

# aborted bairn



Photo: CARE

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