

The Hazy Space of Falling Out of Love

“I suppose we weren’t made to stay in love, you and I. We don’t belong in each other’s arms the way the galaxy fiercely clings to her planets and moons and stars. But for tonight, could you remain close and give me the kind of love we’re both yearning for?” her violet eyes met his.

Voice unsteady. Wild heart depleted. Desperate tears spilling softly onto the delicate apples of her sun-kissed cheeks.

“I’m here.” he breathed. And just like that, he kissed her tears away - inhaling every ounce of what she would one day promise to someone else. Someone who stirred her soul and stilled her impatient mind better than he ever could.

Together they held no intentions, no preconceived notions, no unprecedented plans. They only held one another - simply existing in the hazy space between falling out of love and falling deeply, effortlessly into themselves.

So, he loved her madly down to her bare bones. Until their fingertips dripped with unadulterated passion and their souls surrendered to peace. Two wanting bodies tangled in uncertainty, caught between the lustful desires of a full and hungry moon, and the tattered hope of a new tomorrow that comes with the rising sun.

And though their reckless hearts begged childishly to reside in that divine space together for the rest of eternity – messy and disheveled and permanently undefined – they lived their lives without the naive belief that all love was designed to flourish into a guarantee.

The brave and burdened truth is, not everyone you dare to move the world for is destined to stay. They were not fashioned to fill the desolate spaces of our fragile human hearts, to breathe hallowed breath into our tired lungs, to paint faraway pictures of home into our wandering daydreams.

“You were placed before me to remind my soul what it has been missing all along. To love my colors back to life. To light a fire inside of my chest that can never again be dimmed.” she whispered to him as he slept peacefully, tucking a wild flaxen curl behind his ear.

Though she knew the ache all too well of grieving someone who still freely roamed her mother earth, she knew she finally had permission to first fall in love by finding a home within herself – before ever again needing someone to find it for her.

And there is nothing braver than holding on to that.

The Sacred Warmth of New Beginnings

She had grown accustomed to holding grief and confusion of past hurts in her shaky hands – believing the storm she had already weathered was the last to ever witness her silent suffering.

Her soft eyes flickered in the candlelight as she absentmindedly watched each bead of summer rain trickle calmly down the window, one sacrificing its place for the other only to meet in a chilled puddle of fresh rain pooling slowly at the base of the glass. They took turns capturing light and drowning together, similar to each faded memory that sat still and deeply rooted in the muddled innermost corners of her mind. The ebb and flow of perspective and unmet pain.

She inhaled grace and yielded to the inherently sweet goodness of surrender; much like the rain-soaked flowers, by their own adaptable nature, yield to droplets of spring showers and handfuls of rich and hearty earth. They sway and bend with the seasons, abandoning all preconceived notions of how their life ought to be, until the storm is hushed and new growth is set free.

We are no different than those irrepressible wildflowers.

Dying to others each day. Remembering how we once sat pretty in the sunlight on someone else's shelf, only to be discarded when our work for them was fulfilled. When there was nothing left to share. When we were thriving in the water and soil they were so eager to provide, yet wilted when ultimately forgotten.

And as those beads of gentle rain continued to travel downward, toward the end of their journey, she finally understood why it was so vital to love her own soul so tenderly, down to the marrow in her lovely bones. Because when you radiate light that others only dare to witness as you sit idly in a vase atop their tallest shelf, you learn that you will be made to flourish by the one who loves you most.

He will whisper to you tenderly until your leaves unfurl and your softest petals outstretch like hopeful fingers reaching for sturdy and honest hands. He will not shelter you from the rain – rather allow you to bathe in the essence and glory of what is to come. And he will fall more in love with you as he watches your precious face turn upward toward the rising sun – allowing you to soak in the sacred warmth of new beginnings.

I Really Want to Be Your Friend

“I really want to be your friend.” I whispered to my body. I took the sharpest breath of unmitigated courage. A painful journey. A long time coming. The trudge back home.

I tenderly ran my calloused hands along the rugged details of my most intimate self, uneven and crumbling, promising that one day I'd learn to fall madly in love with the freshest wounds and deepest scars all in one holy and honest breath.

My fingertips delicately drifted over edges and hills, through valleys and caverns, across fields full of blooming wildflowers and oceans burdened with my deepest secrets. I've seduced demons and lulled them back to sleep in this very space. I've foraged here. Fostered goodness and nurtured unrelenting grief.

I've wrapped my desperate arms around the perimeter of my body, meeting bits of plastered cracks along the way, and vowed to once again dream color into these bones and mother each centimeter of skin back to life. Both palpable pleasure and immeasurable pain begging to coexist outside of these walls.

I remember a time when I endlessly consented to feeling small. I mourned the loss of my innocence in hushed tones until it screamed to be loved out loud. Stuck forever behind the bars of an emotional prison, tucked quietly away underneath layers of barbed wire and weighted words.

“What a waste to believe you are unworthy of the space you take.” I breathed into the unknown. My eyes fluttered open to find my body drenched in the balmy warmth of a casual Tuesday morning. A naturally unveiled vessel of both discord and delight, sewn together cautiously with heaps of grace and unkempt remorse.

And though healing in such a disconnected space is equal parts brutal and blunt - I decided it was time to let go and love myself for the exquisite woman that I am, before the world had the audacity to tell me who I should be.

My Untamed Heart

When you are finally released from his cage of infatuation and desolate promises - run.

Run desperately toward the distant sound of gently crashing waves overflowing with hallowed breath, resting faithfully on the shore of everlasting redemption. Toward balmy amber skies filled to the brim with hazy daydreams, and infinite mountaintops echoing affirmations of your newly found freedom. Feel the fullness of the grasslands shifting beneath your bare feet as the nurturing motherhood of the sun warmly kisses your freckled shoulders. She is the steady exhale of a midsummer breeze and the wild stillness married to each winding road mapped out on your delicate skin. Though the earth hasn't held you in ages, she has been patiently waiting for you to climb back into her wanting arms as she hums restful ease back into your aching bones.

You were not created to be imprisoned – a dirty secret kept in the dark, isolated by cruel iron bars and incomplete men. Men who clipped your dainty wings and buried your magic in empty bottles of cheap whiskey - for fear of losing the only light that ever dared to burn brightly in their undeserving presence.

You were designed to arise. To burn holes in the souls of the relentless monsters who rendered you powerless, to glide freely like shooting stars making love to obsidian skies – capturing wishes and blessing them with eternal life.

Wild women don't live in cages, they belong to the galaxy. Built with stardust and alchemy and enchanting visions of new tomorrows. Untamed hearts were not made to exist in a small-minded man's unsteady hands.

They were made to soar. To beat alone. To take a stand.