

Cradled

Son, if my breath were mine to give.
If I could spend more than a ragged few
to welcome and say goodbye to you.
If we knew your mother could live

without or with this choice. *Go in peace*,
I sing, and *He has sent you here*,
then come Himself achingly near.
His hand upon my shoulder, I release

you with my blessing and my name.
How, from so slight a father's touch
can I miss you, miss Him, this much?
Was He homesick too when the same

call to save sent His son away?
Hush little baby, and your heart
stops racing, stops. We start
life over: His breath into our clay.

—Kevin Klein

This poem was an honorable mention in the 2021 Clinton F. Larson Poetry Contest, sponsored by BYU Studies.