

Abortion

By Marcus Lander (1996)

*In ancient Sparta, long ago
Before we knew what we now know
'Ere kindness was conceived in man:
Before the enlightenment began
- Each new-born babe, if weak or sickly
Was sure to meet extinction quickly -
Abandoned on some barren rock.
Thus Sparta purified her stock,
And so these hapless ones gave place
To those judged fit for Sparta's race!*

* * *

*How cruel and barbarous you say?
Yet in our way
We do the same,
Blot out the names
Of those we deem
Unfit for birth,
Who do not fit our chosen scheme
We banish from the earth.*

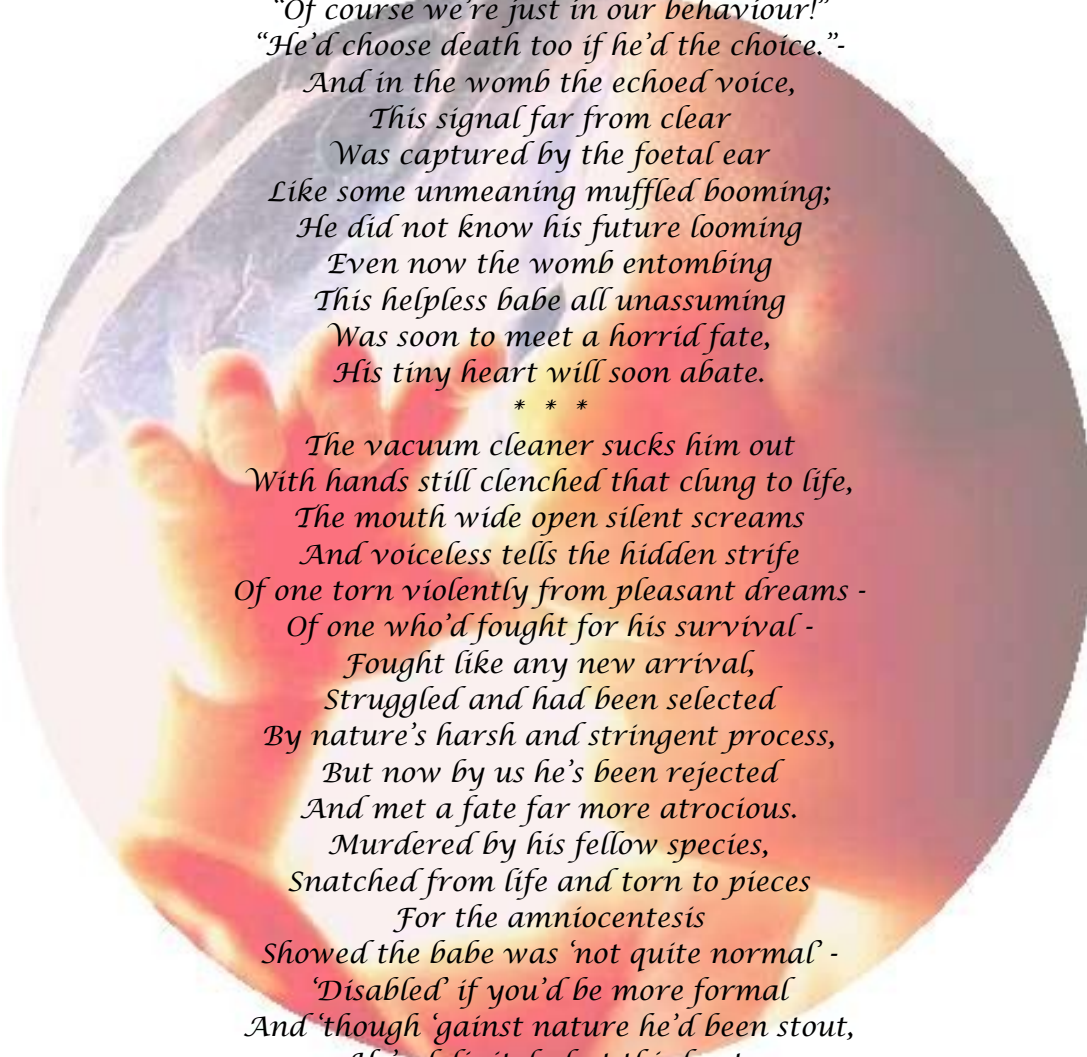
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*With all our new sophistication
We are equally barbarian;
Just a simple operation,
Not a lengthy extrication
Will complete the termination
Of a baby's short existence
Thus denying it subsistence
For some minor deviation
Or genetic aberration
Or simply for convenience
- A last resort, a last defence
Against disruption to our lives -
We murder it 'ere it arrives
And all the while make vain pretence
That in an altruistic sense
We're acting on the child's behalf
And choosing but the kindest path.*

