

Oh God, 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, plow
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 poor.
You hear their cry and you answer
 by opening our eyes, and breaking our hearts
 and loosening our tongues to insist:

No more. No more.

Amen