



(8 mo. fetus)

BE MY MOTHER
(A plea from the womb)

My urge
To live is more than a matter
Of my mother's mind.
Cells surge
With a biological push
To multiply, blend and bind.

My birthright to live
Has no alternative.

Be my mother!
Choose life!
Vivify!
For in your womb I have no choice
Nor will to die.

Defy death's sacrilege
Within your cozy carriage
Now extended.
Fulfill God's will intended.

Pregnancy termination
Is no birthday celebration.
No songs to sing.
No bells to ring.
No candle-cake.
A big Mistake!

by Rev. Thomas Soltis

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