

# JANELLE FLETCHER



*Healing words for your soul,  
inspiration for your spirit  
and an invitation to love YOU  
in all of your womanly glory!*

# DANCING IN HER OWN *Full* MOONLIGHT

THE EBB AND FLOW OF BEING FULLY WOMAN





DANCING  
IN HER OWN *Full*  
MOONLIGHT  
THE EBB AND FLOW OF BEING FULLY WOMAN

JANELLE FLETCHER



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Thirty days of poetry over a lunar cycle  
and daily reflections for you

to help you find peace  
through the joys and challenges  
of being a woman, mother, or lover

and

to find and fuel your feminine;  
fiercely love yourself,  
your body,  
your ebb and flow,  
and to be fully woman  
as you navigate your transitions in life.



## Dedicated to

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my six beautiful children,  
Amy, Gemma, Sophie,  
Josh, Hannah, Levi,

and to the men and women in my life  
who have heard me cry in my darkest hours,  
urged me on when I have doubted,  
celebrated my successes,  
and seen the beauty, love, and courage  
within my spirit.

I honour you all for

hearing me,  
seeing me,  
loving me.



# Contents

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Praise .....	xi
Preface – The Beautiful Moon .....	xiii
Introduction – Invitation to Love .....	xv

## **Dark Moon—Earth—Winter..... 1**

Day 1: Graceful Success .....	3
Day 2: Abundant Inadequacy .....	7
Day 3: Lady in Waiting.....	12
Day 4: Let It Go .....	17
Day 5: Homeless and the Homecoming .....	22

## **Waxing Moon—Air—Spring.....31**

Day 6: The Swing in My Step.....	33
Day 7: Out Cold on the Bathroom Floor .....	37
Day 8: Pipped at the Post .....	41
Day 9: Judgement Day.....	48
Day 10: My Truth Unsilenced .....	52
Day 11: Never Alone.....	58
Day 12: The Ink Floweth.....	63
Day 13: Conception Moon .....	69

## **Full Moon—Fire—Summer..... 75**

Day 14: The Creation Moon at Her Fullest .....	77
Day 15: Burning Flame of Desire.....	83
Day 16: Tarred and Feathered.....	91

Day 17: Uncaged Life Story .....	97
Day 18: My Chosen Kindred Mamas .....	106
Day 19: Mothering the Child Within .....	114
Day 20: The Silent Space .....	120
Day 21: Voice of the Inner Critic .....	124

**Waning Moon—Water—Autumn .....** **133**

Day 22: Not-Good-Enoughness Seeks Companion.....	135
Day 23: Comfy Shoes and High Heels.....	141
Day 24: The Bomb or the Bonfire .....	148
Day 25: The Return.....	153
Day 26: The Peacemaker and the Justice Fighter.....	159
Day 27: Shape Shifting into Self.....	166
Day 28: The Perfect Bloom.....	173

**Dark Moon Return—Earth—Winter.....** **181**

Day 29: Step into My Pause .....	183
Day 30: Love Letter to Self – Je t’aime .....	187
Coming Home – Jahmaya.....	195

Conclusion – Curvaceous Moon .....	197
Acknowledgements.....	201
Resources .....	203
About the Author .....	205

## Praise

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Janelle writes from the depth of her soul's pain, the rawness and honesty providing a cloak of comfort and community for those who feel they too are alone. *Dancing in Her Own Full Moonlight* is a beautiful, heartfelt gift for those upon the path of womanhood with its many transitions and challenges. It gives reassurance and a knowing that you are seen, you are heard, and you are not alone.

—**Debbie Gillespie, wise woman, [www.debbiegillespie.nz](http://www.debbiegillespie.nz)**

Janelle Fletcher brilliantly creates a journey into herself without leaving home, writing at dawn for thirty days, allowing what comes to arise within her and find its way onto the page. She inspires us to find our own way to truly and deeply receive ourselves and this life we are given.

—**Oriah “Mountain Dreamer” House, author of *The Invitation*, [www.oriah.org](http://www.oriah.org)**

Janelle's raw and honest poetry speaks to the silent struggles of a woman emerging into the light and offers comfort and solace to others in times of transition.

—**Christine Sheehy, *Write to the Heart of Your Business*, [www.christinesheehy.co](http://www.christinesheehy.co)**

I'm loving these heartfelt poems written by Janelle. They speak to me deeply, amplifying the whispers of my own feminine soul and calling me to deeper rest, deeper self-love, and the recognition that from this place, goodness can radiate and flow out effortlessly to nourish, soothe, and even heal the aching heart of humanity. The questions at the end of each poem are simple invitations to go deeper and unveil what has

been peeking out from behind the worldly mask and whispering for attention. It's a book to be picked up regularly as a simple daily reflective practice.

—**Katrina Stadler, friend, artist, and kindred spirit**

Janelle Fletcher offers us a wonderful guide for connecting with the moon that lives within. *Dancing in Her Own Full Moonlight* takes the reader on a cyclical journey of inspiration, inquiry, and reflection and shines a gentle light on what it means to be woman.

—**Anita Johnston, author of *Eating in the Light of the Moon*, [www.dranitajohnston.com](http://www.dranitajohnston.com)**

Using writing as a tool, practice, or prayer to journey back to your true self has always been my very favourite kind of medicine to share with women in circle, which is why I'm giving Janelle Fletcher massive high-fives and deep bows of reverence for not only daring to hear my call, but for being willing to go there and share what she wrote in our thirty days together. Janelle's words are true, real, and raw, and when we share stories from this place, other women can see their own truths reflected back at them. Thank you for being our mirror, Janelle!

—**Lisa Lister, author of *Code Red, Love Your Lady Landscape and Write Your Freakin' Heart (and Guts) Out programme*, [www.thesassyshe.com](http://www.thesassyshe.com)**

*“In your silent womanly struggles,  
there is an invitation to greater self-love, body honouring,  
and connecting to your feminine spirit.”*

*[www.janellefletcher.com](http://www.janellefletcher.com)*

# Preface

## The Beautiful Moon

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It is with heartfelt thanks that I honour a soul sister, Lisa Lister, with whom I shared thirty days of writing. Lisa was my gorgeous guide and listening post. She saw me and she heard me. She held the space for me and she invited me to follow the beautiful, empowering phases of Mother Nature, our lunar and menstrual cycles, which offer us women the privilege to

- recreate balance in our lives on a daily, monthly, and seasonal basis.
- shed parts of ourselves that require healing.
- sit with our pain in the dark night of the soul.
- restore and re-energise ourselves.
- venture forth and create new things with confidence, all in sync with the phases of the moon.

In the richness of ritual each morning for thirty days, in Lisa's words, I "rifted my heart." With no starting or ending point in mind, over sixteen thousand words graced my page as I connected, channelled, and flowed with what revealed itself each dawn.

*Dancing in Her Own Full Moonlight* flowingly revealed herself as the unsilencing of my voice I had kept quiet and hidden for too long. It is my soul's cries, yearnings, real and raw creative expressions, and outpourings of the highs and lows of womanhood, motherhood, and loverhood, as well as my path to being fully me in my ebb and flow.

I discovered that my very intuitive time was 5:30 in the morning—an hour when I was not accustomed to being awake, but it was one in which I discovered the depth of my creative juices, the pining of

my soul, the cries of desperation for something different, and a deep appreciation for what and who has been part of my life to date.

I healed many aspects of my past at a very deep, visceral level and gained new perspectives on what was previously difficult and painful. This healing has restored and re-energised my spark - my *joie de vivre* - and what is now manifesting in my life.

It was also in this still time each day that I got new clarity on my purpose for living and the signposts for my emerging life - one as poet, storyteller, healer, wise woman, feminine spirit guide, and a femme extraordinaire continuing to love myself.

### ***Dancing in Her Own Full Moonlight is my gift to you.***

It is my hope that my unedited poetry rifted each morning from my heart to yours resonates, rejuvenates, and reminds you of your deeper, richer, and amazing self. It is an invitation for you to love yourself in your amazingness and messiness, in your highest of moments and darkest of days, your confident highs and self-doubting lows, your dreams and your unfulfilled goals, and your feeling beautiful and your less than self-loving moments.

It is also an invitation for you to be still, hear your own whispers, shouts, and bloodcurdling screams, and creatively express them in the way that is unique to you. It is an opportunity for you to also find the deep connection within, dance to your own rhythm again, ignite your passion, and find you again amidst the hustle and bustle of a busy life and your constant giving to others.

Enjoy the poetry each day and consider the reflection questions as a starting point for your journey ahead. Share them whenever and wherever you find yourself with kindred spirited women. Create a circle, a support group, a network, a writing group—whatever supports you to express yourself and shine through the lows and highs of being a woman, mother, and lover. You may find further inspiration, support, and women's empowerment programmes at [www.janellefletcher.com](http://www.janellefletcher.com).

May you continue to bud, blossom, die, and grow again in the gloriousness of being fully woman, gifted by the lessons of nature and our cycles.

# Introduction

## Invitation to Love

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*“Let the light of love that you are express herself fully.”*

Soul sister, my soul yearns for you to find a different way than the self-sacrificial path you are on.

My soul cries for you to learn that it is okay to be you in your fullness, not just in the “smile on your face” moments when you feel like you need to be all to everyone and everything except yourself.

It is time, darling, for you to stop prioritising others’ needs, start thinking about you and finally accept the invitation to have self-care as your soul reason for getting up in the morning.

**Gorgeous, can’t you hear the soft whisperings or the loud banging at your door?**

- Your body is crying out for you to be kinder to her, honour her, and love her.
- Your mind is begging you for a retreat where you think of no one and nothing else, and which allows the whispers of your soul to be heard above your mind chatter.
- Your spirit wants you to finally feel that you are enough and that you are not alone. Connecting to your feminine spirit will make you feel alive again.
- Your inner well is crying, “I’m dry and depleted and need refreshing.”
- The tough time, change, or transition you are experiencing right now is your wake-up call to finally get you out of your cage and fly again!

But the truth is this.

- We women are typically over-doers and over-givers, and we hold everything and everyone together while we are often crumbling apart.
- We are often tamed, responsible, and serious when all we want to do is play, be pleased, and live a wildly exciting life.
- We are often at war with our niggling self-doubt and lack of time and energy while trying to get ahead in life and live our purpose.
- We want to love our changing bodies but continue to criticise, compare, or chastise them.
- We keep our emotions and grief under wraps, and we keep ploughing through the best we can.
- We are desperate for love but throw away intimacy by being too busy, distant, or distracted.
- We remain unhealed and silenced, and our soul is dying knowing there is more to life than constantly doing and giving unto others.

### **Does this feel like you?**

Gorgeous, it is now time

- to give to you and put yourself up the priority list.
- to be more real and raw.
- to love your body and yourself.
- to feel energised—physically, sexually, soulfully and creatively.
- to enjoy more pleasure.
- to heal your past.
- to be unsilenced, speak your truth and be heard.
- to honour your soul and beautiful feminine spirit.
- to have self-love and self-care as your natural way of being.
- to be fully woman in all of your glorious amazingness and messiness.

