

Poem on Abortion by Christine Beadsworth

Abortion

You trespassers!
who desecrate the hallowed ground,
plundering the womb-wrapped gift of life
from trusting unborn fingers;
tearing from the Weaver's loom
the tapestry of many hues
ripping warp and weft
of minute masterpiece asunder.
You reduce this Royal cloth
to tragic tattered heaps of rags.
Think not
that God is blind,
nor uninvolved
in mute approval,
for His cup of wrath is full.
Denial will not halt the Day
when all will stand before His throne
and air is rent by countless cries -
the voices of these nameless souls
whose blood cries out from tainted Earth
the names of those who turned their backs
and blocked their ears
ignored the sound of silent screams
and, by their apathy, agreed
with deeds of darkness...
Sightless, spineless witness
to the stealing of Potential,
shattering on Death's cold floors
the vessels God made for His glory!
Think not, scoffers,
you are safe;
prepare not eloquent defence
for God shall surely find you guilty,
pronounce sentence without mercy;
you will reap in selfsame measure
as you've sowed without repentance
playing God while serving satan
slaughtering the innocents!