

*Stop the Traffic.* A poem by Gerard Kelly.

I am a person  
not a potato to be picked and packaged  
and sent to market  
to be sliced and diced  
chopped up and ketchupped  
on the other side of the world.

I am human and I am not for sale.  
I am a living conscience, not a cargo.  
I travel passenger not freight.  
I am not cattle  
not contraband,  
not a catalogued commodity.  
I'm not the bottom line  
for those who trade in tragedy  
and profit from perversity.  
I am not a can to be recycled.

I am human and I am not for sale.  
I am a thinking individual, not a rare exotic bird.  
I am your sister, not an inmate for your zoo.  
I am not merchandise,  
not meat,  
not a meal ticket.  
I was mothered,  
not manufactured,  
begotten, not created.

I am human and I am not for sale.  
Its time to end this trade  
in human tragedy,  
to terminate this travesty  
of a global economy.  
Let the red lights  
of your cities  
be put to better use  
to stop the traffic.  
Write it in lights across your seared conscience:

I am human and I am not for sale.

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