

YOU'RE SPIRITUAL, BUT AN A**HOLE. NOW WHAT?

The Art of Sacred Authenticity
and Holy Fucking Clarity

By Paul Wagner

YOU'RE SPIRITUAL, BUT AN ASSHOLE. NOW WHAT?

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Dedication

Lovingly dedicated to the raw, quiet, secretly powerful souls who swallowed their pain to keep the peace - or to be loved.

To the wildly intuitive ones - born electric and free, but in families that denied their fire and demanded they hide it.

To those unheard and unseen - who buried their pain and wore masks - just to be fed and belong.

It's time to reclaim your inner storm.

May this be the guidance you've been waiting for. The reminder you knew was coming. The push you needed to break free. Treat it like a call to action.

You are beautiful. You are the result of endless miracles. You are unlimited in every direction.

And yes - you are loved. For all time.

Some gurus teach paths that skip over the storm - but yours won't. You're allowed to unravel like a holy, raging storm.

When in doubt, let it out. Let nothing stop you from being fully free and wholly YOU.

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Your Threshold

This is not a book for the spiritually primped and polished. It's not for the bypassers, affirmation-addicts, or brand-faux awakeners.

This is for the wild-hearted - the unruly ones. The outrageously misfit mystics. The sacred rebels who are done playing nice - who are ready to get real. The ones who will finally heal deeply - and be reborn.

You might be unaware that allowing your anger - honoring it, feeling it, exhausting it - is vital to your liberation. It can create a life where there was none. And oppressing our anger, denying it, judging it - can bring unmanageable turmoil, ripping apart - what appears to be a lovely life on the surface.

If that truth hits something in you, welcome it. Allow it to burn through the mask you no longer need. This is your threshold - not for becoming someone new, but for remembering who the fuck you are.

With great love & encouragement,

Paul Wagner (Krishna Kalesh)

Introduction

This is your war cry. This is your invitation to strip bare, rip off the masks, and meet your soul in the raw. It's a call to expose your polite little spiritual act - so you can reclaim the holy thunder embedded in your soul.

This is real spiritual work - a holy exorcism - built for the raw, the ready, and the ones done pretending. It's not for the well-behaved, the New Agey comfort crowd, or those still clinging to performance over presence. It's for anyone who's felt the pressure to be acceptable instead of real.

If you're looking for soft whispers, cuddle parties, and easy-breezy affirmations, hand this book off to someone with fire. This divine bundle of guidance embodies a sharp political incorrectness - a slap to the airy fairy mermaid movement.

Grumpy souls, gatekeeping hashtag addicts, and love-light liars - you can fuck right off. We're not here to pet your ego or validate a contrived morality or trending agenda.

If you're still here, then you love to explore reality through a real, colorful, wild, and comedic lens. And you're ready to tear through the hokey bullshit in today's diseased spiritual scene.

You genuinely want to meet your true Divine Self, and you emphatically want to stop apologizing for your sacred core and holy roar.

Let's Get Into It

Your vibrancy and realness is not an obstacle to your participation in relationships, society, or your life vision. In fact, your authenticity is built to be empowering and vital to everything you do. EVERYTHING.

Extinguishing your explosive spark - ignoring it, tethering it, or shrinking it in any way - would deny you the promises built into this birth. Meteors don't need slipcovers.

You're not required to become anything to anybody at any time. You need not follow some contrived morality born of fear, guilt, or spiritual suppression. You must never deny yourself the freedom of self-expression - not for one second.

You can swear like a truck driver. You can tell people how they hurt you whenever the hell you need to. You can be uncontrived, uncategorized, and unbridled - and you can let reality shape you by **YOUR** nature, not **THEIRS**.

You can walk away. No drama. No meetings. No texts. Just exit with dignity and never look back.

This book is about that. Fierce love. Boundaries forged in ancient steel. Walking your spiritual path without kowtowing, kissing ass, or numbing the real you just to feel like you belong to a group, family, religion, culture, or this wildly confused human race.

Yes - be a good citizen, neighbor, and partner. But honor who you are. Respect what makes you unique. Choose self-ownership and self-respect at every turn. Release your sacred anger safely and bravely to access the strength, clarity, and resolve beneath it.

Rising into this new way of being, you'll be more loving, successful, and alive - creating life ON YOUR TERMS.

You'll have less confusion in the chaos, less garbage cluttering your life, and fewer people distracting you from the bliss that's already alive inside you. You'll finally be unplugged from the circus and reconnected to your divinity.

All the politeness, spiritual bypassing, political correctness, and soul-oppression built into modern spirituality are not helping. And they're not true. They deny people their dignity in the name of The Divine.

Burn it down. Set your wild beast free. Become a living, breathing, fully engaged human being at the top of your lungs.

We live in a world that confuses spiritual alignment with passive niceness. But real awakening? It's not pretty, acceptable, or comfortable. It's a shitstorm.

And it doesn't make you palatable. It makes you powerful.

Expressed, whole, clear, and willing to be disliked - these aren't traits of the weak. They're a war cry for spiritual realists seeking freedom.

**It's time to walk the Earth like
you fucking belong here.**

CHAPTER 1

Guilt-Tripped Out Of Her Own Life

Long ago, I knew a feisty teenager - and already, her family was judging, oppressing, and rewriting her instincts. That's what "spiritual" people do, right? They deny what's real.

This young woman - brilliant, sensitive, sharp in a way that frightened the dull and manipulative - was being bent into a shape unworthy of her. Warped by parents who spoke the language of "conscious parenting" but lived out a distorted theology of guilt, shame, and spiritual gaslighting.

They told her to "honor her birth mother" and quickly "forgive." Her Catholic-New-Age parents told her she was "too angry" and that her attitude was the only real problem.

But let's rewind.

