

I Am A Woman – F*cking Unruly, Surprising & Medicinal

[BY SARAH L. HARVEY](#)

I am a woman, she says.

The ancient sands themselves have written upon me

I am the mystery, she whispers.

I am the sorrow, the hope, the madness, and the joy.

I am the chaos, the complete and utter down-and-out despair.

I am the breakdown, the anger, the ache, the agony, and the
sweet warmth of a kiss shared between young lovers.

No

Thing

Is too big

For the softness

Of my lap.

I am all of it, she says –

I am the dirt and the disaster and the prayers you thought
were never heard.

I am the hot gusts of long-needed transformation.

I am all the darkness in the world.

The empty, lonely hollow bones that just want to just give up.

I am the profane, the irresistible, the seductive.

And I am all of the light, the magic, the celebration, the
laughter, the innocence, and the purity.

Dark

Braided

With

Light

I am

Both.

All of it.

Everything.

I am the flame
And the extinguishing.
I am the sparkle and the sweat.
The grit and the glitter
Nothing is too big
For the softness of my lap.
For that is how much, how deeply, how broadly I love, she
says.
I will love you when you are ravaged and writhing.
And I will love when you are rising,
When you are plump with content.
It is all the same to me.
Because I see you
I have seen you, always.
Because I am a woman, she says.
I am
Nature.
The destroyer, the creator, the mother.
I am a woman, she says.
I am not this feeble creature.
I am the funeral of your pain.
I am the strength you'll only ever find in the bleakest
moments.
I am the love that pulls you through everything.
I am a woman.
I am fucking unruly and surprising.
I am quiet.
Nothing
Is too big
For the softness
Of my lap.
No pain, no patriarchy, no sickness, no fear, no apathy, no
disbelief
May it all rest on me,
For I will not hold it
It will dissolve
Through the fire of my frenzied breath

Like honey into holy water
And even the bitterness
Will be seen
And heard
And honored so gently that
Even the bitterness
Becomes
Sweet.
Through the smoke of transmutation
I create
With the
Wild-tongued dance of my body.
Because I am a woman, she says.
I am alchemy.
I am what holds the world together.
I am powerful
Because I know who I am.
I am a woman, she says, howling now.
And no one
Can take that
From me
Anymore.
Because I remember
The truth
The mystic, cosmic budding truth
The raw, fleshy earth
Of what being a woman is
I swim in the depths
I bask in the light.
I wear dirt all over my body
And delight in it all.
For I am the stormy sky and the faintest streak of sun.
I am the tornado and the rainbow.
I am the wound and the healing
The shocked sting of betrayal and the first drops of
forgiveness.
I am both, she says.

Lest you not cast me into any category
Ever again.
Because I am a woman, she says
I drip with magic
I shake with truth
That leaves my lips like a thick sap.
And I seep with venom, too
Because sometimes
The poison that was placed inside of us
Becomes not poison anymore
But power, beauty, love, and serenity
And I am woman, she says –
Nothing is too big
For the softness
Of my lap.
I am a woman, she says –
Do not turn away from me, for
I
Am
The
Medicine.

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:

***Beginning After The End – Fire Medicine
Of The Snake Woman***

Love Is The First Medicine, He Told Me

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.

Leahanne Woods Smith

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