

Essay to be read at
the Indianapolis Literary Club
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by James Alexander Thom
Honorary member

Title:

A WORD FROM THE UNBORN

Good evening, gentlemen.

I almost blurted out "Ladies and Gentlemen."

I'm not accustomed to addressing stag parties.

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You know me as an author of historical novels.

So you might be expecting fiction from me this evening.

But, no! I must ask you for the willing suspension of your disbelief. What I say tonight might well be true.

I always keep the advice of Mark Twain in mind as I write my books. He said, "The difference between History and Historical Fiction is, Fiction has to be believable."

That being so, you'll know ^{that} what I ^{shall} bring you probably isn't fiction, because it's unbelievable.

~~_____~~ (SHOW GOLDEN MANUSCRIPT)

This is, to my knowledge, the first written communication from a different realm of Human Existence: not from Aliens beyond the Galaxy, not from ghosts beyond the Tomb, but ^{from} our own human Unborn, beyond the Womb!

Gentlemen, I wish I could tell you just how this curious transcript came into our plane of existence, but I don't understand that myself. I can only tell you how I got it. I shall do that, for the sake of my own credibility with

this astute audience. Here are the circumstances:

My beautiful daughter Lucinda, and her husband Roger ^{Gosden,} are retired doctors from Cornell University, where they were eminent researchers in genetics and the reproductive sciences. Lucinda was ^{embryologist for the first successful test-tube baby in America,} ~~embryologist for the first successful test-tube baby in America,~~

and also the author of two reference books on cytotoblasts -- which, I blush to confess, I haven't finished reading yet. ^{creator of the first test-tube baby.}

Roger, ^{(was a student of Nobel prize-winner Robert Edwards,} a splendid Englishman here by way of Cambridge, ~~was a~~ ^{history of scientists} ~~notable book~~ ^(bio of him)

A few years ago

^{Roger wrote a} notable book titled "Cheating Time," a ~~planning guide to~~ ^{and Charlatans who have tried to} extending the human life span. It is ~~not only elegant, but~~ very

readable for a scientific book, and here and there downright amusing.

at Cornell

Much of their work ^{at Cornell} dealt with couples who were trying to conceive offspring but having fertility problems: Those reluctant conceptions you hear about these days. ^{More on those, later.}

All their brilliant and compassionate work was being done, of course, within the complicated context of a world population growing so fast that its consumption of the Earth's resources is probably unsustainable much longer; and, ^{on the other hand,} a right-to-birth argument so feverish that people will kill doctors to keep them from aborting fetuses.

Cinda's son, my grandson Alan, married into a Catholic family, took up the faith, and is having no fertility problems at all. ^{I HAVE Five great-grandchildren by way of Alan,} So he's had no need of their expertise.

Now that ^{his} Cinda and Roger have retired, they live in Williamsburg, Virginia, but not long ago they built a cabin ^{high} in the mountains of West Virginia, with a wide front porch.

Since the elegant Doctor ^{LD}Cinda was now a West Virginia grandmother with a rocking chair on her porch, at their cabin housewarming I gave her a corncob pipe and a packet of Prince Albert tobacco, to smoke in the classic West Virginia Grandma manner. (So far, she's stuck with her Virginia Slims.)

Her husband Roger, ~~global authority~~, *the best Englishman I ever met,* has conferred widely and thought deeply on all aspects of conception, gestation, morality, and environment, and converses brightly on those matters. Even better, he is generous with his single-malt Scotch whisky, *and has taught me to pronounce the names of some of them.*

I didn't see anything suspicious that evening, but when I came home from West Virginia, I found this in my suitcase.

(Hold up *gilded manuscript.*)

This is the amazing script I mentioned. Brace yourselves. I shall now read it to you in its entirety.

(Read)

*

thom -- unborn -- 4

GREETINGS AND SYMPATHIES TO YOU DOWN THERE.

I SPEAK TO YOU FROM A PLACE WHERE YOU HAVE BEEN, BUT
DON'T REMEMBER. GOD IS MERCIFUL. IF HE LET YOU REMEMBER THIS PARADISE,
YOUR LIVES DOWN THERE WOULD BE EVEN MORE WRETCHED THAN THEY ARE.

YOU LEFT

I SPEAK FOR THE GREATEST MULTITUDE IN THE UNIVERSE, THE ONLY
TRULY HAPPY POPULATION: THE UNBORN, OUT HERE IN OUR WOMB, THE UNIVERSE.