* * *

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*"We're really doing him a favour."
"Of course we're just in our behaviour!"
"He'd choose death too if he'd the choice."
And in the womb the echoed voice,
This signal far from clear
Was captured by the foetal ear
Like some unmeaning muffled booming;
He did not know his future looming
Even now the womb entombing
This helpless babe all unassuming
Was soon to meet a horrid fate,
His tiny heart will soon abate.*

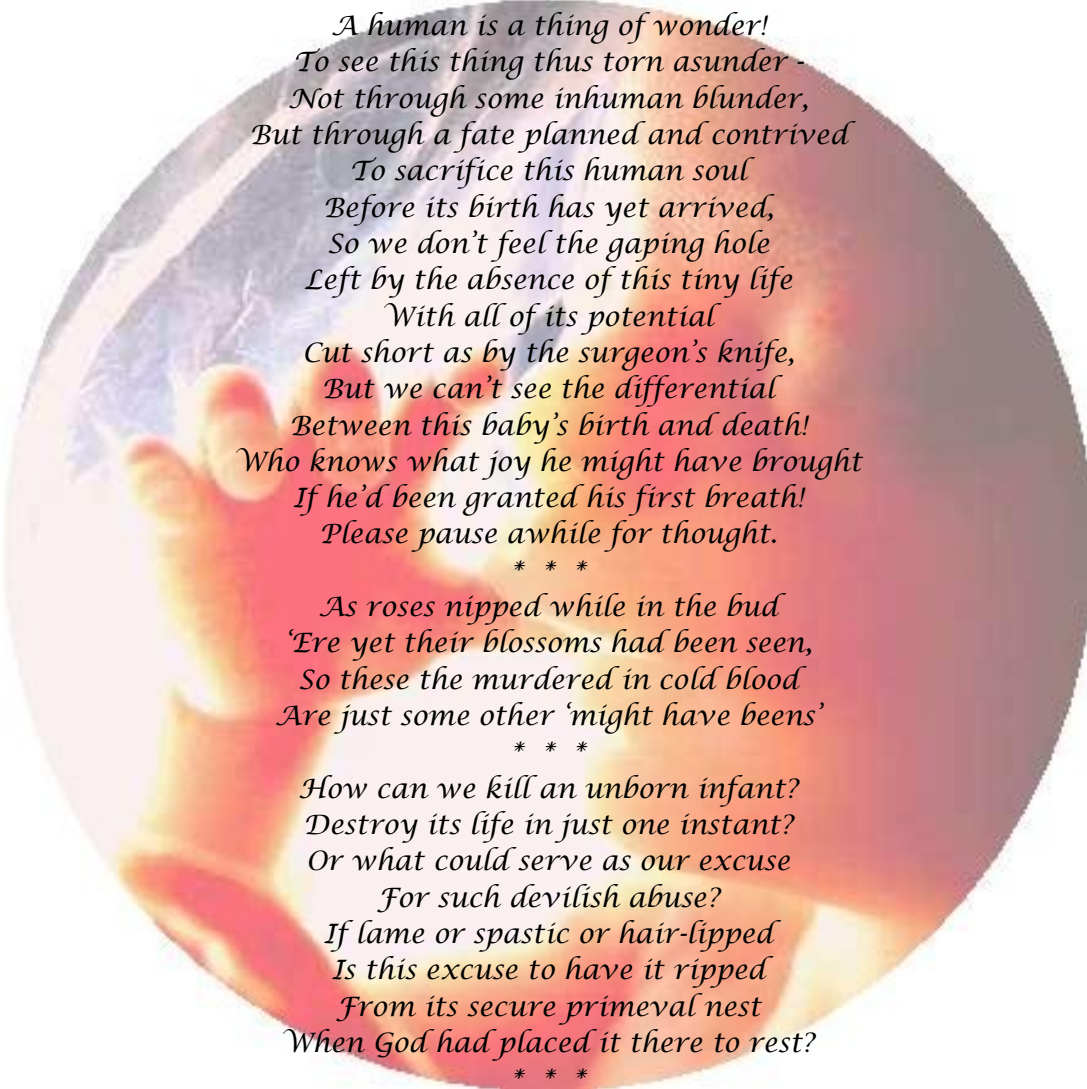
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*The vacuum cleaner sucks him out
With hands still clenched that clung to life,
The mouth wide open silent screams
And voiceless tells the hidden strife
Of one torn violently from pleasant dreams -
Of one who'd fought for his survival -
Fought like any new arrival,
Struggled and had been selected
By nature's harsh and stringent process,
But now by us he's been rejected
And met a fate far more atrocious.
Murdered by his fellow species,
Snatched from life and torn to pieces
For the amniocentesis
Showed the babe was 'not quite normal' -
'Disabled' if you'd be more formal
And 'though 'gainst nature he'd been stout,
He's definitely lost this bout.*

