

Know Thyself. Remember The Coiled One, The Maiden Within

BY VERITY LOUISA

Know thyself. The Maiden within. The Fool on her rebel's journey.

A being of fire and flame. Of newly ignited passions. The Mistress of ideas. Know her and she will serve you well. And she has her own story. A story that we all should know. A tale that we all must remember, for she is the progeny of worlds.

Once upon a time, in the depths of a Cosmic Winter, the Fool slept. Yet, though she may have slumbered she did not rest – for within her dreams was the Divine Spark. Even in her dormant state, she forged the hot sun and the bright moon. The dazzling stars and the blazing planets. Light and dark. Day and night. Colour and shade. A cosmic dreamscape designed within the endless oceans of time.

And then the Fool awoke. And then she breathed.

In the beginning...

She opened her mouth and sighed. And from her lungs came forth those first sweet breaths. She inhaled. When The Fool inhaled, she created the winds of the north and the south. She exhaled. When The Fool exhaled, she begot the winds of the east and the west. Upon each gasp were waves of consciousness. They blew across the landscapes, shaping them. And upon her atmospheric breath rode the rhythms of life. The patterns and cycles of the seasons. The sequence of weathers and climates.

It had begun. The Fool's journey.

The Fool opened her newborn, inquisitive eyes at Earth's Imbolc – she opened her eyes and blinked in wonder at the

fresh new dawn. She marveled at the colours reflected upon a shimmering sunrise. She gazed in awe at endless blue of the heavens. She lifted her head from the bedrock – the great Mountains her pillow – and shook her hair free.

From her tresses a million rivers tumbled and gushed, teeming with life. The shining beasts of the waters – beasts great and small – darted and dived down the great tides of her hair. Tails and tentacles, fins and scales. So that tears of joy rained down her cheeks and flowed to the rivers and the rolling oceans that pooled at her feet. Her tears anointed the lands.

She climbed slowly from her Earthy bed, rubbing inertia from the corners of her wide eyes. She yawned. She stretched her arms high and clouds frothed from the very tips of her fingers. Cumulus that caught between each digit was whipped into a lather, which she shook off into the skies.

About her naked form she wrapped a mantle of warm sunlight; her figure swathed within its radiant light. Then, only then did she take her first tentative steps. One, two, three – she stumbled forward, almost falling. But with each new step, her confidence grew and very soon she could run and then dance!

Oh, how she danced!

And as she moved, so she shook the star-dust from her heels. And from each soft footfall sprouted more life – it curled upward from beneath her. Its tender growth burst forth. Leaf and vine. Flower and bud. It bloomed and it flourished. So The Fool moved forward in her authenticity – adorned in her power. Surveying her fertile, green garden.

And then The Fool spoke.

From her artless tongue fell every beast of the earth. Fur, hide, and claw. From her unaffected mouth spilled every bird of the sky. Beak, talon, and feather. From her guileless lips

poured forth every creature that moves on the earth, which has life. Flesh and blood, bone and muscle. Yes! She spoke life itself.

With her propitious words, she knitted together each particle and wove each strand of DNA. She roared and purred, she barked and screeched them into being. And then she laughed. She laughed for the very first time. It bubbled from her for she saw that it was good. Her uncorrupted Eden.

She spends a moment here, within her sweet paradise but she cannot stay. For if she stays; if she lingers too long then it will grow stagnant. Putrid. So she must continue on!

She dances ever onward, leaving seasons in her wake. As Winter births the Spring, so too does Spring herald the Summer. The Fool moving forward on her journey.

***We should remember her intrinsic worth.
The Maiden within. The coiled one. For
she resides within each and every one of
us.***

Man and woman. Adult and child. Without her, there would be no journey. There would be no great odyssey.

Let's feel The Fool rise!

She snakes upward through us, a serpent that ascends through the spine. Coax her upward and outward. Patience may not be her natural virtue but she can discern the importance of it.

For The Fool stands at the edge of an abyss. She can see the what is on the other side. Her desire. Her dream. The future beyond her an uncharted territory that she will explore.

But a tightrope swings across the precipice and all that keeps

her from falling is temperance. Balance. So she places her arms out to steady herself, she sets her eyes forward, holds her head high, and she keeps on walking. One foot in front of the other. One careful step at a time.

Let's allow The Fool to lead us!

To take our hand in hers, for her resolve will guide us. Let's walk bravely with her into the future. Let's not fear the unknown.

Her naivety may seem like a folly and yet it is also her strength. For The Fool lives fully in the present but with her face set firmly toward the things-to-come. She embraces all of life with her arms flung open wide. Through her determination, she will face every obstacle. She will face them down and come out triumphant.

She is not yet fruitful but her potential is limitless. She knows no bounds and believes there are no limits. She will learn each lesson as it comes to her. Her faith in her dreams guides her ever onward.

Know thyself. The Maiden within. Know The Fool by her many titles – for she goes by many names:

Her name is anima.

Her name is beginning.

Her name is genesis.

Her name is dawn.

Her name is manifestation.

Her name is child.

Her name is Maiden.

Her name is virgin.

Her name is me.

Her name is you.

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

Sip a little more:

The Voice Of The Empress Mother – How To Hone & Own Your Craft

The Power In Unravelling – Signs The Serpent Is Awakening Within You

"To be wild is to be liberated, cyclical, and emotionally intelligent. The wild will never sin against itself, and that means you will find you cannot go back to an older, smaller version of you."

DANIELLE DULSKY

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