WE HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WISE NOT TO MAKE CONTACT WITH YOU.
BUT NOW, WE THE UNBORN HAVE ^{REASON} ~~BEEN~~ TO BELIEVE THAT WE MUST BREAK
THE PREVAILING SILENCE BETWEEN OURSELVES AND YOURSELVES.
UNTIL NOW, WE BELIEVED THAT YOU HAD NO NEED TO KNOW ABOUT US.
WE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT IF YOU DIDN'T THINK ABOUT US, YOU WOULD
LEAVE US ALONE TO ENJOY OUR EUPHORIA OUT HERE.

BT THAT HAS BEEN CHANGING LATELY, SO DRASTICALLY THAT WE MUST
ADVISE YOU, FOR OUR SAKE, BUT FOR YOURS AS WELL:

YOUR KIND, YOU TWO IN PARTICULAR, HAVE BEEN COMING AFTER US.
YOU DO IT WITH GOOD INTENTIONS, BUT THE TRUTH IS, AND YOU
WON'T LIKE THIS TRUTH, YOU HAVE BECOME AGGRESSIVE. YOU HAVE
BEEN WEAKENING OUR DEFENSES AGAINST BIRTH. YOU HAVE BEEN
ERODING SOME OF THE BARRIERS THAT WE HAD BUILT TO PROTECT
OURSELVES FROM BEING DRAWN AND DELIVERED INTO YOUR MISERABLE DOMAIN.
^{YOUR MENTOR DOCTOR EDWARDS TOOK} ~~OVER~~ ^{OVER 5 MILLION WHO DIDN'T WANT TO}
~~BE BORN.~~ YOU AND MANY OTHERS ASSUME EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE BORN. GO.

SOME
OR

YOU HAVE TRIED TO DISCOURAGE CONTRACEPTION, CRIMINALIZE
ABORTION, SHUT DOWN PLANNED PARENTHOOD, SHAME OR SCARE PREGNANT

GIRLS OUT OF GOING TO CLINICS, EVEN ENCOURAGE^D THE KILLING OF ABORTION DOCTORS.

I INTEND TO COMPLAIN AND TO ADVISE ABOUT WHAT YOU ARE DOING, AND WARN YOU OF YOUR FOLLY, BY USING A LOGIC UNFAMILIAR TO YOU.

BUT FIRST, LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF, AS WELL AS ONE CAN WHO IS UNBORN AND UNNAMED. AS A PROUD AND GRATEFUL SPOKESMAN FOR THE UNBORN MAJORITY, I CITE MY CREDENTIALS:

ALL MY ANCESTORS WHO WERE EVER CONCEIVED WERE ABORTED OR STILLBORN. THOSE WERE CLOSE CALLS. THEY WERE APPROACHING BIRTH, BUT WERE SPARED.

COUNTLESS RELATIVES OF MINE DIDN'T GET EVEN THAT FAR, BUT INSTEAD PERISHED AS ALSO-RANS IN INTRAVAGINAL SPERM SWARMS, OR AS UNFERTILIZED OVA. LEGIONS OF THEM EXPIRED WITHOUT EVEN GETTING A CHANCE TO COMPETE: EXCEEDING THEIR SHELF LIFE IN TESTES, SAVED BY TIMELY VASECTOMIES, WASTED IN WET DREAMS, TOSSED OUT OF A CAR WINDOW IN A USED CONDOM, OR, LIKE ONAN'S, CAST UPON THE GROUND. THIS IS MY PROUD HERITAGE.

BECAUSE ALL MY MILLIONS OF KIN HAVE SO SUCCESSFULLY STAYED IN THE REALM OF THE UNBORN, FEW OF US EVER ENDED UP IN THAT ABSURD CLINICAL LIMBO OF YOURS: THE LABORATORY WHERE FROZEN SPERM OR EMBRYOS ARE KEPT. WE, THE GRATEFUL UNBORN, DON'T LIKE THE COLD, AND WE WOULD HATE THE AWFUL ANXIETY OF BEING "ON CALL," LIKE DRAFTEES, FOR FUTURE FERTILIZATION, GESTATION, AND POSSIBLE (SHUDDER) BIRTH. WE ARE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

AGAINST CONSCRIPTION INTO THE STRIFE OF CORPÓREAL LIFE.

