

THE INFANT REVOLUTION

Pregnant Mothers

Trotted around the streets for years
Carrying their precious cargos
Who refused to be born

Abortions failed

The unborn banged on the walls
Of their mother's wombs
And sprayed the gyneacologists
With multi-odor fluids.

The infant revolution

Had begun ... at last.
We shall not be born in to a world
Where humanity wages war
Against itself
Where idiots reign
Where scholars and clergy
Have gone blind

Hunched mothers to be
Still strutted along the streets
Their gray hair floating in the air
And the rebels in their wombs
Still refused to be born

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