

Girl & Wolf: Journey Through The Shadows Of Transformation

BY LALITA SIMON-CREASEY

There is a depth to hearts that you just did not know existed
Where both superpowers and shadows lie sleeping harmoniously
together

With eyes slowly opening and memories of old – gently stirring
awake

Casting a pale light on the shadows where unshed tears were
tormented in a tightly lidded chest.

The wolf stared deeply into these very eyes as she awoke

Looking around rather confused, she asked,

“What am I doing here, O Wise Beloved One?”

He looked at her searchingly and then beckoned her to follow.

The snow fell upon her hair as she tried to squint ahead to
see

Yet somehow she knew she wouldn't see anything unless it was
meant to be.

***She stood up slowly and prepared to step
out as courageously as she could,
knowing that this was a Gift of some
kind and she should pay attention.***

As the Wolf made swift strides across the rocks

She followed behind him as fast as she could

Until they reached a spot in the mountain

Where they stopped to look out at all that lay before them.

The girl started sobbing as she recognised her own shadows

All the "imperfections" that she had ever created rearing its "ugly" face.

All laid out before her like a heap of fake treasure
"Why did you have to bring me here?" she cried.

And the Wolf answered, "My Dearest One
These are some very simple truths I want to share.
How can you see where you are going
If you do not see where you have been?
How can you tell what the path ahead is like
If you will not remember the path behind you?"

Why is it that these shadows that lie inside you are like a fake treasure to you?
Yet you think that only everything that lies ahead of you is your ultimate prize?

***Although you know very well that all that glitters is not gold.
You still want to race ahead into a perfect sunset without even a pause.***

Beloved One, there are endings behind you
That may just come back to visit sometime.
Old stories you thought you had laid to rest
That may just look for a chance to stage a repeat performance.
Past hurts that you shoved to one side, caring not to examine
Too afraid of what you might find out and learn about who you are."

The girl starts to see these old endings that brought such sorrow
Old stories that never did get honoured and completed
Forgotten past hurts because it was too much to remember
And suddenly she feared that an unravelling would descend upon her.

Her shoulders shaking with the might of her sobs
She tells the Wolf that this pain is too intense
Must she really get to know herself in this way?
And if she must, then why oh why did it have to be so painful?

***If I choose my heart, I know there will
be pain in the quest of "Who Am I?" But
what if I don't pursue and I ask "Who Am
I?" for the rest of my life?***

The Wolf answered:

"The depths of a human heart and all of its minute nuances
Is like that treasure that you are chasing and the sunset you
are seeking.

However, it is not the kind that most will go running after –
because

Most would cast much disbelief upon the seemingly false
thought

That any sort of wealth would lie within these depths
Didn't someone once say that the Heart was a fool?

The light that has still not come to life is deep in slumber,
as yet unawakened,

Waiting patiently for its time, when it will rise to show
How choices will be made and how the Ego battles Authenticity
When every individual must choose the way they see in this
world.

For there is a balance of Light and Darkness that we must see
and feel

In order for the Heart to achieve that perfection of balance.
Here a treasure does lie sleeping indeed, patiently waiting
for that moment

When it will reconnect you to the shadows that lie within so
that it can be your teacher.

The journey of Transformation is not for the faint of heart because

Bringing forth Light from the Darkness is a big responsibility in Truth, and

We never know whom else we are inspiring to follow in our footsteps.

In choosing to go home to our Authentic Selves.”

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Courage: The Joy of Living Dangerously](#) .

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