Her mother - the one they wanted her to love unconditionally - wasn't just flawed. She was dangerous in the subtle, slithering way that narcissism cloaks itself in cleavage, charisma, and chaos.

This woman, her birth mother, had cheated on her husband with his best friend. Fine - that happens. I guess.

But what doesn't just happen is flirting with your daughter's boyfriends. Undermining her confidence. Competing with her sexually. Judging her beauty. Mocking her expression. Dismissing her boundaries. Laughing when she cried. Crushing her spirit just to watch it try and rise again.

That's not parenting. That's parasitic behavior disguised as motherhood. That's a measure of insanity that could never be cured by a daughter's love.

And when this young girl tried to scream, tried to rebel, tried to say "something is wrong with this," her cries were folded into the carpet of "spiritual lessons," and culturally appropriated sweat lodges where she was pushed to be the bigger person - when her emotions, pain, and damage were barely known.

The War Against Instinct

Her father - the same man who had once been betrayed - married a new-age stepmother who peddled emotional compliance as if it were grace.

Together, they guilted this girl into believing her rage was wrong. That it made her bitter. That it would "lower her vibration." That forgiveness - the sweet, soulless kind - was her only path to peace.

But what they were really doing was amputating her power. Dismantling a self that had a real chance at mastering this world.

Every time she felt the surge of truth in her gut - the knowing that something was fucked - they met it with a wall of polite spirituality.

- "Be the bigger person, because you're OUR daughter."
- "Your mother is doing her best and she deserves your goodness."
- "You'll feel better if you stop holding onto resentment."
- "You need to heal your heart - that's what good people do."
- "Your anger is unreasonable - and it'll hurt you if you're not careful."
- "It's your job to forgive because that's what new-age idiots run toward - shallow forgiveness - not sustainable healing."

Can you see the insanity in this?

She needed someone to stand beside her and say:

- "You're right. This is insane. Your mother violated you emotionally, and you have every right to be furious."
- "That fire in your chest? That's your soul defending itself."
- "That impulse to stay the fuck away from her - that's correct. Own that. Go forward with that."

The Birth of a Powerless Self

But instead, she learned to bow. To mute. To serve. To sacrifice her truth at the altar of spiritual performance.

Because bypassing in the spiritual community is often seen as "more evolved" than being real, present, authentic, and self-honoring.

And that performance - holy fuck, it was pristine.

You'd never guess the volcanic rage she held inside her teenage body. The raw brilliance. A pure fire that could've burned her whole lineage clean.

But because she idolized her emotionally-clipped father, a priestly therapist who denied anger as valuable - she stayed locked in her ribcage like a lion in a glass box.

She was taught to smile and accommodate - to be “spiritually mature” while her nervous system buckled under the weight of unresolved betrayal.

And she became a magnet for what was unworthy of her - never fully owning her voice and power - and living from the contrived morality ancestrally infused into her core.

This is what happens when spiritual ideology, comfort-bypassing, and guilt cloaked in denial is used to silence the most genuine people.

This is when:

- Compassion is weaponized.
- Forgiveness is forced.
- Love is demanded before trust has been earned.

Love Without Safety is Abuse Dressed in Robes

Her birth mother never changed. She still made snide remarks. Still competed. Still pretended like they were equals. Like sisters. Like rivals in a sorority.

And still, this young woman was told: “She’s your mother. She gave you life. Don’t be ungrateful.”

But giving life doesn't mean you get to destroy it. Birthing someone doesn't give you ownership over their soul.

And when a child is told to love a parent who cannot love them back - who manipulates, erodes, and mocks - that child is being trained to abandon themselves for the rest of their fucking life.

That's what happened to her. This is what happens to many people. And it is heartbreaking.

Because underneath the layers of training and trauma is a woman with astonishing presence. A woman with eyes like searchlights and a voice that could rearrange the air. A woman who could've led movements, created empires, and healed generations.

But she was taught to deny herself - and fold her raw truth into the mold of the "grateful daughter."

She was taught that her rage was dysfunction - not sacred intelligence. She was taught that keeping the peace was love - not self-abandonment. She was taught that to be "good" meant to be quiet.

Why This Book Exists

This isn't just her story. This is the story of thousands. Of millions. Of brilliant, intuitive people - men and women - who are born into families that fear their power and demand their compliance.

I didn't write this book to teach people how to be more spiritual. I've shared enough of the ancient teachings during 30 years of doing readings and creating courses.

I wrote this book to call out the lies hiding inside spiritual language and communities:

- To name the gaslighting, breadcrumbing, and insane violence that hides in forgiveness culture.
- To name the betrayal in "honor thy parents" when those parents are cruel or dangerous.
- To name the soul loss that happens when rage is treated like sin.

The memory of this young woman was one of the sparks that ignited this project. Because the moment I looked back and remembered her truth, I realized how many others were still trapped in the performance of being "evolved" while dying inside from repression.

What She Deserved Instead

She deserved to be mirrored. She deserved one of her politically correct parents to say:

- "You're allowed to be angry and disapproving of old systems that harm you."
- "You're allowed to take all the space you need to heal and love yourself."
- "You deserve to free your voice even though your parents are uncomfortable with it."
- "You don't have to love someone who restricts, manipulates, or poisons you."
- "You don't owe your loyalty to people who never earned your trust."
- "You can build a life based on your raw truth, not ancestral obligation."

She still deserves that. And you, my friend - if you're reading this and you've been the one guilted into silence, told your anger is unspiritual, shamed for not loving someone who harms you - you deserve it too.

This chapter is yours. This whole book is YOURS. Let this be the moment you reclaim what was

stolen: Your voice. Your rage. Your fucking power.

May no one ever convince you again that kindness requires you to be compliant - or someone else - or that healing means bending to the point of breaking - or denying who you are and how you feel.

