

Back To The Place I Bloom, Grow And Thrive – I Dare You To Live

BY KEREN STANTON

Slipping
is so easy.

How quickly I turn away
from ritual
from that which serves
which heals
and get caught up again
and whither.

Suddenly
I look around and I've lost my way
in the rubble
the whispers
in the guilt.

Forgetting the steps
though I've walked them before
and the pain seeps into my bones.

Searching
eyes casting around
hands grasping
unrest
dis-ease
listening to the shit
stuck in my head
when my body knows the way already
when I should trust my footfalls
and the autonomous movements of my flesh.

Sinking
back into myself
where the answers lie
where the peace is
to the place I bloom from
to nourish, to grow, to thrive.

Self isn't selfish.
Self is vital.
Self is Life.

I dare you to live.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Women Who Run with the Wolves](#) .

Sip a little more:

[Go To Her: Anoint Yourself With The Oil Of Witches & Remember The Medicine Of Earth](#)

The moon is a loyal companion.
It never leaves. It's always there, watching,
steadfast, knowing us in our light and dark
moments, changing forever just as we do.
Every day it's a different version of itself.
Sometimes weak and wan, sometimes
strong and full of light. The moon
understands what it means to be human.
Uncertain. Alone. Cratered by
imperfections.

T a h e r e h M a f i

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