

Mary nurses Jesus

by [Gracia Grindal](#) in the [December 20, 2017](#) issue

The let down, my milk coming in, the shepherds gone,
Music like silver impressed on the skies above
Here in this infant, the tempter's curse undone,
Divinity now lying in the rough—
A stable, the friendly beasts, our flesh like theirs.
Young as a bud, I pondered what this meant:
The baby in my arms, God unawares
Rooting around to find my virgin breast
A wonder every newborn mother knows
Feeling his perfect form growing from me
Made in my image, fresh as a summer rose
It happened in me, without me, stunned, I could see
How nature works through us, our carnal ways,
A permanence that stamps and spends our days.