

WOMEN HOLD SACRED RAGE - HEAR OUR WORDS

Sacred Rage 2023 - 1 artist, 78 women

An art project by Kat Shaw Artist

Kat Shaw Artist

1

I have sacred rage for my inner child who was abused at the hands of a man who was supposed to protect her. I have sacred rage for not being able to own my sexuality as a woman because men took that from me. I have sacred rage for Natalie McNally and all other women like her who have been murdered by the men out there who think we are disposable to them. I have sacred rage for the times I have had to adjust my behaviour or what I'm wearing and how I look in order to appear less attractive to predatory behaviour from men. I have sacred rage for being afraid to walk alone in case I'm approached or attacked.

2

I hold sacred rage for a half century of injustices to my body and soul.

I hold sacred rage for surviving sexual abuse as a child.

I hold sacred rage for being abandoned over and over and over again.

I hold sacred rage for surviving purity culture within the confines of a cult run by abusive, patriarchal religious "leaders."

I hold sacred rage for being told my only real value in life was being a wife and mother.

I hold sacred rage for being raised in a system of indoctrination which taught me to distrust my body and my inner knowing.

I hold sacred rage for suffering an entire lifetime with undiagnosed ADHD. I was finally diagnosed in my 40's only after suffering through childhood unassisted, barely making it through college, and dropping out of graduate school. My school report cards all said the same thing: "She has so much potential if she would just apply herself", as though I wasn't trying.

I hold sacred rage for the maternity care that my country fails to provide its mothers with. I was made to return to a full time job just eight weeks following the surgical births of my children. I was neither healed nor ready to return but did not have a choice. Leaving my babies was among the most excruciating things I've ever had to do.

I hold sacred rage for the debilitating postpartum depression, anxiety, and rage issues I suffered with so badly. I frequently considered taking my own life.

I hold sacred rage for the abuses I have suffered as a woman working in the patriarchal, American healthcare system.

I hold sacred rage for all of these things contributing to the hate and disgust I had for my own body for an entire lifetime.

It is time to take back my power, my inner knowing, my autonomy, and my BODY!

It is time for me to radically love and accept my beautiful body for the gift that it is. It has walked me through half a century on this planet, borne and nourished children, allowed me to feel pleasure, pain, and every emotion in between, and it continues to carry my soul through this life regardless of what abuses it has suffered.

Armed with the Goddess Ariadne's sword (truth) and red thread (intuition), I have walked the complicated twists and turns of the labyrinthian dark night of the soul to face my own demons and slay them. As I make my way back out of the labyrinth, guided by the red thread of inner knowing and intuition, I am ready to shed my old life and take up my new life, one in which I am myself a powerful goddess in full control and ownership of myself, my life, and my body!

May women the world over unite in SACRED RAGE!!

3

I hold sacred rage for all the times I've had to move for my safety away from strange men.

I hold sacred rage for the changes I force on myself to be successful in a man's world.

I hold sacred rage for all the things I've missed out on because of juggling the full-time job of motherhood with business and employment.

I hold sacred rage for all the years that flew by as a result that I can never get back.

I hold sacred rage over the fact I've had to learn to love my natural body.

I hold sacred rage for the women still learning and the ones that will never learn.

I hold sacred rage because my body is either sexualised or shamed, there is no in between.

I hold sacred rage because in the 21st century, contraception and hormonal intervention is still a woman's problem.

I hold sacred rage for the wise crone women who feel unseen.

I feel sacred rage for the young maiden girl who is sexualised under the adult male gaze.

4

My sacred rage rose from a lump in my throat.

A girl silenced by religion masking as community.

An institution built on the blood and sweat of women who suffered in silence,

Ruled by men with allegiance to a god who is not love.

My sacred rage swelled as the ocean waves,

A young mother, a portal of life.

A creator who knew not who she was apart from who she had been told to be.

Hell would swallow her whole, they said, if she dared to speak her truth.

Literal fiery torment, created by a god who is not love.

My sacred rage roared so loudly in my ears that I could no longer contain it.

As a woman, eyes wide open, seeing herself in her full glory.

Equal, not less than the men atop their pompous pedestals,

Who desperately cling to a god who is not love.

My sacred rage set fire to every last cord that was tied 'round my spirit,

To keep her hidden away.
This flame I must tend, to serve as a beacon,
To the girls with lumps in their throats.
Silenced by those who want them to believe in a god,
Who is not love.

5

I hold sacred rage for the young me who had to always say yes and for the me now, who has only just learnt how to say no.
I hold sacred rage for the cushings syndrome that meant society would not accept me - I could not accept me!
I hold sacred rage for all the doctors that couldn't be bothered to find out about my condition and for making me explain it again and again.
I hold sacred rage for the adults that called me fat, the kids that called me fat when I was younger and the years of healing that meant I had to do.
I hold sacred rage for women who feel they have to hide scars because society finds them repulsive.
I hold sacred rage because menopause and menstrual cycle are still seen as things women can get over.
I hold sacred rage for the young girls growing into an overly sexualised world where padded training bras are a thing!!!
I feel sacred rage for every January shit advertising, pursuing women to lose their Christmas weight, get slim, starve themselves and be what society wants.
I could go on....
This raw work that Kat is doing has for the first time given me a chance to show all of me - me. I can see myself through someone else. I can finally let go of the claws that cushings syndrome had in me and I can let go of 23 years. For the first time someone has given me an opportunity to feel the pain, sit with it, be with that young girl and embrace the woman I am today.

6

I hold Sacred Rage over the diet and fitness industry, brainwashing us into thinking we must be thinner, leaner, more muscly.
I hold Sacred Rage over the glossy magazines, airbrushing bodies to hide their 'flaws'.
I hold Sacred Rage over society, dictating how we should look, what we should wear, how we should behave.
I hold Sacred Rage over our female ancestors, persecuted and repressed when they were deemed too strong or empowered.
I hold Sacred Rage over male dominated governments, making laws to decide what women are / aren't allowed to do with their bodies.
I hold Sacred Rage over the women who choose to bring down other women, instead of supporting them.
I hold Sacred Rage over the victims of sexual assaults, who are too scared to report it as that they don't think they'll be believed, and when they do report it, they are judged, scrutinized and investigated more than their offenders.

7

My Sacred Rage is sexual abuse, religious trauma, and betrayal.
Growing up I lived in a toxic home. My mother was an alcoholic and my father sexually abused me. He would also watch me shower and undress. Moving on to my late teen years I met my soon to be ex-husband. He was Mormon (The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints). He introduced me to the church which I wound up joining. A year after joining this highly demanding religion I marriage my ex in the temple. He "rescued" me from a terrible family life and brought me into the "light". Being in the Mormon, church was

extremely demanding especially for women. We didn't have a voice, men ruled, and women were expected to serve till their souls bled, all while keeping a smile on our faces and having "faith". It was absolute bullshit!

Fast forward a year from the date I got married. My ex started watching Pornography and messaging women for nude pictures. Then he started spying on me while changing and showering (sound familiar?). He would even take pictures of me while showering without me knowing. I would be bathing my little ones in the tub, and he would sneak up behind me to peek under my nightgown to see my vagina. I would go out with friends, and he would hide a tape recorder in the car to make sure I wasn't cheating. I NEVER in our 21 years of marriage gave him a reason for him to even think I was cheating. I'm insanely loyal and would never do such a thing!

Did I mention 21+ years with this man? Yes, I did! In the church we are expected to forgive, turn the other cheek, have faith, and move on. That's why I stayed so long! I'm so fucking pissed, hurt, RAGEFUL - all the words!!!!

For me, the mormon church is a cult full of lies, gaslighting, shame, and isn't true, and this is another fucking thing that I'm pissed off about! I'm so out of that bullshit!

Going back a little bit. I ate my feelings away, I gained and lost hundreds of pounds throughout my marriage and time as a mormon. My body has gone through hell and back. I have extra skin, stretch marks, and wrinkles from all the sick shit that has happened to me for the past 21+ years.

But I've also given birth to 3 beautiful children which I love with all that I am! I appreciate my body for protecting me and helping me to grow these amazing creatures! Am I at peace with my body? Not yet, but I'm getting there.

8

I hold sacred rage that every time I've been out at night in pubs/clubs/gigs/on the street that I've been made to feel scared, felt unsafe or intimidated, and feared being raped, verbally abused or physically or sexually assaulted.

9

I hold Sacred Rage over men seeing women as a piece of meat.

I hold Sacred Rage over being seen as less than.

I hold Sacred Rage over the fact that men think they can tell women what to do with our bodies!

I hold Sacred Rage over the fact my daughter has to grow up with this patriarchy bullshit.

I hold Sacred Rage over being cat called.

I hold Sacred Rage over feeling disgusted by the way guys think they are allowed to talk to us.