**It's time, dear one, for you—your ever-beautiful,  
ever-playful, and ever-luscious self**

**to show her face, to dance in her body,  
and to feel free in her spirit.**

- But what is within us women that has us feeling like we are not enough?
- What is it that keeps our every waking moment thinking of others well and truly before ourselves?
- What is it within our spirits that drives us to sacrifice our real passions and purpose?

My life to date has been answering those questions, and I have been gifted many lessons in the art of self-love, self-validation, and self-care.

Every life lesson, difficult experience, change, or transition has taken me deeper, broader, and wider into realising that it is not striving for a bigger and better life that is my success in life. It is as simple as loving me in all of my fullness—my greatest of days and my grottiest, the very confident, moving-ahead moments and the days that I hardly lift a finger, or the days where I feel gorgeous, and the days when I don't. Everything is well in that rich landscape of life's experience. That is life, and therein lies my learning, my lessons, and my invitation to love.

- What transitions have taught me that outer success is transient, and inner peace is my success during difficult times?
- What experiences have humbled me to my darkest moments, but which have also allowed me to fully capture the power of self-love and allow my feminine spirit to shine?
- What painful times have allowed me to fully connect to the beauty of my body, the enormous love in my heart, and the loud longings of my spirit to claim that I am enough as I am?

I have always felt different. I have often felt not good enough. I have never fully found my place of belonging, and I am an over-giver. My life lesson has been to see my uniqueness, my courageous spirit, the solace I find in my inner life, and my generous heart as beautiful gifts.

My strict religious upbringing has allowed me to value the contrast

of religion and the spiritual connection and freedom that I now enjoy with my inner divinity.

After losing my favourite grandmother, the grief which I deeply felt but hid has gifted me tears, compassion, and a huge heart for those going through such loss.

My eleven-year experience of loathing my body, anorexia, bulimia, and disconnection from the amazingness and beauty of my body led me down a dark path to a suicide attempt. That was my wake-up call to say, "Enough is enough." I have chosen self-love ever since because it is my sole (and my soul's) choice.

Marrying into a "ready-made family," a widower with three daughters, was a natural and instantly recognised next part of my soul's journey. A visit from my husband's wife in spirit was my first awakening and appreciation that we have soul helpers. This beautiful soul entered me into the marriage and family dynamic, which was divinely orchestrated for its time, reason, and season. Like a soul sister (or in our case, soul mothers), I could not have done this passage of time without her, and I honour her for that.

My desire to have babies and my subsequent years of infertility and miscarriages were gifts to help me get more in touch with my body, its rhythms, the moon phases, and the beliefs, emotional undertones, and grief that were impacting my fertility and soul purpose of becoming a birthmother. I am incredibly grateful that the honour of motherhood was bestowed upon me, and I now have six beautiful children, most having now flown the nest.

My many years of being a mum has heightened my fervent belief that as mothers, we need to honour the special time and blessings of motherhood despite the tiring, terrible, and daunting moments we can sometimes experience. Joy for me is being present with my children and being love to them. My learning now, however, is to love myself first in order to be an even better mother.

Waning intimacy in my relationship caused my partner and me pain. Intimacy is at the core of our being, but it is one of the hardest aspects of ourselves because it often requires us to feel vulnerable,

exposed, embarrassed, shamed, and alone. That is ironic as intimacy is our greatest gift into love.

Betrayal from family members has hurt me, and I have learned that being comfortable as a black sheep, finding my voice, and being true to myself is part of my personal duty and honour in this lifetime.

Being humbled financially has taught me it is my inner riches that put a smile on my face, not my outer riches. Love wins every time. Family get-togethers lift my spirits. Being generous is wealth in itself. Having a charitable heart is honourable.

Meeting soulmates and instantly recognising them has left me feeling, “I’m a lucky girl.” However, soulmate relationships are not sugar and spice and all things nice. They are challenging, joyful, terrifying, and blissful—an interesting concoction of soul growth opportunities.

Now that I’m entering menopause, I am learning a far greater emotional spectrum, from deep highs and heightened, even explosive emotional states to deep lows and soul-questioning moments. This transition, much like the chrysalis and emerging butterfly, is requiring me to let go of others’ needs as my priority and honour my needs and what would bring me pleasure, love, joy, peace, and a deep inner smile. It is asking me to honour my own rhythm and slow down. It is inviting me to dance in my own full moonlight again and not march to the beat of someone else’s drum.

I trust that you enjoy the thirty days of poetic channelled wisdom, words, and utterings from deep within my well, and that they resonate deeply within your spirit and spur you on to live a more truly authentic life, to be more real, raw, and ravishing, and to ride the ebb and flow of life rather than fight against it. That is where the feminine lies.



# Dark Moon—Earth—Winter

*“In the depth of my darkness, I patiently  
discovered light as the winter faded.”*

Graceful Success

Abundant Inadequacy

Lady in Waiting

Let It Go

Homeless and the Homecoming





## Day I

### Graceful Success

---

I don my cloak of mana,  
Gifted by a wise woman friend.  
Black and red feathers  
A symbol,  
A promise.

I feel my mana,  
My powerful woman presence—  
Strength,  
Leadership,  
And feminine grace—  
Reveal itself from under her cloak.  
Unknown where the journey is taking me,  
But knowing  
In all of my knowingness  
It is somewhere  
Profound.

- ❖ How does the world define success?
- ❖ What personal values would you prefer to live your life by?
- ❖ How can you live more gracefully while trying to succeed in the world?



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## Day 2

# Abundant Inadequacy

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Today I awoke  
To the prompt of “Honour rest; do nothing.”  
Interesting  
As I am overwhelmed with impending work, family stuff,  
And upcoming Christmas,  
And a feeling I will miss the boat  
If I do not honour my commitment I made just yesterday  
To rise early and write,  
And finally reveal some of  
My words,  
My wisdom  
To the world.

Reprieve  
From my feeling of abundant inadequacy,  
But that is what the dark moon  
Offers me today.  
Time to be more in my darkness  
And the warmth of my bed,  
And to know that I am truly  
Not inadequate.

I just need the rest  
To re-energise my spirit  
And rebalance society’s needs,

Giving to my family, my business, my community,  
And my own soul's needs.

Giving the gift

Of time,

Attention,

Rest,

And love

To me.

- ❖ In what areas of your life do you feel inadequate?
- ❖ What is the cost of constantly giving to others and leaving yourself depleted?
- ❖ What are the benefits to you and others for “honouring rest and doing nothing” more regularly?





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## Day 3

### Lady in Waiting

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Lady in waiting,  
A pregnant woman  
Expectant with her unborn child,  
Formed to perfection  
But not fully developed yet.  
I am not yet born,  
But am about to be.

Always in waiting,  
Broken promises,  
Unfulfilled dreams  
Shattered before birthed,  
Or gifted at the final hour.

I am about to give birth  
After many long weeks and trimesters.  
False labour pains have prepared me for the birth.  
The true labour pains have begun  
And are almost strong enough now  
For me to push the child into this world  
And be relieved of the waiting  
And have promises fulfilled.

The push, however, comes not from the midwife or the husband  
Who supports me, the groaning woman,  
But comes from deep within

As I flow with the ebb and tide of contractions  
And push not with will and might,  
But only when my body urges me to.

Time has come to give birth  
Not to my child,  
But to my new self.

- ❖ What aspects of your life require you to be more patient at the moment?
- ❖ What are you now wanting to birth within yourself? Creativity? Self-love? Adventure? Intimacy?
- ❖ How can you allow your natural body rhythms and the timing of Spirit to help birth these things into being?



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## Day 4

# Let It Go

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What do I let go of  
In my womanly generational umbilical cord,  
That continues to bind me and entangle me in  
Busyness, responsibility, and self-sacrifice?

What is it within my veins that calls me to action,  
Propels me into doing,  
And keeps my well of energy depleted?

Women of my line,  
I let go today not of you,  
But of the lineage of that which keeps us slaves to others,  
Sacrificial lambs  
And self-care depleted.

Compassion for others flows,  
In fact, throbs through our arteries  
As a lineage of caring women,  
But arteries are bigger than veins.

Where is the venous return  
That re-energises our compassion,  
Pure compassion  
Unadulterated  
By the deep desire

To be validated,  
Noticed,  
Loved?

Let us stay connected as woman of lineage.  
But today I choose to  
Cut the cord  
Of that entanglement,  
Tendency,  
Vow.

And the angst that I feel  
When I notice  
My daughters,  
My sons  
Reacting to my emerging self-care  
And my own reaction  
To their self-care practices  
That break heavily away  
From what I have  
Fervently  
And with purpose  
Wanted to pass on to them.

I realise that it pains me  
But that pain  
Is the cry  
For the severing of that vow,  
That umbilical cord,  
And that tie  
To selflessness.

- ❖ What disempowering patterns and behaviours do you notice in your generational line?
- ❖ What can you do intuitively today to cut that cord and create a different legacy?
- ❖ How can cutting that cord impact not just your future generation, but your past?



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## Day 5

# Homeless and the Homecoming

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I remember coming home  
To my house of childhood,  
Key downstairs,  
Waiting to be fetched to let ourselves in.

Unusual because my mum was always there,  
But in this instance, she wasn't.  
She had started working  
But would no doubt return soon after  
To see part two of her day begin:  
The cooking of the family meal.

Home was an open place for friends,  
Strangers, young ones, churchgoers,  
And others to assemble,  
To be fed well,  
And to enjoy some hearty times together.

My home too has been a place  
That is open  
To travellers, wayfarers,  
Exchange students,  
Women's gatherings,  
Friends of kids,  
Birthday party attendees,  
And most of all my brood of kids.

But has it been open  
When those whom I treasured most  
Left the nest  
Or were sent away  
By me  
In my stifling need for  
Self-preservation,  
Self-care and ease?

The martyr does not offer a home for free.  
She offers with some conditions  
That may or may not be met.

Did I do my children a disfavour  
By the way I was mother and offered home?  
Was it not cosy enough for them to want to rest a while there,  
Knowing it was a comfortable place to stay?

My heart broke into pieces as I watched our second  
Wheel out the door and into no woman's land  
To live life on her terms  
And fend for herself  
In what looked like  
The darkness.  
But there is joy  
In seeing what has come to light  
For her.

And our first,  
We thought, was old and wise enough  
To conquer the world on her own,  
As well as allow us space  
To provide home  
To the younger ones,  
Who now required the time and attention

That we had for so long offered her.  
But pain for a mother whose nest was emptying,  
Minus this beautiful soul at home,  
And for a daughter whose decision it was not.

And I faced yet again  
The pain that came when our third  
Quietly left home with her belongings.  
Me, unaware.  
Me, completely sorrowed.  
But she ventured into the world  
That she had courageously chosen.  
But what had I missed?  
What was my lesson?  
Was I so awful to be around?  
And how could she be mothered by another  
In the way that I hoped she would be  
Mothered by me?