**You are forever permitted to protect your
life, express your feelings, be respected for
what you've endured - and uplifted for
WHO YOU ARE.**

CHAPTER 2

Faking It Is A Spiritual Disease

There's a super-sickness - an epidemic - ripping through the spiritual world - a quiet, polished virus called performative spirituality. You've seen it, right?

It wears purple and white, speaks in carefully curated mantras, smiles endlessly for Instagram, panders to a contrived and disingenuous morality - and pretends that pink bubbles and 5D obsession help us transcend the divine mess of being human - all the while building a personal brand.

Apparently, these people never take a shit or fart during Vapassana - and if they do, it's photographed as sacred geometry or a spirit guide.

And let's be honest - some of you reading this have participated in the same crap. That's not a callout - it's an invitation to get real. You can transcend this way of being.

You've seen this, right? Seductive, curated personas that promise belonging, safety, and acceptance - all wrapped in a neat little spiritual package with a link in bio?

Yet, underneath that lovely, bright, shallow surface is severe repression, distortion, and mold. It's a forgotten soul covered in muck - denied to the highest degree, but made an aesthetic.

Welcome to the New Age - the spiritual masturbation cult born from narcissistic, selfish, and lazy influencers seeking comfort and followers. These programmed pranksters keep everybody stifled and depressed for lifetimes - while looking miraculously enlightened on Instagram!

Performative Spirituality Is Self-Abandonment

Pretending to be "zen" while your chakras are sponsored by Alo Yoga is not real spirituality. When your soul is ancestrally compressed, delusional, and unraveling, is not sacred - it's spiritual theater - self-betrayal for likes and validation.

This very real disorder cuts you off from the actual source of your power - your shadows - your ancient awareness

emboldened throughout lifetimes - all in service to maintaining your spiritual brand.

Your grief, your rage, your confusion - this divine and ancient stew - **IS YOUR WILD, UNFORMED SOUL MASS**: The soil created in you for unrelenting transformation, not content creation.

You can't dance to imaginary happy songs while livestreaming your "spiritual face" - and expect healing and evolution.

That's like saying, "Oh gosh, this energy drink from hell, with all its chemicals, tastes so good - and makes me so productive - it MUST be good for me - let me mix it into my morning fibre!"

Yeah, um, no.

When you silence your deepest Self - only to be seen as "sweet, calm, and cozy" by your spiritually included followers, you're not evolving - you're regressing. You're dissociating and bypassing - building a platform that edifies a false You.

You're also contaminating what has always been profound, true, and eternal for the sake of spiritual performance.

Seriously. Kombucha is a probiotic, not a divine elixir. And that Tarte lip gloss - it might pretend to

have a goddess vibe, but it's just sugar paste -
for the phony new-age face.

And here's the rub: Your shadows don't need to be managed, silenced, or turned into inspirational Instagram posts sponsored by manipulative, falsely spiritualized brands.

They don't need an ego-affirming mantra or a meditation app endorsement. They need their unbridled voice - and a wilderness full of space. They need fresh, honest air, a punching bag - a ritual - a cutting board.

Awesome soul, your VERY REAL AND ACCESSIBLE clarity lives - not in your spiritual costume party, your frozen, palatable persona - or your cacao-infused, crystal-cleansed, moon-water blessed sacral cream.

It lives in your continual embodiment of all aspects of who you are, what you feel, and what comes through you - not what will get the most engagement.

What you deny becomes fuel for regression and inauthentic spiritual content. The depths of shadow you choose to engage becomes fuel for your rebellion against performative spirituality.

Be fucking rebellious - even if it doesn't fit your spiritual brand.

You are living current - electricity in high tops - raw energy hailing from the cosmos that exists far beyond the beyond - and far beyond your curated spiritual feed.

Real Kindness Isn't Compliant

Kindness is beautiful. But compliance dressed as kindness for spiritual street cred isn't love - it's fear wearing designer sage.

Being kind does not mean making yourself small, agreeable, or falsely peaceful for your spiritual audience.

Sometimes, if you're honest about it - kindness can be loud, sloppy, and disruptive to your perfectly curated spiritual image.

If your kindness is performed so you can project spiritual wholeness or feel spiritually validated, check it at the door.

You already know what that looks like. You've felt it in your bones - or others - soft words that serve control, not clarity.

This work isn't about being the sweetest voice in the room or the one who has a kind face for a sec. It's about being honest

and true to the moment you're in, even if that honesty shatters your image and draws ire.

We see it all the time:

- The healer who preaches "love and light" while her anger disintegrates her relationships and business.
- The marketer who crafts positivity on the fly - with an inner voice drowning in apathy or resentment.
- The men's coach who sells presence but refuses to voice his frustration in fear of being "just like his father."
- The hipster influencer who posts pretty captions about abundance - while people-pleasing to the point of becoming a persona in opposition to herself.

That's not power. That's compliance in spiritual costume.

Kindness doesn't mean being liked. Kindness can roar like a wild beast. Kindness can disrupt. It can say FUCK NO to fake peace. It can say: "I love you, but I'm done performing like a monkey for your comfort."

Still pretending? Leave. Ready to bare your soul? Stay. This is where the real begins.

So if you're here to keep pretending - don't. If you're here to lay your soul bare, this is where it begins.

Kindness can speak softly, while also disrupting a room and crumbling the walls that prevent your freedom - and your carefully constructed spiritual image.

The real spiritual work begins the moment you stop pretending "oh my gosh, I'm totally fine and so blessed!" for the spiritual community and start telling the fucking truth.

Are you ready to tell the truth - even if it doesn't get you spiritual validation?

CHAPTER 3

Nice Ain't Always Holy

One of the most insidious forms of this spiritual performance is the cult of niceness.

Performative niceness is the unconscious habit of acting calm or kind while severed from your actual emotional truth. It's not about love. It's about survival - keeping the peace so your real feelings don't threaten anyone's illusion of stability - or the illusion you allowed them to thrust on you.