10

I hold sacred rage because of the stories which still shackle me. I was taught that women should serve, and I did not ever know I could put myself first. I did not know I could choose me! My blood boils when I think of all the unaware years. It took a personal crisis and some therapy in my late 40s for me to realize I could give myself permission to be who I wanted, to like what I wanted, to WANT what I wanted... instead of seeking permission elsewhere or trying to conform to someone else's idea of WOMAN. I claim my power now, and my desires! I am a goddess, and I will not be stopped!

11

I'm reclaiming my body back. After living through the trauma of someone else claiming power over my body. Having no autonomy of body and self. Someone else thinking they have the right to me at any time they want. Them telling me what my body likes. Years of me not being able to trust myself, my body and all the emotions, feelings, thoughts and sensations it experiences. Years of hating myself and my body. Years of suffering quietly, being submissive to others. Not anymore. Claiming my sacred rage is me saying it's not fucking ok what happened to me. No one has the right to control me or my body.

12

I was never the pretty one, and I was never the skinny one. Apparently never the clever one either and everyone, especially my family always told me that if I didn't lose weight, if I didn't dress more feminine, if I didn't learn to clean the house properly or cook, I would never be able to find a man. And this is what I believed.

I was hiding my body. Wearing only loose-fitting clothes. Hiding my legs, hiding my arms - feeling ugly.

Until I went on a holiday to London. I'm originally from Germany, but in

London, no one cared how I looked, no one looked at me, I was just a woman. So going back to Germany, I made a pact and a plan with myself and for myself.

I left all behind, and I moved to London. And just like a caterpillar I transformed into a butterfly.

I dressed more feminine, I put on more make up, I felt feminine, and free and light. I wasn't a big fat woman anymore, stomping around and not being able to find a man because I was too fat and not girly enough. I suddenly was able to feel like a woman just because I was in a place where it was okay to be a big and beautiful. I could feel feminine and walk feminine and move feminine even as a size 18/20.

My rage was always internal. And it still is. I was always suffering from the inside. I was never screaming and shouting. I was never complaining. Only I knew what was going on. 12 years later, today, I feel amazing. I'm still a big girl and I always will be. But along my way, I met beautiful men that loved me and my body, I learnt how to cook because I wanted to, and not because I had to find a man. I went from wide trousers to wearing skirts. From loose fitting T-shirts to figure hugging shirts and crop tops and dresses and I feel beautiful.

I feel rage towards society and towards all the magazines and social media platforms and people who think they know better, and think they have the right to tell me and everyone else what I can be and what I cannot be. How I can or cannot look and if I can have a partner in my life or not solely based on my looks. Fuck them. I feel like a goddess and I feel like a queen. I feel beautiful. I don't have to scream or shout, I can just be me. My presence in my aura is enough to kick ass.

But I hate what society is doing to everyone else. To the young girls out there. I will never stop fighting just to be able to be myself. I will never stop telling my inner child that all those people telling me that I wasn't pretty enough or skinny enough and that I would never find someone who loves me were wrong. I am not worthless.

I will not fight back in anger, I will fight back with love and compassion. Teaching others that they can be whoever they want to be. They are beautiful. Teach them to use their energy wisely.

I am beautiful and I always was no matter what others told me.

I am enough and I always was.

I will never give others the power to pull me down again.

I want them to look at me and see what amazing life I was able to build myself as a "fat" woman.

Because it's not about looks. It's about the size of our heart - and mine is huge.

So of course, I have a big body because my heart needs a lot of space!

Fuck the haters and fuck everyone who thinks it's okay to tell people how they need to be in order to be a good person.

Spread love, not hate!

13

I feel the sacred rage of the Sheela-na-gig. I resonate and vibrate with it, finally understand it, embrace it and admire it.

While many men say they love our vaginas, in truth they don't. They can't even call this sacred portal by its correct name: Vulva, or better yet, YONI!

They use endless demeaning euphemisms, tell us their preferences, and pressure us to conform. We should be hairless, prepubescent-looking (naïve & controllable), floral scented, neat and tucked, slick and snug, but no blood (horror of horrors!), nor open, or fulsome with emerging new life, bulging and distended as the downy dome of a new baby makes its entrance. And definitely not spread open by the Queen who owns herself, revealing her power, her ability to create, channel, transform, transcend... They theorise the grotesquery that the Sheela is meant to terrorise, thus divulging their true feeling towards her, towards us: FEAR. They fear our sacred gateway, our yoni's, they fear our power.

14

Can you feel the beating of the drum? The ancestral call of rage and pain. It fires our anger, and we feel the searing of heat as well as the flickers of pain. Endless memories of being overpowered with the stench of smoke in our nostrils. I weep for my sisters as they wipe dripping leftovers away, sewing your seeds of hatred. Adding to the ever-constant precautions always being ready for a fight. Years have floated by as the burnt ash disperses on the wind; the screams fading in the distance. The sacred rage has boiled over, I will not be silent anymore. I won't be politely laughing at your fucking jokes as your eyes leer over my curves. My desperation for my daughter to live in equality grows as the embers of reality make me seethe.

15

I hold sacred rage because my sexuality is used to ease the burdens and needs of men. My sexuality has been stolen for profit. My sexuality has been diminished to body parts and getting high instead of the true Divine Feminine glory that is all of me. And not only me. All women have been victims of the patriarchy and purity culture. My sacred rage is for myself, my daughters, the little girls told to sit like a lady, the men who believe their wives should be ladies in the parlour and whores in the bedroom. The misogyny against all women and their glorious beauty fuels my sacred rage. I am reclaiming my sexuality.

16

I hold Sacred Rage towards society and the patriarchy for attempting to suppress my power. I have listened to your messages and this is a message for you. You detached me from my truth, you bury our stories of the Matriarch and you disrespect the teachings of my ancestors. You made me doubt myself when I shouldn't have and made me truly believe my "self" was never enough. You made me think I had to change so much about myself to conform to your ideal. You objectified me. You gave me numbers as an identity. You stalk me. You took away my voice. You hid things from me that should have never have been hidden. You put shame on me and made me carry it for years, reinforcing my doubt and insecurities. You fed me toxic shit about what I "should" want in life. You ran me into the ground, watching me burn out whilst still telling me to "do better next time". You controlled me, used me like a puppet and made me feel weak without your strings. You played tricks on me - mind games. Each time I came close to stepping into my power, you found a way to get into my head and put out the fire inside of my belly. You kept me in the dark about who I was and manipulated me to believe it was not safe to show my "self". You behaved like a narcissistic friend, gaslighting me until I fell for your bullshit but pulling me in just enough to trick me into thinking you cared.

You taught me to abuse myself, to mistrust others and to lose faith in faith itself.

You made me feel guilt, shame and disgust for my body. You made me hate my own beautiful, stunning, powerful body.

You made me feel guilt, shame and disgust for my blood. My womb magic, my root, my foundation, my natural cycles and my connection with nature and the Universe.

You made me feel like you owned me, that I was in debt to your fabricated greatness.

You made me feel that I was just an obligation to men, that I should serve them 'quietly'. That men make the final decision, men must be served first, that I should put my dreams on hold in the interest of man.

You pushed your masculine views on me, pushing my power and inner truths deeper inside me, to a place I could no longer reach.

You disabled my passion, my sensuality, my desires, my pleasures and replaced them with conformity out of pure fear.

You dug your dirty hook into my precious skin and dragged me down into your materialistic, stagnant, egotistical sinkhole.

You took advantage of my true, soft, feminine nature, infecting me with your poison, subduing me into a state of dependency.

You made me forget that it is my birth right to have boundaries and say NO.

Well, YOU can go FUCK YOURSELVES.

17

I am a woman and I am angry.

I've been abused, beaten, used.

Intimidated, shouted at, accused.

I've been gaslit, unbelieved, labelled mad.

Taken without my consent, named bad.

I am a woman and I am angry.

I do not walk after dark.

Don't run, don't go to the park.

Don't look up, don't smile.

Hey pretty lady! Stay a while.

I am a woman and I am angry.

You owe me now, I bought you a drink.

Don't just sit there looking pink.

I bought you a whiskey hoping we'd get frisky.

I am a woman and I am angry.

Me too, my love, catcalls from above.

Rape culture, denial.

Toxic behaviour, bile.

I am a woman and I am angry.

Fear and rage, gilded cage.

Chin up, the world's a stage.
Goddess fury, Goddess hear me
Goddess love me, Goddess thank thee.
Many strong women articulate their ferocious enmity,
But all I really know is that I am a woman and I am angry.

18

I hold sacred rage over my body being sexualized by society and women's beauty standards being so high.

