

I Am A Dark Forest And Speaking My Truth Will Protect My Sanity

[BY INA GJATA](#)

I am a dark forest.

Never in my early years, would I have acknowledged how much I needed the forest. Through the rude and absurd city days, walking on heels and trying to pursue fashion as a way of saving myself from my inner traumas, did I ever think of the forest as my own lost parts.

I tried to keep the forest away, in the middle of the mists of fear and non-comprehension. Many autumns came. The trees got naked. I got cold. I got afraid and tried to keep pursuing a false warmth.

Traumas are cold and pain is a fire. Suffering is burning. Even pain has its own balance.

No creature can break this cycle. We can't run forever from pain and trauma. And here is the forest. The hidden territory of our psyche. The one who brings back what isn't always perceived...the forests of the women of this Earth are traumatized.

***They are dishonored. They are
abused. They are killed and
resurrected. They are burning and they
are still breathing.***

I know the attachment people have with the city. I know how

humans have stereotyped themselves into objective, numbed creatures. I know the grey walls and the cries of madness inside the cubical walls. I know how absurd one's existence feels inside a small room filled with blocked memories of denied traumas. I have walked in and out of these rooms. But pain is a strange thing.

Pain, when you have the courage to feel it, throws you in the arms of Truth. And it feels good to feel real. Out of the absurd. Out of numbness. It feels good to accept that you have been harmed. That there are good reasons for the pain to show up and drag you with her. Because feeling is normal. Numbing our senses directs people to mental illness.

Never before did I feel the trees and Earth as a big part of me. Never. Never did I accept that the roots of the trees tell my stories. That the wind has been chasing me for all my life. That this Earth breathes. That this Earth suffers because her anima is being denied.

I am like the dark forest. I am not like the city. I am not made of plastic and cement. I am full of feelings. Feelings of anger, of rage, of love. Watery emotions which like the river passing through the night, flow through me.

My hair, like the trees, branch out to reach for the moon. My skin, like the soil, tells a million stories of creation and death, of deep cries putting itself into a story so that the moon will hear. I am full of light like

the morning sun and dark as the winter nights.

I am the pain hiding inside the dark night of the soul and the legendary love between the maiden and the warrior. Both screaming to be seen. Both screaming to be acknowledged out of the mists of modern world archetypes, into truth. A truth residing within the spirit. I am each and every woman's cry, denying the forest, walking on heels on the lifeless city roads. I am the forest's call to the Divine.

I speak with its spirits. We share stories of unimaginative events. We don't lie. We know about the darkness and its creatures. So we know about wounds and predators. The time when we denied them has vanished. Now we are trying to feel it all. The wound, the abandonment, the falling from heaven so we can explore our darkest parts filled with wonders and denial.

Speaking the truth might not save me from my own darkest nights, but it will protect my sanity. And so it is, me and the forest, we have been harmed, we have been rejected, abandoned, unseen for who we really are, unloved and sometimes loved. I and the forest have seen the worst happenings here on Earth and yet again, the best ones.

We are burning...we are burning, burning till our inner flame reaches the Divine and saves us till the next fall, on another Earth, on other battles with different creatures of the darkness.

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DANIELLE DULSKY

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