

## Wandering Into Bermuda

I feel as though I am lost to the Bermuda Triangle,  
A place swallowing sailors, pilots and pirates.  
I ventured into unknown seas, and became lost,  
To find what I was always looking for...

My home.

Here in this space of nothing, no one and empty vessels,  
All walking dead, lost to their own realm of triangulation,  
I sit pondering my own death,  
Once dead that's an easier thing to think on...

For the life lost wasn't worth holding onto,  
The life stolen was worth dying from,  
My death was worthy of the fight to lose that predeterminable life.

All dies, all transforms, all ends,  
There's a gift to it all...  
Letting peace come now...  
Letting all go now...

The triangle swallowed me whole,  
And nobody knows it exists...  
Or that I do.

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