

Woman Rewilding, Build Your Sacred Temple

[BY MEGAN GOGOLL](#)

Do you want to know of the wiry lines that connect a heart and brain together?

Do you want to know of the ferocious courage that bridges a voice from chaotic depths to reclamation?

I cower and curl with the delightfully mad rhythms of my soul, and work and weave the splendour of language through my fingertips.

I cry in the womb of the wolf and place tender petals on her eyes.

Her fur becomes my shredded warmth and we roam over crackling spent snakeskin.

I fire up a tornado of cloud and consciousness as I ride home on the bus.

My own urban warfare.

How do I thrive in this tamed, tied down silence?

When all I feel is blood-curdling screams of prophetic freedom.

How does the fierce one born from muddy gutters and guttural truths stop sprinting, to trudge.

I want bloodied barefoot wandering and sorrowful but necessary lovemaking.

I want nothing to do with these rules and edges and lines and form.

Conformity.

Conformity.

Conformity.

I spit this word out in chunks that taste like the ash of my grandmother before me.

Her wisdom and strength burned along with the matriarch.

Who is my idol now?

Where is our Joan of Arc?

Why were we taught to sacrifice our holy womanhood and ignore the life-giving blood that pours from our snatch?

It's all been snatched. Plug it up. Cut it out. Turn it off. Shut it down.

No more.

Do you want to see me rip apart the patriarchal peace and start a revolution?

Do you want to remember what it feels like to be a woman who honours her moon?

A priestess.

A feminine Goddess who knows her body and touches her spirit through it and moves with the waves and holds steadfast as a mountain.

I know you feel her.

You feel her in the protection of your child when you will cut throats to keep them safe.

You have no violence, yet you will adhere to bloody uprising if the cause is just.

You will shed yet another layer and pull even more Phoenix strands from your arsenal to fight for the ones you love. And stand for the future of the free.

Stand with me.

In words.

In art.

In love.

In action.

Inaction has got us on our knees,
mouths open wide for the dirty cocktail of the power hungry.

Wipe that pre cumulative from your lips and stretch your
glorious thighs upward.

Become the tree. Feel your roots.

They are in the ground of the ancient and rise up like the
sun.

Call upon divinity in circle.

Saunter in your knowledge.

Surrender to your womb.

Disassociate from the uniform.

Rebel against the rigid.

Break down the sour structures.

Build your sacred temple.

All the glorious wisdom lies within.

Woman rewilding.

***Megan's Heart Howl: Ink, to me, has always had the lingering
scent of hope, of promise; and so I bathe my soul in it daily.***

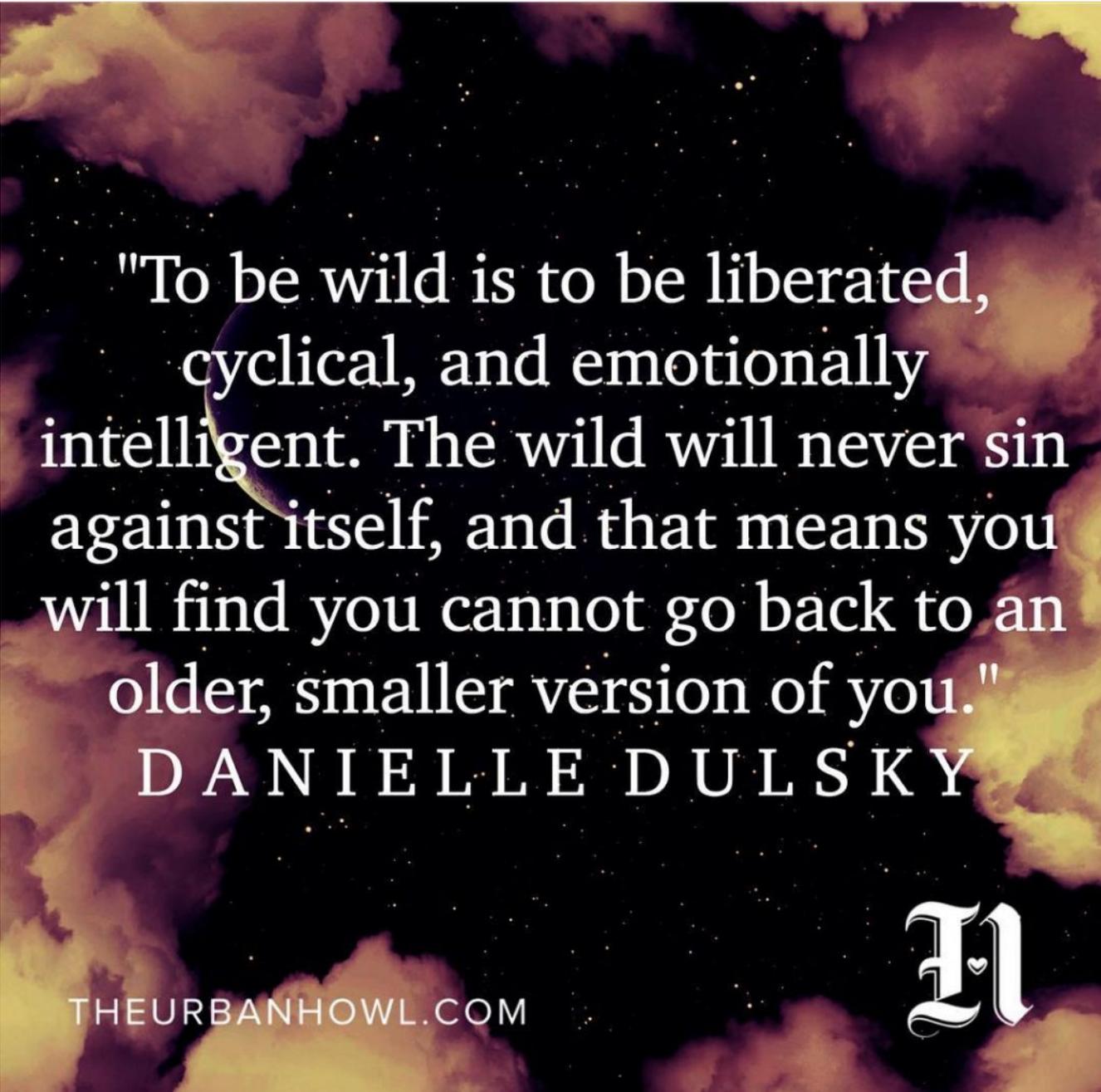
Photo by [Utomo Hendra Saputra](#) on [Unsplash](#)

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

Sip a little more:

***How To Form, Create, Stretch & Ignite Yourself:
Break Through***

Rise & Remember You Were Born Of Wild Warriors



"To be wild is to be liberated,
cyclical, and emotionally
intelligent. The wild will never sin
against itself, and that means you
will find you cannot go back to an
older, smaller version of you."

DANIELLE DULSKY

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