

Almost a Psalm, about Inheritance

Lord, without you, it would be easy
 to live with no sense of loss—
to miss the wanton war cry of the surf;
 the stippled, thirsty surface of this
heirloom soap dish; the haphazard
 scattering of light lingering on
mother's souvenirs, such things
 she meant to carry the whole way
home to you. Praise what's wild
 in these trees. What hunkers down
for winter, clothes itself with more
 of itself. More praise for the absolute
and utter darkness of these trees
 and these four walls. All spoils.
I do not want them.

—Benjamin Blackhurst

This poem won first place in the BYU Studies 2016 Clinton F. Larson Poetry Contest.