

# Listen To The Animal Within

BY KATHRYN JONES

The animal awakens.

She begins to stir,  
her ears becoming aware of the slight sounds  
breaking the silence.

Her eyes open to take in her surroundings,  
noticing the familiarities and the unfamiliar,  
and knowing she is exactly where she needs to be.  
She pauses just a little bit longer.

She is stiff, she stretches.

She is hungry, she finds food.

She is happy, she dances.

She sees something new, she runs to explore.

She senses danger, she retreats.

She feels, she does.

She knows in her bones how to move, when to move, and when to  
be still.

She is tired, she rests.

She knows she is at peace.

But then she is startled.

She is moved, and she knows It is here.

She senses danger, It moves her closer.

She resists, she grasps at the earth with her claws.

She digs in her heels, scarring It with enough force to leave  
marks,

but not enough strength to withstand Its force.

She feels, It acts.

She is tired, It trudges onward.

She screams, It ignores.

Why won't It listen?

She is stuck inside a cavern  
she knows is only filled with endless darkness.  
It is convinced there is light if It pushes through.  
She knows the pathway will only get smaller,  
that she needs rest to once again find the light.

It trudges onward, and she loses more strength,  
until It reaches the smallest corner, unable to move,  
stuck in the depths of the enclosed darkness It has foolishly  
traveled.

She screams, It awakens.  
She screams, It responds.  
She screams, again, in tired agony.

It surrenders.

She feels, It listens.  
She is tired,  
and It rests.

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

*Sip a little more:*

***Rest & Invite In The Darkness,  
Weary Traveler***

***You Stripped Me Of Everything –  
But I Am Stripping You Of This***

***Why This Need To Blend Into A***

# *Normalcy That Doesn't Exist*

I wanted movement and not  
a calm course of existence.  
I wanted excitement and  
danger and the chance to  
sacrifice myself for my love.

Leo Tolstoy

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