

When The Wild Of My Soul Marries With The Wild Of The Woods, Magick Happens

[BY TANYA TIGER](#)

There is something that calls from deep within when I enter the forest. It's like coming home.

While many may fear the wilderness, the wildness inside themselves, I am learning to embrace it. The Wild Woman archetype is near opposite to how I was taught a woman should behave.

The Wild Woman is messy, unapologetic in how she moves in the world; she is open; she is fierce and compassionate, sensual and sacred.

Stepping barefoot into the woods awakens this aspect of myself. It's not a discovery...it's a deep remembering. This Wild Woman is not separate from me, she *is* me. Her essence, like gasoline poured on an ember, ignites into a roaring flame of knowing. This...this is who I am.

A wolf howls in the distance and I return the call. A crow caws its welcome and I bow in appreciation. An owl's gaze meets mine and I nod in humble recognition of its wisdom. These are my kin.

Blood and bone, I was born of the wild. Here, in this space, I am free to be me, to move or be still as I see fit. There is no restriction on my soul or body, no limits placed on the relationship between me and Mother Earth. The wild cares not

how, or even if, I dress. To lay bare-fleshed on the soft, damp grass is to feel held by the Divine Herself. Here, among the trees, I can sit quietly or dance ecstatically; I can whisper my dreams and fears or scream my rage and weep my anguish. There is no judgment, only acceptance and reverence.

When the wild of my soul marries with the wild of the woods, magick happens. Everything unimportant fades away and I am reminded of the truth.

I belong here. We belong here. We humans are not above nature, we are a part of it. I am a child of the earth and I choose to care for Her as such.

She breathed me into being and continues to breathe life into me daily. I fill my lungs with Her sweet air. I fill my belly with the bounty of Her soil. She gave, and continues to give me life. She is my sanctuary.

When I wander the woods, I am not lost, I am being found. When I choose the solitude of wild fields, streams, and woods, overcrowded shops and streets, I am not isolating, I am communing. When I laugh in the rain and speak to the trees, I am not unraveling, I am becoming whole again. When I bow my head and say prayers under the stars instead of under the roof of a religious institution, I am not performing an act of blasphemy, I am in deep devotion, for She is my church.

When I venture into the moonlit forest, I do so willingly and unafraid. I am welcomed here and the wild is welcomed inside my heart and soul. We are one and the same, the Wild Woman and I.

Photo by [Diana Simumpande](#) on [Unsplash](#)

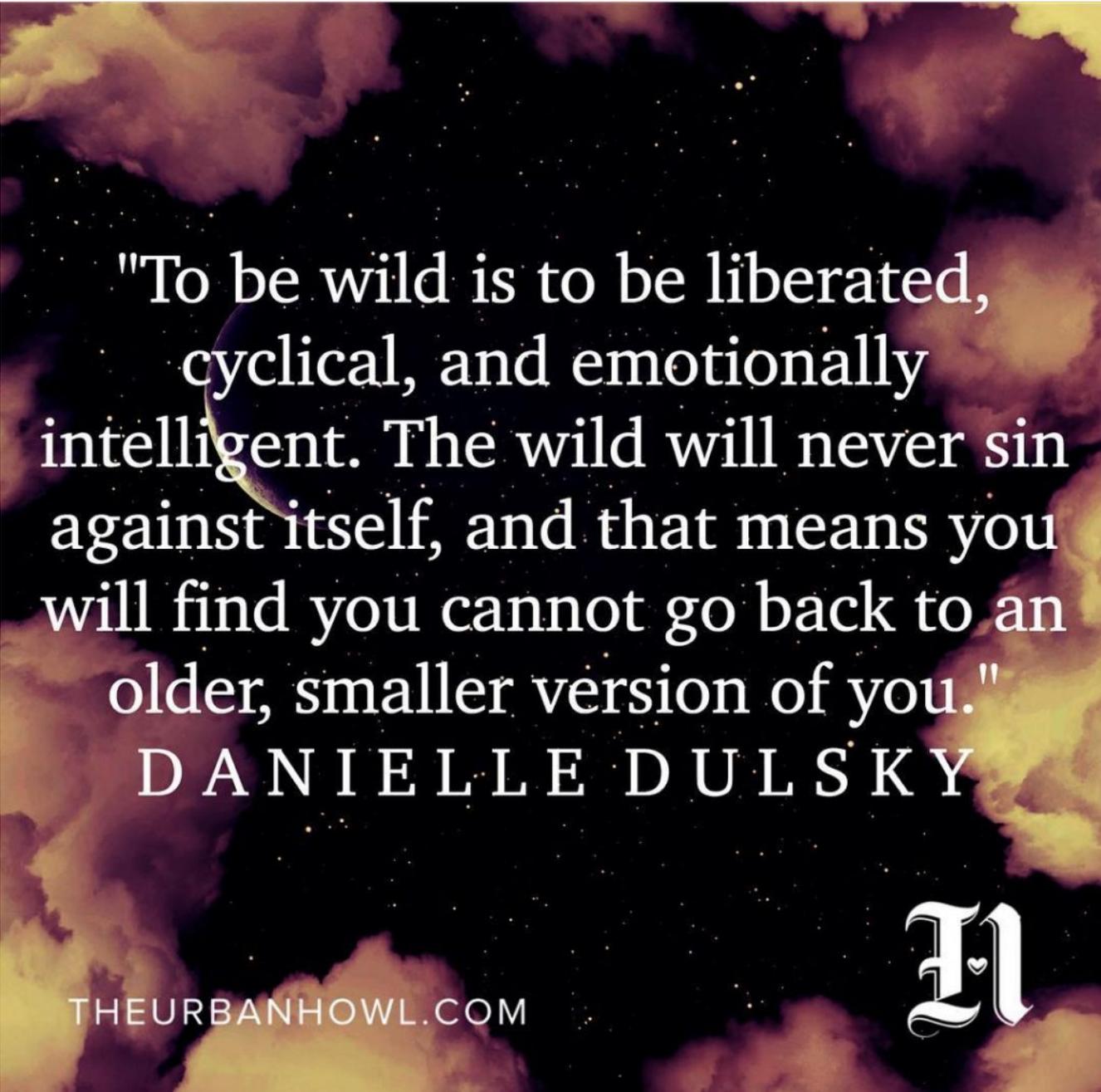
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against itself, and that means you
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DANIELLE DULSKY

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