

Letting The Dust Settle

Let the dust settle...

I stirred myself inwards,
Among whirlwinds
Made of dancing sands.

Storms garnered thy soul...
Light beckoning welcomes
Through the haze,
Beyond the stifling stories.

Where be the peace?
In the maze of thy self,
I walked beyond the finish line
and made it further than expected...

Into heaven.
Into Hell.
Into nothing but soul,
And here, in eternity, I dwell.

- Santuario, Ana Maria. Safer Shores of Me (2023).