

The Being & Becoming Of Transformation

BY STEFANIE MOSSAKOWSKI

As I sit in silent contemplation, I'm overwhelmed by the beauty of transformation.

As the rising sun pours brilliant light through the wild-haired cascading fern, my heart ignites with the same brilliance and passion; a fire capable of repurposing the old and outlived ways.

Night transforming to the splendor of dawn, darkness to light, and death to life; sorrow transmuted to the warmth of love.

All have beauty, like fruit forgotten on the vine, naturally falling away to offer life to the next season of fruit.

Effortless in its patient certainty, like a graceful waterfall gently carving its way around obstacles with an unwavering trust that its destination is a return to the placid depth of the Great Mother of Creation.

No need to rush, I am reminded. You are all at once created whole and also becoming wholeness.

Notice the beauty of the coolness in the air, a reminder that autumn is near, and at the same time cherishing the warmth of the sun as it warms your face and heart with its joyful presence.

You are this, and you are also that. Creation and destruction. Becoming and also dying to the old ways.

What a beautiful tapestry of glittering diamonds and coal black dust; the artist and also the art. A perfect canvas of intention and surrender to the unknown mystery.

The rising of a tsunami, and the drawing in of everything back to itself; manifestation of a new life. What a magnificent disaster, awe-invoking and terrifying.

The medicine of *she*, rising up to claim *all*.

Creation and destruction. The same energy of beauty and chaos, like a caterpillar surrendering to transmutation.

To own the power of *she* is to own *all*. The picture-perfect wink of the coy maiden, transforming to the warm embrace of the mother who walks towards the knowing crinkled crone eyes; each dissolving into the Great Mystery to be reborn again.

Magic. Sparkling darkness, you and I.

Let the glittering ashes fall from your fingertips, turning scars into a well-worn map back to creation.

The essence of alchemy, an arsonist's dream.

Photo by [Bethany Szentesi](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The She Book v.2](#) by Tanya Markul.

Sip a little more:

**Thank You, Morning Glory, For Your Lessons In
Duality**

**I Am The Love, Joy & Abundance Of Connected
Consciousness**

[Venus, I Call to You](#)

"Speak your bone truth. Discover
the root of your endless
compassion. Un-learn lessons that
have kept your heart on lockdown.
Embrace what you need. Discard
what does not serve. Bless your
tender kneecaps. Bless your holy
longing. Bless your wild soul."

JEANETTE LEBLANC

Bless Your Holy Longing — A Love Letter To Women In Transition

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