

# Wild Woman – How Do You Help Others If You Don't Heal Yourself?

[BY IVY LAINE](#)

Last summer, on our final hike of the year to our favorite spot, the Goddess spoke to me. The visions are still there, in my mind, as fresh as that late summer day.

I find myself beneath the mighty rock once more. The very body of the mother. Her cavernous opening, gaping wide to welcome me inside. The water that flows down, her life's blood, whisked away to nourish all the earth. The din of the water as it falls, drowning out the voices of those who've come to see, but don't understand how profound this place truly is.

***Here, within the protective embrace of the mother, I feel whole, protected. The power of the Wild Woman within me howling for release.***

Upon this monstrous rock, I feel the energy, pulsing through me. She welcomes me to sit, to be, to drink in the majesty that is she. Were I to stay here all my days, nothing would make me happier.

From the moment I stepped upon the trail to bring me to this place, I felt the pull deep within my womb. Today, I am meant to be here. To sink my toes into the mud, to dig my fingers into her skin. The mother called me and the crone in me answered. To drink the wisdom that can only come from She that is all.

The rushing water, lulling me into meditation. It comes almost as easy as the breath that flows into my lungs, feeding my body and soul with life-giving oxygen. Out here, in her mighty womb, I am free.

She cleanses me with her breath and her blood. She empowers me with every drop of her blood upon the wind and brought to my parched skin.

Those around me fade away into nothingness. It is just She and me. She whispers truths on the wind for my ears only. It touches my face and warms the air.

I long to stay within her embrace. Here, I am whole. Here, the complexities of the world melt away. Here, the Wild Woman roars to life. Speaking truths that the ego-self will not when it is in control. I'm stripped bare of all thoughts and notions that do not serve my greater good. The smallest wounds ripped open, let bleed, then stitched closed by her gentle caress.

I care not that those who have faded from my reality, for the moment, may see my tear-stained cheeks. This is the Wild Woman, healing her wounds and the wounds of her sisters.

***The most important of work for a Wild Woman who has taken the role of a healer. For how do I help others heal if I am not healed myself?***

My name, whispered on the breeze, rouses me from the trance. As my eyes flutter open, I am lighter, more at peace.

A whispered thank you, carried on the wind, reaches her. I am grateful. For this place. The wisdom brought to me. Even for the pain that existed only a moment ago. To be stronger for

the women who seek me out is a true gift.

As I leave my offering to her, a single leaf falls upon my hair. Yet another gift from the divine.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

***Sip a little more:***

***Wild Woman, That Howl In The Night Is Singing  
You Home***

***Awaken, Woman & Set Your Wild Warrior Free!***

"Can you find my  
storm-soaked soul  
My roar  
My wind  
As it follows you down a path  
where we have never been"

MAURA COYNE

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