

## 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.