19

I have a primal sacred rage for the maiden me!!!!!! A beautiful young woman who grew up in the 80's/90's. (I am 50, born in 1972 but my young woman years were in the 80's early 90's). I have a sacred rage that it was ok, and that no fucker blinked an eyelid or stood up for me when I got my arse pinched whilst waiting at the bus stop by various men – and this happened a few times at bus stops, in pubs and clubs!!!!

I have a sacred rage that when a man who I didn't know but lived on the next estate to me (I'd seen him in passing) was "protecting" me by walking me home one night off the bus when I'd had a few drinks, so was a little tipsy and vulnerable. He "playfully" pulled me behind some shops where the garages were and made me give him a blowjob against my will! Then walked me home as if it was perfectly normal and said "so as the song goes when will I see you again?" WTF!!!! I can never hear that fucking song without thinking about that night! It's a good song, so he's also fucking ruined that too!!!!

I have sacred rage that I allowed an ex-boyfriend to break my ribs and say sorry by buying me the fucking Lion King video, and I thought "oh he really is sorry and he cares so much because I love the lion king!!!" I watched that video for weeks whilst I recovered and hid in our flat away from my mum and dad so they wouldn't know what he did. Twice he attacked me – twice... and it was my "fault" because my hormones had provoked him you see!!!!????

I have sacred rage as the above was a kind of "normal".

I have sacred rage because women are brainwashed to think that anything to do with their menstrual cycle is a burden and should be talked about hush hush.

I have a sacred rage as I've only just realised since my hysterectomy how Majickal and precious my womb was/is I'm fucked off and have sacred rage that a male consultant did so much damage to my cervix in my early 30's (numerous letz procedures due to aggressive cin3) that I never stood a chance of getting pregnant, but no one ever told me until it was removed when I was about to turn 50.

I have sacred rage that men always blame my female hormones if I'm confronting or standing in my power and there is therefore clearly something wrong with me!!!!!!!!!!!!

20

I hold sacred rage because for the majority of my life, I believed I should look a certain way to be good enough for anything, and believed I didn't deserve anything because I was fat and ugly and didn't compare to the women in the magazines. I'm RAGING I wasted so many years really picking myself apart and feeling miserable about the way I look.

I RAGE for my 9year old self who thought she was fat and spent her time obsessing over the scales rather than having fun like the kid she was!! I was just a child!

I RAAAAGE when I get congratulated by other people (including women sadly) for my children's father being so 'helpful' for feeding/dressing/bathing/caring for our children!!!
WHAT THE FUCK!!! Yes, OUR children that we chose to have together therefore our equal responsibility!!! I don't seem to get the same applause for keeping them alive daily? No because I'm a woman and it's "my job"! FUCK THAT! I rage even more at the fact I'm certain I've said something similar myself along the way!!! It's like we're brainwashed from birth!!!

Finally, I RAAAAGE knowing that I have to worry about my step-daughters and one day my own daughters walking this earth wherever they may be!! Their safety always niggling in the back of my mind, and more importantly niggling in the back of their own minds! I RAGE that we/they have to live with that doubt/fear somewhere inside because we are women!

21

I hold sacred rage because of the men who did not respect that MY BODY IS MINE!!!

I hold sacred rage for all the therapy I have had because I blamed myself for being raped by my friend as a naive 17-year-old.

For taking my virginity from me. For feeling that it was my fault!!

I hold sacred rage because of the man who groomed me and my friends when we were 15.

I hold sacred rage because of all of the fucking men who felt it ok to make lewd suggestions to me and my friends in my workplaces. And we just had to deal with it.

22

Sacred Rage roars through me into the fire.

Out with drum beat, dancing in dirt, stamping through leaves, diving into a freezing cold river,

Rolling in the salt waves.

It stirs me.

Brings forth hot energy through my belly,

Energises me, unites me..

I hold Sacred Rage as priestess for all women and children. Look at our HIStories. RAGE.

Look at our NOWStories. RAGE.

My husband nearly broke my neck.

Our system rewarded him with fun time and no stress.

Real parenting falls on me. I pay for everything except the 17% of his income he must contribute... for only 18 years. RAGE.

Systemic oppression into poverty for women. A constant push to keep you there. And "Oh, but it was stressful being married, having small children". Poor man. And "Oh, but let's treat you poorly". Unequal and in trauma. RAGE.

For all the valid and need-to-keep hidden and silent RAGE. When feeling fear about that man walking near. Frightened in my own home. RAGE. When another sister wounds me from her wounded place. When another woman is raped or hurt by another man. RAGE. When Mothers, Mother Earth are disrespected, devalued, raped, and mutilated. RAGE.

RAGE turns into action. Rage turns into RISE. Sacred Rage can rise us up into our best illuminative power together.

23

I hold rage for every time I dress for me, and a man thinks I dress for him.

I hold rage for being stalked and harassed for saying 'no'.

I hold rage for all the years and generations that saw femicide, soul destruction, shackles, and silence bestowed upon us by men.

I hold rage for the sisters I have never met but who's stories will be similar to mine.

I hold rage for being seen as an object.

I hold rage for the conditioning that "because I am woman, I must be weak".

24

My sacred rage started when I was 11 years old. My first year at middle school, it was 1979 and we weren't allowed to wear trousers to school, despite the cold, rain, and snow. I gathered a petition and had a small win. We were permitted to wear trousers in the Autumn Term only - big deal.

My sacred rage continued when I started buying clothes for my daughter. Pink, frilly options were the only range of clothes available. My best friend had a son the same age. When we bought outfits for them, I had started to notice that my daughter's t-shirt and shorts set was cut differently. It was smaller, despite being the same age range, so that the outfit fitted her body - clung to her in fact.

It didn't get any better when she was in Upper School and was sent home from Sixth Form for her bra straps showing either side of her sundress straps. She is quite big busted, and her bra straps needed to be hefty. But apparently it was distracting for the boys, so she missed out on her education, and they did not.

From being policed for dressing like a slut or covering our entire bodies, we are judged, vilified, and disparaged for the choices we make. It makes me sick to my stomach!

And don't even get me started on why we don't have pockets!

25

I hold sacred rage because of the judgement I'm facing as I choose to leave a 'good' man and marriage.

I am enraged that fear of financial instability and shame that I am ruining my children's and my husband's life, is wielded over me like a threat to keep me silent and compliant.

I'm enraged that I am being judged for wanting too much for myself (and my daughters).

I hold sacred rage that my life is deemed dispensable compared to my husband's, because he has been the primary income earner.

Even though I have done the lions' share of raising our daughters whilst carrying the mental load for the family and built my own private practice and independence, I've still been considered a financial burden.

I hold sacred rage that he, my family and society do not recognise my worth.

And I hold sacred rage that HE is not accountable for his utter complacency in our relationship and his parenting.

26

What gets me fuming is the fact that still, in a lot of countries, girls/women are barred from having an education (knowledge is power). That they are deemed only to be good enough for housework, having children, and being there for men's pleasure. Don't even get me started about Female Genital Mutilation. Why is it that women are not allowed to feel pleasure? Again, does that make us too powerful? I just can't believe that in this day and age this practice is still being performed!

27

My sacred rage has been a life long journey. I was dealt up a life of abuse which started from three years of age and continued through to my adult life. As a child, I was physically, sexually and emotionally neglected. My mother sold me to men - her many boyfriends abused and raped me. I was beaten and locked in rooms. I had been threatened many times not to tell, that I would be killed if I ever did. Bullets came through the walls from the street, I didn't tell. I remained silent. The scars on my body as a child, burned scars into my heart as well. At twelve years of age, I tried to kill myself and failed. I remember making a decision at that time that

1. I would never get married.
2. I will not let them win.
3. I will live and be happy again.

As a young adult I was raped by a gang member and had a miscarriage. My life shattered but still I carried on. I worked hard at my job, long hours into the night keeping myself busy so as not to have to feel anything or face what had happened.

The abuse continued, I seemed to attract abuse into my adult life. Partners and even health professionals that sexually abused me, to only compound the belief that I held that I must deserve this and somehow it was all my fault.

I had a lot of lost time in my life and very odd stories from others as to my behaviour in the wider community. I was diagnosed late in life as having Dissociative Identity Disorder and Severe PTSD. Most of my Life "I" didn't exist, I was always "we". I have done a lot of personal work to reach my "I" which now includes all my separate parts.

I never used to be angry about what was done to me as another part of myself held that for me, and I did not experience or have an awareness of feelings most of the time. Being a part of the bigger sacred rage journey led to me a place of affirming I am proud to be the woman I am today and claiming back my body for me.

It took me 50 years to find my authentic self and happiness, and every moment of the now is absolutely awesome.

