

Brave, Dear Heart Of Mine – Tremble, Rumble & Know Your Worth

[BY ANDREA SUGAR](#)

My heart is my dearest responsibility and truly it is mine alone. But, oh, how it sometimes aches for you even when I tend to it with my best loving care.

Aching for the sweetness and the tenderness already shared, aching for the possibilities of what might be, aching to simply trust your offerings.

Doing my best to quiet my mind as it roars its cautions of betrayal, as it whispers its hardened truths of honeyed words turned rancid.

I hear it loud and clear, but my brave heart thunders louder. It shouts its glory from deep within, reminding me of its intrepid capacity for vulnerability, its courageous ability for blind exploration amidst the known risks.

So I stand openhearted, raw, exposed – *shining bright* – knowing my own deep roots and strength are enough to sustain whatever may come; grateful for the opportunity to undulate in joy, expand in heartache, or maybe grow in both.

A small, quiet smile crosses my lips – that dear heart of mine trembling a little (it's okay to be scared), rumbling with all its gentle power, knowing its worth and wide-open wonder.

Clear that not many can rise to meet its depths, hopeful for that rare, soft strength to be reflected back, but content in the darkness and the light, this darling heart adventurer.

Photo by [Aki Tolentino](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Love Warrior: A Memoir](#)

Sip a little more:

Heart Honey

*Ancestral Alchemy: Dance Until The Heartbreaks
Of Our Ancestors Are Transformed*

Shadow Salve

She made broken look beautiful
and strong look invincible.
She walked with the Universe
on her shoulders and made it
look like a pair of wings.

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