BIRTH LIKE A BEAR

The portal had been opening slowly for a week. The waves had taken me a few times per night, and towards the end, also during the day.

These contractions gave me time to prepare for one of the greatest ceremonies of my life: to give birth to my first son.

I´m saying my first son because as he entered into the world I could only think about one thing: ”I really want to do this again!!! Soon!!!”

It was quite a big difference from my first birth, where I had my partner promise me that if I would ever have the impulse to get pregnant and give birth again, he would by all means stop me and help me remember the pain and agony I had gone through. What I know now, I did not know then.

In the morning of Tuesday the 18th of March 2025, I knew that it was to happen that day or in the following night. The waves were increasing in intensity as well as quantity, and I could feel the baby inside of me getting ready to make his way out into the world.

I was so ready.

It was a sunny and hot (much too hot to be March) day, and I enjoyed the warm beams caressing my face as I was looking out over the barren winter lands of Sweden. The whole family- my partner, my daughter, and one of our best friends Emma- was sitting around the breakfast table. Cups and plates mingled with pens, crayons, and papers full of color. I was in the midst of making a self portrait of how I was feeling at that moment of the start of the birth.

Radiant. Happy. Excited. And deeply creative.

My partner was on his way to leave our daughter Leela, at soon 6 years old, at the kindergarten and then head down to help his mother in a city one hour south of our location.

He watched me carefully as I was breathing and smiling my way through a pleasurefilled wave that broke the messy babbling around the table. ”It´s fine my dear, he´s not gonna come until you are back. I promise.”

Emma, our postpartum doula, locked eyes with me, and we had a silent agreement to travel through this day together. I felt safe and deeply content as the car rolled away down the dirt road, As she took out the guitar and started singing in a soft, soothing voice, I could feel every vibration on a cellular level. The music made everything feel extra magical and I dove back into my creative quest.

When I eventually pulled myself out of my bubble, I realized that we had spent hours drinking tea, talking, and painting. We decided it was time to move.

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My senses exploded as we entered into the full light of the day. The world around me was beaming with the wild intensity of spring. It was so beautiful I could hardly breathe.

The community was buzzing with life. The last parts of the greenhouse was coming up at the same time as the first tomato plants popped their heads out of the soil. The other women were in the main house, and we laughed at something really silly, that I can´t even remember what it was. Auspicious day. Trevelers arriving. Birth happening. Life contracting and expanding.

I had always pictured myself laughing during my birth, even before my first long and very painful experience birthing my daughter. Now my laughter echoed in the big bathroom.

I was laughing at the beauty of the light dancing on the walls. At my big belly and bouncing breasts as I was gazing at myself in the full body mirror. At the realization that birth could be so full of joy and pleasure.

While emptying a full bag of magnesium into the steaming hot water, a wave of greater intensity ran over me, and I took a moment to just let the body shake and release as I was giving in to the movement of my birthing body in action.

I couldn´t wait for the next wave to come. It took me into such deep orgasmic sensations that I was eagerly waiting for the next one.

Floating in the water, I let my voice play in my throat, vibrating through my whole body.

I still had to wait for 20 minutes between the waves, and in the meantime I massaged myself, exploring the body fully, as I knew that these was the last hours of enjoying my juicy pregnant body.

When I first heard of orgasmic birth, I thought of it as something that just some women could achieve. But not me. Definitely not me.

When I found out I was pregnant for the second time, I instantly knew that both the pregnancy and birth were going to be totally different from the last one. I wanted to dive deep into the mysteries of birth and what it could be if I thoroughly unschooled myself in the current cultural understanding, that it had to be filled with pain, struggle, and hard work.

So I set out on a 9 month quest of becoming fully orgasmic, exercising daily self-care and self pleasure, reading transformive and groundbreaking books on birth, and finally knowing exactly what kind of setup I needed to be able to birth like a bear.

How come other mammals just birth? Are we even a classical mammal? What could I learn from those who ”just” birthed? How come some women found it pleasurable to give birth and others felt like it´s was the most painful experience of their life? Could it have to do with both how we as individuals, as well as a culture, view birth in its core?

