

What Spirit Animal Would Your Vag Be?

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Last week I went to a women's circle in Medellin, Colombia. If you don't know what a women's circle is, it's where a group of women come together, sit in a circle, and talk about their shit (not literally).

It's a judgment-free zone and you can say whatever you like. Literally, you can ramble on about whatever pops into your head. Nobody can interrupt or respond, and so for me, it's a glorious opportunity to do the thing I love the most: talk about myself.

Joking aside, it's actually a really powerful thing to be a part of. I'm yet to complete a women's circle without weeping like a tiny baby, and when they're over I feel like a better, stronger, and happier human. In women's circles I've shared secrets, admitted fears, and come to huge realisations, and getting all that stuff off my ample chest has made my life extra brilliant.

Last week's circle was held by my mate Jessica. Not only is she a super-hot babe who I drool over on the daily, but she's also proper brilliant and powerful. She has this way about her that makes you feel safe, empowered, and like your funny bone might just burst into flames all at the same time. Basically, she's a cool bish.

When we met up a couple of days before the women's circle to drink matcha and gossip, Jessica regaled me with a story that I instantly knew I needed to share. It was about a women's

circle she went to that was a little more intimate than the one I attended last week. Spoiler alert: they all got their pussies out.

Here is Jessica's Story in Her own Brilliant Words

"Before we come back from our tea break, make sure you go to the washroom and check that there's no toilet paper stuck in the lips of your vagina!" A nervous giggle waved throughout the room.

I attended the yoni workshop spontaneously after a friend of mine had purchased her ticket but decided last minute that it was not something she was prepared to step into. When she offered me her space for free, I read in the description that we would have a chance to put our pussies on display and receive a spirit animal for them. I happily accepted.

So there I sat, after our tea break, feeling both totally psyched to see all of the vaginas in the room and deeply awkward to reveal mine.

We'd already introduced ourselves and spoke about why we were there, we had made a list of all the names used to describe our lady parts, and we had even privately gazed at our own cunts in the mirror and had drawn them. Our wise and soft-spoken facilitator had a background in tantra and she

beautifully held space for us to feel comfortable in our bodies and in the group.

But nothing could really prepare us for the hardcore act of spreading eagle to allow 11 women to lay their eyes on our genitals. Not to mention the fact that we were going to be downloaded a vaginal spirit animal and one of the options was the buffalo. When I heard that, I nearly choked on my tongue. I prayed to every goddess that my punani was not a buffalo. Let me be the fox or I wouldn't even mind the antelope. But please, let it be anything but the buffalo.

A brave woman volunteered to go first. Legs spread wide, smile on her face, beautiful fanny. After some discussion of her general wetness, smell and temperature, she received her spirit animal: Dancing Woman. I made a mental note to research how the hell Dancing Woman made the cut as a spirit animal.

And so we went around the circle, woman after woman, each showing the gem between our legs. Each woman so unique, so different from the one before, so undeniably gorgeous.

And then it was my turn. I pulled up my skirt and looked down to notice a piece of toilet paper stuck right in the spot where I had been instructed to tidy up after the tea break. I embarrassingly exhaled 'fuck', removed the toilet paper with absolutely zero ability to be discreet (as all eyes were already on me), sucked up my pride and use the tips of my fingers to expose all.

As the gentle breeze hit the inner space of my vulva, a wind of liberation washed over me. This isn't as scary as I thought. Then I realized that I was in the dark, so I peeled one eye open to look at the women around me. The softness of their faces offered me the deepest sense of acceptance that I could ever ask for. They told me I was beautiful and I melted in the palpable embrace of sisterhood.

Then, I was quickly brought back earth and to my fear of the

buffalo. We broke down the attributes of my box, and the facilitator started humming and hawing over the various animals that my dear vajayjay could potentially be related with. Sweat slid down my back for what felt like an hour of holding open my pussy doors, waiting for her to be blessed with her spirit animal.

And at last, she was anointed: the sheep. I'll take it. Bahhh."

What spirit animal would your vag be? Right now, I reckon mine's a porcupine. Fuck sake.

Want to go to a Women's Retreat in Peru?

Jessica is running a women's retreat in Peru's Sacred Valley July 27th – August 3rd 2019 and I really think you should go. We promise you don't have to show your pussy to anyone if you do choose to attend. You can find more information about the Peru women's retreat [here](#). And, if you want to attend a women's circle in Medellin or if you want to join me in gazing at Jessica's inner/outer beauty, find her on Instagram [here](#).

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Sacred Woman: A Guide to Healing the Feminine Body, Mind, and Spirit](#).

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