

FOR SALE – HUMANITY

By

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It'll be okay, the nice man said.
Plenty of money to be made.
Enough to send back to family,
enough for you to live in luxury.
No passport or visa needed.

Climb aboard, the scruffy man said,
holding out his dirty hand for cash.
It won't be long, a day, maybe two
on landing, head for the ferry port.
Do not call your family.

Get in the truck, the sleazy man said.
If you're cold, huddle together.
A good job and home await you,
take this food and settle down.
No more tears today.

Stop screaming, the angry man said.
Lie down, close your eyes, go to sleep.
Two days, to go before I rid myself,
of this stinking cargo of human waste.
Evil spilled from his lips.

Cold, hungry, betrayed, we called home,
pleading, sobbing, saying our goodbyes.
Confused, we stripped off, gasping for air,
and clawed at padded walls with bloodied hands,
before death overtook us.