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# Traders

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T R A D E R S

“. . . I was afraid to stay, and I was afraid to run.”  
(Károly Pap: *Azarel*)

We were natives of an eastern kingdom  
Pierre de Casteigne found gold in our rivers  
traders came for gold and took away our boredom  
we gave them our clothes our hopes and yes our innocence  
in exchange for tear dust tickling powder  
and the right to forced laughter  
traders came in great numbers they genuinely liked us  
they gave us more and more they took less and less  
we felt obliged we gave them our friendship  
we invited them to our houses gratefully they came  
and asked for more  
they touched us we did not recoil but gave them pleasure  
they wanted the innermost secrets of our minds  
which we freely gave by now we were beyond friendship

traders shed tears traders were full of understanding  
traders brought gifts “c’est gratuit” they said  
and watched our faces  
we danced in our joy our last great dance  
they could not resist us any more they took us  
home with them they took us  
home with them