

Kissing Goddess Earth With Our Feet & Listening For Her Heartbeat's Song

BY KATIE HART

My feet need to touch the grass.

My dog Houston and I step off the porch onto a sea of green. The tenderness of the grass on the quiet hillside washes over my feet – I've forgotten how sensitive they are.

Hello, neglected friends of mine.

Precious feet, you are always connecting me to Mama Earth, you are always pressed to the ground by the weight of my being. You are always touching and massaging whatever is beneath you, yet I so often numb you out as if you were mere hooves meant to carry me from place to place.

I see now how alive you are. I see how you connect my body constantly to the body of Goddess Earth by the power of attraction that is gravity. I see you, sweet feet of mine.

As I walk upon all the different textures of the lane, I feel more connected to my dog, as well. Our feet touch the same bristly weeds, powdered clay dirt, and downy blades of grass. They caress the same smooth stones and prickly stones on the twin gravel lines snaking towards the larger dirt road. They respond to the same surprise dips and sinks in the land that make my ankles wobble and cause Houston to slip sometimes.

This is oneness, I think. We are

experiencing Goddess Earth together, our flesh to her flesh. We are, each of us, kissing her with our feet.

And then it really sinks in: I am animal, just like him. Beneath his canine paws and my human feet, we both have animal bodies that are designed to move across the body of Goddess Earth. Our muscles and joints make us strive, even ache, to explore her and experience her in a countless variety of ways.

There's just something about connecting with my animal body that makes me feel more connected to Goddess Earth's body. Touching her with my feet – my second pair of hands – is so different from seeing, smelling, hearing, or receiving breezes from her. This physical contact feels much more intimate, much more fulfilling deep in my bones. This way of knowing her sends rivulets of sensation up my entire body, like a gong ringing from the point of contact between my flesh and Goddess flesh.

And if I can feel it, she must feel it too, for touch is a reciprocal relationship. When my bare feet walk upon her, does she feel herself caressed? When she receives the touch of our bodies, does it satisfy a hunger in her soul? Does she, too, need to feel love and bodily connection as we animals do?

Look at how gravity thrusts us irresistibly against her body. Some might call gravity a cold, abstract law of science. What if we call it desire? What if gravity is Goddess Earth longing for us to know her, a way of her reaching out and clutching us close to her? Perhaps gravity, that downward thrusting pull, is the loving embrace of an affectionate creature.

I learned recently that Mama Earth has a detectable "heartbeat" called the Schumann Resonance. This global electromagnetic pulse can be measured in the earth's atmosphere and it has a main vibrational frequency of 7.83

hertz, the same frequency as alpha brainwaves which are linked with creative, meditative, and relaxed states of well-being.

If Goddess Earth trusts the genius flow of creation, then we are meant to live in this dream-like state with her. And if we go outside and connect with her, she can wrap us in her slow, sensual approach to life. She can lull us to be more like her. If we press close enough against her and listen for her heartbeat's song, we can remember who we are.

We are all offspring of Goddess Earth, and she dwells in each of us. The red-black iron in our blood is the same iron in her red-hot magnetic core resting vibrantly at her center. We are all living expressions of the Goddess, shaped from her ribs, her clay, her dust. Our bodies are nothing but Goddess-given, Goddess-derived.

She is made up of infinite parts and she is immanent in each of them. Just like my own body, where every hair and every curve is a part of my whole, every inch of Goddess Earth belongs to her, and *is* her, and is felt by her, and is an opening into her.

I am an entrance to the Great Goddess Earth.

In my own small way, I *am* Goddess Earth.

Photo by [Dominik Martin](#) on [Unsplash](#)

Katie's Heart Howl: Say Yes to the unfolding Great Story of

which you play a part. Be seated in your power, rooted and enthroned. Go within and seek womb-dark wisdom when you cannot see the way in the world above. Disrobe your heart. Have eyes to see and ears to listen.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Women Who Run with the Wolves](#) .

Sip a little more:

Storms & Wild Winds Bring Us To Our Senses – Get Back To Earth Mother Love

Abundance Is Thanking Mother Earth – Touch & Hug The Beautiful, Scarred Trees



"There is no time
more important
than now to drop
in and listen. To
each other, to the
land, to the rhythms
of our hearts."

LAURA LARRIVA

THEURBANHOWL.COM



#GODDESSEARTH

HOWL WITH US

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

HELP SPREAD THE MAGIC: