

# Forget What They Told You—You Are Wild, Untethered & Gloriously Free

*By Jeanette LeBlanc*

*Get up now. Come on. On your feet. Out of the corner. Don't look back, there's nothing behind you but the past.*

***We've got a wild ride ahead.***

Let's agree on some ground rules right now. The rules are that there are no rules. And that you make all the rules. Make them and break them and change them at will. Actually, the only rule is that YOU are the rule. The ground is still the ground. The sky is still the sky. But the limits have been lifted.

***You are free.***

No more playing small, lover. [Stop tucking away your brilliance](#) into the pockets of that oversized cloak. You're no shrinking violet. I know it and you know it. If they all stopped for long enough to look below your surface the world would know it. Don't let anyone convince you otherwise. They might try; it's easier for them if we don't do this.

***We're not interested in easy.***

That slow fade into nothingness? Pale pastels and safe choices? Quiet corners and predictable lives? Stagnant comfortable sameness? Your life story written by those who have a vested interest in keeping you small? Not now. Not you. Not tonight.

***We've got places to go.***

Take a deep breath. Feel that fire burning deep within you? You'd almost forgotten it was there, hadn't you, love? You've

been holding it down all this time, stuffing out the flame.

Tonight we stir things up. Rekindle the dying embers until the sparks catch and your belly warms. Let the light spread outward until your toes tingle and hips twitch. Feel that smirk start to curve your lips? Sense that new strut in your step? Good, you're almost ready.

Now ground your feet to the earth, raise your arms to the heavens and release that goddess fire in a roar that brings down walls and shatters glass. Let's get messy.

***There's no need to keep things tidy tonight.***

Hop in the car with me. I've already got the top down for you. The music is blaring. Some deep voiced seductress is signing your freedom song. There's no speed limit where we're headed. Our hair can tangle medusa crazy in the wind. Tonight we're going off the beaten track. And you are in the driver's seat.

No, I'm not talking about some out-there wilderness. We don't need the inhospitable desert or the mountain switchbacks or the backwoods country roads. Fuck the map and the GPS. You know the way. You always have. Tonight we're heading straight into the uncharted terrain of you.

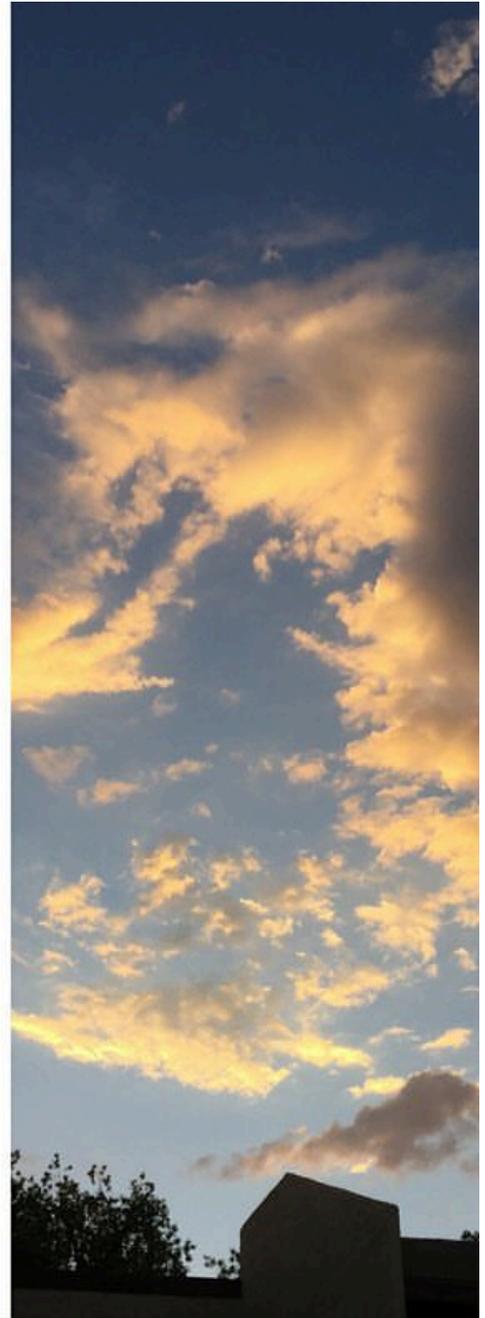
***Into The Wild.***

Forget what they told you. You are love child of a passionate affair between goddess and universe. You were born of a steamy forbidden heat and you were made for the cyclone of unadulterated wholeness. You are a daughter of delight. You are the unconstrained mother of all. A fierce warrior. A wicked priestess. Your roots twist into this earth. Your spirit rises in glorious asana. You let loose with the howl of the wilderness you've held tight all these years.

***You are wild. Untethered. Gloriously free.***

This is what it is to be brilliantly,  
achingly alive. Alive in the  
shatter. Alive in the empty.  
Alive under that 3am moon -  
the one who holds all the  
answers and yet won't answer  
a single question. This is what it  
is to belong to things we  
cannot possibly understand.  
This is what it is to trust in the  
terrifying wisdom of our own  
becoming.

