

# The Death Knell of Love: I Need a Man Who...

BY HOLLEY HYLER

*"I need a man who..."*

*"A real woman would..."*

If you recoil from these sentences, this article is for you.

This is for the true romantics with pure hearts, the ones who love to the death and need nothing. This is for the wizards, the alchemists, the ones with vibrant souls, who are deemed "unrealistic."

***This is for the ones who dim their shimmer and do what others are doing for the sake of practicality or fitting in, and feel empty, until the moon comes back and refills their cups with magic.***

Then the next naysayer comes along and tells them that magic does not exist.

Please stop listening to them.

We are not unrealistic. We are practical enough to know that jokes become unappealing or unravel when one attempts to explain them. Stories lose their charm when they are told aloud rather than written, casually spoken rather than communicated with imagery.

No, the purple sky does not affect the plot, but a rich descriptor of this sky does add a layer of enchantment to the scene where the witch poisons the apple. We do not need to

know that Snow White's lips are pouty and ruby-red, but it helps us relate to the Prince who kisses them.

We receive the story and know how it happens without these details. Yet, when we spout these details as facts, when we say, "The sky was purple while the witch cast her spell," or, "The Prince kissed Snow White, and she had red lips," the story becomes dry, dusty, lifeless.

"A real man/woman would..."

These words contain no life, and as soon as I hear them, I stop listening. I realize I am in the desert and wander off in search of the oasis.

When we try to describe the energies we love by reducing them to flat, judgmental phrases and superficial physical characteristics, we may eventually get what we have asked for, but only that, and nothing more. There is nothing inherently wrong with this, but it can act as more of a hindrance than a help.

***It can turn away the exact souls we seek without our knowing. It can discourage the ones with hearts like ours.***

This is not about not getting what we want or accepting less than we deserve. It's about knowing we can have more. To have more, we must do away with labels and stop trying to fit everything neatly into a box. If it does not go into a box, it is because the box would not allow it to become its fullest expression of love and light.

Ah, but there is that inner gnawing, perhaps induced by the naysayers: It's supposed to be this way. If he loved me, he would do this. If she were a real woman, she would do that. My life is supposed to be this.

Look at me. Listen to me.

I love with color, song, and vibration. I love in a language that I do not yet know. I speak it without knowing I am. Sometimes, my love is the bolt that lights up the sky in the distance. Sometimes, it is the water thumping the rocks, subsiding and rolling away, a playful companion who comes and goes.

My love is this, and more, but to describe it all, even in these imaginative and abstract ways with my talents as a writer, would not be helpful. The ways I love are continually changing, just as energy is, just as I am -- sometimes I am feminine, and sometimes I am masculine. You are too, no matter how you have tried to squash the traits of one inside you based on what parents or schoolteachers deemed was proper for you all those years ago.

Names mean nothing to me. It is why I am so prone to forgetting them. I rarely call anyone by name. I do not know your name, but I know your energy. Perhaps words would be more productive if I could always channel them directly from my heart. But who, in this chaotic world, can always say exactly what they mean?

***Perhaps you can hear or read a sentence and sense what the speaker truly means by it. Some of us possess this gift to perceive through language what others may not consciously realize about themselves. We are powerful mirrors, but we are not happy when all we do is reflect. We want to see ourselves, too.***

We look for our reflections, but become disenchanted or lonely when we are met with nothing. It is as though we are invisible. It has nothing to do with our abilities, nor does it mean we are truly invisible.

It has everything to do with the mirrors we choose. We choose mirrors because they are six feet tall, have a mahogany frame, and would look good in our bedrooms, because that is what seemed to work out for someone else.

It does not work because we are paying so much attention to the externals and the composition of the mirror, that we forget to look into the glass to see if it truly pleases us. We are so busy trying to define the mirror that we take no time to feel into it.

To say a man or woman is only real or adequate because of XYZ is disheartening to whomever may read or hear these statements. The world is so full of ideas of what everyone should be or how everyone should act. These should statements have no freedom in them, no space to be a human.

Even ideas that are considered empowering for the sex -- "A real woman should be assertive." Even if this is a quality I possess, it ebbs and flows just like the tides of energy. Every situation is different, and no one can be any one thing all the time.

Any time we want something, when we imagine how we'd like a romantic partner to be, there is a certain energy behind these ideas that we are trying to achieve. Energies and traits that we are attracted to are extensions of ourselves.

The people you feel so connected to are, in some way, putting you in touch with yourself. They unleash a song inside your soul that was always there, though you couldn't hear it before they came along. They put you in touch with traits that you never realized you had. The love of your life can be the last person you expected.

You don't need me to tell you that magic exists. Words are spells. Use them wisely, and love like the multi-dimensional being that you are.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

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