And if that was not enough,  
My son's own choice  
To honour his call as a young teen,  
To find home within his father's arms  
In a far-off land,  
Left an even emptier nest.  
But a chick knows there is always a nest to return to,  
And a mother bird finds pleasure  
In seeing her bird fly confidently  
In the winds of change.

And as I take a glimpse  
At how number five is gypsying  
As an emerging woman  
To her siblings and friends more often,  
It is perhaps the beginning of her own

Emergence into self  
And life discovery  
And flying the nest.

And as I think of my youngest  
And what a solo child might feel one day,  
I am saddened  
For the quietness,  
The loneliness,  
And perhaps the boredom and unease  
Of living with parent  
But not with siblings.  
As youngest,  
I cry that he has not experienced family  
Or home  
As I would ever hope  
Or dream for my children.

So, where and what is home for me?  
I have not returned to my home for years,  
And I wonder if  
I would have to put on my straitjacket  
Of fitting in to be accepted,  
Silence my voice  
For fear again of being misheard,  
Stifle my vitality  
For fear of being seen as crazy,  
And feel the discomfort  
Of conversation being created  
For the sake of breaking the deafening silence  
Of lack of connection.

I have not been attached to house  
Or country,  
But in my aloneness

All my life,  
Where I have felt invisible,  
Unwanted,  
A nuisance,  
Different,  
I have carried  
My shell with me,  
Perhaps seen by others  
That this home is too small  
For them to also reside in,  
To cohabitate,  
Or to be sheltered from the worries  
Of the outside world.

Homecoming has been my quest  
For both me and for my kids.  
They may not have always found that within my walls  
Despite my attention,  
Affection,  
Intention,  
But I am loving the return  
Of family  
When they knock on my door  
Or share their own homes now  
With me.

One day soon I will don my backpack  
And venture forth again  
As my own free spirit in the world  
Of home  
And non-attachment to others,  
But in full attention of myself:  
My own needs, comforts, pleasures,  
And my own peace and ease  
In my heart

That feels like  
A hearth, a fire,  
And the warmth of feeling  
Loved,  
Seen,  
Me.

- ❖ What has been your experience of house and home?
- ❖ What would it feel like in your body if you were at home with yourself?
- ❖ How can you experience that feeling right here and right now?



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A large rectangular area with a black border, containing 20 horizontal lines for writing.

# Waxing Moon—Air—Spring

*“As I breathed a new breath, I began to find spring within me.”*

The Swing in My Step

Out Cold on the Bathroom Floor

Pipped at the Post

Judgement Day

My Truth Unsilenced

Never Alone

The Ink Floweth

Conception Moon





## Day 6

# The Swing in My Step

---

Help me get the swing back in my step,  
The tango back in my feet,  
And the charleston happening in my spirit—  
Not the nervous novice on the stage  
About to do her impromptu  
Or debut,  
But someone who knows her competence  
Even in the unfamiliar,  
Ready to enlighten,  
Entertain,  
And equally dance with joy.

- ❖ What does life feel like today? A graceful ballet step, head-banging mosh, seductive tango, cheeky charleston, or a slow foxtrot?
- ❖ Is your body asking for a different dance, intensity, or change of pace?
- ❖ How will you honour what your body is telling you?





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## Day 7

### Out Cold on the Bathroom Floor

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Last night I slew the dragon.  
I fainted on the bathroom floor.  
Memories of childbirth  
And the atrocities I have witnessed  
In my many lives,  
Having cut the umbilical cord this week  
To mothering as I have known it,  
To the generational lineage of  
Service and sacrificial lamb,  
And to the sucking of energy  
That occurs when I  
Connect and care for people.  
It feels apt that  
I died to my old life,  
Waking up on the bathroom floor  
Not knowing where I was,  
In unfamiliar territory  
And feeling a little worse for wear.

- ❖ What is your body and energy level telling you today?
- ❖ What is dying within you? How can you, in ritual, allow that death to occur?
- ❖ What new life is pining within you to have expression? How can you breathe life into that?



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## Day 8

### Pipped at the Post

---

My puberty memories  
Showed me always lagging in the race  
To fully become woman.  
Always pipped at the post  
For the prize  
Of first bleed,  
First breast buds,  
First boyfriend,  
First kiss,  
First sexual encounter,  
First being pleased  
And seen as desirable.

There was always some other  
Femme fatale  
Who would ruin my race,  
Wear the medal,  
Claim the bragging rights,  
Squeal with delight,  
Or proudly fashion her tightest of jeans,  
Most buxom of bras,  
Or something that looked anything different  
From my more asexual-looking attire,  
Uniform, or sports clothes.

I did, however, attract the attention  
Of older men  
Who saw the more internal me,  
The talent, strength, intelligence,  
And feist within my spirit.

Is that why  
I ventured headstrong into academia?  
To hide from my feelings  
Of not being woman,  
Not being desirable,  
Or not even being allowed  
To show my face of femalehood  
In a largely ordered  
And religious world  
In which I had  
To live  
To conform,  
And which allowed me  
To hide my hurt feelings?

Is that why I chose to venture  
To the other side of the world?  
To escape  
And attempt to give  
Expression to my feelings,  
Find sensuality in my soul and  
Freedom in my movement,  
And womanliness  
In my veins,  
In my heart,  
Sexual self,  
And in my Being?

It was only through life  
And what she gifted me  
In the pain of anorexia and bulimia,  
Deep darkness,  
The hotel room,  
Infertility,  
Loss of child,  
Taking on babes as my own,  
Pregnancy,  
Birthing,  
Motherhood,  
And the countless woman whom I have helped  
Come through their own  
Womanly transitions,  
Changes,  
Uncertainty,  
Self-doubt,  
Body disconnection.

All of this has gifted me the way  
To my womanhood:  
The beauty of it,  
The pain,  
The pleasure,  
And the mundane,  
But mostly the joy of loving  
My body,  
Myself,  
My ebb and my flow,  
And comfort within my skin—  
The freedom and joy  
Of being fully woman.

There is no better prize than that,  
And I happily run  
That race every day,  
Knowing there is  
No winner,  
No pipping at the post,  
But a journey of other women  
Simply finding themselves.  
Each learning to embrace life  
As a gorgeous, gifted,  
Hot, powerful,  
Emotional, and content woman,  
Happy to be in the skin she's in  
And loving the joys  
Of being female.

- ❖ How did your experience of puberty shape your life as a woman and your respect or disrespect for your body?
- ❖ What body changes, transitions, or losses have left you feeling powerless? How have they also empowered you?
- ❖ What simple act of kindness can you do today that will show new respect for your body?





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## Day 9

# Judgement Day

---

To be seen  
For who I am  
Has paid its toll  
Within the ranks.  
The judgement:  
Unfair,  
Unjustified,  
Wrong.  
Not guilty  
Of prostitute,  
Negligent mother,  
Hopeless businesswoman,  
Depressive,  
Failed wife,  
Controlling,  
Heartless.

The gavel falls.

- ❖ How are you one of your biggest judges? What has judgement and criticism stopped you from doing or being?
- ❖ Whose opinions of you do you let rule your life?
- ❖ What would it take to be strong enough to listen to your own inner truth of good-enough-ness?







## Day 10

# My Truth Unsilenced

---

What truth would I reveal  
If I dared voice what has been hidden,  
Ignored,  
Or denied a listening ear?

The medical system let me down.  
It was uncaring and insensitive  
And left me disempowered,  
But equally detoured me to the path of more  
Enlightened,  
Body-connected  
Ways of enjoying health  
And empowerment.

I was born into religion,  
But this squashed me  
Into something I wasn't.  
Spirituality is allowing me  
To be more the real, expansive me  
Without being chastised,  
Judged,  
Or condemned.  
Herein lies  
Freedom.

Betrayal, when it happens  
Within one's circle of women,  
Is damaging to one's spirit.  
Women equally hold the power, however,  
To be the most loving beings  
And change the world positively  
When they believe in  
And support each other.

Motherhood is a blessing,  
But is also a great means of learning the lessons  
Of loving unconditionally  
Without any return of favour.  
The more one values motherhood,  
The more she may be disappointed  
If she seeks validation  
Outside of herself.

Busyness  
Is not what it's made out to be.  
External measures of success are fleeting  
When compared to success from the inside of  
Self-love,  
Connectedness,  
Contribution,  
Peace,  
Love.

Women are born beautiful.  
Women are beautiful.  
Women will always be beautiful.  
We are curvaceous beings,  
Ebbing and flowing  
With imperfections and perfections,  
Giftedness and grottiness,

Smiles and huge sobs of tears,  
Aspirations and lack of follow-through,  
A desire to be equal  
But equally desiring to be princesses.

We are not straight lines.  
Neither do we succeed more by  
Hiding our curvaceous nature  
Behind a veil of success,  
Accomplishment,  
And getting shit done.

It is ironic that  
Women have been silenced  
And made into driving and striving machines  
By their own choice  
Or outside forces,  
But have the power  
Within their truth  
To ignite a revolution  
To alter humankind's actions  
And to change the world  
For good.

For this, however,  
We need to allow women to be beautiful women  
And bring the feminine—  
Still,  
Sacred,  
And soulful—  
Into the everyday living of  
Their daily lives.

- ❖ What is your truth that you have kept silenced for too long?
- ❖ What effect has dampening your truth had on your body, health, and relationships?
- ❖ What positive impact could giving a voice to your truth have on you and others?





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## Day II

### Never Alone

---

Too many people go it alone  
And miss the knowing  
That they are not alone,  
Not unseen,  
Not unsupported.

Within us and around us  
Is the abundance of things unseen,  
But definitely felt  
And recognised  
From deep within  
When connected to that source of abundance.

Our connection  
To spirit,  
To nature,  
To love  
Gives us our day-to-day,  
Practical guideposts  
Without the angst  
Of working it out.

It gifts us  
The support crew  
Who will hold us  
When things get tough,

And who will also whisper  
Or even shout to us,  
“Keep going!”

We need not fear death,  
Our own or others,  
Because you and they are not gone.  
They are forever connected,  
Accessible,  
Available,  
And on tap  
To draw courage,  
Strength,  
And insight from.

- ❖ Who is your support crew (family, friends, God, angels...) from whom you can draw support, strength, and sustenance?
- ❖ What signs show you that your support crew is present and helping you now?
- ❖ What leap of faith would you take today if you knew you were not alone?







## Day 12

### The Ink Floweth

---

The pen in hand,  
But no ink.  
The mechanics of writing,  
Sure, I know how,  
But I'm still not taking action  
Because I can only see  
A word or two ahead,  
And not the final lay of the land.

This holds me in sentences.  
Now and then comes a paragraph,  
Sometimes even a blog post  
Whizzed out in the eleventh hour.  
But it's disjointed,  
Not a whole,  
Complete,  
Flowing  
Book.

