

*I wrote this poem to describe the journey of a girl who had been a victim of  
human trafficking*

*the body holds the story*

*chapter 1: birth until 11 years*

*a tiny bud so fresh so new  
nurtured by sunbeams  
watered by dew drops  
rooted in soil rich and deep  
blossomed in the garden  
blew carefree in the wind  
danced vibrantly amidst others  
pulsating with life*

*chapter 2: ages 12 years-14*

*but chaos and confusion penetrated the garden  
climaxing in violence and upheaval  
thrusting the bud into a place of fertile emptiness  
the bud-  
now plucked from its stem  
torn and tossed by foreign elements  
displaced from the warmth and security of her home  
no longer aroused by sunbeams and dewdrops  
no longer shaded from destructive forces  
no longer tended by gentler spirits*

*perceived now as a prized trophy  
lured and groomed into a heinous crime  
one that wrenched through my body  
tore through my soul  
pierced through the chasms of my heart  
and the body continued to hold the story*

### ***chapter 3: ages 15-17***

***pages and pages of the story unfold  
chapters of violation, trauma, agony  
betrayal, mistrust, shame  
and because of being woman i am left the blame  
the prey yielded in fear of this oppressive game  
yielded to being branded, bruised, beaten  
to avoid the animal's savage rape  
yielded to brutal attack  
yielded to no longer being child  
yielded to being part of supply and demand  
yielded to making profits  
at the perpetrator's hand***

### ***chapter 4: ages 18-20***

***the exploitation- the modern slavery entraps me  
as it tries to wear my spirit down  
poverty, no education, no place to lay my head  
scourge and disrespect these factors inflict such dread  
my body numbed by drugs and abuse  
by the lack of safety all around***

***and the insidious crime continues into this present day  
child forgotten, neglected, abused, led astray  
and in the deep recesses of my body  
in the very fiber of my being  
the saga, the game lives on  
for I am hidden, entangled in this web  
feeling i will never escape this oppression in my life  
this cycle of intimidation that inflicts a deadly strife***

*chapter 5..... where from here*

*chapter 6: i have hopes of a new story being born  
with prevention, protection and prosecution at its core  
and with jubilation i will shout*

***I'M NOT FOR SALE ANY MORE!***

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