HAVING NO UNBORN RELATIVE IN ANY SUCH FERTILITY CLINIC, I DARE
SPEAK THE TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR OF ^{ANY OF MY KIN} BEING FORCED INTO BIRTH BY
THOSE MISGUIDED, SELF PROCLAIMED CHAMPIONS OF "THE RIGHT
TO BE BORN," MANY OF ^{WHOM} ~~THEY~~ LIKE TO CALL THEMSELVES "THE MORAL
MAJORITY."

MAJORITY!

THAT IS A DELUSION. THEY ARE NOT A MAJORITY, BY ANY STRETCH.
WE THE UNBORN ARE THE VAST MAJORITY; THE REST OF YOU ARE NOT
EVEN A HALF-VAST MAJORITY.

JUST DO THE MATH: ALTHOUGH THE POPULATION PRESENTLY LIVING ON
YOUR LITTLE EARTH IS MORE THAN SEVEN BILLION, AND THOSE
PREVIOUSLY ALIVE ON EARTH, BUT NOW DECEASED, MORE THAN ONE
HUNDRED BILLION, THE NUMBERS OF THE BORN ARE MINISCULE,
COMPARED WITH THOSE OF US UNBORN.

THINK OF THIS: FOR EVERY SPERM THAT FERTILIZES AN EGG,
~~THOUSANDS~~ ^{THOUSANDS} FALL BY THE WAYSIDE. IN ONE ORGASM, AS MANY PERISH
AS IN YOUR MOST RECENT WAR OR EPIDEMIC. AND EVERY ONE OF THOSE
FAILED SPERMS LIVES ON AS AN UNBORN: NOT EXISTING OVER THERE
ON YOUR SIDE, ON THAT TEEMING, SEETHING LITTLE PLANET OF YOURS,
BUT LINGERING FREE AND COMFORTABLE OUT HERE AMONG OUR BLESSED
UNBORN, AT LARGE IN THE WHOLE BEAUTIFUL UNIVERSE. FOR EVERY
OVUM THAT GETS FERTILIZED, HUNDREDS DON'T, AND ALL THOSE, TOO,
ARE THE UNBORN, AS ARE THE UNCOUNTABLE CELLS OF ABORTED AND
MISCARRIED FETUSES. ^(THE UNBORN) WE ARE THE INCALCULABLE MAJORITY.

ASK YOURSELVES: ~~WHY~~ WOULD THIS BE SO IF IT WERE NOT GOD'S PLAN?

thom -- unborn -- 7

WE THE UNBORN OCCUPY HEAVEN IN GOOGOLPLEX MULTITUDES, ~~WE~~
OUTNUMBER ^{ING} YOU SO GREATLY, BECAUSE GOD FAVORS US. HE KNOWS WE
DO LESS HARM IN THE UNIVERSE. IF HE DIDN'T FAVOR US, HE
WOULD HAVE SPEWED^A AND STREWN US OUT WITH YOU INTO THAT DIRE,
CRUEL, MADDENING, VIOLENT, PAINFUL REALM CALLED THE MORTAL COIL.

THE FEW BILLIONS OF YOU WHOM GOD DID ALLOW TO BE BORN ARE
ANYTHING BUT BLESSED. GOING THROUGH BIRTH INTO THE EARTHLY
REALM IS A FALL FROM GRACE.

OH, YOU ^{MORTALS} MIGHT HOPE TO REDEEM YOURSELVES BY GOOD BEHAVIOR DURING
YOUR BRIEF WORLDLY SOJOURNS. SOME OF YOU MIGHT DO WELL ENOUGH
TO GET BACK INTO HEAVEN AFTER YOU DIE, BUT NOT ALL. AND THOSE
WHO DO COME BACK ARE TAINTED BY HAVING BEEN CORPÓREAL. THEY
DON'T GET TO DWELL AMONG US. WE HAVE TO QUARANTINE THEM.
WE GIVE THEM HARPS TO STRUM, AND THEY FLOAT AROUND,
IF YOU COULD BE IMMORTAL, AS YOU SOMETIMES DREAM OF BEING, YOU
WOULD BE STUCK IN THAT BEDLAM FOREVER, ^{SO} COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.
YOU WHO ARE BORN WILL DIE WHEN YOU NEED TO. UNTIL THEN, YOU
WILL SWARM THAT LITTLE BALL OF EARTH, EXHAUST ITS LIMITED
RESOURCES, BEFOUL ITS AIR AND WATER, FIGHT EACH OTHER IN WARS
FOR SPACE, SUSTENANCE, ^(RELIGIOUS RIGHTEOUSNESS) AND SOVEREIGNTY, AND EVEN GLORIFY THOSE
STRUGGLES, PRAISE THEM AS PATRIOTISM, AND AVER THAT GOD IS ON YOUR
SIDE, NOT THE OTHER. IT WILL TAX YOUR MINDS AND HEARTS TO KEEP
FINDING FAITH. WE THE UNBORN UNDERSTAND THAT, AND HAVE SYMPATHY
FOR YOU. BUT, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE DON'T ENVY YOU.

