forms are with me.  
The earth swells beneath us,  
whispers a myth  
of thick women:  
we slept like this in our mother.

Our mouths bloom in the darkness  
like vowels.  
Or love.