

# AMERICAN ABORTION

*By Rochelle Marie Harper*

A "clump of cells" was killed today,  
It did not resemble a child.  
Yet written in its DNA,  
A girl with a beautiful smile.

She'll never brush her light blonde hair,  
Nor see the world through clear blue eyes;  
Never will know that her skin was fair,  
Because her mother believed their lies.

The doctor said it's easy,  
No need to live in disgrace;  
She should not be so queasy,  
Her mistake they would erase.

A real child has eyes and ears;  
You count each finger, leg, and arm.  
Such lies they told her through the tears,  
"These cells cannot feel any harm."

A "clump of cells" was killed today,  
It carried the traits of a boy;  
In its intricate DNA  
Was any parent's pride and joy.

His hair was black, his eyes were dark,  
His father's height, his mother's mind;  
And deep within him was the spark  
Of genius, meant to help mankind.

There are no graves to rest one's head,  
No names carved deep in stone;  
No place to go and mourn the dead,  
The grief is seldom known.

A rape, a tryst, true love  
Yet the stories end the same.  
How a gift from God above  
Was murdered without a name.

What else would grow within her womb,  
But an innocent human child?  
She was not raised to be a tomb,  
And have her body defiled.

We watch with wonder a growing tree,  
Or the seeds that become our food.  
Yet such civilized people are we,  
Who murder to control a brood.

Within her body only science may spy  
The miracle from egg to seed.  
We cannot watch with naked eye  
Its growth, as with the plants we feed.

A daisy will not grow from oak,  
Nor a tiger produce a pup.  
A "clump of cells" is just their joke,  
Used to hide the child torn up.

A "clump of cells" died today,  
Having neither hands nor feet;  
But passed on through his DNA  
Are generations here to meet.

To mourn the passing of this soul,  
Who persevered long and tried,  
To prove a body not quite whole,  
Could be loved before it died.

So who are we to choose the fate  
Of a child, perfect or not?  
Whether conceived while on a date,  
Or planned with much thought.

Upon a stone carved "Loved By All"  
His epitaph did impart;  
What abortion stole while so small,  
Worn on a stone in her heart.