

## ILLIA THOMPSON

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### Nineteen Sixty Five

"A boy and a girl. Enough!," you say.  
So I fly south in the arms of my parents  
while you and our son and daughter  
stay in our home in the woods.

One night's stay in the hotel room  
before I walk the Tijuana streets  
on the arm of a black-shawled woman  
who silently takes me to the doorway.

Slowly, I cross the threshold  
feel unknown hands grab  
then count three hundred dollars  
before leading me to a stone slab.

Too soon, stirrups cradle my parted legs  
while strangers scrape the beginnings  
of another child from deep within me.  
Sleep begins as I turn my mind away.

Inside my head, I pretend to be the star  
of a black and white movie, await the  
turning on of lights that would erase  
this Saturday matinee cliff hanger.

Hours later, I stumble out into the heat,  
held up by the black-shawled woman  
speaking in stolen Spanish, nodding words  
pretending to be my beloved relation.

Back at the hotel, I place a call  
to place of home, want to tell you  
that I am all right. The phone rings  
and rings. No one answers.

**Illia Thompson**, a graduate of Antioch College in Ohio, teaches Memoirs Writing and holds Journaling Workshops on the Monterey Peninsula. Her latest book, *Along the Memoir Way*, offers her poetry as prompts and blank pages to honor the reader's own recollections. A columnist for *The Carmel Valley Sun*, as well as publication in *The Carmel Pine Cone* and *The*

*Monterey Herald*, provide local recognition. She has received Honorable Mention and Certificate of Achievement for poetry from *Writer's Digest* magazine. She offered poetry and art at the Pacific Grove Art Center, and participated in Women and Food presentations. Poems appear locally in *Dancing on the Brink of the World* and *The Homestead Review*.