

# Just An Abortion

By Robin Lipinski

Written by a vacuum cleaner:

What's all the whining?

It's alright.

Solving what should not be brought to light.

Fetal scraps of torment for personal freedom to be free,

Better to suck out the memory,

Scrape what should not exist; away.

Insertion of pleasure now brings extraction of pain,

After all, choice sounds so nice with personal gain.

It's not a baby, or even a gift from God,

It's only a mass of dividing cells, a gift from a man at a party,

It's her body, she is woman, she is free, looking at her womb as a trash barrel,

Her vagina a place for a contraception ring.

All this talk about who's right and who's wrong,

And this talk about religion...Whew!

When for humanity, it actually is, "All about me."

You humans are funny and pathetic.

Dressed in funny clothes and shoes,

Pretending you know all the answers,

Castrating those different than you.

But to me that's OK, as my life is simple and clean,

All I have to do every once-in-awhile is change my filter,

Wash off the goo,

I'm simply a tool of you.

So plug me in, and I'll see what I can do for your womb.

The End