28

I am the youngest of four children, the only girl, brought up in a family lead by an aggressive, controlling male. All my life I have been told that I am either 'not enough' or 'too much', 'too loud', 'too crazy', 'too little', 'too big', 'too emotional' or 'just plain wrong'. I am taking my place in the world as 'ME' and all that it entails. The crazy hair, the loud voice, the raucous laugh, the chunky bum, the quirky humour, the immense heart, and the desire to do good in our world. They are all 'ME' and it has taken me over 50 years to say that I am proud of who I am and what I stand for. I am a daughter, a sister, a mother, a nanny, a friend, and most of all, a proud authentic woman!

29

I hold sacred rage for the various abuse and traumas received as a child that lead to my mental health problems and unhealthy relationships - people, food, my body. Part of this rage belongs to the healthcare professionals that have ignored my pleas and screams for help because i am fat and functional...so there is nothing else wrong with me.

30

I hold sacred rage over being told as a teenager that as I'm good at science I should be a nurse. Boys in my school who were good at science were not given this advice. Society has moved on since the 90's, but women are still seen as the carers. Almost all professionals traditionally seen as women's professionals are lower paid compared to traditional male professions. That women who play professional sports are paid less than men who play professional sports.

I hold sacred rage for every time I asked a Dad at the school gates what they had on as a family for the week ahead and had the reply "I don't know, my wife organises everything, I just take the kids where I'm told".... Why does the cognitive load and household management so often fall to the mums? While dads just get to act like assistants? Managing and planning is massively demanding and should be shared.

I hold sacred rage that people report they feel safer with a male pilot flying a plane and that men still progress faster in careers than women in most professions. For every newspaper article critiquing the clothing, body shape and facial expressions of women but not men and for every little girl showing leadership skills who have been told they are bossy.

I hold sacred rage knowing that around the world millions of women are still repressed, silenced, denied the right to vote, travel or be free.

For every country that has never had a female leader.

I hold sacred rage for mansplaining and the unacknowledged privilege that so many men are unaware they have.

31

I hold Sacred Rage because we, as women don't have the right to choose what happens to our own bodies. We should have a right to choose abortion or no abortion. Birth control or no birth control. To have our tubes tied or not have our tubes tied. To be sexual or not be sexual. We should have a choice!

I hold Sacred Rage because women are held to a certain standard or body type. All bodies are beautiful!

I hold Sacred Rage because women all over the world don't have a voice. We are told to stay quiet, look pretty, behave, and NOT have an opinion.

32

It has taken me 42 years of living on this planet. It has taken me 42 years of living and breathing in this vessel of mine. It has taken me 42 years of being told to be quiet, be slim, be perfectly perfect in our eyes not yours, conform to our fairy tale and you will live happily ever after - in our cocoon of misery. It has taken 42 years in which I learned that my humanness requires me to feel accepted and heard, It has taken 42 years to be shown that this world cannot allow for that - "Shut down your coyote wild ways" they said. Feel shame at every avenue and every door. Becoming a slave to the search for acceptance, discovering this world can offer only pain and rejection of my natural ways. Self destruction, the only option "If you cannot hear my voice, I will make you suffer my wounds. I will hide my femininity behind walls of glass". It has taken 42 years of living at the mercy of my own internal wounds, within an ongoing battle against a societal tide of rejection towards the feminine energy that I embody. Creating self-betrayal and shame. It has taken me 42 years to realise that I AM a raging body of emotions. It has taken me 42 years to realise that submission can only be born of the wild edges of boldness - enlightening feminine energy that burns a fire in your soul begging only for safety, direction and a discernment of the coyote wild - something I rebelliously hold close to my heart. It has taken me 42 years to realise that I was made to embody a range of radiating beauty within a sea of strength. It has taken me 42 years to learn that I require support for my wild ways to run free - it needs not be held back. It has taken me 42 years to realise that I shatter the illusions of happily ever after, yours and my own. It has taken me 42 years to realise that my superpower is actually my divine feminine strength and it has taken me 42 years to know why that's not welcomed or celebrated. But it has taken me 42 years to learn that it is all about unlearning the enforced silence of judgement. And it has taken me 42 years to realise my absolute courage through it all and more.

33

A big part and a big frustration of being a woman is keeping yourself safe. It's fucking exhausting, not to mention inconvenient. We feel like we can't walk alone at night and if you absolutely have to - be on high alert, keys in hand. Rape alarm in pocket. When you grab a taxi it's always best to take photos of the license and send to a friend. Working with new male clients if you're alone at work is a risk. Best to avoid. Don't let your drink leave your hand. The list goes on. It's sad that we often feel the need to miss out on opportunities and experiences.

34

I rage, for in my sacred rage my power is undeniable - the good girl is gone and patriarchal restraints are lost to me. It is in this place I feel most terrifying and freed from those who claim control over me and my world. I rage at the destruction of our sacred lands, at the greed and assaults on our great Mother Earth. I rage for how severed from our natural world we are - kept in unnatural systems with fake rhythms. And I rage that those who strive to protect our futures are labelled, arrested, beaten. I scream for how the witch hunts never left us and continue still. I rage and rage as the feminine autonomy is ripped apart whenever Her power grows strong. Yet in my rage I laugh at how the patriarchy believes it actually has the power to truly control Her, to control wombs, the source of life and magic, a power so ancient it can never be owned. I rage and fight for those who cannot - for I am not free until we are all free.

35

I sat down and looked at this body I was given to live inside.
Closed tight, like a lock without a key.
And my first instinct was to criticize, to tear down.
I could hear the voices of men,
Though not all (which somehow hurts even more)
Telling me I'm too fat, too emotional, too much.
My next instinct was to cry, sob, rage.
As tears fell down my face, washing me like the salty ocean.
Sadness giving way to frustration, back to sadness.
Waves of hurt lapping at my pain. Rage.
Because how dare they - these important men in my life,
Try to put me in a box, try to make me less to make themselves more.
Somewhere deep inside, internally, externally,
I can feel my rage burn because I am magic and light.
I have made and birthed children.
My body has been ravaged by extreme dieting to make me more acceptable to society.
And then again by the inevitable weight gain to return me to where I am.
Comfortable being me.
To a place. To where I can survive.
My body has been grabbed, and poked, and stroked when I did not want it to be.
My body was more theirs than mine.
But I found my sacred rage - pulsing, throbbing, hidden inside my heart.
Burning, whispering, like a secret I was afraid to tell.
I allowed that fire to burn and emerged ashy,
Imperfect and fully whole.
I am beauty. I am fire. I am magic.
Rage unlocked my soul.

36

I have spent so much time refuting your words and actions, yet when I looked at myself, I cringed at the mere sight of my being.
I hate that you have been a part of my mind for so long, dragging me backwards and forwards like a tidal wave crashing against every surface I meet. And yet, I recognise the strength I have gained from the trails and tribulation.
I mean, how many times can someone sit down with the devil for coffee and continue on with their journey? Surely that right there is strength and determination.
The suffering has been full of FEAR, SHAME and RAGE.

However, each time I look at my body, I am beginning to feel a little less of each of those feelings and more of the beauty within.

I remember that despite how you paint me, I have the power to illustrate as I FEEL.

So, instead of all those negative emotions which I find easier to surface, I am allowing that uncomfortable feeling called SELF LOVE to wrap its arms around me and give me exactly what I need - more so, what I deserve.

You don't get to take over another generation, I am severing your hold on the female blood line.

Today marks a new beginning, I TAKE BACK MY POWER, and ALL THE POWER OF THE FEMALES BEFORE ME.

37

I hold sacred rage because you didn't allow me to become my own person.

You made me live the way you believed to be right, not allowing me to form my own opinions, not allowing me to discover my own path.

You taught me to depend only on you, even after starting my own family you did not give me the freedom to make my own decisions.

When I finally realised what you had done, I started to reclaim my-self and you told me that I was only pretending to be someone I was not.

You gaslit me, trying to make me feel guilty for breaking free from the bondages which you had so painstakingly placed upon me over the years - telling me that if I didn't listen and submit to you once more then hell would be my final destination.

You did not know that I had found my own path and that once I had a taste of freedom I could not go back to how things were before.

I burned my bridges and walked away, for I realised that I hold sacred rage which allows me to become the strongest most powerful version of the me that you will never know!

For my name is Ayumu; I am a vision, a dream of who I am meant to be.

38

I was taught it wasn't nice or ladylike to be angry and I've had to dig deep to express my anger.

But actually I'm really fucking angry about a lot of things!

I'm angry about the number of men who have asked me to smile when I was young, because I'm supposed to look fucking happy for them!

I've lost count of the number of times I've been sexually harassed and made to feel uncomfortable.

I'm angry that my emotionally abusive ex-husband thought it was ok to rape me 3 weeks after having our child even though I was crying and saying no.

I'm angry that my mother told me my marriage failed because I didn't get up before him and put make up on, despite the fact that he left me for someone else because it wasn't so much fun now I was the mother of his children.

I'm angry that society didn't accept & nurture me as a neurodivergent person and that led me to become addicted to drugs to try and fit in.

