

HAVE YOU EVER  
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VULVA? AND IF  
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DID YOU  
DISCOVER?

*Vulva  
Goddess*

By Kay Turner



# VULVA GODDESS

Have you ever looked at your vulva? And if you have, what did you discover?

This year I tried as a somatic erotic educator. As part of the training, we had to do a practice called vulva-gazing. I had huge resistance to this. This wasn't because I'm closed down to the glory of my body or unable to celebrate and enjoy sexual pleasure (far from it!) - it was because I unconsciously knew that I would likely tap into a variety of trauma and that in doing so I'd get in touch with a power so strong that perhaps my nervous system wouldn't be able to handle it.

Thankfully my teachers were trauma trained and aware of the potentiality of the practice, so we were prepared and advised how to proceed in a trauma informed way. Listen to the body. Take your time. Pause. Wait. Stop when you need it.

In preparing for the practice, lighting candles, bathing, creating ritual and ceremony, I told myself that this was something I needed to do to move through to complete the course and I'd be fine. I began reverently, placing the mirror between my legs, and drew back the towel, pausing to integrate the sensations and emotions of apprehension. Then I looked - following the guidance to notice skin colour shape and so on. I was taken aback by shock and a somatic response of disgust, so I paused again.

Integrated and processed disgust rapidly transformed into utter rage. The fire of Goddess ignited within me and blazed through my mind. Anger at the conditioning of genital shame and abuse of women's vulvas - my vulva - physically and sexually was strongly felt. The patriarchal expectation around vulva aesthetic uniformity was what disgusted me. I paused and felt the rage. I felt the presence of Kali in my vulva. She was strong - potent - lifegiving. I felt empowered.

And then swiftly sensations, emotions and thoughts of grace and beauty arrived. I softened. I looked again at the reflection and saw that Mother Mary had appeared. My vulva was - is - Mother Goddess. The vagina is her body. The hooded clitoris is her cloaked head. The inner and outer labia her arms and cloak around them. She was poised, open in unconditional love. It felt miraculous to see and feel my own Vulva Goddess and Divine Feminine embodiment.





As I rested into this revelation and looked again, I saw the almond eye of my vulva shape-shift again into a portal, a doorway, to another dimension. The portal to the womb cauldron and the dimension of Creatrix, Lover and Mother. Without Vulva Goddess human life would cease to exist. Humankind's continuation depends on her yes. Without my consent man is no more. The power of that was phenomenal. As is the absolute certainty and knowing that it is Goddess that births God.



# About me:

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