

*Lest we forget...*

# The American Holocaust

By SAMUEL L. BLUMENFELD

The unborn dead speak  
In words they never heard  
With tongues scarcely formed  
In mouths that never cried.

We hear their mute voices  
Echoed from the dawn of life,  
Forever stilled, beyond all sight.

"We too were alive," they say,  
"All too briefly."  
"We lived as you. We weren't  
permitted to grow."  
"But we wanted to."  
"Oh, how we wanted to, just like  
you."  
"And because we were alive  
"We hated to die, just like you."

Conceived, living, but unborn.  
Miraculously human,  
With human aspiration coiled in a  
tiny brain,  
Yearning to see light,  
Breathe air, taste food.  
Yearning to see another human  
form.  
A pair of eyes across the void.  
To touch, to wonder, to cry.

The unborn die in swift, silent  
execution,  
Sucked out of wombs,  
Torn from busy sleep or peaceful  
sleep.  
Or they die slowly,  
Drowning in salt solution  
That chokes the struggling life  
away —  
Painfully, grotesquely.

The toll rises each day  
As the wind of holocaust  
Sweeps across America  
Eroding the home  
Corrupting the brave.

Murderous hospitals and mur-  
derous clinics.  
Murderous mothers murdering  
sons and daughters.  
Murderous doctors and nurses  
Digging into wombs,  
Violating life's sanctuary.  
Watch the doctors tear out tiny  
hands and tiny fingernails.  
Watch them pack the plastic bags  
with heads and arms and legs.

And blood.  
There is always blood when life is  
torn to bits and pieces.  
Infant's blood  
Running red from a tiny heart  
Beating with the soul's energy.

No last rites, no prayers.  
No funerals, no burials in quiet  
cemeteries.  
No appeals to judges sitting in their  
robes.  
No stays of execution.  
The sentences have been passed.  
The decrees are final, irrevocable.  
So say the tribunal of liberated  
women:

"They shall not pass."  
"They have no right to live."

The hand of death moves swiftly in  
the doctor's glove.

He hears no voice, he sees no face.  
He murders without mercy.

How many?  
Hundreds, thousands, millions.  
Male and female.  
Blond and black.  
Athletes and poets.  
Lovers and friends.  
Lives promised,  
Lives taken away.  
Love promised,  
Love denied.

Where do they go, the unborn  
dead?  
Into fires as in Auschwitz,  
Into laboratories,  
Into unknown places.  
Some are preserved  
In clear plastic cubes  
Like diamonds in pristine purity.  
See the tiny human form  
Etched in complex mystery.  
It whispers an awesome message  
from infinity.  
This was a human being  
At the dawn of life  
Just like you, just like me,  
An individual  
A creation of one  
Never to be repeated in all eter-  
nity.

Some are kept alive  
In secret laboratories  
Experimented on  
Tormented  
Taken apart  
Disposed of.  
Life is cheap in the holocaust.  
Only perfect specimens will do.  
Perfect in every way,  
The best that would have walked  
The stages of life.  
Applauded,  
Adored for talent, admired for  
beauty.

The unborn dead file by,  
Each with a name never given  
Each with parents never  
acknowledged  
Beyond the pale of human con-  
sideration  
Beyond protection  
Beyond mercy  
Beyond pity  
Unacknowledged  
Defenseless  
Murdered.  
Acknowledged only in the eyes of  
the Creator  
Who gave them life  
Who takes them back.

When will the killing stop?  
When will the industry of death be  
denied?  
When will the unborn be safe,  
As safe as you and I?

Pray for the unborn dead,  
Who cannot cry,  
Who know what we do,  
Who ask us "Why?"

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