** * **

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*A human is a thing of wonder!
To see this thing thus torn asunder -
Not through some inhuman blunder,
But through a fate planned and contrived
To sacrifice this human soul
Before its birth has yet arrived,
So we don't feel the gaping hole
Left by the absence of this tiny life
With all of its potential
Cut short as by the surgeon's knife,
But we can't see the differential
Between this baby's birth and death!
Who knows what joy he might have brought
If he'd been granted his first breath!
Please pause awhile for thought.*

** * **

*As roses nipped while in the bud
'Ere yet their blossoms had been seen,
So these the murdered in cold blood
Are just some other 'might have beens'*

** * **

*How can we kill an unborn infant?
Destroy its life in just one instant?
Or what could serve as our excuse
For such devilish abuse?
If lame or spastic or hair-lipped
Is this excuse to have it ripped
From its secure primeval nest
When God had placed it there to rest?*

** * **

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*The Bible says God forms each man,
For every one he has a plan.
He makes the dumb, the blind, the lame,
Every one he knows by name.*

*It also states
That he who takes
A child's soul,
Or plays a role
In hurting ones of these whose angels
All behold the Father's face
And watchfully keep constant vigils
O'er each child in love and grace
Is worthy of a fate more dread
Than he who makes the sea his bed
With a millstone round his head!*

** * **

*But of course we now know better!
Why should we obey the letter
Of the law now we are wise?
We also can philosophize
Let us arise ...
... And let us reason
For every thing there is a season,
'A time to kill!'
The Bible says,
We must avoid the greater ill
And circumnavigate the maze
Of relative morality;
For we are speaking of reality
Where all is complex, nothing simple,
Where e'en the wisest foreheads wrinkle
In puzzlement and great perplexity
At all the manifold complexity
And where both black and white give way
To a million shades of grey.*

** * **

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*So lets address the vital issue.
When does this tiny ball of tissue
On its journey from conception
Attain the status of a human?
Surely not at its inception
While trav'ling the fallopian lumen.
Could it be at implantation?
Or sometime later in gestation?
Zygote, Blastocyst, Blastula
And subsequently the Gastrula,
But really at this primal stage
It's like some microbe or a phage,
- A parasitic infestation
Which requires extermination!*

** * **

*So, what then makes us who we are?
-Above the par
Of animals and lesser creatures?
What are our essential features?
Well, Science claims
That in our brains
A portion of the cerebral lobe
Is the mysterious abode
Of our immense superiority,
By which we take supreme authority
O'er all the rest of God's creation,
By which we gained emancipation
From the endless, slavish cycle
Which bound us, - like the umbilical
To existence, without progress.
Our minds have freed us from this process*

