Tracing my finger along your knee, like a map of unknown territory, wondering what lays beyond the flesh and the bones, to the outer reaches of your soul. A simple touch, the genesis of discovery for the depths and shadows and light, the all of it — waiting to be learned, to be met, to be known...slowly, slowly, slowly...

Savoring the sweetness of each new understanding, just starting to graze the surface, each new moment a brief mingling of Spirit.

A little more ground is covered in the stroking of my hair or your hand resting gently over mine. Not knowing where this adventure leads or what it will bring, but content in that uncertainty. Comfortable knowing there will be rocky terrain and winding paths — curious to see how they will be traveled.

And perhaps some of these roads we won’t travel together. Some trails are only meant to take us down the corridors of our own hearts, so that we might find our own way home. Even in those times and travels, there will be the pull of the true north; the quiet whisper felt in sacred spaces, the aching for something so real it’s always going to be uncharted territory. Bound for exploration by only the bravest of hearts.

Despite the maps, the blueprints, the desired travels, the heart has its own topography that can’t be planned out. Rather, it’s simply felt, propelled by that unspoken, timeless memory. A place that has no use for words, that place the heart simply knows is home.

What a beautiful time — right here, right now — not knowing
what may come (or what may not), not concerned about the destination because the sweet simplicity contained in these first moments, tracing my finger along your knee, is enough.

Photo by Anastasiya Lobanovskaya from Pexels

For more self-study, The Urban Howl recommends 52 Ways to Live a Kick-Ass Life: BS-Free Wisdom to Ignite Your Inner Badass and Live the Life You Deserve.

Sip a little more:

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

Heart Honey

Ancestral Alchemy: Dance Until The Heartbreaks Of Our Ancestors Are Transformed
I have seen women rise from the floor after being trod near to death by life.

Bruised and battered still, they find small pockets of hope sewn into their sweaters.

And there are women who whirl through the world drunk with joy, on a non-stop collision course with love.

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