

Invoking Artemis: The Liberation Of Our Wild Spirituality

By Danielle Dulsky

Her musings are scrawled on cave walls in moon-blood and licked into the mud with a strong tongue.

When we enter the psychic wild in our dreams, we read Her words. [Her ways are those of the lone wolf-woman](#), and She cares little for Her reputation.

When we invoke Artemis, when we glimpse Her bow-bearing, tree-climbing divinity, we give permission to our own wild spirituality to break free.

To know Artemis is to know the Holy Wild, to root our soul-gifts deep into Gaia's loam, and to stop apologizing for embodying our own, ever-evolving truth.

Wild woman spirituality is Her path. The way of the wild does not transcend religion; it descends and dismantles any cement-poured dogma by breaking through it like purposed tree roots through a faulty foundation.

To follow the path of the wild woman is to refuse to accept any beliefs that are not truly your own, including those you created yourself when you played another role or wore another mask.

To step in time with Artemis, with mud-caked and bare feet, is to honor the venerable, sexual, and sensual body, the hallowed emotionality of being human, and the mysterious alchemy of creative work.

To see through Her many eyes is to witness the infusion of the sacred in all things.

To speak Her language is to read benedictions to our transformation, and to hear as She hears is to listen closely for the whispers, wails, and howls of other wild ones as they seek out relationships with those who will not invalidate their soul's work.

We invoke Artemis every time we rewrite the fairy tales they read to us and go into the woods, commune with the wolves, and eat the soup the Witch brewed for us.

We invoke Her every time we pray with our bodies in a divine dance, meditatively consumed meal, or sex ceremony.

We invoke Artemis, this Goddess of the Moon and She Who Is Whole Unto Herself, each time we give a nod to our She-God nature, each time we lay in prostration to our fertile darkness and harvest the wounds we buried there.

Artemis is the one who rages righteously and unabashedly at the injustices of our world. She rallies hard and loud for the voiceless, and she will not stand down. She raises her bow high in a bloodless hunt for the uninitiated ego, corruption, and power-hunger, and She calls us to do the same.

Invoking Artemis means claiming your right to be here on this Earth right now and to affect change as you will it.

To invoke Artemis is to say No. No, I will not shrink back into the shadows. I will build my own temple out of quartz stones, and I will hand-craft the ritual of my liberation, for these ropes have been irrevocably unbound.

I will sing punk-rock hymns in the name of the feminine divine, and I will bathe in holy water to bless my sins for making me who I am today. I will take my communion with mud-pies and berry juice, for the body of the Earth Mother is

sanctified; it pervades and enlivens *all*.

I will draw down the moon as the Highest Priestess is this global coven, and I will light bonfires in the wild place for pan-human equality. I will let them call me peculiar and indulgent, for all I can hear is the sound of the holy healers' hearts beating beneath the ground.

I am Artemis. I am nourished by those I love, but I am not defined by a relationship with anyone but my own wild soul.

I am Artemis, and I speak the untamed language of the ancients. I am Artemis, and I am liberated by the marriage of my unbridled soul to my enduring spirit. I am Artemis, and I have come home to myself here and now.

I am Artemis, and I will not be taken alive. I will not be told to sit down. I will not be told to hush. I will not hold still while they carve out their wounds on my skin, and I will never again be the woman I once was.

I am Artemis, and I howl for my own holy truth. All blessings be.

[Howl with Danielle:](#)



For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Awakening Shakti: The Transformative Power of the Goddesses of Yoga](#).



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