

Eve (Interlude)

Jamila Woods

I love my name. My mother thought of that name. The story that she told is that she was walking down Belmont Avenue and it was the middle of the day she was by her self and she was pregnant with me. And she said that she just heard a voice in her head and it was just me talking before I was born and telling her what my name was. Sometimes I like to think I named myself. ...is the name that I signaled to her what my name already was.