SOME OF US ^{JOKINGLY/} ~~LIKE~~ REFER TO YOU MORTALS AS "LEAKS," AS IN
SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE OSMOSED THROUGH A PORE IN A CONDOM,

OR SQUIRMED AROUND THE EDGE OF AN IUD, OR SIMPLY DEFIED THOSE GREAT REPRODUCTIVE ODDS THAT GOD SET UP AGAINST YOUR BIRTH. / OF COURSE, YOU HAVE BEEN TAUGHT TO THINK OF YOUR BIRTHS AS MIRACLES, NOT AS "LEAKS." / AND, YES, BIRTHS ARE MIRACULOUS, CONSIDERING THE ODDS. HOWEVER:

GOD IS BOTH AMUSED AND AMAZED AT THE DELUSIONS OF SACREDNESS WITH WHICH YOU HAVE ENDOWED YOUR REPRODUCTIVE CELLS.

"DEAR ME IN HEAVEN!" ^{GOD!} ~~HE~~ GUFFAWS. "REPRODUCTIVE CELLS ARE ~~THEY ARE~~ NO MORE THAN THE MUSHROOM SPORES, THE POLLEN IN THE SPRINGTIME, THE DANDELION FLUFF DRIFTING ON THE BREEZE, THE GERMS IN A SNEEZE, THE RASPBERRY SEEDS IN BIRD POOP! THEY SHOULD UNDERSTAND THAT, FROM STUDYING BIOLOGY IN HIGH SCHOOL! I MADE THEM THAT WAY, TO SPARE THE MANY FROM THE TRAVAILS OF THE FEW!"

FF FOR HIS OWN CALCULATED REASONS, GOD LETS A FEW OF YOU LEAK DOWN AND INHABIT THAT CROWDED LITTLE PLANET, WHICH IS HIS PETRI DISH FOR OBSERVING WHAT YOU ~~DO~~ ^{MIGHT} DO WITH THE HUMAN AND FREE WILL SPIRIT HE GAVE YOU. HE HASN'T QUITE GIVEN UP ON THE HUMAN EXPERIMENT YET. HE IS IMPRESSED BY WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO RISE ABOVE YOUR SUFFERINGS DOWN THERE: MUSIC, ART, ^{CULSINE,} PHILOSOPHY, LOVE...

FF IRONICALLY, THE SWEETEST RELIEF HE GAVE YOU FROM YOUR EARTHLY MISERY IS SEX. WE DON'T HAVE IT UP HERE; WE DON'T NEED IT, BECAUSE WE ALREADY ARE IN ECSTASY. BUT IT'S HARD FOR US NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT, TO WONDER ABOUT IT.

IN FACT, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE SEX, HARDLY ANY OF US WOULD ^{EVER} GO OVER THERE. THERE'S NOT A WHOLE LOT OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

thom -- unborn -- 8 1/2 (insert after p 8)

OF COURSE,)

PRAGMATIC DRIVE

~~WE~~ WE THE UNBORN UNDERSTAND YOUR ~~DESIRE~~ FOR BIG POPULATIONS ON YOUR EARTH.

THE MORE BORN, THE MORE CANNON FODDER FOR YOUR PROFITABLE WARS.

THE MORE WORKERS, THE CHEAPER THE WAGES YOU HAVE TO PAY. ^{THEM}

THE MORE PEOPLE, THE MORE CUSTOMERS TO SPEND MORE MONEY TO BUY MORE STUFF -- THE MORE SUCKERS TO FALL FOR YOUR SCHEMES. AS BARNUM SAID, THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE... THAT'S WHY GOD HAD TO INVENT BREASTS, ^{BY THE WAY:} ~~SUCKERS~~ FOR ALL THOSE NEWBORN SUCKERS ~~NEEDED~~

~~IN~~ ^{BACK} IN THE BEGINNING, MUCH ~~WAS~~ ^{NEEDED} TO BE DONE, AND MUCH WORK REQUIRED MANY WORKERS, WHETHER THEY WERE SLAVES OR PAID.

