

Newborns

by [Guy Walker](#) (April 2020)



The Virgin and Child before a Firescreen, Robert Campin, Circa 1440

Beneath adoring eyes we batten on
her tit, all appetite, with muzzy glaze,
our bowels and bladders loose—daughter or son,
enwrapped and washed in order to erase

the brine that, lately, painted us. It daubed
our mother and our father at our first
conceiving; they, like us, utmost absorbed
in desperate clutch of skin and warmth, their thirst

for love quite animal. But later those
attaching hungers will be dressed in frail
apparel, lent by Reason, to enclose
babes' flesh. Dressed equally in words which they'll

speak; raiment with which we're accoutred thus,
late adjunct, after the event of us.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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