

Celebrate Your Self-Pleasure, Wild One & Let Your Sexuality Be Part Of Your Spirituality

[BY ILDA](#)

I am hesitant if I should publish this piece or not. I have seen more intimate pieces than this. But the thing is, I have never shared these private thoughts with anyone and I already feel naked.

But maybe this is the purpose of this article. To help me and those that may find themselves in my position to actually get more intimate with our hearts and minds and bodies and see who truly dwells within, instead of hiding behind the masks of pretense we cover our heads with.

One of my greatest vulnerabilities is to be naked. Physically naked, but emotionally and mentally nude, as well. To be exposed. Raw. Filled with intimate impulses, cravings, and desires.

To let the dark fantasies of lust and pleasure build their obscure net as I touch my breasts or tease my vagina with my fingers and feel it waking up wild between my legs. To let my pussy feel all its sensations as it sends the ocean of pleasure to my heart and a sense of joy and well-being covers my entire body, as my skin gets electrified.

It is scary. I feel like I can fall into a dark abyss if I allow myself to be exposed to such an extent.

What about my self-image? What if that is completely a pretense and a well-polished mask I wear when in front of others because I am too sensitive? And perhaps this sensitivity would collapse the entire image I have held of

myself so far if I would dive into it.

This part of me is so vulnerable, so weak at times and wild at other times. I keep it hidden in the darkest places of my psyche. I allow it no light, no flowers, no power. I keep it as a hostage. And at times it resists. It moves to other channels of my being and comes out undone.

The more I hide from it, the more it comes to the surface. The more I push it down, the more it comes floating up with my intimate thoughts and fantasies, creating landscapes of me being naked and having fun somewhere with someone.

The pleasure. The sensations. The skin. The touch. The feel. The smell. The movements of my body and my hands...the way my fingertips rub the corners of my pleasure zones in my body...so foreign to me...so unknown...yet so familiar to my spirit.

It is an entire sea of me that I keep in the dark, but it moves nonetheless. Its sensuality is filled with wonder and fear at the same time. Fear to be seen by myself as I am in the hours or moments none is close to me.

When it is only me and the sheets, and I remove my pants and I lift my shirt over my head, and my nipples are exposed and ready to be explored by my hands.

It is all so delicate. So intimate. Sometimes I cry when I go to this place...when the nude colors of my body meet the dark, mysterious, and fascinating fantasies of my mind!

There is a narrative that writes itself between the wild of my

thighs and the softness of my clitoris.

I have never been able to write about my vagina. I have never been able to write about how it opens up the arteries of my heart by filling it with pure joy and ecstasy.

I have never dared to truly be naked either with myself or with a man. Physically naked, yes. But not the kind of nakedness I am writing about now...the intimacy that connects the parts of my pleasure that I shamed away for many years with the parts of my upper body...my chest, my very heart.

Or if I can say this in a more honest way, I never allowed my vagina to connect with my heart. I always saw them as two separate organs and zones in my body that should never meet, and that is how I split myself into two. This is how I divided myself into two parts – into two characters living two different realities.

This is how I strived to look for a spiritual life while denying my body to fully connect with my spirit.

This is how I experienced poor sexual and emotional relationships with men...this is why I attracted toxic men that either used or abused me in any way.

Because I was split inside.

I never realized, as I do now, that the pleasure of sensuality and sexuality is a great force that once denied or shamed away makes you feel weak within yourself – because you are denying some parts of your being to have their right to be. You are disrespecting some parts of your body to give you what they are made for – pleasure, joy, peace, connection...ecstasy.

It does not matter how obscure, dark, “ugly,” or so-called

“dirty” your sexual fantasies can be...they *all* matter and need to be acknowledged and seen. Once we cut off this part from our being, we can never be whole. We can never be in harmony within. We will become dull, numb, or in a constant war within our minds.

Because what is ignored will push to come forth. It has the same right to be inside our being as our lighter side of our personality. It can become more beautiful if we can shine some light on this part of us and allow it to manifest as it is, so we can see and accept it in our hearts.

I don't believe anymore in any kind of bullshit spirituality that says we have to push our ego aside, or deny our human cravings and impulses, or forget about them. I have read so many articles online about how to not be sexual when you feel like because it stops your spiritual development. Says who? Bullshit.

They say don't indulge. I say *do* indulge. Because sometimes, if we do, it will bring us the clarity we need to allow this energy to transform itself, for itself, in itself, in its most amazing forms and shapes. Sexual and sensual energy is our primal energy. It is this energy we came from. It is our first and foremost energy that our bodies, flesh, bones, and all organs are made of. It runs in our veins.

I am still scared to be this intimate with myself, to be this sexual with myself, to allow the sensual part of me take over, to allow this part of me wash away the pretenses of yesterday.

It is the most freeing experience, to celebrate your nakedness and to see the wildest side of your being get absolutely insane when the mask drops. When your clothes drop. And when you are left alone with your skin, the sheets, and your hair over your shoulders.

Photo by [Ichigo121212](#) on [Pixabay](#)

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

Sip a little more:

Love Triggers Us – Big Time – And It Always Will

*Colorful Spirit – She Surrenders To Her Soul &
Becomes Who She Is Meant To Be*

Reconnect With The Wild & Free Woman Within

[The She Book](#)

#SELFPLEASURE

HOWL WITH US
ON [FACEBOOK](#), [INSTAGRAM](#), [TWITTER](#) & [PINTEREST](#).

SPREAD THE MAGIC: