

Night Prowler: With Her Flames, She Brings New Energy Into The World

BY LEAHANNE WOODS SMITH

I am the sex goddess, the dark panther. I come into the night to be myself, to enjoy my life. I am opening the world to the light that's been missing.

Not all the roles I play as human yield the healing power I know is within me. As a beast I feel my mighty power, playfulness, and prowess come back into my being.

As a panther, I walk in ecstatic pleasure. My paws softly pulse the earth. With each step, my body sways in blissful greeting of the elements. That which stirs me up to walk from my lair into the night air onto the field is what I've come for. I will go where my intuition guides me.

I come to the spot where I am drawn to lay and spread my legs as wide as they want to spread. Opened and content, I feel life coming through me and see that I was guiding it all along.

I am a strong channel today. Fearless, I am the mystery maker. I am the life giver. I am the mother. Called to outstretch my arms now, I am positioned to hold this power. For I am the holder of all nations.

I watch and feel the pods of energy out there. There is chaos,

resolution, and humming harmony between my children. The world of spirit is my lair where I lay, where I dance with power. My passageway, the entrance of my womb and her pleasure-generating parts are the operation center of life.

Feeling all my sacred components working together, I enjoy my display. I enjoy the system that I am. Here, surrendering to ecstasy, I am in concentrated awareness. My mouth is opened wide to facilitate the drawing in and releasing all the more. I am a wonderful vessel.

I feel the happiness and gratitude of the world for my being. I am strong. I am awakened. I am eternal.

I send waves of splendor out to my children which they will receive in their own messages. My truth comes through a bounty of passageways opening wider now as I open wider.

My gift sister is the earth. I trust her. I lay my body down on her with all my sexual creative energy thriving. All of creation is here. She holds me in delight. She knows full and well the work I'm doing.

It is important that I stay here and do my work behind the scenes. For, I am the seer, the maintainer, and the giver of life. I am Nephthys behind the Isis that you see. I push life into life here. I make love, constantly bringing the light. Through my pulsating essence, I draw the sun to come through the center of the pyramid to pierce the center of the womb in the bottom.

The piercing sun ray starts her again and again, each phase is new, like waves of the ocean. It builds. It continues by its own continuing. The flames are stoked by his fully blazing and precise power. She blazes higher and stronger than ever. With

her flames, she brings new energy into the world that has been untapped and sealed for eons.

Through this penetration, this union, mystery is unleashed and revealed.

Finally, she releases fully. All the tears from lives lost and born through mothers are cried out here. She becomes the new rivers of life remembering here.

I feel the new seeds of life being sewed into the structure of this earth. Into the crevices, they go.

The stars witness this grand initiation just as the wise ones did who were called from the desert to witness the coming of Christ into this world.

I tear the layers of the veil further in the sky with my hands by making cross strokes.

We see better now. There are no boundaries. We witness this ceremony together. We are one as we are merging with the new life now. As my heart beats, my sacred container continuously pumps magic air out to all life.

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I felt like lying down by the side of the trail and remembering it all. The woods do that to you, they always look familiar, long lost, like the face of a long-dead relative, like an old dream, like a piece of forgotten song drifting across the water, most of all like golden eternities of past childhood or past manhood and all the living and the dying and the heartbreak that went on a million years ago and the clouds as they pass overhead seem to testify (by their own lonesome familiarity) to this feeling.

Jack Kerouac

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