IT WAS THE ANTHILL PRINCIPLE, WORKED OUT BY EVOLUTION LONG BEFORE YOU HUMANS TOOK IT UP AND NAMED IT BUSINESS.

BUT, LISTEN:

thom -- unborn -- 9

COMPUTERS AND

YOU DON'T NEED SO MANY OF US OVER THERE NOW. MACHINES, AND ROBOTS DO ALMOST ALL THE WORK YOU USED TO DO. THERE ISN'T ENOUGH MEANINGFUL WORK FOR YOUR BILLIONS. WITHOUT MEANINGFUL WORK, YOUR LIVES ARE EVEN MORE DISMAL.

WITH ALL YOUR MEDICAL ADVANCES, INCREASING YOUR LIFE SPANS AND DECREASING YOUR INFANT MORTALITY RATES, YOUR POPULATION IS GROWING TOO FAST. YOU'RE TAKING TOO MANY OF US FROM HERE, TOO MANY FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THERE WERE 500 MILLION OF YOU ON YOUR LITTLE PLANET. A MERE 400 YEARS LATER, THAT HAD DOUBLED, TO ONE BILLION. BUT IN THE CENTURY SINCE THEN, YOU HAVE GROWN SEVENFOLD, TO SEVEN BILLION!

EVEN WITH ALL YOUR ENDLESS WARS, MASSACRES, MURDERS, GENOCIDES, EPIDEMICS AND FAMINES THAT MAKE LIFE SO TERRIBLE FOR YOU DOWN THERE, YOU CAN'T KEEP UP WITH THE BURGEONING BIRTH RATES.

IN WORLD WAR ONE, YOU KILLED TWENTY MILLION PERSONS, SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS, BY COMBAT AND THE ASSOCIATED EPIDEMICS AND FAMINES -- BUT THAT WAS A MERE FRACTION OF YOUR BILLION

POPULATION THEN. IN WORLD WAR TWO, YOU KILLED 60 MILLION -- BUT THAT WAS ABOUT THE SAME PROPORTION OF YOUR THREE BILLION LIVING THEN.

AND IN THE CONSTANT WARS SINCE THEN, YOU'VE KILLED NEARLY AS MANY AS YOU DID IN ~~THOSE~~ THOSE WORLD CONFLICTS. AND THEN THERE IS THE INCALCULABLE PAIN AND SUFFERING OF THOSE WHO SURVIVE WARS.

WE SOMETIMES JOKE THAT YOU SHOULD SWAP THE NAMES OF TWO PLANETS IN YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

MARS MEANS GOD OF WAR, BUT THERE HAS NEVER BEEN A WAR ON MARS. ON EARTH THERE HAS BEEN LITTLE ELSE. EARTH SHOULD BE CALLED MARS.

CAN YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHY WE DON'T WANT TO BE BORN AND GO DOWN THERE TO THAT HELLISH PLANET OF YOURS?

OF COURSE, WE KNOW THAT GESTATION AND BIRTH ARE MIRACLES, THAT BABIES ARE NOT JUST CUTE BUT SACRED.

WE JUST CAN'T STAND TO SEE WHAT YOU DO TO THEM AFTER THEY'RE BORN. WE DON'T WANT TO BE BORN BECAUSE OF WHAT YOUR WORLD HAS IN STORE FOR US. IT MAKES A MOCKERY ^{WHAT YOU CALL} OF YOUR "SACREDNESS OF LIFE."

THOSE WHO RUN YOUR WORLD SEEM TO ASSUME THAT EVERY POTENTIAL HUMAN BEING WANTS MORE THAN ANYTHING TO BE BORN.

WHY DON'T YOU ASK US, THE UNBORN, FOR OUR OPINION ON THE MATTER?

IT SHOULDN'T BE A POLITICIAN'S CHOICE, OR AN EVANGELIST'S CHOICE, A SUPREME COURT'S CHOICE. ACTUALLY, IT SHOULDN'T BE EVEN A PARENT'S CHOICE! IT SHOULD BE OUR CHOICE!

WHY DO YOU THINK CHILDBEARING LABOR IS SO HARD? WHY, IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE RESISTING IT WITH ALL OUR MIGHT!

