



Cradlings

When I asked God how I could hold my empty arms

and carry what isn't there,

this is what he said: Rest.

Rest and let me remember you.

I loved you then and I love you now.

I made you full and whole.

I made you laughter and noise,

busy and quiet.

But most of all

I made you holy

and I named you "My Love".

Rest, My Love and let your arms be filled;

I am 'The Gentlest of Cradlings'.

Nuala