

This She-Wolf Is Learning To Shed The Shit & She's Letting You Go

By Hannah Lyles

Thank you for being the man in the dark room of my dreams. Your intrusions as the predator of the psyche shook me awake. Your force called the wild woman within.

(Are the people in our lives just lessons, just moments of time that teach us to shed the shit that cakes our muddy paws? Can a she-wolf find her mate and stop having nightmares?)

You showed me the killing room in my head, and I nearly threw away the key. Near death, I crawled my way out into the light.

And then, you came into my sleep. I held a baby – ours – and you turned your head away. On awakening, I wondered if I could survive the rejection. But now I know that I was being reborn and this meant everything.

Pleading for time, I gathered my strength for the first and final battle: letting you go.

The forbidden door was opened and the stench of starvation willed me to feed the soul cry. From the bones laid on the deathbed, the Bone Woman reconstructed me. I, a wild woman, rose from the ashes of sacrifice.

Now, I stalk the intruder back to his dark corner. And off, I run into the horizon, laughing, howling like a coyote.

Thank you.

Inspired by the book I just finished reading: [Women Who Run](#)

[with the Wolves](#), by Clarissa Pinkola Estés, Ph. D.

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