What would it take  
To allow the ink to flow  
As it may?

What would it take  
To have crystal-clear clarity,  
Or at least feel a degree of comfort  
In the way it emerges?

What would it take  
To trust that the technical things  
Can be easily sorted?

These are just mere details,  
Yet my message  
In its entirety  
Is still kept invisible  
Because of such  
Distrust,  
Lack of clarity,  
Lack of focus.

What would break open the flesh of this book  
And allow its guts  
To be revealed  
In all of her glory,  
Untamed,  
Unedited,  
And even a little messy  
And out of rhythm?

What would allow this book  
To move from conception,  
Gestation,  
And finally birth after  
Many miscarried attempts?

We do not alter the course of gestation.  
We go with where it leads  
And naturally grows,  
And forms itself  
Into beautiful form  
To be birthed when ready.

We nourish ourselves well  
During this phase,  
Knowing that the baby  
Grows without our volition,  
But by a moving force  
And energy within  
That propels itself into beingness  
In its own perfect timing,  
With midwife on hand  
And the support crew waiting  
To witness the birth,  
To celebrate the new life,  
And to wonder at its  
Creation,  
Purpose,  
Message to the world.

So why am I haltering  
The spirit of this baby from coming  
Into tangible form?  
Truth be known,  
I am scared of being a bad mother.

- ❖ How are you allowing or not allowing your creativity to shine? What keeps you stuck?
- ❖ What steps can you take today to get past those sticking points and create new momentum?
- ❖ How will you engage with your spirit, soul helpers, or support crew to help you bring your creative dreams into fruition?





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## Day 13

### Conception Moon

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In full light,  
The conception moon  
Dazzles down,  
Hoping to spotlight  
That which is to be seen  
More of in the world.

To seed in magic  
That creates cells,  
That multiply  
And take form.

To fertilise  
So that bud becomes flower  
And pod becomes fruit.

Full moon,  
You potentise the air  
With excitement  
And sometimes restlessness.  
A “full of the joys of spring” feeling  
When we feel like  
We are in our prime,  
All systems go  
And ready to take on the world

With new clarity,  
Enlightenment,  
Lightness,  
Vim.

Arousal heightened,  
Energy higher.  
Surrounded by people,  
And goals that desire  
Fruitioning.

I am ready,  
I am light  
And lit up.  
I no longer stand invisible,  
As I now choose the spotlight  
To show me the stage,  
Not the shadows,  
And to shine the way  
On my movements,  
My character,  
And on the lead role,  
I auditioned for:  
My most important role,  
And that is to play me  
In all of my glory.

- ❖ What dream, goal, or project would you love to achieve?
- ❖ What ideas or decisions would you like more light shed on so that they can come to fruition?
- ❖ What specific steps will you take today to move you from dreaming about an idea to it becoming real?



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# Full Moon—Fire—Summer

*“I let the fire within me fuel my passion to live a more lit up life.”*

The Creation Moon at Her Fullest

Burning Flame of Desire

Tarred and Feathered

Uncaged Life Story

My Chosen Kindred Mamas

Mothering the Child Within

The Silent Space

Voice of the Inner Critic





## Day 14

### The Creation Moon at Her Fullest

---

---

I riff from my heart,  
Feel it in my soul,  
Tell my story,  
Reveal my heart,  
And show up  
Under the spotlight  
And loving arms  
Of She,  
The creative mama  
At her fullest.

Dancing in her own full moon light,  
The full moon  
Allows me to shine the spotlight  
On the adventurous spirit of me  
Standing on the cliff's edge of my past  
And stepping into the unknown,  
Where my heart  
Beats, pumps, roars, cries,  
And engages with others, heart to heart.

From years of feeling alone,  
I whisper to you,  
“You are not alone,”  
And help you see the fullness of that truth.

From years of grief,  
I remind you that life has a crazy way  
Of ebbing and flowing,  
And you will be okay.  
I will help carry you from those turbulent waters  
To one where the full moon is clear on the calm water,  
Spotlighting the why of that experience  
And the fullness that grief-filled time has brought you.

From years of pursuits and tick-off lists  
In order to feel validated,  
I remind you that you are already enough,  
Even when you are doing nothing.

From divorce and time on my own without partner,  
I remind you that you must love yourself  
To allow another to be with you fully—  
Not a half moon relationship,  
But a full one in all of her glory.

From humbling in the money stakes,  
And feeling the bones of my arse poking through,  
And somehow managing to put another meal on the table  
For my young family,  
I remind you that you will always be provided for.  
Sustenance in these moments  
Often comes from the soul.

From finding not one but a few soulmates,  
Where I recognised them instantly  
And chose to be with them  
For the time and reason allocated by spirit,  
I want you to know that we are here  
For a time, season, and reason of  
Rich growing,

Self-expansion,  
And a road to more  
Self-love,  
Self-acceptance,  
And learning to step more into  
The “foolness” of the moon,  
Of the unknown of relationships  
And what they teach us,  
What adventures they bring us,  
And what joy and pain they enable us to feel.

Creative mama,  
Full moon,  
You know how I have hidden in the shadows  
For self-preservation  
Out of not-good-enoughness,  
And sometimes out of survival.  
My heart so desires to be seen in my fullness,  
To dance in the moonlight once again with more joy,  
And to swim in her reflection  
In the cool, clear waters of clarity,  
And to be the fool  
Trusting that when I fully follow my heart’s desires,  
I will totally be in my fullest feminine power,  
And others will experience that love, self-belief,  
Hope, peace, and joy for themselves  
As my heart pines and reminds them they can also  
Dance in their own full moonlight  
Once again.

- ❖ Which of your life experiences can you use to help others see light in their dark times?
- ❖ What talents are you hiding which, when brought out into the light, could make a real difference in the world?
- ❖ If you were to light the way for one other person today, who would that be, and what would you say or do?



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## Day 15

### Burning Flame of Desire

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Dare to leap forth into my desires,  
My destiny,  
My day-to-day life  
As I am being called.

If I were to feel the ouch  
That comes from touching the fire of desire,  
And knowing I can manifest all that I have dreamed about  
Yet have been scared of,  
Let me tear open my fear,  
Throw her in the fire  
With wild abandonment,  
And dance around the fire  
In full swing of what manifests.

My fire of desire  
Creates written and spoken words  
That reach the heart of people  
And show them a new compass  
That will navigate them  
Into less turbulent waters  
And into the soothing waters of love.

My fire of desire  
Has me walking the sometimes rocky  
And difficult road beside people

Hand in hand,  
Easing their blisters  
And urging them on when they want to give up.  
We travel together,  
We retreat together,  
We heal together  
And we walk a simpler path.

My fire of desire  
Allows me to travel to far-off places,  
Yet places that draw me in  
Like they're calling me home,  
And into familiar territory  
So I need not fear  
What my mission is there.  
The mission is clear  
And it is pure love in action.

My fire of desire  
Allows me expressions of creativity  
That fuel me,  
Soothe me,  
Heal me and others  
As we dance, paint,  
Create, celebrate,  
Heal, desire,  
And manifest.

My fire of desire  
Gifts me freedom from motherhood  
As I have known it.  
Yet my deepest desire  
Is deep respect and love  
From those whom I have loved beyond measure.  
If I died tomorrow,

That would be my deepest longing.

My fire of desire  
Gifts me abundant currency  
To support, sponsor,  
And be the ambassador  
Of someBODY BEAUTIFUL  
There for women  
Who also wish to step up  
And flourish in self-love,  
Body honouring,  
Soul nourishment,  
Femininity,  
And connection to spirit.

My fire of desire  
Has me dancing around the fire  
With other creative, intelligent, and caring souls  
Whose calling is also that of love.  
Our collective skills and talents  
Allow our work not to be hard,  
But instead to be uplifting, empowering,  
Life changing,  
Not zapping us of energy  
But energising us  
Where we too feel hammocked  
In support, love, and courage.

My fire of desire  
Asks me to honour my closest relationship with my love,  
To have time, space, and continued openness,  
To grow  
And experience the warmth, excitement, and love  
From the spark that comes from  
Pure intimacy,

Sensuality,  
Soul connection,  
With one other.

My fire of desire  
Gifts me opportunities  
To speak across the divide of language  
Through deepening my own language skills,  
And opening the opportunities  
To minister, create and enjoy life with people  
In other languages,  
Countries,  
Communities.

My fire of desire  
Is for my life to be one of immense pleasure:  
Food, wine, social occasions,  
Great lovemaking,  
Physical challenges,  
Travel,  
Entertainment,  
Soul-satisfying pleasures.

My fire of desire  
Throws away fear,  
Self-doubt,  
Past failures,  
Procrastination,  
Lack of clarity,  
Responsibility,  
Obligation,  
Fear of judgement  
Or not-good-enoughness,  
No money,  
Lack of momentum,

Going it alone,  
Hiding out,  
And whatever else  
Conscious or unconscious  
That has hindered my fire  
To burn,  
And my light to shine,  
And my path to be easy.

My fire of desire  
Now pleads  
To transform my desire  
Into tangible manifestations  
That leave me in that feeling of awe  
And immense gratitude.

- ❖ What desires have you extinguished in the past and want to reignite?
- ❖ What are your new burning flames of desire?
- ❖ What do you intuitively feel will fuel those desires and help them manifest?



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## Day 16

### Tarred and Feathered

---

I got in touch today  
To ask them  
Why had they done what they had done?  
Something that felt like the biggest betrayal ever,  
That has caused my flesh  
To still be  
Open,  
Raw,  
Festering,  
Yet unaddressed,  
Hidden beneath  
Some cotton wool  
As nobody acknowledges  
Or nurses the seeping wound  
For fear of opening the wound even more.

Ouch!  
Not prepared to reply to my question,  
Which was shut down,  
Unanswered,  
And unapologised for.

She wished me well for my healing  
But would not take responsibility  
For what she had done that had caused  
My bleeding wound,

Which stings even more today  
As I have again exposed it.

The other continues to encourage me  
In my mothering,  
But never did an apology come  
For the decision  
That has had such an impact on my life.

Sometimes we need  
To let go of the attachment to people  
Who are our biggest  
Unbelievers,  
Judges,  
Perpetrators of untruth  
Which they would like  
To harness as  
The truth  
Of who we really are.

It is even more painful  
Because of the thread  
Of pink bloodline  
From not just one side,  
But the outlaw side as well  
Who have at times ostracized,  
Thrown stones,  
And pulled me along the street tarred and feathered.

It hurts,  
It stings,  
It burns,  
It goes deep.

But they do not know me fully,  
And I am not who they see me as.

Underneath those feathers,  
I am mother love.

- ❖ What impact has others' judgement of you had on your life?
- ❖ Where does lack of forgiveness sit in your body?
- ❖ Who are you truly underneath the layers of how people perceive you?



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## Day 17

### Uncaged Life Story

---

Caged no more,  
And yes, she will sing.

