

# A Word About Everything

*by* Jerry Ratch

I remember having a beer once  
And feeling like a minor god  
And I know in some lie you told  
Your life began making sense  
And I also know that the mind likes logic  
But the heart loves chaos

I just hope flies land on the butter of your soul  
And become butterflies  
And I hope up to 8 hoboos  
Attend your funeral

But oh, the way that barista looked at that girl  
Wearing no bra, with this fine line between  
Lust and hate, then looked abruptly away  
But then took yet another  
Smoldering glance

And I too saw the naked  
Shadows inside her dress

