

# The Wild Woman Is No Scary Myth – She Begins Where Passions Speak & Ends Nowhere

BY ILDA DASHI

A woman like her is equally wild and innocent.

The layers of her psyche are made of ebb and flow. She is a constant flux of ideas, thoughts, fantasies, emotions, feelings, and a subtle – almost scary – intuition that never lies to her.

She has a heart that never rests. It goes on opening up to accept and allow her wild river to flow into the ocean that composes her soul.

If you want her to be stable she is going to be a big disappointment, for she cannot be stagnant.

***She is water that always flows and air that changes with every drop of breeze. She is deeper than her mind and wider than her thoughts. She begins where her passions speak and ends nowhere...there's no end to her soul. She is infinite.***

Some can label her as unstable or crazy because they cannot stand her light. And her darkness terrifies them even more, for it shows them their inner darkness that they have always ignored or never seen in themselves.

But she is a lone wolf that has learned how to be alone when

the world becomes a burden or not compatible with her flame. She sleeps in forests with the wolves and she roars with lions in the jungle.

Her bare feet leave traces of her soul as she digs deeper into herself to discover what her heart is made of, what her sex is made of, what her passions are made of.

She used to be so scared of her own darkness. She always ran away from it, and the more she ran, the more she ended up meeting herself in all the dark places.

Her dreams are made of light and darkness. Her passions are made of both the light and the darkness. Her sex is made of light and darkness. Her lust is made of light and darkness.

Light and darkness are her pillars that keep her grounded within her roots so she won't fall. She cannot lead her life with only one of these wings. She is a kind of madness that has tasted both her candle and her dark color painted inside her veins.

Her pages are empty, yet to be written upon, some white and some unknown like the dark.

She craves depth in all her connections and relationships. She craves innocence.

She longs for enlightening lust and shivering touches. She longs for her lover to smell her first before he kisses her. She longs for him to touch her skin before he makes love to her. She craves his eyes to dive into her before he eats her lips with his tongue.

She is a kind of silent explosion that longs to be kissed and licked all over her body before she is ready to climax in his hands. She is a kind of wild that cries when he touches her heart with his hands slowly before he sucks her nipples in pleasure. She is a kind of wild that finds beauty even in lust

when there is connection between her body and his. Her thighs are a sacred portal if a man like him knows how to navigate them with his fingertips, gently.

She believes in those kinds of connections that are equally genuine, wild, and penetrating for the body, the mind and the soul. She believes in the marriage of sex and spirit and the merging of the mind and the heart as one.

***Fundamentally she trusts in love. In a kind of love that knows how to be silent, sometimes loud, at other times wild and deep.***

Just because this kind of wild woman may be single, it does not mean that she is an open book for every man that may crave a woman like her. No. She chooses her partner/lover(s) carefully. And if she makes mistakes in her choices, she begins anew with more wisdom and maturity to a better quality of love and loving.

Even though she knows that love or a deep connection can last one day, one month, one year, or one life, she knows that what matters is that there is a connection between two bodies and two hearts that dive into each other with an intention to touch the body as well as the soul.

Empty or casual intercourses cannot satisfy a wild heart like hers.

Her flesh is made of mother earth and her heart of foreigner gods. Her soul is made of wild animals and innocent birds.

She is always guided by the wisdom of her heart. Every other teacher is going to fail her or not help her, for she knows her inner silent voice is the kind of whisper she needs to

navigate life one moment at a time.

A wild woman like her cannot be grasped. She is a mystery even to herself.

She is both an ordinary being -- woman, as well as a mystic.

You cannot read her, you can only unbutton her.

The lines of her poetry are hidden in her bare skin, that's where her freedom is found.

*For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .*

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"Can you find my  
storm-soaked soul  
My roar  
My wind  
As it follows you down a path  
where we have never been"

MAURA COYNE

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