

Reconnect With The Wild & Free Woman Within

BY ILDA DASHI

I went in front of the mirror today.
I stood there half naked.
Slowly put my bra down my belly,
I released my hair from my ponytail
and stared at the pale face
and that small breast.
My nipples were alive,
my dry imperfect hair was perfect,
my breast was enough,
not too small, like I always thought of it,
but enough to burn with passion under my skin.
I slipped my hands over my nipples
and my face changed in arousal.
My eyes became deeper,
bigger,
more colorful.
I felt a graceful charm descend upon my face.
I smiled.
For a moment I forgot who I was,
because I felt another part of my being had taken the driver
seat
and was riding my inner waves.
She.
The erotic she.
The sensual she.
The sexual she.
She was calling me from the depth of my darkness
to let her free.
She, the other part of my being
was looking at me through me

from the other side,
begging me to let her free to fly
in unchartered rivers,
and unknown realities.
As my hand slipped down my round curves
I moaned in pleasure
and let myself go
Totally.
There she was.
The dark, mysterious, beautiful, sensuous, sensual, erotic
she.
Trying to come out in all her glory,
shameless and free,
drinking from the well of my pleasure.
She rose for a moment,
burning all the complicated thoughts
that caged her for a long time.
And I could not help
but become her flame,
and burn with her
in the fire coming from another dimension.
I disappeared.
She rose.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Sacred Woman: A Guide to Healing the Feminine Body, Mind, and Spirit](#).

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Where Passions Speak & Ends Nowhere***

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