I'm fucking raging that women have had to suffer violence, brutality & inequality for generations.

39

I RAGE BECAUSE MY RAGE IS NOT TAKEN SERIOUSLY! I am mocked, seen as a joke, and dismissed, because of my rage.

40

I am doing this to feel empowered and also empower others just like me. I am doing this to prove to myself that I am beautiful and powerful and have confidence to not let anybody say negative or horrible and demeaning things about my body and appearance.

I am doing this to highlight the equality that is needed between all of us!! Not all of us are treated as equals and this needs to stop!

I am standing for all of the people who were murdered for witchcraft! People who were murdered for helping babies come into the world, and their mothers. People who were murdered for having knowledge of the land and using this knowledge to heal the sick. People who were murdered because they were seen as different - people who were murdered for being pagan. All I will say about this, you couldn't catch all of us!!! Reincarnation has a sense of humour and it brought the witches back!! It brought the old souls back!!!

I stand for all who are persecuted for being pagan. Hate crimes and prejudice towards anyone who follows the pagan faith needs to stop!! We should be able to carry out our daily lives without fear of judgement or attack. We should be equal - enough is enough!!

I am proud to be a priestess, I am proud to walk the pagan pathway, to be a Wiccan, to be a witch, and I will continue to fight prejudice, persecution, and injustice towards anybody within my faith. I am tired of being judged for what I believe in because of the pathway, I walk, for the path that Anubis and Cerridwen has set out for me on my soul journey.

Priestess and proud! Witch and proud! Wiccan and proud! Female, and so proud of my bloody body!

Nothing will stop me, nothing will hinder me, I will keep fighting, I will keep singing, I will keep speaking of the injustice, and I will continue, until I no longer draw breath to speak of my pathway!

41

Why, in the most technologically advanced and (what should be) the most civilised era on our beautiful planet, are we seemingly going backwards with regards to women's* health? (Amongst many other things)

Why is women's reproductive/gynaecological health still at the mercy of (mostly) wealthy white male politicians?

How in a supposedly civilised society can the US Supreme Court justify overturning Roe vs Wade after 50 years and set back women's freedom and right to choose by decades?

Why is it so controversial for a woman to have autonomy over her own body? To have the final say over what goes in and out of her body, and the choices she should be allowed to make for her own health, safety and quality of life which impacts those around her - it should not be up to those who think they have the right to make sweeping and life changing decisions for so many women, just because they are in a position of power.

Why does it still take years to get a diagnosis of endometriosis? And even longer to get treatment that only works temporarily at best? Why are we made to feel like we should just put up with this and other 'women's problems'?

Why are coils routinely inserted with no sedation or anaesthetic? It bloody well hurts and it's not surprising - the cervix isn't supposed to have things stuck up it, so why are we made to feel abnormal about our bodies' attempts to defend themselves?

And for that matter, don't we deserve a more comfortable and gentle alternative to a speculum?! One that is cost effective enough for the NHS and other health organisations to use. New versions have been invented but will we ever see them in use? And while we're on the subject, how about less painful/uncomfortable/intimate screening methods?

(*inclusive of all womb carriers and anyone who needs to access these services but written as women for brevity.)

42

I hold sacred rage over the invisibility of girls. My 7-year-old granddaughters play football in a league named "Lads and their Dads".

I rage as I read the comments replying to a request for a name change. The Chairman's acknowledgement that it is not strictly PC, but that the membership is diverse, but will not change it as it is a brand that represents the values the organisation supports.

My blood boils reading words such as "tokenistic" and "box ticking exercise". And the person requesting the name change being told to show some respect for the hard work put in by the founder some 50 years ago. In disbelief I read a comment saying "we are inclusive and don't need to prove it with a name." And I feel sadness when the Dad of a daughter comments that "this is something that has never bothered HIM". And frustration rears its head at the footy mum who is not bothered what it is called as long as her son

gets a game, and the woman who comments that the name does not prevent girls playing/training nor their mothers supporting.

I rage. My girls are footballers. They are there as equals not simply allowed by the grace of the lads and dads to join.

And the name, acting as a reminder that the girls are not really integral and that they can be disposed of at any time the Lads and their Dads change their mind. I Rage that all girls are expected to feel grateful.

43

I have sacred rage about what our young people are being forced fed about how to treat females. Everywhere they turn they are having misogynistic views rammed down their throats. Music lyrics, Social Media, MC's, Peers!!!

They are being taught that females are 'things' that are only good one for one thing; 'sex' & that it's ok to objectify them & treat them like shit! This has always been the same to a degree, but from what I'm hearing around my own young adults now, it's a million times worse!

And our young people are becoming desensitised to this dangerous language & attitudes, they think that it is just 'in jest' or 'tongue in cheek' & they are not automatically seeing the dangers & consequences of these views & attitudes out there!

They sing along & copy the MC's, not really recognising what they are saying & more worryingly, what they are internalising!

And....this is what also worries me..... females are also doing the same in the music industry....under the guise of 'empowering women'.....when really all they are doing is adding to the already fucked up idea of females' worth! They are also in their minds 'fighting back', but speaking the same about men & objectifying them in the sexual sense!!! NO, THIS IS NOT EMPOWERING!!! STOP!!

ALL YOU ARE DOING IS BACKING UP THEIR VIEWS & MAKING THINGS WORSE!

I'm raging that music producers, event organisers & promoters are allowing such vile lyrics & continue to book these imbeciles!

I'm sure if they stopped getting bookings, they would eventually start to change their lyrics, as they are completely ego driven & need their adoring fans at their feet, hanging on their every word!

I'm raging that I am having to speak to my own young men/son's, about the dangers of all of this & seeing how 'normal' it had become for them to hear it! I am raging that my young teenage daughter is having to grow up amongst this! I'm scared for her future!

I AM RAGING THAT I FEEL POWERLESS IN SEEING THIS UNFOLD!!!!

44

I have sacred rage for my grandmother's mother who had to give her baby (my grandmother) away for adoption. We don't know the circumstances of her becoming pregnant... sexual abuse is likely.

I hold sacred rage for my grandmother whose first daughter was left to die by her mother in law because she wanted her son to separate from my grandma. He didn't, but he cheated on her several times.

I hold sacred rage for all women who have been abused, disrespected and cheated on by men again and again.

I hold sacred rage for these men who acted out of their own traumas.

I hold sacred rage for myself, for not expressing my boundaries and putting other people's desires before mine. For not expressing my healthy anger out of fear of rejection and accumulating until it made me physically ill.

I am learning to express and release this rage as indeed, is sacred.

45

I hold sacred rage for being made to feel unaccepted, self-conscious, unworthy and not desirable because my body does not meet the ideals that society dictates of women.

46

I have wasted so much time trying to be who I (thought) I should be for different people and different situations, that it has taken me 40 years to find out who I actually am!!

The different personality masks I have adopted over my lifetime are coming off!!!

Throughout my life I have been told I am too much – too emotional, talk too much, flirt too much, think too much, eat too much, change my mind too much, expect too much and worry too much. Too much for who????

There is no such thing as perfect – I am perfectly imperfect and celebrate who I am!!!

I don't fit in a societal box and why should I? As women we are made to feel guilt and shame with every decision we take.

Have a career - but what about a family?

Stay at home - but what about your career?

Wear makeup - why don't you embrace your natural beauty?

Be natural - but why aren't you making the most of yourself?

I have had enough of being defined by everything other than my authentic self - it's time to thrive, not just survive!!!

47

I hold sacred rage over “ladylike”.

I hold sacred rage over “Be a lady”.

I hold sacred rage over “Act like a lady”.

I hold sacred rage over “That's not ladylike”.

I hold sacred rage over “Ladies don't”.

I hold sacred rage over “Ladies should never”.

I still remember in primary school, a day when the girls were separated from the boys and taken to learn how to apply makeup “like a lady” whilst the boys did something exciting.

I still remember in primary school when the principal made a rule specifically for the girls, telling us to STOP wearing our jumpers around our waist because it was “unfashionable”.

The boys did the same with their jumpers but were allowed to continue without being told to STOP, and the principal went on to explain to us that it was “unladylike”.

I didn't want to be ladylike, I wanted to be practical and know where my jumper was as I climbed trees.

If it's “unladylike” to tie your jumper around your waist as an eleven-year-old then I don't want to be fucking “ladylike”.

On that note, dropping F bombs isn't ladylike either since apparently “ladies don't swear”. I never swore until well into my late teens and not loudly or often, until my twenties, when I started really challenging my social anxiety and finally grounding my voice with confidence and conviction to speak up. I've fought hard with myself to speak and be heard and there have been many times where other people called me out on “unladylike” behaviour for swearing when I was upset or passionate.