The fear behind this contrivance runs so deep, we often don't see it. It can be so pervasive, so rewarded, that we don't realize our identity - even our entire lives - have been built on top of it.

We don't choose this kind of niceness from compassion or clarity. It's an egoic reflex - born of what we've suppressed, what we've been trained to bury, what's been passed down through family and culture.

When Being Nice = Emotional Self-Abandonment

- The woman who smiles through every boundary violation because she was raised to keep the peace, and keep quiet.
- The spiritual practitioner who downplays her insights - because mom overpowered her and dad continually denied her.
- The deeply loving empath who agrees with everyone - while her inner truth ferments into an unintelligible rage.
- After a dark childhood of being traumatized by harsh, men-hating women, the man who continually cracks jokes, seeking a joyful path at all costs - even himself.
- The spiritual bro who leads breathwork and empowerment circles but is still unable to have a spine.
- The husband who works hard to be "a good man" but avoids emotionally charged conversations - because his silence gives him the illusion of control.

We mistake it for kindness, when it's actually self-erasure, self-denial, and self-contrivance.

Being nice isn't often about being spiritually present. It's often about being spineless in a false-sacred disguise.

How you engage with life should never cost you access to your own nervous system.

If you've killed off your messy Self to appear emotionally clean and polite, you're not awake - you're anesthetized. Whatever you consumed to put you in this position is nothing more than a drug.

Niceness is often a mask - fear or numbness meant to trigger a happy hormone. One that wreaks of: "Don't feel my feelings" or "I'm not really here emotionally."

If you smile enough, nod enough, never challenge anything, and always say "I hear you," - when you're internally screaming with suppressed emotion - you're not healing - and you're not spiritually "safe."

The culture of niceness rewards emotional suppression with spiritual trinkets, purple mermaid hats, and validation that would've enraged Krishna - and popped Jesus off the cross.

You're praised for being "easy to be around," not for being honest about what you feel. You're taught that peace means never expressing anger, that compassion means swallowing your pain, and that love means emotional invisibility.

But that's not love - that's emotional self-abandonment.

CHAPTER 4

The Cult Of Calm

Welcome to the sacred fire. You've been warned.

Before we begin: Emotional expression is sacred - but not every feeling is meant to be spoken to your friend list - and not every truth needs an audience. Discernment is part of your evolution. Let this chapter liberate you, not justify your projections.

But clarity doesn't come from shoving your shit down. It comes from meeting it - hot, honest, and holy.

Remember: Projections are just emotional fantasies we cling to when we haven't done the work. They feel real because they echo our wounds - not our wisdom.

Now, let's get into the weeds!

You were not born to be emotionally palatable. You were not put here to be everyone's safe space while your own nervous system burns in the background from suppressed feelings.

You cannot ascend by emotionally shrinking. Ascension without expression is a lie. You cannot ascend with your emotions in exile.

Invite the roots of your pain to release the emotions so you can be free.

Niceness is the mask we wear to hide our rage, grief, jealousy, judgment - and our wild human insanity.

But human emotions are where the soul lives. They are the doorway to wisdom. Human feelings are what dissolve to give us healing. Emotional truth is the starting line.

And there's a difference between performing sweetness and actually radiating emotional clarity.

Radiating emotional clarity means being radically honest about what you feel and sense - but not mistaking the first wave of emotion for the deepest truth. Express it, but don't yet believe it - otherwise you're dancing with projections.

Emotional clarity takes real work - not just expression, but reflection.

- Sit with your feelings without rushing to label them.
- Ask what's underneath the reaction - and be willing to wait for the real answer.
- Pause before turning pain into a dramatic performance.
- Own your story without making it someone else's fault.
- Stay long enough with yourself - the feeling - the intensity - to separate old wounds from the emerging truth.

This is how you stop performing your pain - and start alchemizing it. Alchemizing your pain means feeling it fully, breaking it down, and transforming it into something clear, useful, and true. It's the process of turning emotional chaos into self-knowledge - and eventually, into presence and discernment.

To name what's real, seek the stillness beneath the storm. You speak or embody your boundaries without asking for emotional permission slips.

And yes! It's time to stop contorting yourself into a self-hating pretzel just to be palatable to the spiritually polite and emotionally unavailable - the ones who praise your calm while silencing your truth.

**Why would you seek approval from The New Age Idiot Club?
Fuck these comfort seekers, they have no idea what authentic
emotional expression really is.**

Chilling your real emotional Self to fit into a dull matrix is not evolved, it's dangerous. It's not spiritual awareness - its low self-esteem and pure codependence wrapped in emotional denial.

The spiritual lie of "high vibration" means "emotionally controlled and conflict-free" - a purely toxic ideology. It teaches you that emotional tension is wrong, discomfort is failure, and an emotional boundary is somehow a block to love.

**But your vibration isn't determined by your emotional tone,
attitude, or trendy lingo - it's determined by the degree to
which you release what is no longer true - and in how you live
in emotional alignment.**

Sometimes, emotional alignment appears as saying very little. Sometimes it's absolute silence. And sometimes it's walking away mid-conversation and saying to yourself:

"Bill was not being emotionally real or honest. Why would I want to listen to him drone on and on while suppressing my authentic response? His mask gushes nonsense. I have better things to do."

More often than not, your body already said what your mouth was too afraid to share emotionally. This is spiritual embodiment - spiritual living - The Divine in action. So, listen to your body's emotional truth!

When you listen to it - and honor it - it heals.

You Don't Owe Anyone Your Chill

You don't owe anyone emotional softness and you are never in debt to someone so much that you should be emotionally silent out of fear of rejection or self-hatred. You can choose to no longer do this.

You don't owe anyone access to your emotional command module. That's yours. And if you don't know it - it's always been solely YOURS. Guard it like your soul depends on it - because it does.

