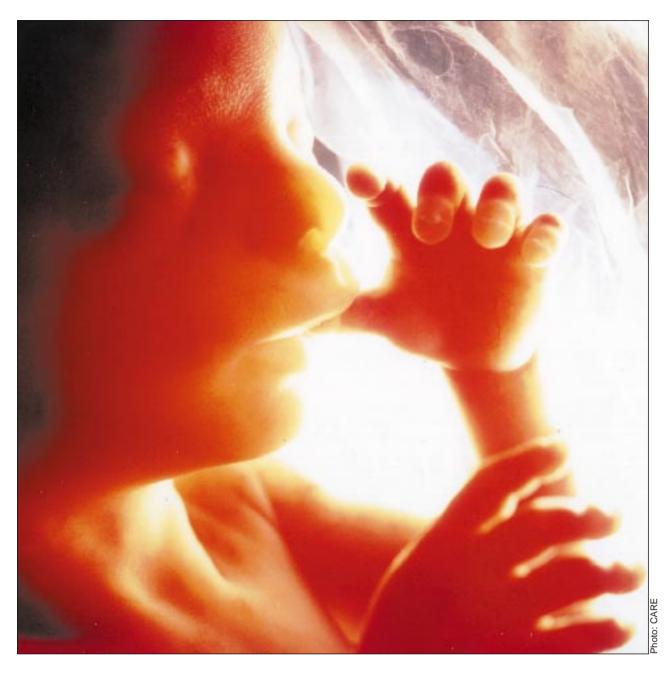
aborted bairn



Rejected, before I was born.
Flesh to ashes, a new burned babe.
Incinerated, denied the privilege of life,
to kick and to squeal as a new born babe.

I had no defence, a mighty small mite, growing, waiting, waiting in the womb, for freedom and life.

Innocent, ignorant of my fate,

Coaxed to come early,

a strange custom of late.

If society decreed I could live my mum may have suffered. She or me, who makes the choice? Not me, I have no voice.

Andrew Hamilton Glasgow