

## 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

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This poem was an honorable mention in the 2021  
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