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Even if we had hired one of Swedens bravest and most epic home birth midwives, halfway through the pregnancy I knew that I was to do it totally on my own. What nowadays would be called a ”freebirth”.
The closer the day of the birth came, the more I realized that I needed ”the energetic web” around me to be absolutely calm and undisturbed. I saw it like a mirror-blank surface on a lake, and every little ripple on that surface would be felt in my sensitive system.
As I was lying in the bathtub, floating in it´s magnesium-rich waters, I felt intensely alive and in a moment of inspiration, I decided to go for a dip in the lake. I wanted to sink into Mother Earth for a moment and receive her full embrace. I slipped into the cold water, and it was just as freezing as you'd expect of lake water mid March in Sweden. It left me energized and awake.
Emma was waiting for me in the shala. I was to receive a treatment and a sound bath, helping me enter deeper into the birth spiral.
I felt like I was swimming around in a great pool of bliss as I entered the space and greeted Emma. She smiled as I bent down to receive a contraction wave on all fours. Moaning and breathing as I was taken away with the increasing intensity.
The treatment brought on the oxytocin even more, and I relaxed into receiving, letting the gong and singing bowls guide me into the valleys of my inner landscapes.
Finally, Johan arrived together with a screaming bunch of wild kids that streamed into the yard and was soon out of earshot as they made their way into the neighbors house. I smiled at the sight of my daughter running along with her friends, chasing each other in excited play.
As my beloved entered the wagon, I was standing folded over the sofa, spiraling my hips, greeting him with a big smile.
He instantly started talking about everything he had experienced during the day and all the practical things he was about to do, when he realized that I was in the midst of giving birth. Then he softened his voice, asking me how I was doing.
I gently told him to weigh his words in gold, go have a shower and above all:
don´t call the midwife.
The conversation of whether the midwife or not was supposed to be present had been going on all through the end of the pregnancy. I knew instinctively, even though she was the sweetest woman, that I needed to be totally on my own. Undisturbed. I even wanted to keep it secret from the rest of the community. To me, every ripple on my mirror clear lake was to be a disturbance. Yet, Johan wanted the midwife there. Partly to feel safe himself and partly since we had already paid her with the help of a fundraiser from our community.
He felt like it was the given thing to do. I didn´t.

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In the end I had my way, and there was no calling anyone. He eventually came back 1.5 hours later, fresh as a spring leaf, along with my daughter, who had been given dinner at the neighbors house. Finally, the family was gathered, and I felt like the last piece of the puzzle was in place. The night was falling as we brushed our teeth and Leela braided my hair. With some last wishes of good luck from Emma, we were all off to bed.

As I was singing my little girl to sleep, caressing her hair and face, I was slowly entering into the cave. The energetic cave that I knew was the place where I would birth my son.

What happened next was what I will remember as the most exquisite and mysterious experience of my life thus far. As my small family slowly entered into their own dream landscapes, the waves that had been coming and increasing in intensity throughout the day now shifted into a psychedelic journey that took me by surprise.

I closed my eyes and let go. I surrendered. I fell. I was finally there.

It was so beautiful. And beautiful is, of course, not enough to describe one of the most amazing facets of human evoulution.

As I let go of the world around me, I got to enter a realm inside me that acted like fluorescent lights. The lights that I saw would start at the tip of the cervix as the birth waves crashed over my shore. Then it travelled up the cervix, over the body of the womb, and ended at the fundus. It was spectacular. I could witness the opening of my birth portal. It was intense, and I met the intensity with curiosity and a sharp and pointed awareness.

Right after the lights died out, at the top of the womb, a surge of sensations would start at my feet and travel up my whole body, feeling just like an orgasm. When that wave had ebbed out, I was taken traveling and visioning.

I saw fractals and images, had sensations of floating and flying. This journeying eventually led me to a deep rest where I could either sleep or just meditate and prepare for the next wave.

During about two years I had been practicing a (for me) very potent meditation called Ascension. It builds on Praise, Gratitude, Love and Compassion. These prayers that build up the techniques have helped me become very content with life, along with supporting the opening of my third eye (please observe that this is my personal way of practicing Ascension and that the form in itself is not taught to spring from the third eye.) Every time I would sit or lie down to meditate, I would start by finding the focus on my third eye and centering myself there while letting the prayers guide me to experience deep stillness. During the last part of the pregnancy, I deepened my practice, and it bore fruit during the birth as ”the journeying” that would take place after the orgasmic surge was initiated through my third eye.