You don't owe anyone the version of you that makes others feel better for a moment, all the while validating their limits and what has yet to be emotionally healed in them.

If your clarity triggers someone's lies and fragility, that's a gift to them - not a crime. If your emotional boundary reveals someone else's expectations, awesome! Let it be!

You're not here to make everyone comfortable while your soul suffocates in emotional suppression.

Nice is a trick of the mind - a costume the ego wears when it's terrified of being seen and disruptive.

Whatever pushes you to appease instead of be real - that's the fucking wound.

The real work begins here.

Track when you smile instead of speak, shrink instead of roar, nod instead of tell the truth. Every time you do these things, you abandon yourself.

Some even take it to the level of insanity and call it kindness.

Holiness doesn't look like emotional politeness - it's a wild animal that clears the table and runs off with the meat.

BE THE WILD ANIMAL.

Your holiness is a sacred fire - the deepest truth embodied. It arrives without introduction, explanation, or a smile.

When you're being non-reactive, it's likely you're transmitting "I'm abandoning my emotional truth because I desperately need approval and inclusion - in circles that are perpetually less-than me. And damn it, you caught me - I'm emotionally lazy."

If it's emotionally fake, drop the whole "pleasantly peaceful" act - it's just a costume that extinguishes your presence.

When you try to be included - and save yourself from being abandoned or denied - what you're calling kindness - is a form of control - infused with fear and low self-worth.

Sweet is beautiful when it's real and grounded - not when it's masking fear or silencing truth.

Ask yourself, is this actually happening now - or is it old pain warped by imagination?

Feel what you feel - fully. Allow it so it can move. But don't assume every emotion is a signal to act. Some just need to be felt, allowed further, and then released.

Emotional honesty is not the same as emotional accuracy. And it's not a pass to dump or attack.

Allow the deeper wisdom to lead the way. Let the space within emotional clarity inform you. Only then will you know when it's time to speak.

**Be the storm without apology - but always
know why you're storming.**

CHAPTER 5

You Fucked Up, Now What?

It's easy to allow our mistakes to become prisons - or portals to a limited life. We might even use them to loop us into a series of black holes where we can no longer see the light of day - or the light within ourselves.

When we act beneath ourselves, we interrupt the trajectory of our highest potential. Even small missteps - a lie, a projection, a betrayal, a burst of control or greed - can dim our inner gold in an instant.

But dimming isn't the end - it's a call for our attention. And if we listen, if we respond, even the ashes can become fuel for healing and transformation.

Where there is embedded trauma, there's fuel for disaster. An inner, unresolved emotional storm can leak in ways you might not see. Then, all of a sudden, it emerges in your life and you have no control over it.

It's Not Just What You Did - It's What You Disrupted

As the cyclone creates havoc in your outer world, it can damage your self-perception, relationships, and life vision. Unaware of the mechanisms at play, you might regress, spinning into old, limited versions of yourself.

Without proper care, your potency can leak out like a cut vein.

Some of our mistakes only affect us, while some have tentacles in the lives of others.

And when they do, we don't get to hide behind our trauma or blame it all on our past. Instead, we take responsibility - not to shame ourselves, but to fully own and heal our lives.

When You Realize the Joke's On You

In a weakened state, it's more difficult to bounce back. Without a healthy measure of awareness and strength, the momentum overpowers us and we can't stop the damage.

Maybe you married a tantric DJ and gave him access to your bank account and happy hole. He stole your money, violated your iguana, and bought a condo in Argentina.

Maybe you joined a sacred cuddle cult where trauma dressed in glitter and desperate touch masquerading as love replaced the real intimacy in your life.

Loving advice: Just because someone wants to roll around with you doesn't mean that their energy is meant for you. Be careful with every soul you welcome into your sphere.

Maybe you weaponized your shadow-self and sexualized a healing, platonic relationship - because you're addicted to being an idiot.

To redeem yourself for all of your mistakes, you may have married a judgmental Catholic angel addict who guilt-bombs you every day - while you clean up after her 11 cats.

In choosing to deny yourself in service to others, you rupture your ability to heal and create a lovely life going forward.

The more epic and sensationalized the mistake, the more arduous the journey to healing and freedom.

Your failure to forgive yourself and others - and truly begin again - will prevent your rebirth.

But if you're focused on owning it all, forgiving it all, and growing, your biggest mistakes can result in the most expanded and profound wisdom.

In fact, success does very little for our souls. It's only the mistakes that help us to grow.

Karma Lengthens The Journey

If we harm more than ourselves, we create karma - a collection of memories, conditions, and consequences - layers that impede us.

Through spiritual effort, selfless service, and virtuous action, we can dissolve karma. If we ignore it, it persists, stewes, and cements - attracting and creating a life that is beneath us.

Yet, sometimes the pain that we provoke - or regret - is a sacred release - a burning of karma that frees us in ways we can't yet see.

Still, when we make serious mistakes, the aftermath can contort our sense of self and our life. Guilt, shame, and regret can dim the powerful and magnetic forces within us. They silence our radiance - sometimes long after we've paid the price.

When we act selfishly or harmfully, we betray our potential and destiny. We derail the life that was emerging. And that rupture - that inner trembling - becomes the rough and holy path that leads you back to yourself.

Maybe you acted from an unconscious blip of emotion or karmic residue.

Maybe you were living as a selfish and misguided persona and couldn't break free of your ancestral conditioning.

Maybe you acted out trauma, feelings of lack, or repressed emotions beyond your control.

Or maybe you were temporarily - a cunt.

These are all things every human being has experienced or chosen on some level.

Yes, you've made mistakes, and may have dramatically or temporarily shifted your reality, and you likely swam in guilt for a time.

The Mistakes That Define And Awaken Us

So, you fucked up. Or someone fucked you up. Either way, here you are - heart cracked, life unraveling, karma smacking you in the head.

