

Our Bodies Are Not Toxic But Textured Landscapes Of Wonder

BY SOPHIA HOLLY

I don't need to detox this spring because my body is not toxic.

My body is a miraculous landscape covered in peaks and valleys.

Sprinkled with constellations of freckles and patterns of hair.

There are smooth parts like a sandy shore, and dry parts like a cracked desert.

My body is water.

My body undulates like the sea, and cries like a rainy day.

My body has strength, sturdy like a redwood.

My body is both rigid like a rock, and fragile like falling snow.

My body is cold.

My body is warm.

My body is a landscape eager to be explored.

My body is not dirty.

It is not something that needs to be cleansed.

It needs to be loved unconditionally.

It needs to be nourished.

It needs to slow down.

It needs to be heard.

My body needs to be held when it gets bigger or smaller.

My body needs a warm embrace and so does yours.

Our bodies are not toxic.

Our bodies are landscapes of many colors.

We need to treat our bodies like an eighth wonder of the world.

With awe, respect and admiration.

With loyalty and joy.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Love Your Body](#)

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Sip a little more:

[A Love Letter & Pledge To My Belly
\(Thank You For Keeping Me Soft & Human\)](#)

Be brave.

Go for your heart's innermost desire. Unleash it into the world. By doing so you unveil the most needed treasure for the multitudes who's hearts beat through the same desire system. Each beat is a prayer.

Leahanne Woods Smith

THEURBANHOWL.COM



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