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Traders

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TRADERS

“. . . 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