

# The Secret to Everything

*by* Jerry Ratch

You were still holding yourself  
In your own arms, when I first found you  
You were so fresh  
No thunder had ever spoken your name  
No lightning lit up your veins

I continued to have the feeling of you  
Between my dream muscles and my lack of sleep  
I carried you inside me in this way  
Like a permanent seed inside my dreamy veins

And when my hand went searching  
Inside your blouse, I found  
The secret to everything  
I found God