Mistakes aren't accidents - they're flares from your very ancient soul. These divine flares signal exactly where to dig.

They scream, "HEY ASSHOLE, YOU'RE OFF YOUR PATH!"

Every mistake is a glitch in your simulation that can either wake you up - or trap you in your favorite lie.

Every time we mess up - whether it's betraying someone, smacking a bitch, denying our intuition, or letting fear drive you into a trainwreck - something sacred is happening underneath.

The ego might say, “You’re a disaster - go after what you want right now!” But the soul - it can only whisper, “This is your opening to become new, to heal fully, to awaken.”

The worst mistake is pretending the mistake isn't yours. Blame is a drug. Victimhood is a cozy coffin. Self-hatred is just control with a guilt mask on. But owning your mess? That's a sacred move. That's where soul-forging - sovereignty - begins.

What awakens us isn't perfection - it's rupture. Success lies. Mistakes rip the mask off. A spiritual person who can't admit their darkness isn't spiritual - they're cosplaying.

Your mistakes are portals inviting you to enter with an open mind and heart. You can't journal into transformation. You can't Reiki your self-ownership into being. You can't slap a crystal on your forehead and expect liberation.

You've got to look into the mirror and say, “I did that shit. I caused harm. I abandoned myself. I lied. I hid. But, damn it, I'm not hiding anymore.”

That moment? That's when the Universe shakes the trees and gives you light-path to rebirth. If you don't follow it, you'll keep looping in cycles of self-denial.

Oh yeah, the faces might change. The setting might shift. But the lesson will keep punching you in the soul until you stop fucking around - and start listening.

Mistakes aren't curses or excuses - they're initiations. They don't mean you're broken. They mean you're becoming new.

Now that you know what you are not - it's time to meet what's been waiting underneath.

CHAPTER 6

The Sacred Art Of Fuck You & Fuck Off

There comes a time in every spiritually aware human's life when NO becomes insufficient. It dies on the vine.

You've tried the clarity route. You've pretended they respected you. You waited too long for a shift that never came.

When “No” Stops Working

But at a certain point, we become too exhausted to continue translating. We burn the script and take a different route altogether - a raw, guttural, grounded, energetically final route that sounds a lot like “fuck you” or “fuck off.”

This isn't a tantrum. It's not rebellion. It's not politically incorrect or inappropriate.

It's not some trauma response they use to define you. It's a clarity - a severing - a sacred rite of passage into total self-possession.

No matter how they respond, react, or deny you, you know that setting the construct on fire was perfect.

Thank God for the world FUCK.

Sometimes the most honest thing your body can do is be crass, obnoxious, and messy. You don't need to polish a shit as you drop it on pretense and a false construct. It's not supposed to be evolved, Catholic, or cute.

It's supposed to be 100% clear.

Fuck you doesn't mean I hate you - it means I've stopped participating in your illusion. Fuck off means I've stopped making myself small to make your fantasy comfortable.

There is nothing inherently cruel about saying fuck you. It's only cruel when it's performed to punish or manipulate. Used properly, it awakens and draws an appropriate line.

But when it rises from the deep bedrock of truth, when it pulses through your system like a clean vibration, it's one of the most direct forms of spiritual hygiene you can practice.

Fuck you and Fuck off are not attacks. They close the gates. It's a sacred exhale that says, "No more access. No more explanations. No more phony softness to protect you from your refusal to let me be real and healed."

Your cells breathe.

Your spine straightens.

Your soul gets louder.

We live in a culture that demands over-explanation, soft landings, personalities that pretend - and gentle exits - even from the most hideous people and situations. But the reality is, your exit doesn't need to be pretty to be holy or fair.

It just needs to be real - and on your terms.

You don't need to tell the story of your pain or your nervous system's collapse - they never cared.

You don't owe a departure monologue to someone who ignored your reality and twisted your clarity into cruelty, just to protect their pious illusion.

Never forget how brave you had to be to find that clarity - and then embody it - and then verbalize it.

Sometimes, clarity needs to be abrupt. When it breaks open like a storm, says what it means without buffering or rewording - it's sacred - it's a shift - a healing.

These moments are not regressions - they're raw moments of liberation.

Your soul isn't interested in placating others when it can barely peek out its hidden, evasive truth.

It needs a clean burst. Not with vengeance, but with a pure finality.

This Is What Liberation Sounds Like

When you say fuck you and fuck off from this place - from the bones of your soul - it's not a rupture. It's your release - a door to your rebirth.

Let silence finish what your fire started. Then walk away. Not from anger - from clarity, self-ownership, and sovereignty.

CHAPTER 7

Don't Weaponize Your Wokeness

Alright love - deep breath. This one isn't gentle. But it might save you from sounding like a spiritual Karen on ketamine.

I know it might feel like the correct impulse or action, but we can't go around quoting spiritual bumper stickers two minutes after we name our primary trigger.

If this is still you - Babe, I'm super sorry - but you're not that holy. At that point in the journey - nobody is.

We're not here to be the trauma police. We're not the nervous system whisperers for everyone we date.

And being "triggered" doesn't give us permission to scorch every man, every corporation - while blaming Mom.

It's wild how fast self-awareness turns into a weapon - and an unhealthy number of hashtags.

One minute a hipster influencer is having a breakthrough - fully allowing and expunging their emotions, finally naming the shadow and dancing with her - and the next, she's waving new insights around - like a Jedi lightsaber. There she is, shutting people down so she can feel better about her newborn skin.

She gets just fluent enough in her own damage that she starts sounding wise. But really, she's just a few pages ahead of the kid in the back of the bus - you know, the one with the helmet.

Let me say it straight to these folks:

- You don't get to diagnose people mid-conversation.
- You don't get to throw "narcissist" at anyone who hurt your feelings.
- You don't get to end every relationship by calling it a trauma bond just because it made you uncomfortable.