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Orgasms of a certain kind, as in ”clitoral stimulation”, had not been common during the last years of my intimate love life with my partner or with myself during self-pleasure, since we had been practicing something called Karezza. Its´ a slow, caressing lovemaking practice where none of the partners have peak orgasms that result in a hormonal surge of the ”antisex” hormone prolactin. Instead, building on the bonding love-hormone oxytocin. During our ten years together we had experimented with many ways of making love and staying intimate and found that Karezza was a perfect way for us to meet in intimacy. After experiencing vaginal and full body orgasms, I was never really interested in going for intense clitoral stimulation. BUT! During the pregnancy I started having peak orgasms centered at my clitoris during my sleep. The dreams where it happened would often include mysterious rituals or elements of water. And of course, lots of sex. Since I studied orgasmic birth all through the pregnancy I spent a lot of time exploring my orgasmic potential as a human being, and I guess this resulted in the pleasure filled dreams as well as deeper intimacy and lovemaking with my partner.

I had imagined my ”orgasmic birth” to be full of sexual and genital stimulation from both myself and my partner, building up energy that would end with a big orgasm. But it did not turn out to be at all like I had imagined it. Instead, the orgasmic sensations I experienced after witnessing my womb and cervix opening the portal for birth, were not due to stimulation from the outside, but the body itself releasing pleasure filled waves that swept through my whole body. In the darkness, in between the waves, I realized that every woman´s relationship to pleasure, orgasms, birth, and pain is what will shape her birth experience.

Even though I felt my body was acting according to the great evolutionary plan, occationaly fear would arise. Fear that made me fall into the trap of questioning my psychedelic and blissfull experience. Then my legs would start to gently tremble until I spoke the word FEAR into the darkness. Naming the experinence helped me find my way back to a relaxed state, of simply witnessing my child being born.

The feeling of fear would instantly take me out of the orgasmic nature of the birth and instead let me enter into pain and anxiety, just the way I had experienced my first birth. In that state I had no chance of resting or feeling the pleasant feelings of the waves.

In the darkness my partner was snoozing behind me, showering me with kisses and soft touches whenever he could feel me losing my way in the labyrinth or tensing up the slightest. His calm and sleepy presence, combined with moments of sexual arousal and stimulation, made me feel held and full of trust. I loved feeling his hard lingam pressing against my lower back as he was whispering sweet words in my ears. Then he would doze back to sleep again, and I would travel on my waves, closer and closer to meet our son.

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Hearing my daughter sleeping deep at my side, I celebrated being able to give birth just like a bear. In darkness, silence, and deep grace.

The journey continued like that. In total silence, in full darkness, riding the waves, I felt like I was introduced to one of the best-kept secrets of the human experience. It still feels like I was receiving one of the greatest gifts of life. Not only my beloved son, but that profound experience of what birth can actually be. A mystical initiation into motherhood.

Suddenly I´m being pulled out of my dreamlike state. The waves were suddenly more like a raging ocean, and I lose myself for a moment as I realize that the portal is fully open, and my child is about to enter the world. I wake my partner, thats sleeping by my side and ask him to fill up my small pink plastic bathtub that is standing at the end of the bed.

I had imagined myself breathing and smiling through the last part of the birth, just as I had been facing the contractions until that very last moment. But what I entered into felt more like an excorcism than a controlled bearing down to release my baby. At this stage I missed the midwife. I missed the doula that could have had told me to chill out, gather myself and hold the immense force back.

But I had chosen to be alone. Except for my partner, doing his best to hold me through the intense pushing as I was sinking my nails into the flesh of his back.

As the hot water embraced my body, I got to gather my bearings for a moment and settle into the situation. I let my fingers enter my yoni, feeling my sons head coming through my cervix. WOW. I had dreamed of this moment. Where I could feel him enter through my cervical portal into the world. I then took my partners hand and guided him to feel the head crowning at my vaginal opening. In three strong pushes, he was out. My son was born.

As the adrenaline surged, guiding him through the bloody water, into the air in front of me, I screamed in celabration:

I DID IT!

I AM SO AMAZING!

AND HE IS SO BEAUTIFUL!

I WANT TO DO THIS AGAIN!

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He settled onto my chest, and Johan called for Emma, who was sleeping in the wagon next to our house. As she entered the birth space, lit with candles in the still thick darkness of the night, lovingly witnessing me and my newborn baby, I was overcome with great pride and deep joy. I met her eyes in a common moment of awe before the most precious moments of life.
What follows is the postpartum period that I call Blood, Milk and Tears and that is another story to tell.

A note to you as a reader:
Please excuse my English. It´s not my mother tongue, yet I wanted to share this text with the world. There has been no proofreading or corrections made by anybody.
And thank you for receiving this birth story with an open mind and heart, as this is one of the greatest and most vulnerable sharings I have ever offered the world.
It´s actually impossible to put a divine experience into words, but I gave it my best shot.