

Singing through my Wolf Bones:

Poems of Reclamation & Healing

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GoodReads Link:

<https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/60543372-singing-through-my-wolf-bones>

167-page collection of modern, fierce poetry, as much about lycanthropy as identity.

There exists within each of us a Dual nature... the Wild & Tame, Dark & Light, Feminine & Masculine. . . the Balance within each of us that makes us not one or the other, but equal.

A declaration to all that makes us whole, dedicated to the wild women who wear fur like armor; for the outcasts aching to transform. This first full-length collection of poems details a healing, a reckoning, and a transformation into the wolf (her)self, from a woman born of blood and brambles, layered masks and mosaics made of broken hearts... a reclamation and rebirth in flame.

As if bitten by a wolf, undergoing my own transformation, this collection was born. Each poem a howl, bursting from my throat onto the page. Each poem a new inner discovery, a rebirth and reclamation.

This poetry is very much the essence of the Wild Woman coming out to howl at the moon, rampaging through the forest in great bounds and leaps. **As Clarissa Pinkola Estés, PhD writes in her book *Women Who Run With the Wolves*, “[The Wild Woman] comes to us through sound as well; through music which vibrates the sternum, excites the heart; it comes through**

the drum, the whistle, the call, and the cry. It comes through the written and the spoken word; sometimes a word, a sentence or a poem or a story, is so resonant, so right, it causes us to remember, at least for an instant, what substance we are really made from, and where is our true home.”

Ordering information and more: creativetianna.com/books

About the Author: Tianna G. Hansen has been writing her whole life. She wanders woodlands as a wolf woman, howling at the moon in every phase. Tianna earned her MFA in Fiction from Arcadia University in 2016, but poetry is her first love. She currently resides in Pennsylvania with her husband (who she met in Edinburgh, Scotland - but he isn't Scottish!) and three cats, though much of her heart is at home in Denmark. Find more of her work online at creativetianna.com or follow her on Instagram [@embodyedhealingwithtianna](https://www.instagram.com/embodyedhealingwithtianna) (her blog) or [@golden_cracked_words](https://www.instagram.com/golden_cracked_words).

In the News (March 2022):

Local author and Assistant Editor to release first full-length poetry debut

Our Assistant Editor **Tianna G. Hansen** is releasing her first full-length poetry collection this May 2022.

After four years of writing these poems and compiling them, this is a powerful debut featuring poetry that details healing and reclamation after trauma.

Tianna designed the book herself and decided to go the self-publishing route. This 150-page collection of poems channels her spirit animal, the wolf, as an emblem of strength and reawakening.

Many of the poems were born from surviving this recent pandemic and will hopefully bring courage and hope of resilience to her readers.

Copies of her book *Singing*

through my Wolf Bones are now available for preorder.

Hardcover and paperback preorders will come with a custom-designed bookmark and broadside featuring a poem from inside. All preorders will be signed, and you'll receive access to a playlist of songs that inspired Tianna while writing.

There will also be an e-book version available.

Tianna earned her MFA in Fiction from Arcadia University in 2016, but poetry has remained her first love, a continuous source of catharsis and healing.

Please support her in this endeavor! Contact her for more info at creativet24@gmail.com or visit creativetianna.com/books.

featured in the Doylestown Observer, Fairless Focus, Langhorne Ledger, Morrisville Times, New Hope News, Newtown Gazette, Northampton Herald, Lower Southampton Spirit, Warwick Journal, Yardley Voice (in-print and [online](#); March 2022)

Modern, Fierce Poems by
Local Author, Tianna G. Hansen
~ PRE-ORDER NOW ~



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Excerpts:

SINGING THROUGH
MY WOLF BONES



*Poems of Reclamation
& Healing*

TIANNA G. HANSEN



Wolf Rose Press

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LOVE YOURSELF WILD

Love yourself—
radically and without inhibition.
Ask yourself to open your arms wide
Embrace yourself for all you are
All you have shown in every past reflection
Each journey that has led you here—
To this very moment
Where you can release all that holds you
Cages you and tries to make you tame
—Love yourself wild.
Love yourself when nobody else will.
When you begin to seek love elsewhere
First pull it from the endless wells within
Replenish yourself whole, as you always have been.
Remember all the aspects of you
Which make you feel that radiant love
Up from your belly, circling your heart
Wrap this warm energy around your soul
and know: you will soon be home.

AMARANTHINE

There's a dream I have on repeat:

I am flying, wings sprouting out
from my shoulders, feathers thick and soft,
lifting me into the air.

Weightless, the freedom of soaring higher
lifts up through my rib cage. But I reach too far,
brush the edges of the sun and my wings
burst into flames.

I become a ball of raging fire, burning bright in the sky;
I become the smoke and flame,
a star imploding.

The angry lash of the sea beckons below—
I know I will soon plunge
into its unforgiving arms...

I startle awake as I hit its icy surface,
waters breaking around me like glass,
a greedy lover dragging me deeper;

wisps of smoke plume into the air,
black against an amaranthine sky.

LESSONS IN BEING HUMAN, FOREIGN

—*found poem*

things felt less foreign in the dark
everything smudged with human odor
dark perfume of tallow & incense
our own scent/ foreign

*dreaming of fatty & infirm elk
half-forgotten hunts/ eclipsed moons
we dreamed of rivers & meat*

tongues curl around false new names
(*mouth shut, shoes on feet*)/ we couldn't
return to the woods/ 'til we were civilized

long fingers of moonlight beckon
between languages/ a full
yellow moon smirked

pattern old hunger, (*mouthshut
shoesonfeet mouthshut*), clawing its way
up my throat—wild-eyed, tongue
lolling/ communal howl.

THE EARTH GIRL IS RE-BORN

baptized in water and mud of the Schuylkill
river water leaves my forehead corpse-cool

slick trails drip down my temple
calming fevers left
burning beneath flesh

I cover myself until skin
becomes clay,

step inside the kiln.

CRACKED HEART OPEN LIKE A POMEGRANATE

Can you hear the howl
splitting out from my throat
cracked heart open like a pomegranate
its roots lick my belly, threaten
to climb loose ~slick as vines.
taste of cranberry thistle, milkweed
& poppy, sharp thorn of a bramble
pearled on my tongue, begging to be untangled
prick the soft skin of your finger laid in my
mouth; the pleasurable thrill
of delicate trust; lay your body
in the maw of danger.

WHEN I CHANGE MY NAME

I change it to something wolves can pronounce
hear it rising above treetops, hanging on branches
like skin, swirling carmine leaves in dizzy dances.
my name in their voices is magic, calling me home.

I am one with wilderness, nature exploding
from places hallowed in my heart. not just a woman
but a magnificent beast eager to grow, embrace
the power bursting forth from my split skin.

shed pelt to unleash the wolf, my sacred cry
joining with the rest, name thick on my tongue
as it eclipses the sky, growing bigger than my flesh
& bone body, the sound I emit defines the deepest

parts of me, rips from my throat and out
into the black night.