

INVOCATION OF THE FUTURE–ANCIENT FEMININE



I call back the woman I was
before I was taught to doubt my knowing.

I call back the woman who spoke with land,
who listened to her body,
who trusted the timing of her blood,
who felt desire as a holy force moving through her life.

I remember myself as all the goddesses remembered.
Not as names.
Not as stories.
But as living intelligence in flesh and bone.

I stand now as a woman of earth and spirit.
My body is not separate from my magic.
My sensuality is not separate from my wisdom.
My darkness is not separate from my power.

I release the need to shrink, soften, explain, or be chosen.
I release the habit of self-betrayal learned for safety.
I release the old contracts that asked me to disappear
in order to belong.

I claim my place as a carrier of the sacred current.
I carry ancestral memory without being owned by it.

I carry future possibility without abandoning the present.

I stand in the threshold and I do not collapse.

I allow my no to be clean.

I allow my desire to be honest.

I allow my pleasure to guide me home.

I trust the intelligence of my body.

I trust the rhythm of my psyche.

I trust the timing of my becoming.

I remember that my presence is medicine.

That my attention is spellcraft.

That my boundaries are sacred architecture.

That my voice carries truth even when it trembles.

I choose embodiment over performance.

I choose integrity over approval.

I choose depth over speed.

I choose walking together over walking alone.

I stand with the women who are remembering now.

We do not rush.

We do not compete.

We do not fragment to survive.

We root.

We listen.

We mature.

We transmit what is real.

I am ancient enough to hold what is coming.

I am new enough to let myself change.

I am whole enough to stand without apology.

This is my body.

This is my magic.

This is my place.

And I walk forward in remembrance.

Collette Corcoran

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