

Sonnet Of The Wild Woman: Flipping The Bird To “Calm Down”

By Laura Brown

This is a celebration for those women who are unapologetically their truest self.

A space to hold women in the ultimate love. For those women who have broken through glass ceilings as though they never existed.

For those who've fought back tears while standing firm in their power.

This is a giant high five to the women who said, “f*ck that” to the easy road, to the expected road – because they knew they could do it better.

Here is a hearty embrace for the women who eschew the standards set by someone else's rules on beauty, femininity and status.

Here is a boisterous, “yes we can!” to the women who work every day to find that balance between their careers and family. Who prove that you can have both, if you choose. And it is a choice.

Let's pour all our sisterly love for the women who embrace themselves fully. Those who adorn themselves, bathe themselves and steep themselves in their own sweet and succulent Goddess power.

A thank you to the women who teach both their sons and daughters to love themselves, to be themselves and rock their

uniqueness. A sign that celebrating our own wild woman is not about drawing a line between the sexes but appreciating and honouring them both.

I bow to you ladies who know that no job will validate you; [no relationship will complete you.](#)

You look not to external validation. You have no meaning aside from meaning you create for yourself. Everything else is just varnish, which hides the very best of our imperfect beauty.

Aho, to the ladies who promptly smile and flip the bird to those who tell her to "get in line" or "calm down".



Photo: intuitivealchemy.co



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Its hard to hear we are too loud, too wild, too rough around the edges when that is what we naturally are. Let's learn from the women who stand tall in their "too muchness", instead of buckling under the crippling pressure to conform.

Thank you to the wild women who understand that we are all here to nurture, discover and love. But, before we can do that for others we must do it for ourselves.

May we all celebrate you,

*stand in reverence of you,
and honour those of you who pave a path
through the wild tundra.*

Thank you, wild women, for your bold courage. A shining example to us all – on how to find, and love the shit out of the wild in ourselves.

Thank you for the example of digging deep and checking out all of the little cordoned off places within our numinous being.

To define ourselves, refine ourselves.

For reminding us it's not about being "her" version of wild but to seek out our own unique imprint of the quality.

May [we all live untamed](#), creative and full lives, created for and by our own vision.

May our feral nature be so bold as to spark flames that burn away the dead weight within us all, so we can rise; reborn and renewed.

Wild.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Warrior Goddess Training: Become the Woman You Are Meant to Be](#).



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