

Ordain Yourself High Priestess Of Your Being & Claim Your Bewitching Destiny

[BY MICHELE MEKEL](#)

Sibylline Daughter, Claim Your Destiny

Dear Holy One,

Do you hear the winds whispering your divine name, as they rustle through the barren boughs of the standing tall?

Do you spy the raven atop the weather-worn fence post casting a knowing glance in your direction, as it recognizes your special alchemy?

Yes, you. You with crystal bracelets stacked from wrist to forearm. You with playing cards tucked into your hat band. The Great Mystery awaits. It's ready to show you that your scars make you beautiful, that your failures make you wise, and that all your perfect imperfections make you the real magic of this realm.

Simply ordain yourself High Priestess of Your Being, and stride purposely through the veil to your bewitching destiny.

. . . .

The Reader

*Hecate beckons
from the medial crossroads,
where flesh convenes with spirits.*

*A chosen daughter,
a sibyl in her service,
steps forth from the shadows.*

*Through the mystery,
from tarot cards and silver charms,
the Oracle flows.*

*Prophesy kissed,
these lips bear words and witness
to fates and futures foretold.*

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

Sip a little more:

An Invitation To Witches And Wolf Women



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