**7 Women 7 Stories: Who Do You Think You Are?**

**Woman 1**

**Incubation**

I drive to Aber from Swansea, stuck behind every slow vehicle imaginable, trying to be Zen, but every bone and nerve in my body was angry and annoyed…. Why am I doing this? I can’t afford to do this financially, what the fuck!

Arriving, space like pods in the woods await! A space, Fern is there, her hair is wild, the energy is good, I breathe and I am excited. I feel like I belong, I need this.

We sit in a circle, all strange faces from around the world, everyone sits on a cushion or the floor, I have my extravagant fancy floor blow up cushion, I need to be comfy. It’s going to be a long week.

Into the darkness I go, so I can find the light, the newness comes from going into the dirt.

I like the room

I like the faces

I like the excitement

I like the smell of the sage

I feel empowered

I love my breath as it flows in and out

I am not scared, I have been in this circle before.

**Metamorphosis**

Who am I in the world? What is my intention?

Why am I doing, what I am doing?

We visit the museum, I love the walk in the silence, but when I get there, I don’t like it, my school like Eleanor arrives…. I write in my pad…

I don’t get it, you are looking for someone else or something else to do it for you, is not healing within? Do I have an issue with ceremony? The pomposity or is my ego battling. I am not a poet but I write a poem:-

*Surrounded by the faces of my history and my home*

*But I feel alone*

*A sense of no place, no connection*

*I do like the red carpet though, it flows all around like a sea of blood keeping our national heroes warm*

*But high above sits the cup, not any cup, a cup that has been nibbled on,*

*drank from, it feels the pain and weakness,*

*a holding area in which people can hide.*

The cup is me, I feel nibbled on. It was good to share this in the circle. I pick a card, its bright, full of space, openness, I need space. I feel no space, no air, too much being guided, no control.

I walk in the woods, this is me, back to where I belong. I mark my threshold, I sit by a tree, sitting in the open scar, I am amongst my own, but I can see through the trees, see the town, don’t hide yourself away. The town will always be there.

*‘I pulled the poison away, what is my poison?’*

My notes from the day

**Emergence**

*‘I am a woman who lives in the wild and needs only what I need. My purpose is to help people tell their stories by me telling mine’*

My Intention

I stand at the bottom of my summit, I will walk from Aber to Borth, fast from dawn to dusk, catch the train back. I can do this, it’s cold and windy, I try on many clothes, I must get this bit right. I am on! I could be on ‘Countryfile,’ I look the part. I am a walker, me, yes, me.

Heading North, looking for my community, the south is behind me, the childlike Eleanor is there, but not today. The west, I can see, it there, I have been there for a while, but it’s time to step ahead, The warmth of the east is waiting, but I am not ready.

The path is slippy

The path is muddy

The path is uneasy and unsteady

The path is full of stones

The path is comfortable

The path is quiet

The path has intruders

I cannot do this, my cheeks are hot, my heart is pounding through my head and body, but it feels good

I fall

I fall again

Shit, I could die here

I see a little bay, I walk down onto the pebble beach, such soft pebbles. I need some sticks. I try a few, I decide on 2. I hold each wooden well -travelled stick in each hand. I place them on the muddy steep path and I pull my heavy body up.

I can do this, you are doing this

Each bay is filled with little gifts, I howl, I drink water, I lay down with the sun on my face, I pass a fellow warrior, we embrace, we look, we smile and we wave our sticks in the air like ethereal angel warriors.

I arrive at Borth, I smile and I laugh. I go to the train station, it’s like a portal to a new world, I head back to the beach.

I must wash my boots, so much mud

I take some clothes off to tidy myself for the new world.

I meet another warrior, she goes

I see an old friend on the train, I hide

It’s not time to go back yet.

The sun goes down

**E.S**