

A Lament for January 22, 1973

Little one, without a name
Floating in the womb;
I cannot bear the guilt and shame
That makes your mom a tomb!

Your nose, your fingers, beating heart
Are fashioned with such grace;
I marvel at the Master's art
That put each piece in place.

But some outside refuse to see
Your beauty and your worth;
They talk of rights and liberty,
And then deny you birth!

"It's my body! It's my choice!"
The politicians bicker.
While you remain without a voice...
Nothing makes me sicker.

I simply do not understand
The politics of hate;
That blinds the people in our land
And seals your tragic fate.

I must speak up with all my might
While you remain defenseless.
To let you die without a fight
Would be too cruel and senseless.

My corporate guilt in this is such
I'm desperate for solution.
But words are cheap and don't do much
To cleanse our land's pollution.

O God of justice, God of love
Have mercy on our nation.
Send us your Spirit from above
And save us from damnation.

And so to you, my tiny friend,
I vow to fight and pray,
Until the killing has an end
And you can see the day.

Pastor Stan