

Wild Woman, That Howl In The Night Is Singing You Home

BY IVY LAINE

For too long, the divine feminine has been stifled into oblivion. For centuries the Goddess has been relegated to myth. The life's blood and heart drum of the ancient warrior silenced and washed away, in bloody rivers that history forgot. The time to heed the call and awaken your warrior spirit has come, sisters.

You were born from some of the fiercest warriors that ever lived. From the Valkyries and Shield Maidens of the Norse to the Battle Maidens of ancient Ireland, their blood runs white-hot in your veins. Awaken, rise, pick up your shield and your battle-axe. A great fight is at hand. One your very existence may depend upon.

The wild woman is waking to the power handed down to her eons ago. She is the wise woman, the healer, the seer, the warrior and the mage. She led councils, fought for kith and kin, divined the future and birthed new babes into the world. Sisters, stand before the mirror and know the woman staring back at you holds much power within her soul. The crooked spine of the crone was once the arrow straight form of the battle strong.

The whisper of the wind and the deafening crash of thunder is the divine feminine calling you home. The sweat of your brow and heavy thrum of your heartbeat are the cadence of your clan. They're calling you to join them. Your tribe is here! We want nothing more than to open the circle and welcome you to your rightful stead.

*The voice within whispers to you there is something more.
Your soul yearns for it to be true. The wild women, that howl*

into the night, are singing for your return.

That little girl, who speaks your name as mother, with dirt streaked face and muddy feet? She is you in EVERY way. Have you forgotten your sense of wonder and amazement at every living thing? She hasn't and she needs you to embrace the wild chaos that is you. So that you may lead her in ways that you wish someone had led you.

In the rhythmic beat of your heart, the ebb and flow of your breathing, even in the very air that touches you, you feel it. You may well have felt it your whole life. A primal fire that appears and begs you to answer. You don't know how? We, your tribe, are here to help guide you on the path.

The ancestral drum beats a steady cadence. Willing you to allow the witch woman to find her voice. Pleading for you to wake! In your bones you feel her. The ancients are rousing from their long slumber. Try as you might, as so many before you and many more after, you can not stem the tide any more than you can stop the moons rise.

You are a Priestess of the wild. The ancestors are calling for you to join them, to join the sea of sisters already gathering on the ancient, ancestral mounds. A storm is coming, my sisters. Riding on the waves of sorrow-filled tears and the distant din of howls, that grow louder each time the divine feminine wakes in yet another soul.

Join me, as I howl our sisters home. Join me, as the witch wills herself awake.

Join me, wild woman, as we link arms and birth a new way of being.

Join me, as we dance around the balefires, raising the power that was always meant to be ours. It has been kept from us, by a society that fears what we are capable of, for long enough!

The primordial Goddess within us all, she wakes! Howl sisters, as if your very existence depends upon it, for right now, it does. Look to the sky, take a breath, feel the wild woman stir deep within...and howl!

Recommended reading: [The Soul of Money](#) by Lynne Twist.

Sip a little more

[Awaken, Woman & Set Your Wild Warrior Free!](#)

The doors to the world of the wild Self are few but precious. If you have a deep scar, that is a door, if you have an old, old story, that is a door. If you love the sky and the water so much you almost cannot bear it, that is a door. If you yearn for a deeper life, a full life, a sane life, that is a door.

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