

Cracking Through My Personal Bullshit – You Don't Have To Be Perfect, To Be Loved

By Kate Joyner

And then it came time to crack through my own bullshit, the procrastination, the inner crusher, the judge and the self limiting beliefs that I inherited through a line of Blood that had to play safe to live and be loved.

It came time to smash down the wall that has kept me from doing what I came here to do, with nothing else but my bare claws and the might of my own will, that after years of being reduced to smoldering ash, was ready to ignite once again in a burning fury.

The force of the primal feminine, that had churned silently in my solar plexus, could not be kept in anymore. She needed to crack through. Dirty, wild, unworried about how she looked in the glory of her forthcoming. Her force so powerful, she feared her own revelation. Her time in the underground was not in vain. Down there she gathered her strength in the stillness.

And then it came time. Time for her to utter the blood dripping prayer of her soul. May they see the blood and guts its taken to get here. May they know that every last piece of skin has been torn from me to arrive. May they see that I've been broken and scared in fighting the demons of my own betrayal.

When I come through, frothing at the mouth, blood shot eyes, wired unbrushed hair, torn dress, no shoes and dirty finger nails, may the world see what it has taken to free myself

from the chains of a system that tried to destroy everything that I am.

I'm done with hiding, because the illusion that to give your gift, you have to have it all sorted, is not in my paradigm. It's from the raw vulnerability of the fight and defeat that I offer myself to you, on a silver lined plate, so that you too can see that its from the oozing puss-ing crack that that magic happens.

I'm done not speaking what I believe because it makes others uncomfortable. I am a soul, I've come here to live the life that was mine to live. All my life I have known there was something more than a world devoid of feeling.

Ever since I came from the stardust into my mother's womb, I've known that there was something other to inhabit. From the day I came down the birth canal, only to be delivered in a plastic box, that marked the lasting imprint of separation, that has cost me all of those precious moments of love and affection because I didn't know that was what life was about.

Now I do.

I know that life is about love, as I sit stroking the dead to the their death, I know that this is what life is about. Death. Life. Over and over again. Dying to the lie, to the ingrained insistence that to be strong is not to need, anything at all, not even from the ones who ushered you into this existence from their own unmet needs.

I'm done with that lie. Because now I see that the strongest thing you can do is love, let love in and let love out. This is my need. I need to love you. I need you to love me. I need this love to fill all of the empty places of my soul, where I was told that it's not ok to need. The places where I was told that love was confined to a bedroom or a toxic parent.

I'm done doubting what I know down at my core to be the earth laden truth of this existence.

I've come to love. Not the pretty fluffy pink kind of love, but the tear the wall paper on the wall and remember the trees kind of love. I need you. I need you to receive the magnitude of lust I have for this life because in your embrace we will create sweaty magic on moon lit nights where only the wolves match our howls. I need you to love me so I can crack down all the walls I've built up, that tell me I still don't need you, that I can do this alone. I can't. It's a lie. It's the biggest lie I've ever told myself. I need you. I'm not ashamed to need you.

Can you hold the gaze of my need? Can you bear the burden of it and not lose yourself?

Can you stand your ground and meet every last inch of your own self rejection in the face of the other, who just wants to remember love?

Can I do that for you?

I hope so, my love. I hope so. I pray on star lit nights to walk this journey with you. To be torn so open that we walk naked with blood dripping flesh through desert night skies, remembering in the silence the depth of the dream that has ushered us into this existence. That to live is to be ripped in pain, so sweet, that there is nothing left to feel that can shock you into hiding.

Don't talk to me about safe, because in the four walls we create for ourselves there will be a hell waiting to break loose and it's there that we will find each others love. Come burn with me, in the hell that is only ours to burn in. Let's meet and cradle each other back to this existence, knowing that you don't ever have to be perfect, to be loved.

Love me. Let me love you. Love me. Let me love you....

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

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