Come, God of the Vulnerable

Father in heaven,
We didn’t see them
but you did—
the hundreds and thousands of human beings
trafficked each year to join the millions who are trapped
in modern-day slavery.
Under terrible conditions, they work in factories, plough fields,
harvest crops, work quarries,
fill brothels, clean homes and haul water.
Many are children with tiny fingers for weaving rugs
and small shoulders for bearing rifles.
Their labor is forced, their bodies beaten, their faces hidden
from those who don’t really want to see them.
But you see them all, God of the vulnerable.
You hear their cries and you answer by
opening our eyes, and breaking our hearts
and loosening our tongues to insist:
No más. No more.