

Distinct Voice: Mercy and the Displacement of Persons – ‘the body holds the story’

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*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!

the body holds the story