

# You are Sacred and Wild



You are not a single thing.  
You are the hush of the forest  
and the howl of the wind.  
The soft curve of moonlight  
and the spark of untamed fire.  
You are the prayer and the pulse,  
the breath and the breaking open.  
You are not here to shrink:  
You are here to remember—  
that the sacred lives in your stillness  
and the wild lives in your voice.  
That the story you carry  
is not a burden,  
but a bridge.  
Let the ink be your medicine.  
Let the page be your altar.  
Let the art in your hands  
be a blessing and a blaze.  
You are sacred.  
You are wild.  
And you belong to both.

