

“POV human trafficking scene”

Panting* Hello, hello? Can anybody hear me?

Shh, Shh I don't want them to hear the fear in me.

O God how did I get here?

I should've known he wasn't tryna be nice just came out of nowhere.

Take your mind off it someone will come soon....

Breathes I CAN'T I'M trapped in a dark room, the floor is as cold as the system and these chains are as tight as my wallet.

I'm mad at the government

I'm mad at the President

I'm mad at the store... NO NO NO...

I'm mad at my outfit...NO my outfit is cute anyone could wear it...

I'm mad at my mother.... She's responsible for my looks.

I'm mad at my ancestors because who said it was fair to not let black crack.

I look innocent and scared, curvaceous, and beautiful and 12... I'm 24...I'm 24 cold scared and alone in or out of this room I'm alone I blame the absence of my father.

Poem Written by Lori W.