

# The Secret

An ancient secret goes: the fires of creation blaze and crackle wildly in women.

Some suppose it wise to keep it so – a secret.

It is most visible when their children, or wondrous loves in myriad forms,  
are desecrated, vandalised, or oppressed.

Fear not feverish passion, woman – Godlike. And fear not seething desire;  
but defend their gracious cradles.