Well fuck that! I don't want to be ladylike. I used to present myself as very quiet, shy, respectable, respectful, well-mannered and polite. I am still those things but now I only present that way when I CHOOSE to. I am also sarcastic and witty, passionate, flirtatious, loud, expressive, explosive, vibrant, emotional, controversial, spiritual, magickal, confident and fierce. I am much more than quiet and subdued. I am much more than restrained and soft.

I can finally be louder than the social anxiety and proudly express freely who I am and who I want to be, and I'm NOT a lady!

I don't want to "be a lady", I want to be authentic, and what is most authentic to me is expressed to be "unladylike". I've been told many times that my behaviour, my habits, my lifestyle and my spiritual path are all things that a lady would or should be ashamed of.
Well, I'm not a fucking lady and I'm not fucking ashamed!
It's not ladylike to have dirty calloused bare feet. I've got them!
It's not ladylike to have tangled messy hair deliberately knotting in the wind collecting twigs and leaves. I've got it!
It's not ladylike to roam the bush collecting sticks, bones, feathers and stones. I do it!
It's not ladylike to get dirty or get dirt under your fingernails. I'm gonna!
It's not ladylike to be covered in dog or cat hair or have scabs on skin from cat claws. I'm not giving up cuddling dogs or handling cats to be a lady!
It's not ladylike to have chipped nail polish or allow the long hem of skirts and dresses to drag in the dirt and tatter, or have rips in your stockings. I'm going to continue to do it!
It's not ladylike to have smudged charcoal on your face or fingertips or spill paint on yourself making messy art. I love messy art!
A lady doesn't get tattoos or piercings, style their hair with unnatural colours or wear dark makeup. I have, I do and I will!
A lady doesn't use profanity. Fuck that rule too!
A lady doesn't expose her skin or show cleavage. This is MY skin to show how and when I want to!
A lady does not flip the bird or stick out her tongue. I will if I want to!
A lady doesn't allow her bra to show. I have more important things to care about than if a bra is peeking out!
It's unladylike to shake your ass, sway your hips, shimmy your shoulders, flirt or be comfortable and confident in your body and sensuality. We all fight hard every single day to love ourselves and feel confident and comfortable in our skin so fuck anyone trying to take that away or shame us for when we express it!
It's unladylike to protest, to be loud, to stand up for something and have a voice. I'm going to stand for what I believe in and make noise!
It's unladylike to express boundaries, to say no, to be unflattered by male attention, to turn down 'nice guys', to call out sexist or predatory behaviour or to be assertive. If it's unladylike to protect myself or another woman and to decide who can come into my space or touch me, or to not allow someone to treat me or another woman in a way that makes myself or her feel uncomfortable or unsafe, then yep, that's another fucking solid reason I don't want to be a fucking lady!
I have sacred rage over "be a lady". I have sacred rage over "ladylike". "Be a lady". I don't fucking want to!
It's not even remotely on my list of aspirations.
I'm not a lady, I'm a witch! I'm not ladylike, I'm witchlike!
A nature walker and spirit talker. I'm not a lady, I'm mildly feral even.
I don't aspire to be a lady. I aspire to unleash my wild woman! I don't aspire to be ladylike. I want to remain witch like!
I want to be wild and free!
The earth and spirit guide me and I am ready to stand in my power in my womanhood as I've hit my thirties.
The time of "ladylike" is over. The time of the unshackling and untamed is rising.

48

I hold Sacred Rage for the maiden within me, born into a patriarchal system demanding productivity over creativity.
I hold Sacred Rage for the savage, destructive ruin of the Divine Feminine in society.
I hold Sacred Rage for the savage murder of women like me.

I hold Sacred Rage because the patriarchy gives more value to the appearance of my body rather than the sacred wisdom, creative divine energy, intuitive abilities and beautifully healing powers it has within.

I hold Sacred Rage for all divine feminine women who have now lost connection to themselves.

49

I hold sacred rage against any man abusing positions of power, encouraging and covering up chauvinism, sexual discrimination and the harassment of women in the workplace. To the women who also stood up and said no - who were ostracised, bullied and ignored - I see you, I hear you, I believe you and I stand with you. I hold sacred rage for me and every woman who has been treated less than their worth simply for being female and has been taking advantage of mentally, physically, sexually and spiritually.

50

Women have a voice! I have a voice! But for years the power of these voices have been smothered & squashed, ignored, belittled and worse by the Patriarchy. NO MORE! NOW you will hear us. NOW you will see us. NOW you will feel us.

IN ALL OUR SACRED RAGE. It burns through the threads of Patriarchy, freeing the enslaved and opening eyes to a better way.

51

I hold sacred rage because "they" have been trying to fit women into tiny little controllable spaces.

Over time, women have been denied access to certain parts of society - they have been silenced and they have been seen as less. These thoughts and behaviours still influence the daily life of many women, including mine, and this makes me so sad and so furious.

Every time I've tried to become smaller and fit into certain standards - physically, mentally, emotionally - my highly intelligent body reacted by becoming bigger. As if to say: "try to be invisible now, I dare you".

But now I am so done being too much for others when I'm perfectly the right size to make a difference because representation matters. Because I have a voice and I have things to say. Because I'm built to be seen.

Because the beauty of women lies in their diversity, in their stories, in their hearts.

I'm so sick of society telling me how to look pretty, how to behave, how to dress or how to be attractive. F*ck that! That is not what I signed up to be!

I am woman, I am intelligent, I am loud, I am sexual, I am creative and I'm done playing small.

52

My sacred rage is an inner goddess sacrificed for opportunity - a seat at the table, & financial security. I rage at a society that requires sacrifice of the Divine Feminine for so-called success!

53

I rage because it's definitely still a man's world. Many women have taken back some power and reject misogyny, and we're given fucking toxic masculinity to deal with.

I rage because every woman I know has been sexually harassed and we're supposed to just try and avoid those situations or not wear sexy clothes. I rage that rape has a low conviction rate.

I rage that some men and some women expect a woman to work and still do all traditional female roles.

I rage because of what's happening in America re: abortion.

I rage that I have to deal with horrendous periods then I get the menopause.

I rage I've let men treat me badly in the past.

I rage I cannot change a tyre myself.
I rage for women forced into arranged marriages.
I rage for the women of Afghanistan who have had their world turned upside down again.
I rage that women don't always look after each other and we should - we should hold each other up and fix each other's crowns.
I rage because I'm worried I'll get vaginal dryness.
I rage that I spent too much time hating myself and lacking confidence in the past.
I rage because some men don't hear what I'm saying even though it's loud and clear and they'll hear the man that repeats the same a moment after.
I rage because women of a certain age are told they shouldn't wear certain things - fuck that.
I rage because women get shit for breastfeeding in public.

54

I have rage for my son who is on the Autistic spectrum and has an eating disorder. There is presently no NHS help locally to support his eating needs.
I have rage for the father of my son who wishes not to be in his life! This is devastating to my son and his mental health is suffering as a result of this! How can a father deny the love of his own flesh and blood! This makes my blood boil, and my heart is broken for my son.

55

I am never enough,
My brown charred skin,
Feels much too rough.
I am never too small,
My thighs too wide,
My lifes lived: cruel.
I am far less liked,
To be certainly different,
To breathe, is to FIGHT.
My hairs not straight,
Skin scarred, left hung,
Till death : I await.
I CANNOT be me,
That's enough for YOU,
To control my life, subliminally.
Battered & Bruised
Scarred & Jarred
Flung & Swung
Used & Abused

Tortured & Altered
Broken & Unspoken.
Tired & Pained
I love for each day,
Blissfully awoken
Boundaries ARE spoken
Recovery a choice,
To live & hear my noise,
To find inner peace & discovery,
Recovery & LOVING ME.
Held in an invisible cage
Out I come in force
To invoke : SACRED RAGE

56

When I was 17, I almost died due to the arrogance and ignorance of a doctor. I wish that would have been the last time I was at the mercy of the medical establishment but it wasn't, and it set me on a course of battling lifelong pain and infertility. Many more doctors, many more surgeries later, at 45 I have had a successful pregnancy. I am lucky to be alive and I am even luckier to have found my voice and advocate for myself. My scars are a reminder of all I've been through but also how strong I am. I look at them and I still get angry. I've fought for myself and won.

57

My sacred rage is that I'm struggling to love a body that tried to kill me. I am a cancer survivor, so finding a balance between anger and love is difficult. But to all those survivors out there, You Are Fucking Warriors!

58

I hold sacred rage for being silenced. I hold sacred rage for needing to be a good girl.
I hold sacred rage for being made to feel less than.
I hold sacred rage for needing to be small. I hold sacred rage for having to behave nicely.
I hold sacred rage for having to be quiet. I hold sacred rage for needing to be pretty.
I hold sacred rage for deep shame for my sensuality.
I hold sacred rage for my daughters who will face the same conditioning I have.
I step into my power. I step into my sensuality.
I step into my vibrant, powerful energy. I step into my sexuality.
I step into my joy and wisdom. I step into my truth.

