BABBLE ON CHILDREN

In the beginning
time made love to space
and spewed ecstasy as galaxies
in her belly. Then the
goddess Universe reached her
fingertips through the nether,
spread her lips and
gave birth to herself.

When our Father,
made love to
our Mother,
he seeded radiance
into the soil and the
will to live formed itself
from dust and clay and spit
and grew suspended in saline
from a single cell ...
to a gilled creature
to our squalling infancy
and the birth that
brought us from the sea.

(a star who embraced
us in his orbit)
{a heavenly body crowned
with a halo of
aurora borealis)

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Lance Dean has been writing, reading, and publishing since the Nouveau Beat movement of the late eighties. His poetry has appeared in Dance of the Iguana, Caffeine Magazine, Sheila-Na-Gig, Northridge Review, and many others. His fiction has been featured in the Scream When You Burn anthology, Mystery Weekly, Hello Horror, and Bewildering Stories. He just started posting his psychological thriller novel Shadows in the Glass to his blog, and will continue posting three times a week at -- lancedeanblog.wordpress.com