



SPELL OF RELEASE: I UNBIND WHAT NO LONGER SERVES

(To be whispered aloud or read in silence by candlelight, or beneath the moon.)

I stand in the center of my becoming—
unfolded, untamed, and whole.
With breath as my witness,
and love as my lineage,
I unbind what no longer serves me.

You were a spark.
A mirror.
A spell once cast across the softest parts of me.
And I thank you.

But now—
with grace in my bones
and power in my spine—
I release your name from my energy.

I reclaim what is mine.
I recall my light.
I close the door not in anger,
but in sacred completion.

May you rise on your path.
And may I rise on mine—
unwoven from illusion,
rooted in truth,
and radiantly free.

So it is.