59

I hold Sacred Rage at the lack of love and understanding I received as a child and into my teenage years - for the anger and physically violent outbursts that were directed at me. That hurt me to my core. For the lack of emotional support and care. For the constant invalidation of my feelings and opinions. For all the times I used to try to smother myself with my pillow. For all the occasions my pain and cries for help were ignored. For the constant criticism of my behaviour and physically appearance. For being made to feel I was never enough. For the guilt that you tried to make me feel every time I felt joy because you were so unhappy. For the unwarranted blame. For your manipulation. For all the times no one ever stood up for me against the bullying and abuse by people who were supposed to be my protectors. For the excuses you give to this day when challenged about the damage you did.

This was not ok. This IS not ok.

I also hold Sacred Rage at women's lack of control over our reproductive rights. I was denied a termination, and physically assaulted by a doctor I saw in my early 20's which meant me having to lie to get a bank loan for an abortion.

We still have to fight for autonomy over our bodies. Everyone is entitled to their opinion. But what they are not entitled to do is inflict their views and influence in any way what another person can or cannot do with their bodies.

The state of affairs around this issue in America is abhorrent, but we are not immune here either. We still can be (and are) denied this procedure on the say so and opinions of doctors involved. Women are today being investigated by police for miscarriages after 24 weeks of pregnancy, if they are deemed as suspicious cases.

Sacred Rage is also a term I'd use about how I feel about the Patriarchal society we live in today. I feel that although we are making differences in the balance every day, they are small steps towards the massive change that is required.

That's not to minimise what we do, the changes we make. But so many still don't (or won't) address the imbalances.

I hold Sacred Rage at the Christian church for its patriarchal manipulation of women (and men. But primarily women). For its projection of a fantasy whose only aim was to keep people in "their place" and to control. For its attempts to prevent our usage of magick and to diminish our connection to nature, our sisterhood and indeed, ourselves. For its murdering of thousands of people over The Burning Times under the guise of ridding the world of witchcraft.

I hold Sacred Rage for the comments I've received about my body and how I've been formed into believing I am less than anyone else, unlovable, undesirable, lazy, stupid because I carry extra weight.

I hold Sacred Rage for my opinions, thoughts, feelings and my essence being squashed by others. For the pressure to keep my mouth shut. To keep small. To not be needy. To disregard my feelings. To always put others first.

60

My sacred rage is a silent secret that that has lived inside me since the time he decided to come into my bedroom while I was sleeping and sit on top of me, his weight pinning me to the bed and over many, many weekends he took away my joy of life, my childhood innocence. I could not speak up or say what he was doing to me ... I did not know the words for it.... who would believe me?

I am pleased you died a slow painful death and I no longer feel guilt -Fuck you bastard.

So, I raged my way through my teenage years feeling dirty and shameful and at 15 I met a guy on holiday and left my home and family to escape and be with him. I thought it was love, but it was more about control, we married and had babies who I love so much and my body carries the scars of their safe entrance into this world but he made me feel, and told me I was small, fat, stupid....unloved.

I had to be strong and face his abusive rants until he threatened to end my life and my family rescued me, broke and broken, the silent rage inside still screaming at the world. I am pleased you live alone and miserable.... Fuck you...watch me live and love.

Once I realised it was not me who was broken that I was loveable, I met the love of my life and we were happy for many, many years with our baby boy until life took its toll, mistakes were made and we went our separate ways, and tragically you felt you could not live on this earth anymore and took your life leaving us all heartbroken forever. Thank you for the many years of love I wish you had reached out I would have saved you given the chance.

I'm always healing and moving on and living in the present, learning to love my Self and look in the mirror to accept the beautiful woman I am and enjoy life.

61

Oh I have the rage.

A superficial one to start with - I had ginger hair which I loved. It grew darker as I grew older and was white at roots. I gave a lick of my hair for wig fitting and they gave me a bloody brown wig with red tones – it was not my hair. I am so raging at that as my hair was my armour - my identity and they didn't fucking listen or understand what my hair meant to me - and this was a cancer charity.

Previous to this my scared rage has consumed every part of my 44 years on this earth, always being told to be quiet, you're too loud, too much in the way I looked, dressed, expressed myself. I felt too much, I had too much of an opinion talked too much, why aren't I normal? You're showing too much,

Cover up, why are you looking at him - slut, slag, cover your boobs!

Raging runs deep against patriarchy – I never understood why no one would talk about witch trials and the biggest extermination of woman, not up for discussion - no thoughts on it. I mean why does no one else feel the injustice of this! Why does it not make everyone angry, it leads me into a rant!

How we have been manipulated to consume and buy so much to make us look better, as if we are not enough - too fat, too saggy, too round, lift our boobs, no wrinkles, go out and have a career.

Woman in the work place often tear each other down because they are threatened by each other, disconnected from family and the ways of the earth.

Rage to the fact that all the way down the female line, we used to listen to our wombs and our bodies and be in tune with what they are telling and guiding us to do, but now - shame, guilt fear, violence and our voices and rights being silenced again!!!

62

My sacred rage is towards the corruption of the Goddess myths and the softening and trivialisation of Goddess. Male Gods are not able to create life until they finally upsurge the Great Mother Goddess with an all powerful God.

63

I hold sacred rage for FREEDOM to be me, to be seen and heard. To come out from behind the clouds, the shadows, to unmask and break free. To break all limiting beliefs - family and society's conditioning. To give myself permission to reframe, accept myself with love and kindness.

I've been fighting with society, my family and myself to be accepted, especially my family because I've always been told to be quiet, shut up, "Oh here she goes again, trust you."

My brother literally said to me just a few days ago "Oh don't go all sensitive and start, bloody women, so sensitive, always crying".

F.....g cheek, this is the conditioning I've grown up with, battled with from as young as I can remember. Trying to stand up for myself, what I believe in. Having been brought up in a very masculine and catholic environment. My Mum was catholic and the seeds just rippled.

It's OK to cry, It's OK to not be OK. Crying is releasing and letting go, I have long stopped being the victim. I no longer react to those statements anymore, once I would have argued and battled but now I observe and listen, although it doesn't mean the rage isn't still there. However, I didn't respond either, I didn't express my truth of how those statements hurt. I was off guard, and I allowed myself to put me down and have my boundaries crossed. This is why I want to unmask and to be free, free of the criticism, free of the judgement and be accepted for me.

Stop telling me what I can and can't do. I choose and decide what I can and won't do. I'm a human being, a goddess, a person to be honoured and respected. I can and I will express my emotions and my feelings - it's what I teach, to be empowered and empower others especially women and empower men to be more in their feminine energy too. So, I will express who I am - dance, dance naked, accept me for who I am. No bra if I feel like it, no makeup, no clothes, no alcohol to mask, I've danced naked for sacred Rage. This is me! Women in all their glory, expressing their sacred rage and their truth.

Me, acceptance, self-acceptance, emotion, feelings, laughing, crying. I am beautiful inside and out and I don't need a bra, makeup or clothes to be accepted. My light shines through and will keep shining, expressing, feeling, listening and accepting my emotions, my looks, my scars, my rolls, my colours, my skin, my cup is full.

Pouring light, pouring positivity down, shining my light as a beacon, singing, dancing, drumming, teaching, mentoring, empowering, growing, learning, oh yeah that's me. Power is positivity, knowledge is power, power to empower. I will continue to grow and enjoy my circles, soundbaths, tapping, laughing, dancing, doing yoga to feel, to give permission to feel and to release. To give space to be brave and have courage to face my fears. To empower others to do the same. I am six months sober having been surrounded most of my life by male alcoholics. No more sarcasm and judgement. I am free, free as a bird, wings wide open, all singing and dancing.

So f... right off judgement. I am free to fly.

64

I wanted to take part in this project because as I became a mother then entered my early forties, I've couldn't be more pissed at how women's bodies are treated by society, the media, our law makers, and more depressingly, how silenced and separated we've become from our own sense of self, or sensuality, and our power. I say fuck that. Real women's bodies matter, and I love mine. I want all women to feel that.

65

I hold sacred rage for being viewed as an object and treated like I'm inferior. For being hurt, physically and emotionally. For being shut down. For knowing this is NOT how the feminine should exist in this world.