My new role in life  
Is standing on the stage  
Accoladed,  
Validated,  
Crowned for being me  
In my extraordinariness,  
Not booed at by the crowd  
Or concert unattended.  
Taking the lead role,  
Not sitting in the shadows,  
But being warmly received  
Because I have touched  
The very heart  
Of those that watch, listen, and grow.

My new story  
Has me being storyteller  
And the compassionate listener,  
Rather than the advisor,  
Coach,  
Solution finder.  
I listen to the stories

And help lessen someone's load,  
Ease her pain and suffering,  
And allow her  
To see the unravelling  
Of love in her life,  
And the new, exciting possibilities  
That come from that heart space.

My new stories in life  
Are travelling tales.  
I travel even more,  
But this time more resourced financially  
So I can indulge in  
More pleasure,  
More opportunities,  
More freedom  
To open to where spirit  
Asks me to be,  
To honour my calling  
Skills, talents, interests  
On the road  
And share with those  
Who need them,  
And whose offerings I need  
For mutual growth and enjoyment.

In my new romance novel,  
I enjoy my love  
In partnership  
Not as an addition to my family and their needs,  
But finally as a couple,  
Complete,  
Two.

My new sport in the game of life  
Is not one of playing tennis  
With me on one side  
And the others on the other.  
It is me  
Playing team tennis  
Not out to win,  
But to enjoy the game  
For its pleasure,  
In collective  
Spirit,  
Support,  
And fun together.

My life's location  
Is not in big cities.  
It journeys me into nature,  
Stillness,  
And deeper relationship  
With Mother Earth and her fullness.  
The moon follows me,  
And I follow her.  
The air is fresh,  
Clean and clear.  
My own head is clear.  
The stream carries  
My fears and tears away,  
And soothes my soul,  
And refreshes my body.  
The fireplace  
Beckons me to  
Sit in her warmth  
And burn  
Old stuff  
For constant renewal

Of my spirit,  
My strength,  
And joy of being alive.  
It allows me to share stories  
As we gather around the fire with ones we love.

My life with words  
Is expanded beyond measure  
And finds its way  
Into homes,  
Bookstores,  
Women's circles,  
Red tents,  
Onto stages,  
And even on the sand,  
Where the written or spoken word  
Is difficult to access.  
It is multilingual,  
Crossing the divide of language,  
Culture,  
Religion,  
Thought.  
I swim in words  
Of many languages,  
Loving the fluency  
Of self-expression  
That language offers me.

I also love that love  
Does not need language.  
Love is silent gorgeousness.

My culinary recipe book  
Feeds me great delights  
From many corners of the world

In far-off places,  
But equally offers beautiful moments  
Of sharing a table,  
Communing  
Sacredly,  
At one with others.

My life story is also one of philanthropy,  
Opening doors  
To those who would love the chance  
To step up,  
Shine,  
Be uncaged,  
Unsilenced,  
And liberated  
Into living  
More fully,  
More at peace,  
More creatively,  
More joyfully,  
And more on purpose,  
Making their difference.

My body, her story,  
Continues to be one of  
Body gratitude,  
Nourishment,  
Tenderness,  
Opening intimacy,  
And kindness.  
It finds its pleasure  
In dance,  
Sensuality,  
Lovemaking,  
Movement,

Grace and elegance,  
And sometimes sweat.  
And I finally discover  
Restful sleep  
And energised wake-ups  
To allow me to  
Fully be in the world  
And her pleasures.

My new story  
I leave to unfold  
Unscripted,  
With spirit  
In full trust  
And admiration  
That the story  
Reveals itself  
Not just to be read,  
But to be fully lived  
And breathed.

- ❖ Which chapter of your life can you now view from a more empowered perspective?
- ❖ If you could write your life story, what would your next chapter have in it?
- ❖ If you lived your life with more depth, how would that look?



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## Day 18

### My Chosen Kindred Mamas

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My mother of birth;  
Superwoman,  
Perfectionist,  
Keeper of the peace.  
A busy woman,  
Talented,  
Skilled.  
Woman of words,  
Hands of creativity,  
Generous heart.  
Server of people,  
Sacrificing self  
For others.  
Probably a means  
Of keeping her  
Validated within  
While she often goes without.

Another mama,  
My Nana Mary—  
Oh, the fun we had together.  
And the memories we collected  
Were gone too soon.  
I miss the coins she passed me  
Quietly without notice,  
Her way of saying she was proud of me.

I miss her lolly jar,  
Overcooked cabbage,  
Homemade quince jelly,  
My sleepovers,  
And my ventures through her jewellery box of brooches.  
I miss her coming to watch me dance  
Because she was ever so proud  
Of the dancing spirit within me.

I felt she understood me.  
She hugged me,  
And kissed me,  
With her hairy aging chin.  
I was included in her market days  
And shouted milkshakes at the corner milk bar.  
But she was taken too soon and too suddenly.

The Saturday morning news of her death  
That I was awoken to  
Killed me.  
Distraught,  
Devastated,  
Not wanting to believe  
That special mama had gone.  
The mama who I also heard  
Was mama to many  
Who were abandoned,  
Neglected,  
Ostracized,  
Lost,  
And had no place.

She truly was  
The caring mama,  
Heart mama

To us femmes  
Whose fates  
Lead us to feel  
Self-doubting,  
Different and alone,  
And made us fight and fend for  
Our worthiness  
And place of belonging.

My mama-in-laws,  
Yes, I had two  
Because of the widower I married:  
His mother-in-law  
And his own mother.  
One in grief for her lost daughter  
Whom I would never measure up against.  
I was not to be the mother of her grandchildren  
And was not her daughter,  
The precious one that did no wrong.  
But that saintliness is often what is given  
To those who pass early,  
And whose fuller life has not been given  
The means to be explored,  
And character developed  
Into something more  
That may or may not be  
Agreeable  
In a mother's eyes.

The other,  
Someone who felt her role of nana  
Was taken away  
By the capable me who came on board  
Following the accident that left her grandchildren motherless.  
She took on that mantle of motherhood

And lost it when I entered the picture,  
Unintentionally taking the role from her  
And assuming the mantle myself.

She had to bear her own pain  
Of losing the validation she sought  
By caring for her grandchildren through their grief.  
And her angry arrow  
Was thrown at me,  
The target.  
But she died soon after,  
Leaving a trail of hurt saying  
I was the worst mother on this planet.  
That was her final judgement of me.

Aunty figures, sister figures, my own maternal line  
Absent for many years now,  
Bringing up my own six children without them.  
I have not been blessed  
With my tribe around me to call upon.  
I have gone it alone,  
And as I reflect on this,  
I am saddened.  
For it takes a village  
To bring up a child.

I have done my best.  
I have done very well.  
But to the expense  
Of my own well often feeling dry,  
Often wishing I had a mama,  
The aunty,  
The sister,  
The grandmother  
Who would pick up the pieces,

Allow me to sleep now and then,  
Allow me the freedom to go out,  
Help me with decisions,  
And help me refill my tank.

I honour other mamas  
Who have heard me  
Cry into the night,  
Fed me when I was hungry,  
Clothed me when I was cold,  
Encouraged me when I was unbelieving,  
Supported me when I went solo,  
Gave me money when I was humbled,  
And held my back  
When others didn't.

I gather my own mamas around me,  
Unrelated  
But kindred spirits,  
Not numerous  
But those with mama hearts,  
Those who genuinely care,  
And those who show their love  
In action:  
Small but significant,  
Little but loving,  
Not out of feeling responsible  
But out of pure love  
For a kindred spirit mama,  
Friend,  
Woman.

- ❖ What part have mother figures played in your life?
- ❖ What has been your experience of mothering others?
- ❖ Who are your kindred spirit mamas, and who would you now like to gather in that circle?



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## Day 19

### Mothering the Child Within

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My days as a child,  
I dreamed I was in Africa,  
At the orphanages,  
Living with kids  
So they felt they had  
Not just a home  
But a family who cared  
And who loved them.

When Lady Diana died,  
I cried for weeks.  
Not because of her death as such,  
Although she was a beautiful mother figure to many,  
But for the pain of her boys  
And the growing up they had to do without her.

When I took on my three oldest  
As young girls,  
After the fatal accident of their birth mum,  
I knew I was gifted them,  
To nurse them through their grief  
In the various transitions of their lives:  
First missing tooth,  
Birthdays,  
New schools,

First boyfriends,  
Graduation dances,  
Uni celebrations,  
Motherhood,  
And successes  
Without her.

The other three I birthed—  
Delicious pregnancies,  
Babies delivered healthy and thriving.  
And as I have watched them grow  
And develop their own little souls  
Into now teenage bodies,  
Dreams,  
Characters,  
Passions,  
I am in some ways disappointed.  
Their life was different than I imagined,  
Having gone solo for some time,  
And absent father in the shadows.  
I cry for them  
And smile for them  
As I see their growing  
Resourcefulness,  
Independence,  
And love for their world  
And themselves.

I remember the funerals of babes  
I have attended,  
And the agony I felt  
For the grieving mamas,  
Not just because of their babes  
Taken so early,  
But of the years ahead

They would not have  
With each other.

I remember the conversations I have had  
With mothers who have lost  
Their young ones to suicide:  
Agony,  
Bewilderment,  
Guilt,  
Regret,  
Wondering.  
And life goes on  
Somehow.

I notice my own inner judgement  
When mothers' time and attention  
With their kids is sacrificed  
For their own success in the world.  
Yes, a judgement,  
But I feel it in my soul,  
And I feel it in the spirit of children  
That this is wasted time  
We would regret if we were to die today.

Let us love our children like no other day,  
Lest we also not forget to  
Mother ourselves fully  
As a caring mother loves her child.

- ❖ How can you be a better mother to yourself?
- ❖ How can you be more present with people in your life today?
- ❖ What is the legacy of being a woman, mother, or lover that you wish to leave?



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## Day 20

### The Silent Space

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Who will guide me today  
To write about the ritual of writing  
My muse, my message, and my memes?

I flip open my book for assistance.  
Serapis Bey—  
Perfect.  
Stop rushing.  
You need to create  
Silent space  
To hear your inner voice  
That desires a listening ear.

Much like a breastfed babe,  
Be nourished by such connection  
And feed at regular intervals,  
So you don't go hungry or thirsty,  
And you are sustained  
As you share love  
From your heart.

Make your voice be your  
Utmost priority,  
And in the stillness  
Find that voice.

- ❖ How do you presently create stillness in your life?
- ❖ How could more time connecting with your inner spirit and nature benefit you?
- ❖ What is in your heart today that is asking to be voiced?





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## Day 21

### Voice of the Inner Critic

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I was not really taught  
How to land on my feet by my family,  
Because they shied away from telling me  
What career path or passion to follow.  
They said I would know,  
But actually I didn't.

But I did have a big dream  
To become a doctor;  
I could help save the world.  
But I could hear my critic saying,  
"You're not smart enough"  
Even though I topped the class every year.  
I didn't become a doctor.

