

# Where Is The Shame In Nurturing & Healing Your Womb?

BY REESE LEYVA

Women,  
we have been wounded.

We yet bear the signs of torment  
on our brows  
as we sweat out  
our laborious works,  
chastised by the sharp eyes of  
cruel patriarchy.

*(Oh, reverence for life, where have you gone?)*

We yet bear the signs of heartbreak  
on our breasts,  
once guardians of our hearts,  
honored for their nourishment,  
now covered  
and cut  
and muzzled  
to appease a male sexuality  
distorted by disconnection.

*(Where is the shame in nurturing?)*

We subscribe to the newfound fears  
of our vulvas, our vaginas,  
our mighty clitorii.  
Hardly speaking their names, now,  
except in mockery or disdain.  
Once gateways to Heaven,

now taunted and cleansed and shaved  
to smile and smell like  
prepubescent flowers.

*(Do you feel your Self suffocating "down there"?)*

We weep for the wounds  
in our wombs,  
our sacred space,  
our holy place,  
where life begins,  
where all of life has always begun.

***(Do you know your uterus' name? Do you  
nurture her,  
care for her, as your lips, your hair,  
your eyelashes?)***

***Do you know she is your portal to The  
Mother?)***

Now desecrated and violated,  
policed and regulated  
by those who will never know  
the joys and pains  
of having one,  
of losing one,  
of using one.

We carry this trauma  
in our blood,  
flowing it for generations,  
this blood  
that is now inconvenient, unbearable,  
unspeakable.

*(Do we each not bleed as ALL women bleed?)*

How I mourn, dear sisters.  
How I grieve  
in my womb,  
in my blood,  
in my breasts,  
in my heart.

But I also remember.  
I remember that we are powerful  
creators of life,  
crafting bodies  
illuminated by souls,  
growing,  
birthing,  
reaching into the dark unknown  
to manifest the glorious known.

*(Is that not magic enough?)*

I remember that we are Divine,  
breath of The One Breath,  
love formed from The One Heart,  
tingling with the energy  
that creates worlds,  
and universes,  
and life on this planet.

*(Do you not shiver when you feel Her? Energy? Life?)*

I remember.  
To feel Her on my skin  
and know Her light is love.  
I remember.  
To feel her in my lungs  
and know Her breath is love.  
I remember.

To feel her in my womb  
and know that I am love.  
I am Life.  
We are Spirit.  
We are One.

*(Do you remember?)*

A part of us all  
remembers.  
And in this remembrance,  
we are undying,  
unbroken,  
infinite.

In this remembrance,  
we are all Divine,  
we are all Her  
rising again.

***For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Sacred Woman: A Guide to Healing the Feminine Body, Mind, and Spirit](#).***

***Sip a little more:***

**[9 Gateways Of Sexual Wisdom: Igniting  
The Divine Fire Of A Fully Awakened  
Woman](#)**



# The She Book

## #THEURBANHOWL

HOWL WITH US  
ON [FACEBOOK](#), [INSTAGRAM](#), [TWITTER](#) & [PINTEREST](#).

SPREAD THE MAGIC: