

Winning poetry
submission for the
**2024 Modern Slavery
and Human Trafficking**

Awareness

Ontario Division

Poetry Contest

General Awareness

Category

To Walk Intentional
by Melanie Douglas

To walk intentional upon this sea, I must let go
of myself, let go of me.
The pain is a gift, and the gift is the pain,
Sorrow speaks of what ghosts remain.

As I rustled here and there, I sometimes saw her,
and I cared.
I cared? I paused to ponder,
On my way to work, then home again, I'd wonder.
Seen her around, eyes to the sky, not down,
or level, almost childlike, asking why.
Got the vibe that she was nervous,
Nervous yet trying to act impervious.
There was something about her,
something was off,
Should I have embraced this feeling or not?
I sensed a danger and a plot.

Then one day, she was just gone.
Kept waiting to see her, by store windows
and manicured lawns.

Seasons changed, but her absence
remained,
What happened to her?
Cold and ill dressed for the rain.
Did I fail her?
Did I not see?
Or did I see too plainly,
then say, no not me?

To walk intentional upon this sea,
I must let go of myself, let go of me

The pain is a gift,
and the gift is the pain,

Sorrow speaks
of what ghosts remain.