

THEY

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Miners of Chile who live in the depths of hell.
Children snatched from mother's arms.
Continuous links of chain
started hundreds of years ago...

Children whose future is accountable to none.
Orphans who roam the streets of Brazil,
abandoned, ignored, the "problem,"
left to fend for themselves...

Families of the "disappeared ones" who refuse to forget.
Mothers who daily, for years, plaza walk
in memory of the dead...calling
for justice so that we may not forget...

Women who provide, cook, care, and sometimes love.
Hired help, sirvienta. Campesinas and campesinos
covered in sweat, bent in pain.
Sunup to sundown. Working for crumbs,
harvesting food that will evade them.

Invisible people who work diligently, daily.
Prisoners of war who are whispered about,
“They must have done something...”
Yet they hold on a little longer
with insurmountable strength
that equality, justice, and freedom prevail.