

Safer Shores

Touch thy shorebank,
Never walk again,
For this rage sinks ships.

Catapults of flung
verbal slaughter,
Death to all who try.

Saving swimming sailors,
Pirates doomed for the dust,
Not my world, ne'er again.

For I am free,
Swam a thousand miles,
To sit safely
Within my own seas.

'Save yourself',
I call out,
As I point those lost
In the direction of home...

Theirs,
Not my own,
Not ever my own.

My home,
My safety,
My shelter
And space

Wasn't ever another's to take,
And it was here within my sense of being
All along.

Beyond sight,
Beyond reason,
Beyond reality seen and touched.

But here I sit,
Within the confines of the infinite,
Knowing, seeing, thinking and feeling...

Absolutely nothing...
Which left space...
For you to come.

My reflection,
My mirror,
My love.

A note for any reader thinking my love
is a man, it is not, not now, not ever, it
is the divine call, intuitive knowing, it is
branches on trees, invisible breezes
and ice-cold seas. It is life, it is beauty,
it is death.

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