

Women Who Run with Wolves 8.14.22

Stories help us to pick out and pick up the path that can take us to our essential nature as women - they can lead us deeper.

Like a trail through the forest that becomes more and more faint and finally seems to diminish to a nothing... we are filled with a longing for the wild. There are few culturally sanctioned antidotes for this yearning.

The goal must be the retrieval and succor of woman's beauties and natural psychic forms.

"to play upon ~~the~~ the instrument of the harp in order to open a door...

It means USING words to
SUMMON up the opening of
a passageway.

"When women hear
those words, and old,
old memory is stirred
and brought back to
life."

This is the way women's
flagging vitality can be
restored.

"We may have forgotten her
names, we may not answer
when she calls ours, but in
our bones we know her, we
yearn toward her; we know
she belongs to us and we to her."

Women who Run with Wolves

pg 6 "And when we pick up her trail, it is typical of a woman to ride hard to catch up—to clear of the desk, clear off the relationship, clear out one's mind, turn to a new page, insist on a break, break the rules, stop the world, for we are not going on without her any longer."

WILD ⊕ "out of control"

↳ = to live a natural life—
~~It has vast integrity to it~~

These words "wild" and "women", cause women to remember who they are and what they are about. They create a metaphor to describe the force that funds all females.

WILD WOMAN =

A force that women cannot live without
The force which lies beyond the instinctive nature
The innate—the basic nature of women
The indigenous—the intrinsic nature of ♀
The medial nature
It is tacit, prescient, and visceral
The wise and knowing nature
creator is always a creator—liag or a death Goddess
A friend and a mother to all those who have lost their way
All those who have a riddle to solve
All those who are out in the forest or the desert, wandering or searching
She is vast, encompassing every facet of womanliness
What animates + informs a woman's deepest life
The innate spiritual being at the center of feminine psychology.



"In the beginning of retrieving our relationship with her she can turn to smoke in an instant, by naming her we create for her a territory of thought and feeling within us. Then she will come, and if valued, she will stay."



"the comprehension of this Wild Woman nature is not a religion, but a practice."

↳ without her, women are without ears to hear her soul talk or to register the chiming of their own inner rhythms.


↳ without her, women's eyes are closed by some shadowy hand

↳ without her, women lose the sureness of their soul footing

↳ without her, they forget why they're here.

She is called:

- The river beneath the river (in Spanish)
- The Great Woman
- The light from the abyss
- the wolf woman
- the bone woman
- She of the woods] In Hungarian
- The Wolverine]
- The Spider woman] in Navajo
- The mist being] Guatemala
- The Numina] in Japanese
- Dakini — the dancing force that produces clear-seeing] in Tibet
- Within women]

"Without her, they are silent when they are  in fact ON FIRE" —

She is their regulator, she is their soulful heart ♡

What it means to be a
— WILD WOMAN —

To be free ~ to have vast integrity
to be like a wolf—robust, choke-full,
strong life force, life-giving,
territorially aware, inventive,
loyal, roving.

To see through not two eyes, through
the eyes of intuition which is
many-eyed.

To carry bundles for healing—to
carry medicine for all things.

To carry stories and dreams and
words and songs and signs and
symbols.

She is both vehicle and destination

To establish territory, to find one's
path, to be in one's body with
certainty and pride, to speak and
act in one's behalf

To be aware, alert, to draw on
the innate feminine powers of
intuition and sensing, to come into
one's cycles

to find what one belongs to,
to rise with dignity,
to retain as much consciousness
as possible
to get busy with the work of
invention (for that is the instinctive
nature's main occupation)
To track and run and summon
and repel
to sense and camouflage, and
love deeply.

She is intuitive, typical &
normative. She is utterly
ESSENTIAL to women's
mental and soul health.

Our existence
parallels hers. We
are living proof of
her existence.

She is:

The female soul

The source of the feminine

The life/death/life force

the incubator

intuition

Far-seer, deep listener

loyal heart

multi-lingual - fluent in languages
of dreams, passion & poetry.

whispers from night dreams

Leaves behind on the terrain of a
woman's soul a coarse hair and
muddy ~~finger~~ footprints.

Ideas, feelings, urges & memory

She is the source, the light, the
night, the dark, the day break

She is the smell of good mud and
the back leg of the fox.

She is the voice that says, "this
way, this way."

She is the one who thunders after
injustice.

"We each receive from her a
glowing cell which contains
all the instincts and knowings
needed for our lives."

She is the one who turns
like a great wheel

She is the maker of cycles

She is the one we leave home
to look for.

She is the one we come home to

She is the mucky root of all
women

She is the things that keep
us going when we think
we're done for

The incubator of raw little
ideas and deals.

She is the mind which thinks us,
we are the thoughts that she
thinks

She is the moment just before
inspiration bursts upon us.
ineffable female human

like
Eve
Ender's
ted.
talk
re:
"the
girl
cell"

Where you find her ~~where~~ where she lives

deserts-woods, oceans, cities,
barrios, castles
among queens, boardrooms,
factories, prisons
in the mountain of solitude
the ghetto, university, streets

She leaves footprints wherever
there is one woman who
is fertile soil.*

She lives at the bottom of the well,
in the headwaters, in the ether
before time.

She lives in the tear and in
the ocean.

She is from the future and
from the beginning of time.
She lives in the past and is
summoned by us.

She is in the present and
keeps a chair at our table,*

stands behind us in a line, and
drives ahead of us on the road.
She is in the future and walks
backward in time to find us now.
She lives in the green poking through
the snow, in the rustling stalks
of dying autumn corn
She lives where the dead come to
be lapsed and the living send
their prayers.

