

The Kraken

It pulls me under,
The Kraken born within.

Beneath the surface of face,
It dwells in the darkest recesses of self.

Born from the world,
But birthed within my own depths.

This mammoth creature,
Claws, scrambles and suffocates every moment.

My kraken, unseen by any else's eyes,
Only felt, only re-traumatising my life...

For the kraken feeds itself on regurgitation
Of life, people and pattern.

I have starved it half to death,
By mindful awareness of its existing.

But the true death, requires I to die too,
To surrender my life, to be reborn.

A life for a life.
A tooth for a tooth.

The day the kraken came,
Was the day my death was decided.

Too soon that was, for the day was my birth,
Place, position, people, decided my fate...

As it will yours, and your children's,
And their children's too.

Only parents can kill the kraken, prevent its birth within,
Time will tell whether you saved another soul from sinking...

Into the blackness...

For into the bleakness, the kraken pulls...
Unrelenting, unwavering, without cause nor continuation of reason.

It simply exists, once birthed,
And will die when you die.

To kill the kraken,
Is to kill The Self...

Something unchosen, only willed by destiny.
Better to decide one's fate at birth...

And kill that kraken with love.
Since it weeps for no one.

Takes all, swallows all, buries all,
In the depths of the hells from whence it was made.

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