

She breathes winds of revolution when she speaks
She is wise sage
Ancient seer
Alchemist
Word weaver

Whom comes to tell a story
Of vision and dream weaving

Weaving lifes tapestry of experience
Speaking the language of Earth elementals

She is wild women
She is mother

Are you willing to walk with the wild to grow?

She is wind whispering wisdom in the breeze
She is Truth reflected in the skies clearly seen

She is momma bear whom comes to snuggle you to sleep
She is Kali who comes to eat your fears and illuminate your dreams

She is sweet medicine
Yet sour if taken with resistance

She is your reflection in the stillness of the lake
She is the force to propel the waters to wake

She is roots of the mother
Bloodline of our ancestors

Sovereign by first breath

She is wild women
She is mother

She is all pervading
Ever changing
Continuous in her blossoming

Traversing known and unknown realms
Her waters may grace you calm and steady
Or

Be a torrential downpour upon all you believed yourself to be

She will weave prayers in your hair
Invite you into sweet surrender

Her seduction may shake you to your bones

Leaving you open and vulnerable

Are you willing to commune with her body, heart, soil, and soul?

She is wild women
She is mother