She lives in the place language
is made

She lives on poetry and percussion
and singing.

She lives on quarter notes
and grace notes.

She lives in the moment just
before inspiration bursts upon us.

She lives in a far away place
that breaks through to our world.

"if a story is seed, then we are *
it's soil." ♡

"Art is important for it commemorates the seasons of the soul, or a special or tragic event in the soul's journey. Art is not just for oneself, not just a marker of one's own understanding. It is also a map for those who follow after us."

"The craft of questions, the craft of stories, the craft of the hands - all these are the making of something, and that something is soul. Anytime we feed soul, it guarantees increase."

"Stones are medicine... they have such power... we need only listen. Stones are embedded with instructions which guide us about the complexities of life."

"From the form and shape of the pieces and parts, it can be determined with good accuracy what has been lost from the story and those missing pieces can be redrawn accurately..."
The old mysteries have not been destroyed...

"All one might need, all that we might ever need, is still whispering from the bones of story."

"the more story bones...
the more the integral structure can be found...
the more WHOLE the stories...
the more subtle twist + turns of the psyche are presented to us.
the better opportunity to evoke our soul work.
When we work with the soul, she, the wild woman, creates more of herself."

"Story is a medicine ~~that~~ which
strengthens and rights the
individual and the community."

"...the teller never knows how
it will all come out, and that is at
least half of the most magic
of story."

"Apply stories to yourself as soul
vitamins — observations, map
fragments, little pieces of pine
pitch for fastening feathers to
trees to show the way, and
some flattened underbrush to
guide the way back to the
underground, our psychic home."

Stories set the inner life
into motion

It throws on
its own nature. →

"Story grease the hoists
and pulleys, it causes
adrenaline to surge, shows
us the way out, down or up
and for our trouble, cuts
for us fine wide doors in
previously blank walls,
openings that lead to the
dreamland, that lead to love
and learning, that lead us back
to our own real lives as
knowing wildish women."

We must strive to allow our
souls to grow in their
natural ways and to
their natural depths.

The wildish nature throws on fresh
sight and self-integrity

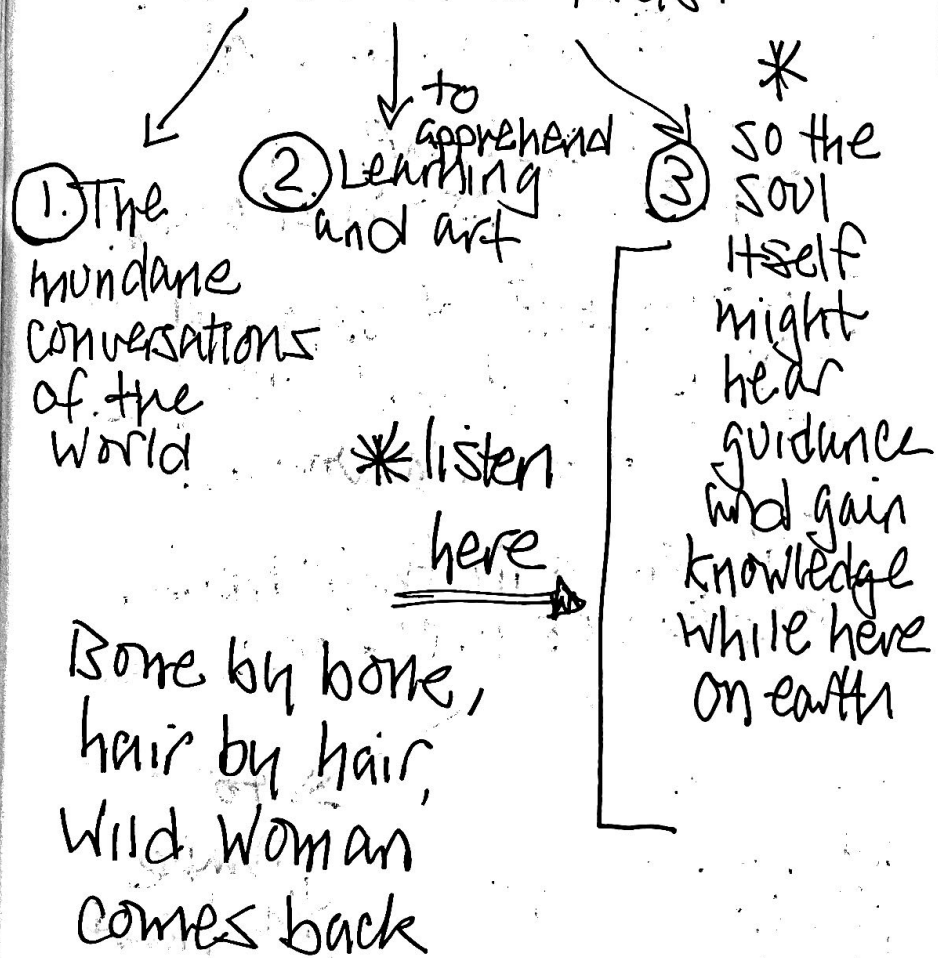
The wild woman belongs
to you.
She belongs to all women.

So, let us push on now,
and remember ourselves
back to the wild soul. ♡

Let us sing her flesh
back onto our bones.

Shed any false ~~and~~ coats
we have been given. Don't
the true coat of powerful
instinct and knowing.
Infiltrate the psychic tanks
that once belonged to us.
Unfold the bandages, ready the
medicine

Three Pathways deep in the brain
the ear is meant to hear
at 3 different levels:



through events ~ half remembered
half understood

She comes back through story