Occupational Therapy became my game,  
Topping every level of study,  
Only to fail once  
In my third year.  
Some assessor  
Did not like my unique take on the subject  
And gave me a low grade.  
The gavel fell;  
Depression set in.  
Perhaps that was my starting point  
Of silencing my unique voice.

I fell into my first role  
With that ball and chain of critic at my feet,  
But with some anticipation I could change that.

First paid job was in the psych ward  
With those who were suffering.  
Out of my league,  
In my youth,  
And lacking worldly life experience,  
I struggled,  
Unsupported by more experienced staff around me.  
I treaded water,  
Gasping sometimes for help,  
Swimming against the tide,  
But relating to the people with compassion.  
But again, my unique way  
Was squished,  
Squashed,  
And I left.  
Overseas called me.

My overseas travel.  
Yeah, to be free in the world.  
Tour leader twenty-four seven.  
Played every role possible,  
But one piece of feedback destroyed me.  
My critic  
Sent me home  
To nothing,  
Depressed  
And suicidal.

My critic was in full swing.  
I picked myself up,  
Dusted myself off,

And started all over again,  
And found my means of service:  
Supporting teens with babes.  
Oh, I loved this,  
Feeling in my element,  
Loving the teaching, empowerment,  
And inspiration I offered.  
But I felt too young  
And inexperienced,  
As I was without child  
Or the experience of motherhood.  
Yes, I had life skills and wisdom  
To teach these young women,  
But my critic sent me packing.

I taught English to foreigners,  
Again topping my class  
And immediately being offered a job.  
Great work, Janelle.  
Many ticks,  
Few crosses,  
Until I was snapped up in marriage,  
And I moved location  
And into the realms of  
Instant motherhood.  
Yes, here I felt at home.

Many of my next years  
Were spent with busy family:  
Six kids, a husband,  
And my career ambitions behind me,  
Willingly taking on a more complimentary working role,  
But honouring the full-time nature  
Of motherhood,  
Superwoman,

Doer unto others,  
Excelling,  
But critic,  
My own  
And others,  
Sometimes hurt.

Going solo  
And choosing that split.  
Yes, the leaver is judged  
More than the one who is left.  
But he wouldn't make that call,  
So I bore the brunt,  
Knowing full well  
The decision was the right one.  
But this did not leave me in favour  
Of those who were hurting.  
I felt for their hurt,  
But I felt my own pain too.  
My critic reared her head,  
But my gentle knowing  
Kept me on my feet,  
Even when I was walking  
The humblest ground I had ever trod.

The expansion over recent years  
Of stepping up into  
Speaking, writing, events,  
Healing, and personal growth  
Has been exhilarating,  
Scary,  
Fulfilling,  
Liberating,  
Constraining,  
Life directing,

And life stopping—  
Easy and difficult.  
Sure, with critic in tow,  
But in a softer, gentler voice,  
One that doesn't bash me up,  
Knock me down for too long,  
Or stop me in my tracks.

What's the difference?

Finding my inner source  
That says,  
You are enough.  
Follow your calling,  
Your path,  
Your message,  
Your love  
In the way  
That only you can do, and be  
Not with critic as your companion,  
But with love as your guide  
To land on your feet  
And walk strongly  
On your path.

- ❖ What have you missed out on in life because of your harsh inner critic?
- ❖ What do you feel is your real calling or life purpose?
- ❖ How can you gently tame your inner critic so that you can begin to have more confidence and trust in yourself?







# Waning Moon—Water—Autumn

*“My tears could not put out the bonfire of leaves that were shed.”*

Not-Good-Enoughness Seeks Companion

Comfy Shoes and High Heels

The Bomb or the Bonfire

The Return

The Peacemaker and the Justice Fighter

Shape Shifting into Self

The Perfect Bloom





## Day 22

# Not-Good-Enoughness Seeks Companion

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I feel it deep within  
My gut,  
My not-good-enoughness.

My inner critic,  
She also lies  
In my sleeplessness,  
Worrying about  
What might be  
And mightn't be.

She shows herself  
In lack of clarity,  
Jumbledness,  
So my creation seldom comes  
Fully together,  
Fully to fruition,  
Or fully experienced.  
Sabotaged,  
I miss out,  
And others miss out.

But darling,  
Could you not be my companion?

If I were just to hold you  
And embrace you,  
And allow you, my inner critic,  
To hold my hand and accompany me,  
Not bind me or hold me back,  
But to walk with me  
And gently prod me  
Into stepping outside of my comfort zone  
With more ease  
And less worry,  
Knowing that  
As I am today,  
I'm enough.  
I'm a creation in progress,  
And this is just fine.

And a reminder to my little girl self  
To come out and play  
Freely  
Without worry,  
Without fear,  
Without confines.

The inner critic  
Sits,  
Stomps,  
Stirs,  
Stops.

My little girl  
Plays,  
Smiles,  
Dances,  
Sings.

The masculine critic,  
The feminine little girl—  
Could they not live happily together  
Knowing each is a part of each other?

- ❖ Which of your childhood interests or passions would you like to recreate again?
- ❖ What areas of your life would you like to lighten up a little and have more fun in?
- ❖ What lifts your spirit and sings to your soul? How can you engage in that today?





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## Day 23

### Comfy Shoes and High Heels

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My comfy shoes,  
My story,  
My unique heart print.  
Why else would I have gone through what I have,  
If it were not to share my story  
And help the reader?

My character loves the freedom  
That comes from  
Finally loving the skin she's in.  
Yes, really in her skin  
With so much comfort,  
Joy even,  
And a smile.  
The unleashing from the cage  
Of years of body loathing  
To one of such freedom of body love is  
Exhilarating,  
Orgasmic even.  
I know the paralysis of body loathing,  
And now I dance with delight,  
Moving more freely in my body  
And truly loving her  
For her magnificence.

My character is loving rocking through  
The confines of self-doubt  
That have ragged within her for years in various guises:  
Perfectionism,  
Over-doing,  
Control,  
Sleeplessness,  
Fatigue—  
No, in fact  
Burnout.  
Actually, death of spirit.

She is moving through self-doubt  
Not by banishing her  
Or by cracking open a “let’s get shit done” code  
To prove she can do anything,  
But by a gentle holding of her hand.  
Self-doubt is learning to be her companion,  
Not someone who leads her  
And pulls her by her coat-tails,  
Or pushes her onto a stage  
To be accoladed  
For her accomplishments and daring feats,  
But quietly accompanies her and reminds her  
Simply to find the confidence  
To grow into who she truly is  
And what she was born for.

My character is learning the joys of  
Being her sensual, pleasure-seeking self,  
From previously wearing  
Religious,  
Unexpressive,  
Closeted,  
Uncomfy shoes

Of controlled  
Frigidity and unavailability.  
She is free in her spirit,  
Flowing in her feminine essence,  
And finding her way home  
To pleasure  
Rather than pursuit  
And pioussness.

My character is learning  
To take off the mask  
That hides her raw feelings  
And reveal more of her many sides,  
Because the comfy shoes  
Of only showing her kinder, more loving side  
Actually confine her.  
Her anger, resentment, jealousy,  
Judgement, and shame  
Are finding their voices,  
Becoming unsilenced,  
And unleashing themselves;  
Sometimes not always comfy  
For the wearer,  
But definitely  
Allowing her to  
Be more real,  
Feel  
And  
Reveal  
Her fuller self,  
And be true to others.

My character knows the claustrophobia  
From wearing the mask  
Of good-girlness and emotional restraint.

She is now curious and feeling her way  
Into the unknown territory  
Of rage,  
Rawness,  
Realness.

She has worn comfy shoes,  
Familiar ones,  
Sensible  
And very worn-out,  
And ones that have caged her,  
Blistered her,  
And kept her safe,  
Sad,  
Restrained.

She now adorns her gorgeous heels  
And chooses freedom,  
Pleasure,  
Self-care,  
And true expression  
To be her dance partner.

- ❖ What, or who has confined, restrained, and kept you in a life that you don't enjoy?
- ❖ What pleasures have you denied yourself of over the years?
- ❖ What new pleasures would you like to discover, free of the restraints and taboos of your past?



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## Day 24

### The Bomb or the Bonfire

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Enraged,  
This morning I wake.  
In fact, woken  
Not out of slumber,  
But from a restless night.  
Awake,  
Pissed, in fact,  
That my huge smile  
Of contentment and joy  
Last night as I lay me down to sleep  
Was wiped off my face  
By one's blow.  
Not a physical one,  
But one that fuelled my fire  
And ignited me.

My greatest joy  
Comes from hearing contented,  
Joy-filled children,  
My children  
When they light up like a Christmas tree,  
Summer here in New Zealand,  
Enjoying both the anticipation and enjoyment  
Of fun-filled family times.

My youngest are teens now,  
And they lit me up  
As they entered the house  
Late last night  
After a long, metaphorical winter,  
But emerging out of their night  
With the joys of spring:  
Laughter,  
Togetherness,  
And great times had by all  
In their steps.

Only to be harshly interrupted by  
The accent,  
The words,  
And the views  
Of someone who doesn't seem to love hearing  
Joy-filled children  
Fill the house.  
He only imagined life with me,  
Not my kids.  
Enraged,  
Sad,  
Sorrow,  
And feeling like autumn leaves  
Are falling,  
Being gathered  
Perhaps  
To build a bonfire.

I don't know,  
But maybe I do.

- ❖ How is relating to someone close to you difficult because of your different values?
- ❖ What could you do to find a better balance between honouring your values and needs and those of others?
- ❖ What brings you joy, and how can you continue to live in joy daily?



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## Day 25

### The Return

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My son,  
My son.  
Oh, how I have missed you,  
Having graciously let you go  
Where you needed to go,  
And not where I wanted you to be:  
Safe in my heart,  
Under my wing,  
And in my embrace  
Of mother love.

The pain  
That you are now adult,  
And I have missed some years  
Of you becoming that man,  
Walking the rite of passage  
Into such extraordinary  
And sometimes difficult times  
Of emerging manhood.

My pain of womanhood,  
Being a mother,  
Simply wanting to make your way  
Easier,  
Brighter,  
And with a softer landing,

To hold and rock you so you feel secure,  
Is entwined somewhat with my own deep desire  
To feel needed, wanted, and respected.

On your short return,  
I feel intense sadness  
That I have missed those few years.  
And I notice it even more intensely  
Than when you were absent from our home.  
Your return has rifted my heart  
And reminded me of that pain  
Of letting you sail into unknown waters,  
And reminded me  
Of how powerless I have felt  
To be the mama  
I wanted me to be,  
Not what you needed me to be.

But as I shed buckets of tears  
Into my well this morning,  
Which has for some time now  
Felt dry,  
I am filled with more sustenance,  
Admiration,  
Pride,  
And motherly love  
Of the way  
You are becoming the man  
You were destined to be,  
And the path you have walked,  
Which may not have been  
The trail I planned for you,  
But one that has shown you the way  
To who you are today.

