

It's The End Of The World As We Know It

[BY SHAVAWN BERRY](#)

I've long been a keen observer of the machinations of the outside world; I watch, and I wonder. I take my time and slowly assimilate what I observe.

However, as we descend into the Pluto transit of the United States (once every 246 years) and the shattering of the status quo that will be the hallmark of these coming years, I have begun to see how difficult this rebirth will be for those who are not paying attention or those who are not yet awake.

This is going to be ugly. And painful.

These shifts will take guts.

Dorothy, we're not in Kansas anymore.

It's not just the coronavirus.

It's not just the environment.

It's not just the tribalist, hateful, us-vs-them fallout.

We are about to discover what we are made of.

We will realize we've landed in a completely new place and there's no going back to where we were, no matter how hard we try.

Instead, it's time to look deeply into the mirror of our own lives and stop hanging on to old versions of ourselves, our identities, our countries, and our bullshit nationalism.

There are no borders here.

We rise or we fall, together.

We must *accept ourselves as we are*.

We must agree to let this weary earth heal.

We must do this even if it means embracing our messy, imperfect humanity. We must do it with our frail hearts beating furiously in our chests. We must do it as we feel something akin to terror over the coming chaos; over the things that are dying, or already dead.

We are at a choice point.

What we do now matters.

We must believe we are enough.

We must believe in the goodness of ourselves and others.

We can't *earn worthiness*.

It is inherent. We were born with it and now we need to step up, step out, and live our missions. As spiritual warriors, we must step out of the cloister of our own sanctuaries and allow our light to be seen. We must flood the world with love.

Right now, everyone's wounds are torn open.

You can't *unsee* the trouble we're in. We're scratched up, exhausted, bruised and bloody. These feelings of woundedness are *universal*.

They affect everyone.

No one is immune to the clarion wake-up call that's blaring everywhere we go. We are *what we focus on*. We are *what we expect*. We are *what we prepare to receive*.

Believe it, dears. Our thoughts create the world.

We cannot pretend we didn't create the blazing nightmare in which we find ourselves.

We did.

We did it whether we signed up for the current political chaos or not. We've fomented it – either through our direct actions or through our laissez-faire treatment of our right to vote with our thoughts, words, and actions, and with our failure to act responsibly in terms of actively participating in our own governance.

We're the people we've been waiting for.

We've lived as *consumers rather than creators* and it shows.

It shows in the more than a billion dead animals and thousands of acres of blackened arboreal forests in Australia. It shows in the wildfires burning in the American West. It shows in the intentional fires set in the Amazon and Africa this past year.

We've killed off 83% of the world's wildlife in the past 100 years.

The world's on fire, and, yes, we lit the match.

We believed – collectively – that there were no consequences for what we've done, how we've lived, and the choices we've made.

We were oh-so-wrong.

So, now what?

How does Dorothy get home?

If she can no longer go home, then what?

How can we add our energy and our voices to push the needed changes forward? How can we enlist others, even when they're terrified of the very change we're pushing?

What can we do to show the way?

We must choose another way. We must evolve.

We must stretch and work and innovate and create and collaborate to the point of exhaustion.

We cannot look away. We cannot pretend it's not our fault anymore.

We cannot live unconsciously, fearfully, full of reprisal and regret and hate.

Let's find our voices. Let's listen to opera and birdsong and

the way the wind moves in the trees.

Let's get quiet and remember how nature is a balm for our senses and our families are our sanctuaries.

Walk on the wet ground. Watch the crocus push up through the wet ground. Keep your eye out for a raven.

Change is upon us.

Sit in solitude. Know in your bones we can do this.

There's no one to call.

There's nothing to do but ride this wave.

Photo by [Ilker Uludogus](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Rise Sister Rise: A Guide to Unleashing the Wise, Wild Woman Within](#).

Sip a little more:

[Out Of The Ashes, You Rise](#)

[Off With Her Head: The Dangerous, Divine Feminine Responds](#)

[Accept Your Tenderness: Love's Got You In Its Sights](#)

"Change isn't always easy,
but we can adopt a practice
of love that will make change
-- and its evolving tendencies
-- beautifully easier."

Krissy VanAlstyne

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