66

At one inch shy of 6 foot (2.5cm shy of 1.82m) I have always towered over the majority of my female friends, some male friends too. I was one of the boys growing up surrounded by four brothers. Things changed when I changed, the boys no longer treated me like I was one of them. I was different because I had boobs and hips and curves that weren't there such a short time ago. Then I shot up 6 inches and then another 2 (15cm then 5cm)... I was an Amazon... I didn't embrace it at first. Then I realized that being an Amazon made me a Goddess. It gave me Power. There was a flame lit inside me and I knew I would not just embrace this journey but grow through it. I stood taller despite the ones that tried to bring me down with their words and actions. My long legs were my roots to something deeper in this world. My long arms, my branches reaching up to discover more in the world. I became strong and sturdy in myself like a tree, sure it's deep roots and thick branches will weather it through every storm. I wasn't going to shrink to make others feel better about themselves, I was going to stand taller and more proud. I decided that just because I was 5'11" and "too tall" didn't mean I couldn't wear heels. Didn't mean I couldn't go out dancing with other girls. It meant that I stood out, it meant that others noticed my confidence, felt empowered by it, by me. I became the Tree that provided shelter, stability, and a sense of safety to more than just myself, but to others around me, even those that I did not know. I still stand out in a crowd, I still have those that try to chop me down but I have grown tall and strong and proud. I am the tree that has provided safety to many and has grown my forest. I use my Amazon powers for good, empowering women everyday through photography. I still rock my heels when we go out dancing and if you are within my environment my branches will envelop you into the safety this Amazon Goddess provides.

67

My rage comes from lack of research and therefore frequent misdiagnosis of the female presentation of autism.

68

I hold Sacred Rage because woman sexual pleasure is still a taboo.

I hold Sacred Rage because it is expected from woman to serve everyone apart from herself.

I hold Sacred Rage because if a man has many sexual partners he is "great lover", if a woman has many partners she is called a slut

I hold Sacred Rage because it is expected for a girl to look pretty and be quiet.

I hold Sacred Rage because women can't express their anger.

I hold Sacred Rage because men can tell sexist jokes, and everyone laughs as if it is "normal and acceptable".

I hold Sacred Rage because men treat us like sexual objects.

I hold Sacred Rage because it is expected for us to look a certain way, behave a certain way and be as we've been told.

69

I hold Sacred Rage for all the times my body's been abused.

For all the times my consent has been misused.

For all the times I said no, but you heard yes.

For all the times you left my body a broken mess.

For the 11 year old me pushed too far by the older boy.

For the 13 year old me abused by the babysitter.

For the 15 year old me seduced by the 21 year old boyfriend.

For the 16 year old me told by their boss that they wanted to fuck me in the walk in fridge.

For the 17 year old me date raped.

For the 18 year old me told that I deserved to be raped for the way I dressed.

For the 21 year old me abused by my boyfriend.

For all the times I've been groped and touched without consent, pushed further than I wished to go.

For all the sleepless nights I've endured as a result.

For the depression, the binge eating, the starving, the suicidal thoughts.

For all the tears I've shed.

For all the pain I've hid.

Enough is enough.

I'm taking my power back.

Now watch me rage.

70

I never realised how much of a taboo, my feminine rage was until I had permission to voice it.

It's become easier to show naked flesh than naked words. And for far too long, my body learned to feel shameful!

Constant dripping of 'don't say anything', 'quieten that bit', 'that's not ladylike',

Pushed down the sound of my sensuality, desires, my actual fears, and above all my voices of self-fairness.
I learned to show my distaste, my distain, my revulsion, through a look, a sound, a tense movement.
Simple, quiet acts, seen as revolution, a chosen defiance. Whispers of rage, bringing fears that voiced,
My words and ideas were breaking beyond the barrier.
That we as woman may use - something beyond our Permitted Silence.
It's a feeling deep within - something alive and moving.
But only accepted as something separate.
Feminine rage, marketing morphed into a parasite, not the dragon our ancestors understood it to be.
We are taught to ignore at best, or vilify and savage individuality by the dominant packs.
In case that silenced, solid, resolute energy might sing again, spreading like wildfire,
Into something more raw, restless but beautiful by its realness.
So, my feminine rage, is still quiet to most.
But those who also feel it, will it see mirrored brightly in the flecks of gold, in my eyes.
And those that stir it, will react to it, in the calm storm of my pauses.
It is no longer permitted to think I am less, because not born a man.
I am no less because my intelligence flows towards emotion, rather than description.
I am no less because I can translate only a fraction of what I can understand.
I am no less because my body guides me to reach towards a kinder universal plan.
I'm still figuring it all out, just part of the collective, free falling back to our femininity.
It is in me too my sister, my voice, my sexuality, my rage and it is becoming stronger - flowing back into the sea.
Ready to finally axe, toxic fucking patriarchy!
No more silence!

71

My rage is not feeling that I am enough. Ever.
As a daughter, wife, mum, colleague, a woman, a human.
A failure.
That I have allowed myself to become small and lost my voice.
That I people please.
That I put myself last, every time.

72

My sacred rage is to show my anger to those who stole my innocence from my Maiden. To those who touched and took without consent.
To the wounded individuals who intruded upon me, who fucked me and who didn't care that I had disassociated from my body for their satisfaction. My tears internal. My screams silenced. All because I thought that was my place. Just flesh and entry paths for others.

I reclaim my body and eroticism from their entrapment! My sensuality is no more imprisoned by their greed and abuse.
I am a sacred slut, I am the holy whore. I am a woman in my pleasure!

73

My sacred rage is for the men who body shamed my 16-year-old fuller figure which led to years of self-worth and body confidence issues.
My sacred rage is for society and those who conform to it believing that a woman can only be happy if she has a man to love her...and for how long that story takes to get out of our psyche. My sacred rage is for this bullshit still happening, and my daughter growing up in it.

74

I hold sacred rage over Health Professionals not taking women's health seriously.
I was diagnosed with PCOS in 2019, and when speaking to the doctors about PCOS their answer is simply to lose weight. But when explaining that the medication they have given me for other health conditions are weight-gainers and contribute to the increase of blood sugars, it falls on deaf ears. I have been brushed aside and ignored when discussing feminine health and have had questions like "What do you want me to do to about it?" or "What makes you think that?" as a response to the questions I have regarding my health, making me feel unheard.
I know I am not the only woman whose voice hasn't been heard on this issue. I embrace my sacred rage, and I am taking back the control over my body!

75

I hold SACRED RAGE for all females who have had their hearts and self-beliefs trampled on, leaving behind a scarred trail of self-doubt, self-loathing, self-criticism - for the physical and mental rape of minds and bodies.
Ladies..... NO!!!!!! WE ARE GODDESSES. AND WE ARE ENOUGH

76

I hold sacred rage in my belly from the abuse suffered at the hands of my parents, my employers, my lovers, and my in-laws. The pain of being verbally, physically, and sexually abused plagues me every day. Re-learning to trust myself, listen to my intuition, and discover my own boundaries has been a long journey.
I hold sacred rage in my heart from the antiquated patriarchy that insists on my inferiority because I have a vagina. White men and women who believe they have more of a right to say what happens in my uterus than I do. White men and women who know I don't deserve the same pay as others who have a penis. White men and women who deny my right and safety to practice my religion. White men and women who would rather burn me at the stake than admit there is glory in diversity and variety.
I hold sacred rage in my throat because I was afraid and well trained to know my place in the world. Being told that I laugh too loud, being interrupted constantly, being denied a seat at the table because I'm the loud outspoken aggressive female.
I hold sacred rage in my womb for the babies I gave up and lost. My first child was a result of rape, and I gave her up because I was addicted to drugs and alcohol - why wasn't anyone willing to support me? My second child was wanted but my body wasn't ready and shed the baby at 8 weeks. My third and fourth babies are alive and well, and for that I am so grateful. My fifth baby I was forced to give up because my husband did not want another one. I still mourn for her. I rage at having to have a piece of metal shoved into my cervix so he didn't have to endure 3 days of discomfort!
I hold sacred rage on my tongue for every time I was too scared to stand up for myself or someone I cared for. Raging inside myself for not being more courageous, more willing to put myself on the line, for not protecting my sisters in their times of fear and anger.
I hold sacred rage in my ears for each word hurled at me meant to demean me, put me in my place, make me feel less than and break me down into small manageable pieces.

Why does society think it's okay to make anyone who is not a cis white Christian male less than? Where do they get off believing fear is the right motivator for engaging with others? When will we learn that love is the only constant and pure driver of a balanced society?

77

My sacred rage burns deep for those who question their own power and second guess their own purpose, potential, and presence.

78

I am the tears of frustration and hopelessness that pour forth from your tired, yet hopeful, eyes.

I am the fear that coils around your heart and yet galvanises your courage in your belly.

I am the fire that burns within you.

I am your sacred rage.

It is I who transforms your apathy into action.

It is I who has you refusing to submit to the rules of patriarchy that seek to break and reduce you.

I remind you that you are a survivor.

I remind you of your strength.

I stiffen your spine and open your heart.

I am your sacred rage.

I lift you high above the shit that society would heap upon you.

So raise your head.

Breathe deep.

Know your sacred rage is your salvation.