** * **

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*So now we reach another query
In our searching for a theory
Of the moment when life starts:
What is the trigger for the spark
From whence arises mental dawn
As each new human mind is born?
What interneural brain connection
Gives us the power for reflection,
Of exo- and of intro-spection
From whence we merit our protection?
But do our human rights derive
From our degree of sentience?
Or are we worthy to survive
By reason of intelligence?*

** * **

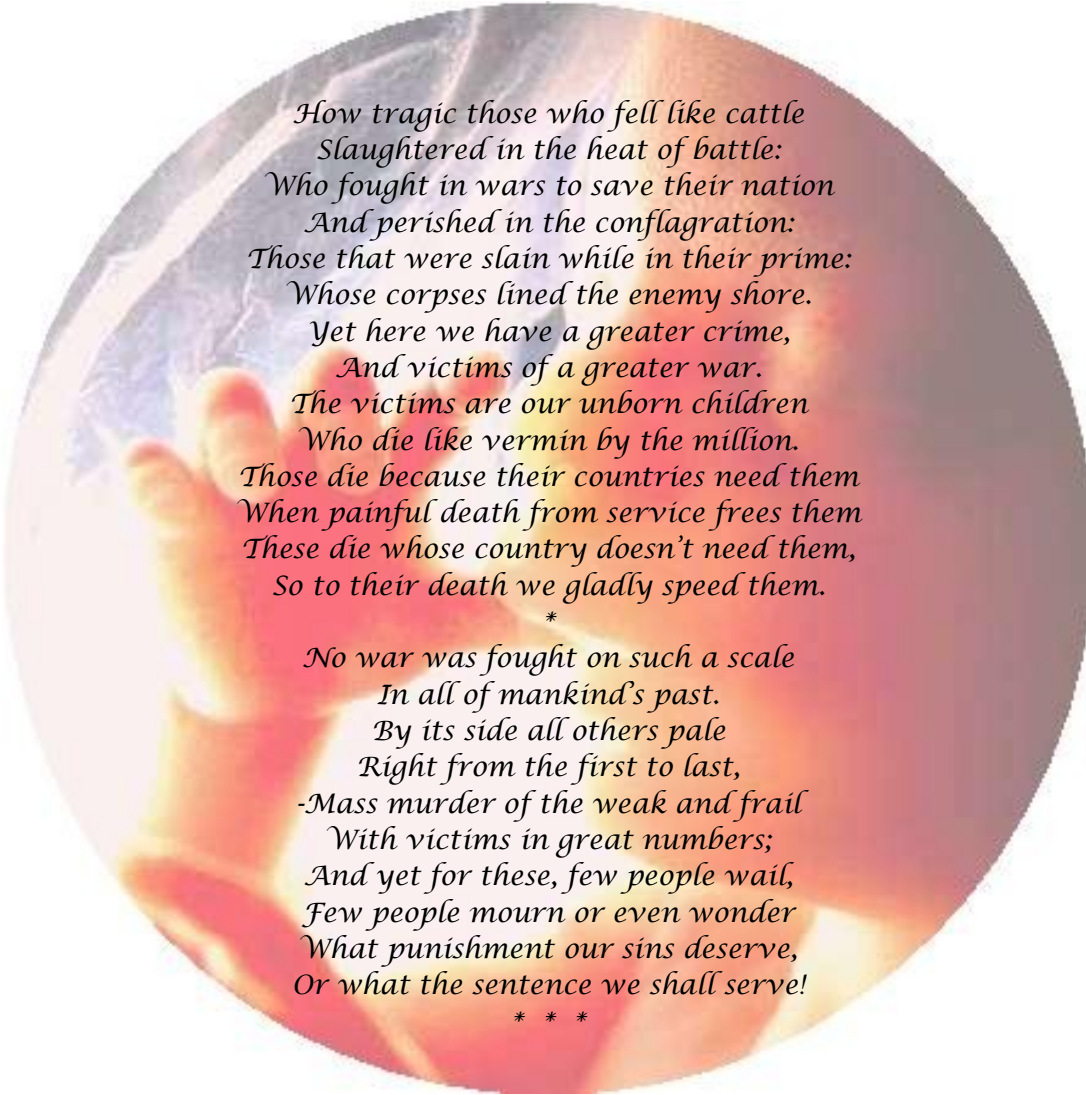
*In other days, when God was king
When right was right and sin was sin,
We used to think it just and fair
To help the weak and to show care
To all the feeblest of our race:
The young, the old, the handicapped;
But now has passed the 'age of grace'
Which limited resources sapped
And Darwinism takes its place.
"The fit may live, the weak must die!"
"Our genome we shall purify!"
"And babies we'll annihilate
And thus all faults eradicate!"
"We shall be perfect without spot
When we but cease our fruitless wishing
We'll cleanse the gene-pools mutant stock
Through ceaseless overfishing!"*