You have done well, my son,  
Minus me  
In the past few years.

And my cup runneth over  
With respect for myself too,  
For the foundations I set,  
The seeds I planted,  
The water of love I sprinkled,  
And the ever-constant knowingness—  
Not an easy one,  
But an important one:  
That it is not a mother who determines  
How a seed grows  
As much as she would like to think this.  
The seed himself grows  
With his own knowingness  
Inside.

- ❖ What change, loss or challenge has caused you grief?
- ❖ How is your grief showing itself or how are you hiding it?
- ❖ What creative activity could help you fully experience your grief and allow you to heal?



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## Day 26

# The Peacemaker and the Justice Fighter

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One person, not that respectful at present  
Of my needs and those of the kids,  
Someone who lives at a distance,  
Who appears all soft, gooey, and calm,  
Saying those words,  
Sounding less than convincing,  
But out of sheer exasperation  
And hope  
That finances will get better soon.  
But not really actioning his butt off  
To change things,  
Or be there for the kids.  
Or it seems so from the judgement chair  
Where I sit,  
Feeling saddened.

How long can a woman wait,  
Wait,  
And wait some more  
Through the peaceful expression and sounds  
Of such promises long overdue?

The other  
Out for justice  
At all costs,  
Straight to the jugular,  
Heart out of the equation,  
Mind in action,  
Body in fighter stance,  
Teeth ready to bite,  
And a winning  
“Get this shit sorted now”  
Grip in his hands,  
Ready to wring someone’s neck  
If it’s not sorted  
His way  
And in his timing.

The taste of caramel  
Is alluring,  
Delicious,  
Sweet,  
But it can burn.  
And as I continue to chew on caramel  
And see the good side,  
Sit in my patience chair,  
And continue to chew the same lolly,  
And allow him to walk over me,  
And ignore my needs  
And those of the kids.  
It is far from peaceful in my spirit,  
It is far from sweet in my gut,  
It is far from love,  
Fairness,  
And justice in my heart.

But it is I who continues  
To choose caramel  
And notice its deliciousness,  
Not its ability to burn.

And on the other side of the ring  
Is Mr. Justice Fighter,  
Boxing gloves on,  
Having fought this fight before  
And determined to conquer  
His quest,  
His opponent,  
His own intention.  
And as a fighter in the ring,  
One does not consider the other person.  
His soul aim is to put his opponent  
Out of the game  
And put himself  
In the ring as the winner.  
He calls it self-respect.

The justice fighter  
Is irked by my patience  
And compassionate ear  
For the peacemaker's strife.  
My nature, however, is not to fight,  
But to have understanding  
And a more win-win heart.  
But this devalues me  
As I continue to put me down the list  
And allow the peacemaker to continue,  
To quietly sit in his stuff  
And have that influence  
Me and my life.

And as much as I no longer love the peacemaker,  
And I claim to love the justice fighter,  
The fighter is becoming  
Less attractive in this moment too,  
For his words are too harsh a blow  
On my delicate skin.  
Yes, I know he is teaching me  
To fight for justice  
For the purpose of my own  
Self-value,  
Deservedness,  
And wholeness,  
But he's punching me into the ground  
With his right hook.

Or perhaps I simply need to learn to fight  
And see that my own peacemaking  
By tolerating without boundaries  
Can cause internal warfare  
That will one day  
Kill.

- ❖ What have each of your relationships gifted you even if they have ended?
- ❖ How does keeping the peace impact you and others positively and negatively?
- ❖ What boundaries would you like to set in your current relationships?



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## Day 27

### Shape Shifting into Self

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Pushed into corners  
And constraints of my busy diary,  
Schedules,  
Things to do list,  
And “be all to everyone” mentality  
Has, over many years,  
Shaped me into something  
I don’t want to be:  
Superwoman.

Not so super any longer, however,  
Because exhaustion  
Doesn’t help me  
Live with vibrancy,  
Joy,  
Or truly just be me.

It’s a cardboard cut-out of me,  
So shaped by my own expectations  
From within,  
The imprisonment of  
Time,  
Schedule,  
Templating.  
Looking like everyone else,  
Succeeding in life their way

That by most is seen as the norm,  
Desired,  
Or a mark of success.  
It's squashing me  
And keeping me 2D.

But I don't fit in those circles  
Of women who cling onto  
The next three secret principles  
Of doing well in biz,  
Or the latest blueprint for  
Having the life they love.  
I don't fit in those gatherings  
Where it's the exclusive club  
For the latest and greatest aspiring  
Entrepreneurs or success-driven women  
Who shape themselves into  
A busy, tight diary,  
Workload,  
And social commitment.  
I cry for what they are missing out on  
In their pursuit for freedom  
That they dream will come  
One day.

I often stand alone,  
Feeling like I'm a triangle,  
While others are squares  
Wanting to be bigger  
And better squares.

My greatest desire is to be the  
Flowingly,  
Fabulously,  
Fun-fulfilled

Me again  
Who doesn't get shaped  
By such imprisonment  
But craves for me  
In all my shapeless glory  
That once was,  
To re-emerge.

My desire  
Is to feel successful in the moments  
I take care of me and not always others,  
When I don't appear to have anything  
Or I don't appear to be moving anywhere.

There is true success  
And contentment,  
Feeling peaceful  
In my humblest,  
Darkest,  
And even messiest place  
As a woman,  
Where I am not  
The 2D cardboard that's monochrome  
But instead a 3D,  
Mutable,  
Colourful  
Un-shape.

But it takes something to shape shift into self,  
To metamorph  
And know  
That my greatest success is to  
Frolic in the sea of difference,  
Not float in the sea of sameness;  
To flow with my own rhythmic nature,

Rather than march to the beat of someone else's drum;  
To love my curves of my body, my life, my cycle,  
And not be the straight-line pursuit driven women  
Who drives and strives  
At the same pace every day  
While missing out on the scenery on the way;  
And to be messy and vulnerable  
Joyful and pleased,  
A non-chameleoned woman  
Who has the freedom of  
Not camouflaging herself.

- ❖ What expectations are you living into that don't align with who you truly are?
- ❖ What is the cost of you "fitting the mould" or living life inauthentically?
- ❖ What is one step you will take today to break out of that mould?



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## Day 28

### The Perfect Bloom

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No rose is the same,  
Even though she may resemble  
Other roses who share her bush.

Her petals  
Are in perfect order,  
Different from the others.  
Her thorns  
Are uniquely hers.  
She buds and blooms in her own  
Divine timing,  
And her scent  
Wafts in the proportions  
And timing  
That make her  
The perfect  
Rose.

Which other roses  
Do I admire,  
See in their fullest beauty,  
Soak in their scent,  
And pick to enjoy  
Put in my favourite vase,  
Or give as a beautiful gift to a friend?

Christiane Northrup:  
A woman of immense  
Knowledge,  
Medical and energetic.  
Helping women  
To reconnect to their  
Women's bodies,  
Women's wisdom.

Lisa Lister:  
The menstrual maven  
Whose words sing to my soul,  
And whose subject  
Makes total sense  
And riffs in my veins  
And lights the path for women  
To finally be women,  
Messy and all.

Anita Johnston:  
The storyteller  
Who sinks us into our unconscious minds  
To eat in the light of the moon,  
Heal our eating wounds,  
And acknowledge the intuitive,  
Feminine,  
Inner voice  
That wants to be unsilenced.

Maya Angelou:  
Phenomenal woman  
With joy in her feet.  
Poetess,  
Activist,  
Word priestess

Whose words - powerful and honest,  
Have inspired millions  
To become uncaged  
And sing again.

Mother Teresa:  
Role modelled  
Love in action,  
Reminding us that what we are doing  
Is just a drop in the ocean.  
But the ocean would be less  
Because of that missing drop.  
Her simple words and actions  
She lived by  
And made a profound difference  
In the lives of many.

Oriah Mountain Dreamer:  
Has made an invitation  
To millions  
To reach into their souls  
And listen to their inner landscape,  
To dance,  
To take on the call,  
And to live fully.

Dawna Markova:  
Who will not die an unlived life,  
Reminds me to feel  
The wind in my hair,  
The whispers of my heart,  
The awakenings of my soul,  
And to live divided no more.

This collective of women,  
And other phenomenal women  
Who have graced my path,  
Have all used their voices,  
Their words,  
Their hearts  
To be in their truth,  
Their power,  
Themselves.

Beautiful roses,  
All unique,  
Sharing the same garden.

- ❖ Who are the collective of people who have inspired, encouraged and offered you their wisdom?
- ❖ Who have you helped, influenced and made a difference to?
- ❖ Who do you now wish to connect with to further your life's purpose?



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# **Dark Moon Return—Earth—Winter**

*“In winter, she came home to her hearth and warmed herself.”*

Step into My Pause

Love Letter to Self – Je t’aime

Coming Home – Jahmaya





## Day 29

# Step into My Pause

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It's time to step into my pause,  
Thin space between spirit and myself.  
Time to do nothing today  
As I await the new moon.

- ❖ How are you with simply “being in the pause” and doing nothing?
- ❖ What message did you hear in your spirit today?
- ❖ What steps will you take to honour that intuitive message?



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## Day 30

### Love Letter to Self – Je t'aime

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Je t'aime, ma chérie.  
I speak love to you  
From all of the goddesses,  
Gorgeous women,  
Great inspirationesses,  
Gifted poetesses,  
And girls in soul,  
Who love you  
And yearn for you  
To continue to be  
The great mama,  
Matriarch,  
Visionary,  
Gift of compassion and inspiration  
To other women.

To finally find  
And fuel their feminine;  
To fiercely love themselves,  
Their bodies,  
Their ebb and flow,  
And to be fully women  
As they navigate their transitions in life.

Je t'aime.  
I love you  
And remind you  
To live with pleasure,  
Live with joy,  
And also honour your sadness  
Your self-doubt,  
Your niggling voice within.  
For it's the waxing and waning,  
Vulnerability and victory,  
Sexy and sacred,  
That make you  
Whole,  
Complete,  
Human.

Je t'aime, my dear.  
I honour you, my beautiful body,  
For feeling this raw pain,  
Noticing the hurt within it walls,  
And the desire to quit,  
But letting its slow release  
Heal your wounds,  
Comfort your bruises,  
And be released  
In flow  
For a new day.

You don't need to hold  
The pain of your past,  
Your lineage,  
Your lost love  
Within.  
Allow it to  
Fly from the cage

And set you free.

Let it flow,

Let it flow,

Let it flow.

Je t'aime.

I'm sorry

For wasted years of not

Loving and honouring

Your gorgeousness.

My child, you are gifted.

You danced,

Wrote,

Played

Before grief grabbed you

And invisibility set in.

Joy dissipated,

And self-sufficiency

Became your familiar.

Dance again,

Write words,

And pleasure yourself

With more joy,

For that is your life lesson.

