

## ROCK-A-LIE, BABY

Rock-a-bye, baby: maternity's place  
Canceled your right to a role in our race.  
Pray for us now as you leave us behind.  
Heaven is safe, and the angels are kind.

Lock a lie, baby, and hide it away.  
It will come out on the great Judgment Day:  
How when your tiny life barely unfurled,  
You were hurled out of our dark, lethal world.

Lock the lie, baby, the key's in your heart.  
Trying to steal it, they tore you apart.  
Blindly they banished the joy of your birth:  
Pleasure and ease in exchange for your worth.

Shock the lie, baby: society's pace!  
Scream as you exit, expose our disgrace . . .  
Struggle to breathe or to wave with your hand,  
Letting us know the deep guilt of our land.

Block the lie, baby, so ready to start,  
Ready to stay as you're forced to depart.  
Room for the bed, but no room for the birth . . .  
Hugs up in Heaven, no kisses on earth.

Knock the lie, baby, if still you are near.  
Whisper and warn in the unwilling ear—  
Tell every mother, who thinks as your own,  
"You won't regret it, when babies are grown."

Clock the lie, baby: Eternity's space—  
Angels will help grow a smile on your face.  
Send back a blessing to dry up the tears  
Born out of choices from worries and fears.

Rock the lie, baby, don't leave us alone  
Sadly to shrink into hearts turned to stone.  
Let there be light from the Light where you dwell  
Guiding us out of these choices from hell.

Rock-a-bye, baby, your body's asleep.  
It may take years for the conscience to weep,  
Name you and grieve you and trust you'll forgive  
Self-centered plans that forbade you to live.

— David L. Hatton, 1/12/1992