

IT CAME FROM HELL

“We blew it!” pouted Satan at a council held in hell.
“The sacrifice of innocents by Hitler went too well.
Although the ground we gained against our Foe was very great,
Reaction from the world was soon to doom our triumph’s fate.
My memories of gorging on such feasts in human pain
Stirs up the evil cravings that have driven me insane!”

“Me! Me!” the demons shouted, to acknowledge they agreed.
They wailed and gnashed their teeth until their lips began to bleed.
“Me! Me!” the caverns echoed, drowning Satan when he spoke.
He speared one noisy imp, who shrieked, exploding into smoke.
“Enough!” the Devil thundered. You could hear a cinder burn.
“A plan to glut our growing hunger now is our concern!”

“Me! Me!” the horde began again, but this time with restraint.
A shriveled ghost approached to meet his master’s loud complaint.
“Old heinous rituals,” he said, “have always stayed alive,
And even Moloch offerings are starting to revive!
Some fools still praise you, Lucifer, as bearer of the light,
And slay for you their own or children stolen in the night.”

“Me! Me!” the goblins howled. “We want them pure and younger still!
It’s blood of innocence we thirst to fuel our hunger’s will!”
“Just so,” the Devil hushed the crowd, “the youngest brings the worst.
Such murder spreads my damning deep till all their land is cursed.
But I want higher numbers! More! Bring forth your darkest dreams!
More subtle still than witchcraft, I want sly but massive schemes!”

“Me! Me!” resounded once again, then from the shadows ran
A pale and grinning demon who bowed down as he began,
“O Master, long ago the oath of old Hippocrates
Prevented men of medicine from helping us to seize
The damning strength in holocaust of life within the womb
That brings so many into hell the day they reach the tomb.”

“But now,” the fiend continued, “they’ve forsaken godly goals.
They treat the world as physical and don’t believe in souls.
If we combine their selfishness with promiscuity,
They’ll sacrifice their unborn babes and call it ‘liberty!’
We’ll bend the will of doctors, capture judges in their courts—
Our motto: Babies tie you down; the prudent girl aborts!”

“How shrewd!” the Devil flattered, as he clapped his hands with greed.
“They’ll massacre their offspring, but they’ll never see their deed
Nor hear their infants wailing, which might cause them to repent.
The spell will twist their faith, and even logic will be bent!”
They went to work the moment Satan’s council had adjourned,
And like a whirlwind through our world, abortion fires burned.

— *David L. Hatton, 11/4/1993*