

There is something so fundamentally cathartic about being a woman.

And the thing is, there are thousands of layers to girlhood and a thousand more to womanness.

There is inherent beauty and creation and anger and passion and destruction and pain in being a woman. There is emotion so powerful that it begins to glow inside your very being until it grows so bright it blinds you. There is love so true and so strong that it threatens to overtake your entire life. There is pain that runs so deep you can feel the strain in your heart, sorrow that brings you to your knees and crumbles everything around you.

There is anger too. Oh so, so much anger in womanhood. Anger that burns through your chest and runs up into your face and flares in your eyes with an intensity that can shatter even the strongest soul.

And all of these equally define me, and all of these equally purge me.

And I do not like to pick favorites, because doing so would mean a disservice to all the others. Would mean choosing one that is prettier or cleaner or easier and that would mean contradicting the foundation of femininity.

But, there are some moments of release that feel more sentimental. Not better, not worse, but more nostalgic. More grounding.

Unbridled joy.

Joy that cannot be kept in no matter how hard a girl may try.

The kind of running, jumping, screaming joy.

The kind that comes with swishing a skirt up around you.

With barefoot dancing in the grass and letting your hair run free. With singing. With howling at the moon. With spinning in circles.

The kind that comes from smiling so bright and wide that you start to laugh.

From running over vines and moss and branches and snagging your clothes on brambles and splashing your toes in cold streams.

From standing in the middle of a storm and letting it wash away all the pain.

From living. Living for yourself. To be free to make a mess and scream and play and burn without an audience.

To be wild.

That is what makes me so much of a woman. The wild.