

**Psalm 69 – a translation from the perspective of a woman  
trafficked into forced prostitution  
by Eva-Sibylle Vogel-Mfato**

*Save me, o God, for the waters have come up to my neck.  
My feet can no longer touch bottom in the deep mire where I am sinking.  
I have screamed my heart out, my throat is so hoarse, I have waited so long for my God that I hardly dare  
hope any longer.  
More in number than the hairs of my head are those who hate me without any cause.  
Those who are unjustly against me, and want to ruin me completely have me totally in their power.  
I am supposed to pay back money I do not even owe.  
God, you know how innocent and naive I was; that I am partly to blame for my situation is no secret from  
you.  
Do not let those who wait and hope for your help be troubled because of me. Let those who seek you, o God  
of my people, not face scandal and shame because of me.  
For your sake I bear my disgrace and my face betrays my shame.  
I have become a stranger to my own sisters and brothers.  
If they knew how I earn my living here, they would refuse to know me any longer.  
It was, it is, longing for the life in all its fullness which you have promised to all the world, which has brought  
me low.  
The insults of those who scorn your name have fallen on my head. Weeping bitterly, I fast while they make  
fun of me.  
If I were to seek justice in a court they would pull me to pieces, and my tormentors would sing drunken  
songs about me.  
My prayer rises up to you, O Lord.  
Let the time come for me to receive mercy.  
In your great love, answer me, with your faithful help, rescue me.  
Reach down, pull me out of the mire before it closes over my head.  
Snatch me away from those who are destroying me, save me from the floods rushing over me, do not let the  
deep waters drown me or the Pit swallow me up.  
Answer me, God, for it is so comforting to be embraced by your kindness and motherly love.  
Do not hide your face from your daughter.  
I am so afraid!  
Answer me quickly, come into my life with your help, redeem my life, buy me back, because of my enemies.  
You know how I am insulted and shamed, you know who they are, my tormentors. Shame has broken my  
heart and brought me to despair.  
I long for someone who sees me and cares about my pain but no one is there.  
I long for someone to take me in her arms  
and comfort me but I cannot find anyone.  
They put drugs in my food, and when I am overcome with thirst, all I get is a bitter drink, which numbs me but  
does not quench my thirst.  
Let their own table full of food make them sick and be a trap for them.  
Let their eyes be struck blind, so they can no longer gape at me, and let their loins be impotent forever! Pour  
out upon them your punishing anger and let your burning indignation overtake them.  
Let their houses be laid waste, so no one can live there.  
For they persecute those whom you have already punished enough and they make fun of the pain of those  
who are already deeply wounded.  
Add guilt to their guilt and do not let them have any place in your justice.  
Let them be blotted out of the book of life; let them not be included among the righteous.  
I am in misery, my whole body aches. Help me, o God, and protect me.  
I will praise the name of God with a song;  
I will magnify God with thanksgiving.  
My sisters with whom I share this slavery see me, and sing their gladness; those who looked to God for  
counsel and help, find new courage in their hearts.  
For God hears the voice of the poor and needy, God identifies with those in bondage, and does not despise  
her own.  
Let heaven and earth praise God, the seas, and everything that moves in them.  
For our country is precious to God, she will help us, and will build the cities again, so that her people may  
live in them, and make their living with what they have there.  
And this our descendants will inherit, and those who love God will be able to live there in peace.*