
A Call to Reason

This chapter is dedicated posthumously to Edward Wallerstein, inventor of cable TV and author of *Circumcision: An American Health Fallacy* (Springer Publishing, 1980). Edward was a man who looked forward into time. When he first called out into the bewilderment of circumcision's unanswered questions, very few ears were tuned to his call. But that was then—and this is now—where we stand on the edge of a solemn vow.

A Call to Reason

For Now, Forevermore, and a Season

Yes, it's a call to reason
For now
Forevermore
And a season
For all the time that's yet to come
Until there be not one more sun

Look hard and deep now
Into the eyes of time
Which must never again deceive us,
For the time has come
To take a vow—to slash no more
The secret parts between another's legs
While that infant screams and sobbingly begs,
Crying out in agonizing pain,
“Please, mister circumciser, please,
Please do not bloody and slice me
And leave your lifetime scar,

Please—put those clamps
And sharp scissors away,
Please, mister circumciser, please,
Ohmygod—please put that razor-sharp scalpel away”

Yes, if we could hear the “words”
In the cries of his pre-verbal days
(While strapped down spread-eagled on a Circumstraint tray)
That’s precisely what we’d hear
That helpless little infant say,
If he could speak at all
Between his gasping-for-breath sobs and his ear-piercing screams

But that was then,
And this is now,
Where we stand on the edge
Of a solemn vow
And the time that has now come to say
—BURY the circumciser’s knives TODAY!
So deep within the burial ground
That they shall never again be found
—BANISH these circumcision weapons of pain
Upon whose screaming-steel blades remain
All the blood-stained memories
Of each and every victim
Who has ever cried out in vain

With our newly opened eyes,
Surely now we are appalled and despise
The damage we’ve so savagely done,
But still, what’s done is done
And cannot be undone,
It is only the road to the future
That we can hope to shape and change

And so, with our eyes focused determinedly
On the future,
See now each and every little boy
Who shall ever come into this life,
Who shall now be left intact and unsliced
From the silent skin
Which shall bring him such joy,
With its pleasure-receptor nerves
He was born to enjoy

Yes, there is a time
And there is a place
For vows whose time has come,
And surely this
Is now the time,
And surely this
Is now the place,
To leave the circumcisions of the “past”
Far, far behind
In the inner recesses of our mind,
Forgotten,
But never to be forgotten

Some may say, “go slow”
(Coming up somewhere from behind)
“Let the sands of time settle this issue
—this issue is going to take time”
But I say NO!
This is no time for slowed-down faint-hearted reactions
—For action is the word of the day
NOW is the time,
And THIS is the place,
Natural genitals for the whole human race

They cannot wait
These infants of the United States
Stripped down and strapped
To Circumstraint trays
Where passion is torn so savagely
From their flesh of youthful innocence
—And they cannot wait
These children of foreign lands
Who see ahead only the sand in the hourglass
And the fateful, dreadful day
When ritual will claim them as victim
As the swipe of the razor sweeps past
“NO! NO!—a thousand times NO!”
Is what the children say
“Tomorrow will not be soon enough”
Is what the infants say

Yes, yesterday’s child
Is but one day old
And that little face
Will soon be tear-streaked
And older than its little look at time
If we do not think of that infant child
As a child of yours and mine...

We must begin TODAY,
For today is the first day
Of the rest of their lives,
And so we must not be delayed,
We are standing at this crossroads
And it’s time to tear the page
From the history
Of the circumcision age,
Let tomorrow’s generations
Look back at this time and see

That we acted with firm determination
To make unmutilated genitalia
A universal reality

Yes, it's a call to reason
For now
Forevermore
And a season,
Calling out to one and all,
There is no time like the present
To read the writing on destiny's wall

Circumcision
Has had its day in our history
But the time has now come for its fall,
It's all but over now for circumcision
Says the writing on destiny's wall,
Yes, you had your bloody day in our history
But the time has now come
For
Your
Fall

...The End

But this ending is only the beginning
Of everything that will ever come to pass,
Where tulips shall spring forth from damnation
In the hearts and minds of a new generation
This generation...
This time...
This place...
This human race...