Je t'aime.

Be grateful for the women

Who have hurt you.

They have been your teachers,

Navigators,

And sideline cheerers,

Jeerers,

Leerers,

To help you shape your inner resolve

To believe in you.

Je t'aime.  
To you, my body,  
Which I treated as an enemy,  
Archrival,  
And thing to hate for so long.  
I am in wonder  
Of your resilience,  
Patience.  
Brilliance.  
I marvel at your beauty,  
Strength of character,  
And forgiving nature.  
Je t'aime,  
Je t'aime,  
Je t'aime.

- ❖ What are you going to write today in your love letter to self?
- ❖ What regrets can you now use positively to have an even better life?
- ❖ What are you grateful to your body for? How will you show your gratitude?



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## Coming Home – Jahmaya

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At the beginning of this journey following the phases of the moon and the cycle of Mother Nature, I knew I was going somewhere profound. It is the moon that has illuminated the path that has led me to honour and love who I truly am, where I have been, and who has been important in my soul's journey to date.

My spiritual name has revealed herself as Jahmaya, and she has started breathing life into me more fully. She has always been there, but I feel her power even more strongly today.

Jahmaya,  
Jahmaya,  
Jahmaya.  
Great mother,  
Matriarch,  
Midwife,  
Wise woman,  
Brave warriorress,  
Feminine divinity,  
Goddess,  
She who brings increase,  
Close to God.  
I let her swirl  
Through my veins,  
Melt her into my heart,  
Breathe her into my lungs,  
Feel her vibration,  
And smile  
At her coming home.



# Conclusion

## Curvaceous Moon

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Let's face it. Women are curves and not straight lines.

Our bodies are beautifully curvaceous.  
Our minds are multitasking wonders.  
Our emotional states fluctuate.  
Our souls flow as we learn our life lessons.  
And our lives are filled with curveballs.

But we are told to dislike, disown, or distrust our curves.

The masculine aspect of us only approves when we are “thin enough” and “beautiful enough,” and we undertake rigid regimes to ensure that. We have also been taught to manage our menstruation, menopause, and body mayhem as if they were problems to be sorted, rather than listen to our bodies' inherent wisdom and allow the factors underlying our problems to be revealed and healed.

We listen to our logic and get bombarded with an overload of information to help us make decisions, solve a problem, or help us through a challenge, rather than honour our feminine intuition and soul-knowing, which pave an easier and more natural way to wellness and happiness.

We are told to contain, harness, resist or keep a lid on our emotions – showing only ones that are “appropriate”. And we keep our “I've got it together mask” on to show that we are coping in the world when in reality we are not. The feminine in us is crying out for all of our

emotions to be felt, expressed and heard and for us to be comfortable with our fluctuating emotional state. That is being fully woman.

Society's requirements for us to move through the linear stages of having the house, the kids, the career, and other markers of success are prioritised over what our soul yearnings are begging us to be, do, and have. A diary, template, and tick-off list is the masculine. A soul nourishment menu is the feminine.

The curveballs in our lives are considered time-wasters, distractions, nuisances, unfair, or failures. They could be seen as detours to a far more fulfilling journey or destination. The feminine knows there is always the perfect reason and season for everything, and it trusts in that perfection and surrenders to it.

Gorgeous women. As a collective and individually, it is time to honour our feminine. It is time to love our cycles. It is time to love what the moon, nature, and our menstrual cycle teach us about balancing the masculine and feminine so that we become whole, balanced, and well. It is time we have self-love and body honouring as a way of being. It is time to honour the calling of our hearts and souls. And we are being extended an invitation back to love through our feminine.

But how?

We all want the joys of spring and summer, but the darkness of our literal and metaphorical winter is also important, and so too is the shedding of stuff that is no longer wanted or needed in autumn. The masculine is about regime, routine, and rigidity. The feminine is honouring and aligning our rhythms with nature's seasons and monthly and daily cycles, and being in flow with them rather than fighting against them. Ritual is an important way of honouring the seasons within us.

The goal-focussed, energetic, out there doing life, biz, and juggling-a-zillion-things-at-once part of our menstrual cycle needs to be balanced with the second phase of our cycle, which yearns for more solitude, less busyness, and more rest, relaxation, and reflection. The masculine would have us doing the same stuff day in and day out. The feminine asks for fluctuation to enable us to enjoy better women's health and wellness - physically, mentally, emotionally, relationally, sexually and

soulfully. The feminine also reminds us that is okay to stop, withdraw, and do nothing—without guilt.

Nature is pining for us to spend more time with her, rather than sitting in the confines of our material world. Mother Earth and the moon are our feminine, asking us to be grounded caretakers of ourselves and the world, and to be our gorgeous, emotional and compassionate selves. Father Sky and the sun are the masculine, asking us to hold the vision, apply the action, and make hay while the sun shines.

The feminine is asking us to be more authentic, real, and honouring of ourselves, rather than tiptoeing around people and doing what we think is expected of us. The feminine is unmasked and vulnerable. She becomes more comfortable with occasionally hurting someone, saying something that may well offend, or doing something for herself over and above others. She does what her soul is asking of her even if that means letting someone down. This is not selfishness; it is self-care and self-love.

The masculine aspect is the thick-walled artery that pumps out blood from the heart under high pressure in order to supply the body with oxygen and nutrients. It is the giver, and we women are so used to operating from this masculine space. The feminine aspect is the vein, smaller than an artery, and drains blood from the body and allows the heart to receive again for another cycle to begin. Our literal and metaphorical heart requires giving and receiving to be the best heart it can be. The art of receiving is yours to learn.

And on a daily basis, the feminine is yearning for still time and connection with your inner spirit. Discover yourself beyond your day-to-day working demands and responsibilities. Allow your inner spirit to be your guide. That guidance, support, and peace will come from your stillness space and place that you create daily.

So, gorgeous, I trust that both this poetry and the reflections will allow you to dance in your own full moonlight again and be fully woman in your ebb and flow, and lead you down the path of more self-love.



## Acknowledgements

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First, I acknowledge the luscious Lisa Lister [www.thesassyshe.com](http://www.thesassyshe.com) who was my shining light as I wrote and, in her words, “spilled my guts” over the period of thirty days through the moon phases.

I also honour the many other women—writers, poets, storytellers, visionaries, doctors, and healers—who have been my rock as I have been at dead-ends, detours, and new direction points in my life. The women I specifically mention in my poetry are these gorgeous, wise women.

Christiane Northrup	<a href="http://www.drchristianenorthrup.com">www.drchristianenorthrup.com</a>
Anita Johnston	<a href="http://www.dranitajohnston.com">www.dranitajohnston.com</a>
Maya Angelou	<a href="http://www.mayaangelou.com">www.mayaangelou.com</a>
Mother Teresa	<a href="http://www.moherteresa.org">www.moherteresa.org</a>
Oriah Mountain Dreamer	<a href="http://www.oriah.org">www.oriah.org</a>
Dawna Markova	<a href="http://www.dawnamarkova.com">www.dawnamarkova.com</a>

Others to whom I am incredibly grateful are my girlfriends, women whom I have coached and been part of their healing, audiences and workshop participants, men and women whose every word and insight I have devoured, and people who have seen, heard, and supported me at my highest and lowest.

I also thank my circle of women in soul, especially Ani and Nana Mary, goddesses and the feminine energy of spirit. They helped me re-engage in my daily stillness practice, connect to my essence, and channel these words for you to be uplifted and encouraged by.



# Resources

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As a speaker, writer, poet, and wise woman, I would love to share my womanly wisdom at your retreat, gathering, online summit, blog, or event—any avenue that honours and empowers women, children and families.

[www.janellefletcher.com](http://www.janellefletcher.com)

## **Current Products and Services**

Revive Your Feminine Spirit—Intuitive Women’s Mentoring  
Blog and Interview Series—A Woman’s Rite of Passage to Self-Love  
Somebody Beautiful Women’s Circle  
Rite of Passage Ceremonies  
Speaker and MC  
Events  
Poetry

## **Facebook Communities**

- Somebody Beautiful
- Dancing in Her Own Full Moonlight Women’s Circle

## **Books Available on Amazon**

- *The Light Within: A Collection of Peace and Prose*—My poem is “The Roar of the Lion Soul”
- *The Peacemakers: Restoring Love in the World through Stories of Compassion and Wisdom*—A compilation book. My chapter is “The Cyclical Wave of Soul—Why I Wasn’t a Failure Leaving My Marriage.”

## **Upcoming Products and Services**

- A Beautiful Woman Series of Inspirations
- Reinvent Yourself and What’s Possible Series
- Somebody Beautiful Retreats

## About the Author

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Hello, beautiful. I'm Janelle Fletcher. People describe me as a vibrant, creative, intuitive woman of courage who loves helping women believe in their gorgeousness and giftedness, and shine in their unique way. Anything that gets women out of their shell, comfort zone, or old story and reinvent who they think they are and what's possible is what I'm about.

- I have always been a teacher at heart. I help women become their own wise teachers.
- I have always felt for those who feel different and who feel they have no place of belonging. I help women find home within themselves.

- I ache within my soul for those who have lost others. It comes naturally to me to sit with them and connect them with those souls.
- I love acting on my intuition and expanding that gift. I help women honour their voice, their rhythms, and their soul whisperings.
- I cry with people in their dark times. I sit comfortably with people in that dark space and help lead them through that tunnel into light.
- I delight when people find new self-belief and step into their fullest power. I hold a great vision for women and help them create new ways, courage, and purpose to live their life more soulfully, simply, and on purpose.
- I find solace, creativity, and inspiration in connecting with spirit, and I know nothing more powerful, comforting, and supportive than faith and trust in my magnificence within. I help women revive and connect with their own inner spirits.

As a charitable soul and vibrant speaker, teacher, and wise woman, I shine on the stage as a leader of workshops or retreats, or as a front person or organiser for an event.

I am always creating new projects and ways to be of best service to women. From Revive Your Feminine Spirit intuitive women's mentoring to fun events for fabulous females; to writing articles, blogs, and poetry; to online self-care programmes, my well is full of delicious sustenance, inspiration, and support for you!

When I'm not helping others to honour themselves, I love family get-togethers, food and wine with my French partner, learning languages, watching cultural movies and uncovering more of my spiritual path.

I have run the New York marathon despite not being a runner and completed the 100km Oxfam event—just two of the many charity fundraisers which I have actively supported and participated in. I have travelled the world with my six children, sky-dived out of a plane after supporting kids living with cancer have that same opportunity, and I enjoy simple pleasures and non-run-of-the-mill living. I have twice

been a guest speaker at the Game Changer Global Summit - the largest personal and spiritual online summit in the world - alongside many of the world's most renowned speakers, authors, healers, and sages. My writing is beginning to flourish and is touching the souls of many.

My global vision is to be ambassador of a cause that honours, educates, and empowers women, girls and families, and to continue travelling the world while living simply, loving well, and showing people the way to find their own light.