**JEANETTE LEBLANC**



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Photo: [peacelovefree.com](http://peacelovefree.com)

# Forget what they told you.

You are the love child of a passionate affair between goddess and universe. You were born of a steamy forbidden heat and you were made for the cyclone of unadulterated wholeness. You are a daughter of delight. You are the unconstrained mother of all. A fierce warrior. A wicked priestess. Your roots twist into this earth. Your spirit rises in glorious asana. You let loose with the howl of the wilderness you've held tight all these years.

You are wild. Untethered.  
Gloriously free.

[peacelovefree.com](http://peacelovefree.com)

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See that little dive bar up ahead? It's got a neon sign that flashes 'Open. Open. Open' – keeping exact time with blood's rough pulse through your veins. Pull off the road. Hear the hard crunch of gravel beneath the wheels. Feel the pounding of the bass in your chest. Throw open the door. There's a dance floor straight ahead and a disco ball spinning light in all directions. The room awaits your spiral hips. Your electric pulse. Your restless, uninhibited limbs.

***It has always waited for you.***

Make a quick stop at the bar. Feel the whisky burn a path down your throat and heat you from the inside out. Slam down your glass on the weathered wood and laugh out loud. Let the beat

of the music call forth the rhythm of your soul. Know you are being observed. Closely. Watched by the voyeurs and the vicarious and those who have already entered their own wilderness. [All eyes are on you.](#)

Taste the freedom. Revel in the attention. Gather it all to you and welcome it home. Feel the lust and the respect and the waves of divinity connecting you to everyone here. Lay claim to sex and sensuality. Experience deeply your duality and autonomy. Find the ecstasy that lies at the intersection of all that has been and all that will be. All of this exists on that dance floor, just as it does the space between your ribs that your heart calls home.

### ***Right in the wild of you.***

You'll dance the way you've always danced when the audience was gone. For hours. Under the staccato lights and the pounding beat and the primal drive of reckless heat. You are rhythm rediscovered. You are sweat's salt sheen. You are tangled hair and smeared eyeliner. You've stopped caring what anyone thinks. You've gotten a little louder. A little more brazen. A whole lot more of who you've always known you were.

When you're done here, you'll know you're done. [And you'll go.](#) Straight cut, easy exit. In the wild nobody will try to convince you to stay. Here, when your heart says leave you answer it by leaving. In the wild of you there is only one voice, and she speaks in the tune of you.

You are fully ready now. Embrace the disorderly conductivity that flows like lifeblood through the heart and root and white hot heat of you. Forget the car. We'll do the rest on foot. The terrain has gotten deeper. Darker. Less hospitable to those looking for an easy pass to the next destination. There are no roads. The only path is the one you create.

## ***The journey is everything.***

But do not fear. You won't need a map. Your heart is your compass. The stars light your way. You have the key to every door. You will be tired and raw and ache with the depth of discovered truth. You will be irrevocably changed. You may not recognise yourself by morning, but you will always be granted safe passage.

There are deep, gaping chasms. Intimidating tangles of bramble and brush. The unknown eyes of other wild creatures glowing at you from beyond the darkest dark. You'll go in circles here, guaranteed. Looping into and out of yourself. You will come to know the sweet spiral of surrender, the lushness of the yield.

You will discover when to push forward, and when to stop completely. You will greet with delight the multitudes within you. The ones with pretty, acceptable faces and the ones you keep hidden from judgmental stares. You will be seduced by each one and make peace with them all.

## ***Every last one of your wild souls.***

The terrain is climbing now. Huge boulders lay before you. You'll need to use your entire body and mind to continue. But you will and you must and you do. You climb at precarious angles and across narrow peaks where your hold is so precarious that only the tenacity of your drive will keep you from falling. Climb until every muscle screams defeat and your gremlin mind calls persuasively for quitting.

And then you'll be there. At the summit. Where it all lays, spread out before you. Your life. Your stories. Your pretty, safe disguises. The most frightening places within. Your million breathtaking truths. The lies and the failures and the shame. Your triumphs and dreams. The wild, unconstrained wholeness of you.

By the light of a glorious full moon you will see that all the

walls you ever built were imaginary. Made of nothing but air. And you can soar over them all right now if you choose. Here in the wild your power is infinite.

***Always, your power is infinite.***

One more time now, from the top of your world. Arms to heavens, head thrown back. Let your eyes reflect the light of the cosmos. Let your wild spirit free. Howl from the depth and root and heat of you. Roar with the desire and desperation and power of you. Scream the demons and the passion and the very core of wild magic within. Let it all go and call it all home.

I will leave you now. Don't worry, you didn't ever really need me. I am but a guide. I can be called back at anytime, because I am in you. Because I am you. Because you are the wild. Because the wild is you. Because you had the courage to take this journey.

***Into the wild.***

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl recommends \*Wild and Free: A Hope-Filled Anthem for the Woman Who Feels She is Both Too Much and Never Enough\*](#)<sup>x</sup>.

**UNLEASH**

**Up & Coming With Jeanette:**



Do you long for a sacred circle of others drawn to the bittersweet mystery and aching beauty and the story of things?

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**#INTOTHEWILD**