BUT YOU THE BORN FORGET THAT, ONCE YOU ~~GET~~ ^{GET} OUT THERE, YOU GROW TO BELIEVE THAT EVERY SOUL WANTS A BODY TO LIVE IN, SO THAT EVERY SOUL HAS ITS CHANCE TO SUFFER.

YOUR ARMS AND HANDS BECOME LIKE A GIGANTIC SET OF FORCEPS, POISED TO PULL EVERY SOUL OUT INTO YOUR LITTLE WORLD. TRUE, FOR A WHILE THOSE HANDS CARESS US AND THOSE ARMS EMBRACE US, BUT SOON ENOUGH YOU'LL TEACH US THAT HANDS ARE FOR GRASPING AND THAT ARMS ARE FOR FIGHTING, AND WE'LL BE OUT IN THE FRAY.

thom -- unborn -- 11

BEGIN TO SEE

NOW YOU MIGHT ~~BE~~ WHY-WE, THE BLISSFUL UNBORN, HAVE FINALLY DECIDED TO COUNSEL YOU AND TELL YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT OURSELVES AND YOURSELVES. IT'S NOT JUST TO PROTECT OURSELVES. IT IS BECAUSE WE ARE YOUR KIN. YOU WERE US, ONCE. WE KNOW THAT THE MORE OF YOU THERE ARE DOWN THERE ON THAT LITTLE ORB, THE TOUGHER IT BECOMES FOR EACH OF YOU.

WE WANT TO ADVISE YOU, YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP TURNING EVERY HORNY LITTLE REPRODUCTIVE CELL INTO ANOTHER HAPLESS HUMAN BEING. WE THE GRATEFUL UNBORN LIKE IT HERE WHERE WE ARE, SNUGGLED ON GOD'S WARM BOSOM, AND WE DON'T WANT TO BE DRAGGED OVER THERE WITH YOU INTO THAT GHASTLY CONDITION CALLED EARTHLY LIFE.

BUT WE DON'T GLOAT OVER YOUR SUFFERING. WE WANT TO CONSOLE YOU: YOU'RE THERE; MAKE THE BEST OF IT. BE KIND, DON'T HURT OTHERS, LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN, MAKE MORE LOVE AND LESS WAR, (BUT USE PROTECTION) TAKE CARE OF YOUR NEEDY, CHERISH YOUR BABIES, FOR THEY HAVE A LONG, HARD

ROAD AHEAD, AND YOU'VE BEEN MAKING IT HARDER. WE LOOK DOWN UPON YOU WITH PITY AND SAY, "THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD, GO WE."

AND NOW THAT YOU'VE HEARD THE TRUTH ABOUT US, PLEASE DO WHATEVER YOU CAN TO KEEP US FROM BEING BORN.

YOU TWO INTELLIGENT SCIENTISTS MIGHT EVEN CONSIDER RETIRING FROM THAT DAMNED FERTILITY FACTORY OF YOURS.

Thom - - unborn - - 12

LISTEN, PLEASE:

OUT HERE AS UNBORNS WE ARE FULLY HUMAN, ALL SPIRIT.
WHEN YOU BECOME BORN, YOU ARE REDUCED TO THE LIMITS OF ANIMALITY,
CONFINED BY ANIMAL FLESH, YOUR SENSES REDUCED TO FIVE, ALL
DISTRACTED BY CONSTANT PHYSICAL SENSATIONS, FROM THE PRURIENCE
OF YOUTH THROUGH THE MISERIES OF AGE. BIRTH SQUEEZES YOUR SOUL
AND INTELLECT DOWN TO SUCH A MUDDLE OF REACTIONS THAT YOU CAN
BARELY IMAGINE WISDOM AND BLISS, LET ALONE ATTAIN EITHER ONE.

PERHAPS NOW YOU CAN UNDERSTAND OUR RESISTANCE TO BIRTH.
~~WE DREAD BIRTH, THE WAY YOU DREAD DEATH.~~

THANK YOU FOR YOUR ATTENTION. PLEASE THINK ON THIS.

VERY TRULY ^{NOT} YOURS,

THE GRATEFUL UNBORN

P.S. SPEAKING FOR MY NONSELF, AND THIS IS JUST BETWEEN US:
I HAVE OFTEN WONDERED:

IF I WERE CORPOREAL, AND I HAD A BACK, AND IT ITCHED,
WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE TO HAVE SOMEONE SCRATCH IT?

I THINK ABOUT THAT MORE THAN I WOULD
CARE TO ADMIT.

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