

You're Not Just A Mess Or Just A Woman – You're A Force Of Nature

BY SARAH L. HARVEY

You forgot, didn't you?
You're not just a mess.
You're not just a woman barely holding it together while
muttering curses under your breath. You're not just
heartbroken, sad, tired, or lost.
You're a force of nature
Gathering strength like a cyclone
Your hair in tangles
Emotions coming in gusts
Dragons panting from the fire of your breath
Falcons diving at a thousand miles an hour
When you shake your hips
As the past peels off
As you dive deeper, deeper
And face it all
The gritty pearls of this life—
The pain
The horror
The loves lost
The loves gone terribly wrong
The pain, yes, the pain
The pain you inflicted on your Self because you didn't
remember.
Because you thought you were worthless
Because you didn't know you deserved plushness and nectar
Because you forgot.
But you remember now, and that changes everything.
The pain was just your initiation.
It was dipping your toes in the exquisite salt waters of your

becoming.

There is a pulse, a song

You've been dancing to

Writing his whole time

And it's not small.

It's glittering, it's grandiose, it's soaked in truth and
seeded in stars

Your rising is imminent

It is written in stone

Your rising was guaranteed by the fire you kept alive

Even when you didn't know that's what you were doing.

Because you remember now.

You remember dancing naked

You remember flying

You remember hearing the whispered secrets of trees

You remember taking the ache and making it into gold

You remember kissing plants and pressing herbs to your skin.

You remember the shiver of divine knowledge swirling in the
palms of your hands like fragrant oils

What makes you powerful

Is that you know you know

Now.

And your vow to the heart of the earth, to the sublime green
of the grass, to your Self

Is

Not to forget anymore.

You're a witch

A wild woman

Maybe they've called you a bitch

Crazy for knowing that you know; for feeling what you feel.

You're a radical woman.

You're medicine.

You're so potent, honey, and that was always true.

You're a phoenix.

A healer.

A destroyer, because you're a creator.

You're a wise woman.

You're made of prayers and stitched of earthly power.
You give birth in the blink of your eyes when no one is
looking.
You've kissed Kali and died to shed your skin a thousand
times.
You're
A priestess.
A queen.
A mother.
A mermaid.
A wisdom keeper.
A warrior.
A lover.
An alchemist.
And a poet.
All you need to do
Is dip your head back
And let the nectar of the cosmos spill into you
As it's done a thousand times before
Your bones remember
Your blood remembers
What it is to taste of the earth and smell of the sky
What it is to slink your body like a snake
And divine the fate of nations with your dance
What it is to feel, to taste, to breathe, to be so acutely
alive.
You are ancient
Wise, supple and wild—
You are meant to flood the back of horses with your long hair
and naked body
Galloping into the forest
As you listen carefully
To the hushed pulse of the river
The crescendos of the trees
The stillness of the meadows
The sweet songs of the fairies
You remember.

And you remember your sisters, as well.
Stand with them.
They surround you, in a circle
With candles
And support as plush as velvet
And tears that shimmer under the light of the full moon
Because it feels so belligerently good
And you come home to the earth
To your luscious body
To each other
To the magic pressed inside you since forever.
The very human magic we all are.
Because you don't need to hide anymore.
Your magic is free,
You are free.
You stand tall now, aligned with your power, aligned with the
earth.
And that changes everything.
You feel it—
Do you not?
This fresh, dewy emerging.
This boisterous birth.
The way we are waking up, together.
In yawns, whispers, moans and howls
So take your first free breath in centuries
It is safe
Take your first free step
You are beholden
Only to the rhythm of the earth
And the wisdom that crashes inside.
Let no other lord over you.
“Because now she remembers,” the sky pours out to you in poems
lined with sapphire arms.
Let it be a declaration—
It echoes all over your skin.
It used to taste like pain
Now it tastes like the salt and blood of wisdom.

It tastes like rising.

Yes.

It is the prayer that resounds on the lips of the earth—

“Because now she remembers.”

Let it be a declaration

That shakes the trees

That vibrates through every blade of grass

And every pain

And every tear

And every hope

As it echoes and echoes

And makes the fragile places you inside weep with pure joy.

You are home.

“Because now she remembers.”

Let it be the mantra of the Great Mother.

Let it be the fire

The truth

The love

That drips into the cracks and crevices of everything

At the tenderest

Light

Of

Dawn.

You are home.

You are free.

Your magic

Is

Alive

Again.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [52 Ways to Live a Kick-Ass Life: BS-Free Wisdom to Ignite Your Inner Badass and Live the Life You Deserve](#) .

Sip a little more:

*Courage Is Born When You Have No Hard Goal To
Become "Someone Else"*

*Do The Good Work – See Your Patterns & Be
Courageous Enough To Break Them*

Be brave.

Go for your heart's innermost
desire. Unleash it into the world. By
doing so you unveil the most
needed treasure for the multitudes
who's hearts beat through the same
desire system. Each beat is a prayer.

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