

Break Free, Wild Woman – A Cage Is Your Identity Only Until You Know Who You Are

BY SOPHIE JAMA

I'm so sick of living other people's lives. It seems a waste. I want freedom and I'm tired of being in a cage! (Of my own making.) I tired of thinking of others before me. I am tired of holding myself back from the edge – because of this cage, that keeps me composed, pretty, and nice. Fuck nice!

I want to be *free*.

My voice screams silently. From generations of repressed pain of women who remained silent, even after rape of mind and body.

And then comes men. When there are men around who are handsome, I find myself caught in wanting to prove that I am more than a pretty face, but that I am smart, too. The polish comes on...

I just want to be myself. Nothing more.

My true nature struggles to be free. Even now, I ask myself what is freedom? I know that I don't want to be nice. To smile at strangers because of habit, my lips pulled apart before I even think.

A cage is the identity we put upon ourselves, or that others throw at us before we know who we are. This cage is mightier than a bird's cage – it's prettier and made of steel. Composed.

Another prison, as I grew into puberty, my body – in that middle world between child and adult. *Shushed*. This must have

been how my lips looked to others. Actually, there were more cages as time went on. None of them my own. I see that now.

I was the mature one, when that "uncle" stayed too long in my home. I hid my simmering thoughts and smeared my lips with red and a smiles instead. I sat demurely, my ankles crossed, and forked down the filth and lies that I did not like.

Bite after bite I swallowed until one day, I gagged and felt the long fingers of fear grip my throat tighter, until I breathed into the silence.

That's when the Wild Woman started to bang on the steel cage.

She banged on anything she could touch. She banged on her chest. Her feet climbed up the cage in rage. She felt energy curl in her belly. Enough! She let her hair grow long and wiry. Black wildness growing out and unruly. This woman was not *nice* and she spoke up loudly. Enough!

This woman was not composed all the time and she was not afraid of her feelings.

She allowed herself to be scared, to be deserving of the Light, to be angry and rage when it was appropriate, and to acknowledge when she did not know the answers. This brought her great freedom, and it was then that the cage she and others built around her disappeared. She was finally free and she lived happily ever after.

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

Sip a little more:

***Power Is Saying: I Do Not Seek Your Blessing And
I Don't Need Your Permission***

May all that is unforgiven in you Be
released. May your fears yield their
deepest tranquillities. May all that is
unlived in you blossom into a future
graced with love.

J o h n O ' D o n a h u e

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