

A Rock in The River

As a rock in the river,
I sit.

Experience streams past,
Never staying too long,
Eroding memories and dreams,
That which does not belong.

Too long dwelt in memory,
There's a struggle upstream,
Resistance of current,
Where release could have been.

Cling to a dream,
Try to control what's to come,
The eyes focus in,
Missing all but this one.

Infinity streams past,
Sensory illusion takes hold,
Distracting.
Disturbing.
Finite stories are told.

See through all you're not,
Let experience wash you clean,
Eroding where falsehood,
And fear might have been.

There are no answers,
To the questions we ask,
Any semblance of peace,
Rushes into the past.

Unless you find that seat,
Observe the flow of the river,
Watch the mind ask for more,
Wanting faster and bigger.

Let truth pull you further,
On this journey gone inner,
And surrender to sit,
Just as a rock in the river.

Santuario, Ana Maria.
A Journey of Subtraction (2023).