

A 2017 Blessing To Be Wild & Free – A Letter To The Goddess Within Me

By Angela Felzmann

I bid farewell to 2016, year of the number nine. The lessons I learned were in acceptance, grieving and bidding farewell to those things that no longer serve me. I release you to the universe and welcome in continued growth, and wish all things well for 2017, year of the number one. May we all be gifted with renewal, strength and insight.

To my inner goddess, go wildly, with passion and freedom into this world of light that comes.

Dear me,

I have not written to you, noticed you or acknowledged you for a very, very, long time. Twenty some odd years at least and the last words were not kind or generous or loving. So today, I come, with renewed perspective, a different representation of what was so long ago. To the here and the now. To the present, the foremost and the important. To you, to me, I write to comfort and sooth and welcome you home. Listen to me now...your incantation is calling.

Come close to me, you freed soul. A new dawn begins. The storm is clearing. Curses have been lifted. Spells and krafts of goodness and might cast about. The Priestess she beckons and the Goddess she waits. The dragons have protected. The gargoyles have guarded. The wizards riding free and the fairies dance in the open, earthy air. They all wait for you and remain forever... on your journey, always keeping lookout... but travel over, above, beside and with you now. Safekeeping for always and always in good company, your creatures will

keep you safe. In the skies, on the lands, in the waters, buried deep within the sand. Guard, protect... for you to be. Fallen no more.

Anchors released, rise and rise and rise to the heavens for your breath. The shackles are gone. Tethered no longer. The imprisoned set free, your body is free. Movement. Feeling. Free. Breathe deep the relief. Breathe deep the glory. Breathe in the triumph. Breathe yourself to life, to live. Breathe. Free.

No more to be hidden. No more to fear. Pain subsiding. The hurt dissipates. The self begins to regenerate.

Ready to go.

Ready to move.

Ready to be soar.

Ready to explore the adventures that await.

Your heart once shattered, has gathered in the broken. Thump, it beats. Weakened. Fragile. Damaged. Thump. Thump. Your heart sustained. It needs healing. Thump! Electrified. Your heart, it pounds once again. Jagged pieces fit. Together at last. Imperfect.

The nine, it comes to clear the path. The path to a field, overflowing with wild flowers. Abundance. And colors. And fresh. And natural beauty.

The nine, it comes to cleanse. The scattered, the strewn, the unreasonable, and the impossible. The ghosts of the past and the struggles and the chaos. Renewed. Rebirthed. Unscathed. Assured. Knowing and pure. The raw.

The nine, it comes to awaken. Shake off your slumber. Propel ahead. Onwards. Upwards. Forwards. Powerful and strong. Mayhem has been defeated. And in the quiet of the battle, freedom reigns.

Surrender yourself to begin again. Wiser. Braver. Insightful. Humbled. Honest and true. Open yourself to accept. To invite in. The good, the hope, the light. In mind, body, spirit and soul. Embrace the new. The unknown. The challenge. The risk. And venture forth. Boldly. In Trust.

Claim your being. Your existence. Own your mystery and exert your sultry. Ignite your passion with all that compels you. Let it draw you out. It is who you are, what you stand for. Let it escape and smolder. In you, from you, through you. Embody your virtue and value. Find your voice and preach it loudly. Proudly. Speak your truths. Hold steadfast and true. Proceed with caution. Seek shelter when needed. Remain open to possibility and for chance in life, to live and be free.

This I gift to you, love from me. To you. My wild heart. Goddess within. Blessed be.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Tears to Triumph: The Spiritual Journey from Suffering to Enlightenment](#).

woman, this is your year to.

this is your year to be blessed by everything you hate,
to shift from suffering to the ecstasy of ache.

this is your year to no longer be who you were,
to rise from the embers, to be guided by her.

this is your year to be carried by grace,
to the path outside the matrix, away from the race.

this is your year to be the clear-visioned goddess,
to bare the heaviness of crown, a sacred promise.

this is your year to live the life of your dreams,
to heal, to witness, to be the one who queens.

this is your year to forever change all the rest,
to untame, to shift, to lead and live blessed.

-tanya markul

#HAPPYNEWYEAR

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