

Andy Gullahorn "The Secret"

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Back when Charlie was a boy somebody handed a
secret down with a long list of unwritten rules so he'd
die before he let it out.
He carried it like a silver dollar in the pocket of his
heart.
It cried out for some room to breathe but his pride just
kept it in the dark.
And the darkness was like rainfall to a flower.
It needed it to grow.
And the roots kept growing deeper till they wrapped
their wretched arms around his soul.
Gotta let that secret go.

That boy soon became a man who thought he was too
strong to lose.
Surrounded by a wife and friends who knew everything
about him except the truth.
The truth was like a double edged sword in someone
else's hands.
He knew his friends would listen but he never thought
that they could understand the way the secret can.

In the middle of the sidewalk was a single blade of
grass.
It kept pushing up from under till it finally made a
crack.
When that crack became a canyon wide it was past the
point of covering.
With no familiar place to hide Charlie set the secret
free.
Freedom was a hammer to a darkroom wall that let the
light shine through.
He knew carrying secrets to the grave was impossible
to do.
The secrets carry you.

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