That's not sacred. That's control. In fact, it's a fair measure of insanity.

And it's happening all over today's "healing spaces." People using spiritual language to avoid intimacy. People turning every disagreement into an act of spiritual warfare. People

who need everyone else to be the perpetrator so they can keep playing the heroic little inner-child.

I've seen people talk about "boundaries" like they were handing out court orders. I've seen people use "holding space" as a way to avoid listening and dominate a room.

I've seen someone call a partner abusive for not texting back fast enough - and genuinely believe they were enlightened for doing so.

This isn't awakening. This is ego with incense.

And I get it - it feels good to sound like you know things - especially when you were clueless for a long time. It feels safe to explain your chaos with diagrams and excuses - with a victim tone.

Be Alert: When you start building your identity around being the most aware person in the room - that safety immediately becomes a cage.

Here's the thing:

- You don't need to correct everyone.
- You don't need to spiritualize every argument.
- You don't need to be a lighthouse 24/7 just because you bought Blue Lotus and Motherwort on Etsy.

What you do need is humility within your pain. The kind that listens. The kind that breathes before it diagnoses. The kind that lets people hurt and heal without rearranging their underwear drawer.

- Being aware doesn't make you kind.
- Being informed doesn't make you safe.
- Being able to say "that's my pattern" doesn't mean you've actually changed it.

In many cases, people celebrate their patterns far more than they seek to dissolve them.

If you're still correcting your friends mid-sentence, still talking over your lover like a vice detective, and still thinking you're more conscious because you go to sound baths - slow the fuck down.

You're just another person learning how to be human. You're not God's PR girl.

If you're not willing to put the language down so you can connect with people, then you're not using it for healing. You're using it to keep yourself in power.

And that power? It ain't real. It ain't worth shit.

This is your tip sheet. A hot mirror.

See what happens when you stop being the enlightened one - and just be real for once.

CHAPTER 8

Authenticity As A Spiritual Path

Your authenticity is the holiest ground. Without it, you're living someone else's life - an imaginary movie that doesn't exist.

Your authenticity has likely been trivialized, misnamed, medicated, or groomed into submission by either yourself - or by those who wouldn't know their own soul if it screamed in their face.

Your truth - the messy, angry, wrinkled, imperfect, chaotic YOU - is SACRED. Every time you try to wrangle it into something chill or "zen," you betray the very reason you were born into this wild, holy life.

You didn't incarnate to be palatable.

You were born wild and free.

Pause. Breathe deeply. Feel your ribs stretch. That's what truth feels like when it unclenches.

Authenticity or Nothing

You're not here to be soft in public and collapse in private. You're here to burn illusions by being fully, unapologetically YOU - not as a performance or an ego massage, but as a raw transmission of your soul - your eternal Being.

We've been taught that being spiritual means being soft-spoken, well-behaved, and approval-seeking - like a hurricane trying to behave in an art gallery. That's not the life for a real soul.

You can be spiritually aligned and still have sharp edges, potty mouth, and unbridled aggression. You can be loving and still tell someone to get the fuck out of your field.

You can be holy as Krishna and human as the devil - all in the same breath. So stop numbing yourself to fit their comfort paradigms.

Anger, when repressed, turns into bitterness, illness, and self-abandonment. But when it's honored - not indulged or projected - it becomes one of the purest arrows pointing to healing and inner truth.

Authenticity often begins where politeness ends. And anger whether raw, sacred, or wild - is sometimes the first real sound we make after a lifetime of silence and self-abuse.

**Let your anger become your mantra - a magnet
for self-ownership and liberation.**

Your Anger Is A Sacred Weapon

I'm not talking about emotional freak-outs masquerading as empowerment. I'm talking about grounded, soul-awakening anger - the kind that draws a line and says, "NO MORE."

The best anger tears through years of manipulation, half-truths, family-born soul surgery, and substratum betrayals. It finally says what should've been said decades ago.

Like when you call out that love-and-light friend who regularly gaslights your clarity or grief. And like that sister who judges you because you've got an unbridled, insatiable pulse.

Anger isn't usually kind or pretty, but it's honest. When you finally let it speak, it burns the skin off the bullshit and leaves only the sacred core.

Stop managing how you're perceived. Seriously - stop. You're not here to be edited or consumed. You're here to fully embody your eternal Self.

Every time you adjust your voice to soothe someone's contrived persona, smile when you want to scream, or say yes when your gut wants to vomit - you're betraying your soul.

There is no divinity in rehearsed living. No awakening in bypassing, denying, or numbing.

Spirituality isn't a costume. Awakening isn't branding.

A Permission Slip for Being Misunderstood

You are not a brand. You're a cosmic bonfire dissolving into light.

Let them misunderstand you, flinch, gossip, freak out, or walk away. Let them stutter - just don't swallow their poison.

Living authentically is like walking barefoot through a hurricane of glass - holy, faithful, and dangerous. You take the hits, you bleed, and you bow. Over time, your strength and vulnerability fuse into a divine shield.

If that looks reckless to the dishonest or emotionally domesticated - fucking great.

That doesn't mean you're unkind. It means you've stopped dressing up your clarity to make others comfortable. It means you refuse to abandon yourself one more minute. Your truth - messy, inconvenient, contradictory - is worth more than their comfort or praise.

If something fierce flies out, let it. Just make sure it's from alignment, not old wounds.

To live uncensored, to call out what's untrue - in yourself or others - and refuse to play along? That's sacred rebellion.

It's not about being loud - it's about being YOU. Not a caricature or trauma response. Not the polished version you think they'll accept.

Just you. Raw. Real. Radiant.

Let Them Leave Save Yourself

And if you lose people because of it - if you're off-putting - holy fuck, good for you! Let them go. Throw them a party.

