

# The Waxing Of Me – Feeling My Spirit Rise With The Moon

[BY LEAHANNE WOODS SMITH](#)

As the moon goes crescent again, waxing again towards full, I feel my spirit rising to the occasion of now.

Now, at forty-three years in this incarnation, I do not get handed all sorts of options. I do not get given suggestions from friends who are watching me with glee as in earlier years. I look around. I feel the quiet expansion I have made before me.

***I'm this space I know, and I really know that it is all up to me. My life is in my own hands. I am the artist of my own spirit. I am the Shaman. It is up to me to guide myself, to direct my journey in the way that best suits my purpose; my true desires.***

Now I filter through as best as I can without a roadmap. I feel depths of my truth that I was not able or willing to get to in earlier years. I face myself in my dark places. I witness more honestly than ever. I see what I need, what I need to incorporate, what I need to change, to make right, and to rid of.

I see that the ones who have come into my life are my teachers in a bigger way than I've ever seen. Though I've always cherished my people, I've never seen them so clearly as the Goddesses and Gods that they are now that I am bowing to their

teachings; to their being, to the gift that they are to me. I have opened my eyes truly now. It is through this pain of the dissolving ego that I can see. I am SO grateful!

I know what I need, and ask for it now. My teachers do not advertise that they are teachers, nor do they analyze me or tantalize me to their doorstep. I have to know. I have to ask. I have to pay.

Then, I am off to the trails again, alone, to bring what I've gathered for myself into my journey. It is non-stop travel. The journey does not wait for me to be ready. A nice seat does not await me to arrive. The vision is mine only, and I must drive it.

The white horse carriage has vanished. I believe that it was an illusion all along. I clung to things of my psyche, of society, hid behind norms that did not fit my actuality. I was not ready then to bring myself out into the light.

***It is through my darkness that I have found my light.***

I have increased respect for my heart. I have finally listened to my heart and it told me that it needed to live. I began stepping out, doing, feeling, saying more. I got more. It has felt good. This has extended unto me the knowing to keep going. This action has taken me to other actions until I feel my intuition's guidance. I feel more real, more clear, and more alive. Therefore I will keep going.

Though I appear and feel more discombobulated than ever before, I feel better than I ever have. For ridding myself of the blanketing ego is freeing me into life.

As this moon turns full once more, so will I. We will continue these cycles together for an undetermined amount of time. I

rest in her crescent image for I am satisfied with the ever-changing alignment of this dream.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Desire Map: A Guide to Creating Goals with Soul](#) .

*Sip a little more:*

***I Hereby Free My Voice From Fear & Let  
My Soul Truth Be Heard***

***(I Am A Queen) & I Hope All Women Find  
Their Heaven On Earth***

MOON LOVE

She held the moon  
the way  
she held her own  
heart,  
as if it was the only  
light that could guide  
her through the  
darkest nights.

-Chrissie Pinney

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