*"For soon we'll have our genome mapped,
Our every fault we'll trace
And we no longer shall be trapped
By handicap's disgrace."*

** * **

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*How tragic those who fell like cattle
Slaughtered in the heat of battle:
Who fought in wars to save their nation
And perished in the conflagration:
Those that were slain while in their prime:
Whose corpses lined the enemy shore.
Yet here we have a greater crime,
And victims of a greater war.
The victims are our unborn children
Who die like vermin by the million.
Those die because their countries need them
When painful death from service frees them
These die whose country doesn't need them,
So to their death we gladly speed them.*

*

*No war was fought on such a scale
In all of mankind's past.
By its side all others pale
Right from the first to last,
-Mass murder of the weak and frail
With victims in great numbers;
And yet for these, few people wail,
Few people mourn or even wonder
What punishment our sins deserve,
Or what the sentence we shall serve!*

* * *

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*To wayward Israel of old
God gave the law and prophets told
The people, "Serve the one true God!"
And yet God's people disobeyed
And underfoot His laws they trod.
They spurned the one who them had made
And broke their solemn pledge.
Instead to pagan gods they turned,
Despising thus their heritage
While on their idols' altars burned
The children God in grace had given,
Sacrificing them to idols made of stone
Against whose worship, God most high had striven,
Smashed their graven images, their altars overthrown.
Yet even now this practice still survives,
Here, where materialism thrives
And gods of gold and precious things
Are priced above the lives
Of people and the King of Kings!
And in this age in which we live
Where some don't hesitate to give
Their child in sacrifice for wealth,
Or their career or for some other gain,
So here unnoticed, and by stealth
Idolatry asserts itself again!*

* * *

*In ancient Egypt long ago
Entrapped in misery and woe
God's children, Pharaoh kept enslaved
And cast their babies to the waves
Of Egypt's river Nile.
Satan, knowing that in a little while
God had ordained to set His people free
And through them bless humanity
Sought to use this heathen king
To cause as much pain and suffering
As he could, for time was short
God's purposes would stand
And so God brought
Plagues upon Egypt, and with a mighty hand
God judged that wicked land,
Smote pharaoh's realm with wonders great and sore
'Til pharaoh, ever hard of heart
Flung wide the door
And bade God's sons depart!*

* * *

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*Fifteen hundred years went by
And now the apple of God's eye
Was soon to have a visitation.
God once more would touch the nation,
Intervene on their behalf
And by His shepherd's crook and staff
Would lead them once again.
All this was during Herod's reign
And Satan seizing on this likely pawn
Sought to use him as a thorn
To hurt the Lord
And do the very thing that He abhorred.*

** * **

*So Herod murdered children under two
And yet God's plan could not allay
Soon Herod met his maker too.
For God will always have His way
And so it is today
For God will soon with trumpet sound
Visit the earth and with the clouds
Will come once more to judge mankind
And plead His children's cause
To snatch them from their captor's jaws
And lead them one last time
To victory.*

** * **

*And so the enemy
With ever greater zeal
Is seeking how to kill, destroy and steal
The lives of heaven's heirs.
But justice will prevail
For God will give them what is theirs
And all who would these little ones assail
Shall find their cries and prayers
To be of no avail.*

** * **

*So with these thoughts in mind
Let us ever strive
To be our brother's keeper
That when God comes, He'll find us
Not like some idle sleeper
Engrossed in this world's sins
But busy with the things
That our eternal Father bade us do.*