

CONSCIOUSNESS RECORDINGS

Upon their ordered missions,
in our clinics, labs and wards,
are angels, dark and shining,
busy working, yet unseen,
like Jarsooth with his *witatron*—
a gadget that records
the consciousness of victims,
highly sensitive and keen.

He heard, “lethal injection,”
and as quick as comets fly
his *witatron* was running
right beside the pillowed head
of someone in a coma
who had heard the reason why
the doctor told his loved ones,
“He’d be better off, if dead.”

“Now, wait!” the patient bellowed.
“I’m alive! I feel! I think!”
“In moments, no more pain,” was said,
and Jarsooth caught it all,
then found a late-term clinic,
and with *witatron* in sync,
he held it near a woman’s waist
who waited in a hall.

“My swimming’s not so easy now
though still the water’s warm.
But why this anxious heartbeat rush?
There’s something going wrong. . . .”
“Okay, Ms. Smith,” the baby heard,
before the draining storm
that drowned his sudden silent screams.
Jarsooth soon rushed along.

He placed his thought-recorder
near an embryonic tray
where, from the Petri dishes,
echoes on the lab-wall rang
with human joy's excitement:
"We have grown so big today!"
But soon the harvest-techs arrived
to halt the song they sang.

En route to one more bedside,
Jarsooth snickered once or twice,
"They treat them as 'non-persons'—
soul-less flesh okay to kill!
Our ploy of 'not worth living'
fully blinds them to their vice,
and keeps it labeled 'mercy,'
when they end another's will.

"What fools! They've never realized
that human DNA
connects identity to soul
and bears the Maker's mark.
They're pawns of passing politics,
enslaved in culture's sway,
to shorten spans of aging life
and snuff the pre-born spark."

In ICU, this time, there stood
an angel dazzling bright.
"For what foul prank or business here,
Jarsooth, you banished fiend?"
"Collecting proof for Satan's claims
clear records, day and night—
convicting evidence of guilt
for holocausts convened.

“Your Master gave these vermin minds
to think and wills to choose.
They’re just about to liquidate
that guy before his time.
I’ve got my job, so step aside,
you’ve no right to refuse.
You can’t obstruct their choices
to prevent their hellish crime!”

He ran his mechanism
for the patient’s final thought:
“They think I’m gone already, Lord,”
he prayed with spirit mild.
“Forgive them! Take me home, my King!”
then Jarsooth cringed, distraught.
He cursed his tool’s recording,
but the gleaming angel smiled.

The saintly soul emerged and stopped
to bid his form goodbye.
“Don’t fret, your DNA’s intact,”
he heard the angel say.
“Your new one will be like the Lord’s.”
Then both took flight on high.
The *witatron*? It’s back in Hell
for claims on Judgment Day.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/8/2019*