

You Were Hunting For The Darkness, In Search Of The Self

[BY INA GJATA](#)

There are dark nights, especially dark nights when every whisper of the wind or of some tired standing object feels like a threat to the yet naive intuitive psyche. Of course, fear and suspicion come hunting for you like knights of darkness. They remind you of those lost parts of the universe, which are your parts, too.

And sure, you hate fear and suspicion. You want the full light and mastering of your dark. You want someone to love you and only you. And to search for you like a desert rose. Not as an oasis, because people *need* the oasis, but *love* the rose.

But these moments remind you that the fight is not over. They remind you that the rose still needs to be found, within.

“When will it be over?” you ask naively.

There is no answer. Just darkness that keeps coming over you. But still, the wise woman inside you knows something more, something she doesn’t tell just yet.

“There have been so many dark nights,” you think.

“Aren’t you stronger because of them?” something whispers.

“Yes,” you think. “Haven’t they shown you more truth than those shiny days when all was pretending to be safe and perfect?”

. . .

And in so much darkness and black smoke only those gifted with

sight can see, in the middle and end of the abyss, a great mirror was shining. And there you go. You find great clarity exactly when you thought you were losing it all. Exactly when you were thinking, you were only darkness and fear and suspicion. But you weren't.

You were always the light. A light so strong, she got to the end of the abyss by hunting it herself. You plugged the abyss by yourself and you naively thought, it was the abyss hunting for you and bringing you down. No!

You were hunting for the darkness all this time, so you would find your answers. You would find real strength and truth. So you did. You were the lion and the wolf and the dragon but sometimes you needed to be the deer, too. So you could understand, not always hunt. So you could naively dance and explore the forest without thinking of the predator.

Inside the philosophy of the self lies the dance of light and darkness, of contentment and emptiness.

They both wildly need each other. The bridge between them is the need to understand, so we build questions. And these questions often lie as unresolved mysteries, as burdens, as black smoke. *Why am I here? Who am I? What is right and what it is wrong?*

There is not only insecurity and loss in these questions, but there is also light and fundamental truth too.

For me, truth lies in the moon and in the sun and inside every soul. But we have got to dig to discover it. You have to touch the fire to understand it burns.

The stars have built great bridges for us, inside us, we just have to walk them.

Photo by [Riccardo Mion](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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

Sip a little more:

***Her Name Is Not Lilith & She Is The Goddess Of
The Wild***

The Light And Darkness Within The Twin Flames

The Regressive Hypnosis As A Hymn To The Self

"Speak your bone truth. Discover
the root of your endless
compassion. Un-learn lessons that
have kept your heart on lockdown.
Embrace what you need. Discard
what does not serve. Bless your
tender kneecaps. Bless your holy
longing. Bless your wild soul."

J E A N E T T E L E B L A N C

Bless Your Holy Longing — A Love Letter To Women In Transition

THEURBANHOWL.COM



#SELFDISCOVERY

HOWL WITH US

ON [FACEBOOK](#), [INSTAGRAM](#), [TWITTER](#) & [PINTEREST](#).

SHARE THE MAGIC: