

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](#)**

SHE

[The She Book](#)

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