

The Right to Life

by Kwesi J. Walker-Mckie

Tick Tock. Tick Tock.
"Hurry, hurry" said the clock.
"Abort the baby" says the brother.
"No! You murderer!"- the hysterical mother.
"Don't be like her." whispers the neighbor.
"I don't know her."- is the backstabber.
"You have no right!" announces the father.
"Think of your future!" says the professor.
"Think of it's future!" cries the lover.

Conflicting advice, orders, and pleas.
Everyone makes a decision but me.
It's my own body, my future, my dreams, all thrown away
for an..."unformed baby"?

People will shun me for whichever I do.
A murderer. A whore. It's all I am to you.
No one here can understand
the "pursuit of happiness"
is all I have.
My only right I truly hold dear.
So having this baby will only cause despair.
Not just for me, an inexperienced child.
But for the baby itself, who deserves a good life.
What good is a mother incapable of care?
Adoption is an option I'm unwilling to bear.
To know of the existence of my only child,
who knows not of his mother, it'd drive me wild.

So what would you do, if you could be me?
With the thoughts and problems one wouldn't want to dream.
To bring a child to inherit such sadness,
is death in itself, and would lead only to madness.

Tick tock. Tick tock.
Time is of the essence.
It's my body, my decision.
Abort the faint presence.