

## **A Poem for Cedric in the Womb**

My fragile thing  
What a wonderfully fragile thing you are  
Perfect blending of our two worlds.

Our lives are so fleeting, it seems.  
In this universe of warmth, chills press in  
Attempting to rupture  
To awake us from a drowsy lazy afternoon.

Your sleep shall end some day, my child.  
I am helpless to stop it.  
Yet, with cold sobriety, comes truth  
And our King, your better father, is revealed.

It is He who is able to cradle you  
In the palm of His hand.  
I am unable to do this, little one.  
I am weak, but He is strong.