

The crossing.

**Too late to terminate**

My child 'my child.' Strange words to me.  
How can 'I' be..? A mother to be  
One night of passion and infantile lust  
The future I planned, crumbled to dust

My freedom trapped in an umbilical snare  
How is this fare? How... is this fare?  
Why is this new life usurping my own?  
Why do I feel so very alone..?

The father. 'The bastard!' wants to abort  
Forgive me my child. It was also my thought  
But my belly is large. I have left it too late  
Indecision and doubt have sealed us our fate

A mother and child is what we will be  
The you that is you... And the me that is me

I will try my very best to open my heart  
And to do all that I can to give you 'your' start