

# 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](#)»

---

**Guy Walker** a retired French teacher living in the South of England. In addition to writing poetry, Guy has published articles on political and health issues in [The Conservative Woman](#) He is technically a Catholic with a predilection for a conservative outlook. He blogs at [roseatetern.blogspot.com](http://roseatetern.blogspot.com).

**Follow NER on Twitter [@NERIconoclast](#)**