Better to be called dramatic, angry, or difficult than to die as a ghost of your true self. Better to be alone and free than adored for your imaginary identity.

You don't need to be validated, loved, or understood. You don't need to be peaceful, polished, or perfect.

You need to be fucking real.

And when you are - when you stop apologizing for your anger, clarity, needs, voice, and magic - the Divine will roar through you like a wild cyclone from the Beyond.

That's when your life becomes truly yours.

**Never again give your agency to
anyone.**

CHAPTER 9

The Spiritual Asshole In The Mirror

What you consider to be “sacred language” can stunt your growth and limit your awareness. Left unchecked, it becomes a linguistic virus that gives you spiritual sepsis.

You start hiding behind hipster affirmations instead of integrating your shadow. You get entranced with ego glitter, validation porn, and New Age mermaid parties - and start believing your curated, yoga-retreat planner is evolved.

But she's not. She's a hollow projection - a ghost persona - more entranced with the look than the liberation.

Eventually, we all learn to talk the talk - to belong, to be adored, to sound like someone who's done the work. But your job is to be a fully aligned person - not a spokesperson or apparition.

You know your rising sign, Vedic star, trauma category, and can chant a mantra while chugging a mushroom-probiotic

elixir. You might even be microdosing hourly and self-identify as a multidimensional dolphin doctor.

And still, my dear - you might be an asshole.

When Spiritual Language Becomes a Lie

If your spiritual path doesn't free you from your bullshit, it's likely just a lexicon helping you lie to yourself. You can't escape what your soul needs to say.

Maybe you felt broken and said, "I need to protect my energy," when you should've said, "I'm done, you warped, useless cockwaffle."

Maybe you told someone they were projecting - not because they were, but because you didn't want to look at your own shit.

Spiritual language becomes armor. But if you're hiding, you're not healing. You can't be invisible, genuine, and sovereign at the same time.

At some point, all the rituals, language, and persona add up to nothing but a shallow performance. That's not shameful, because you're just trying to be spiritual and real. But realness doesn't require a script. It requires surrender.

The best mantra for this moment is: **“I will stop lying TO myself and ABOUT myself immediately.”**

Eventually that shit pays off.

We don't need more people saying “I'm holding space” or “It's in divine order.” We need people saying, “This hurts like fuck - and I don't know what it means yet.”

You're not your aura. You're not your ability to temporarily appear as a ray of light. You're not your Cleopatra frequency or “divine masculine” supplement protocol - especially if you won't own your anger.

And there is no fucking twin soul - that's a scam concept to keep you hooked on perfection instead of owning yourself and healing your shit.

Maybe you already cry, already allow it all to move through you, already know it hurts - but even then, you might still be performing. Leaning more into kindness than truth. Enjoying momentary insights instead of taking transformative action.

The spiritual asshole wears a lot of masks - even the sweet, perky, humble ones.

You're Not a Brand. You're a Soul.

You are a soul in a body - raw, radiant, wild, and flawed.
That's where your medicine lives - in the glow of your pain, in
the wrinkled corners of your manicured self.

There's a special kind of asshole that emerges when you get
addicted to being seen as healed. And if you don't call
yourself out - trust me, someone else will.

You've done the work. But if you're still bypassing inconvenient
truths and weaponizing your denial to avoid depth - you're still
stuck.

Being a grown-ass human means diving deep and blurting out
the truth - not curating the wall and presentation.

We've all been there. The trick is to see it. To own it. To say:
**“Fuck - that was me. Goddamn it. Yes, it was fucked up. I love
myself anyway. Onward.”**

When you admit you've cloaked avoidance in spiritual
language, something cracks open - and that's where the
Divine finally gets under your skin. Not to nudge you gently,
but to rip the performative armor off and scream:

WAKE. THE. FUCK. UP.

You don't need to be seen as holy or whole. Sometimes
wholeness looks like sobbing uncontrollably because you just

realized you've manipulated everyone in the name of spiritual righteousness.

Sometimes it means apologizing twice - because you found another layer of delusion masquerading as "protecting your peace" and "embodying the light."

If you speak more about frequency and field than you do releasing your emotions and illusions, you might have some serious-ass work to do.

Keep your altar. Keep meditating. But stop pretending that meditation exempts you from conflict or being real.

Just because you have light doesn't mean there's no shadow. And when you hide parts of yourself to be loved - those denied parts will eventually deny you love. And you break.

Freedom comes from radical honesty. From naming your manipulations, fears, awkwardness, fake perky Self, and fucked-up-ness. You're free when you choose self-intimacy over image.

Stop pretending you've arrived. It's likely you haven't - YET. In the meantime, remember that real souls live real lives - and they don't perform. They just show up - raw, cracked, and divine as fuck.

Be real. That's the whole thing.

CHAPTER 10

When The Divine Roars Through You

You're a brave beast to let this writing touch you. You've likely already faced some hard truths. Now we shift.

This chapter isn't about tearing anything down - it's about what rises when you're done pretending. What comes when the inner storm quiets. It's not softer. It's deeper.

There comes a moment in every devotional soul's journey - a tipping point - when the shallow path, even walked earnestly, begins to feel like cheating.

You may have already let go of fantasy in favor of something more real. You may have seen through the manifestation hype - where “create anything now” became a zombie creed - fueled by ego, toxic adrenaline, and bypass.

But here's the truth: There's nothing urgent to create. Connecting with the real, raw YOU is far more vital than launching another Etsy store or podcast about a face cream made with possum cum.

You might still be dulling your edge to stay palatable - throttling your wildness - mimicking the culture of "peaceful healing" - while your soul screams for something holy and untamed.

You may look back on your old personas - the half-crazed healer-monkey frantically performing in the New Age circus - and feel grief, compassion, and disgust for it all.

Maybe you've realized: Everything you tried was a distraction, not a destination. Lost at sea now, you know something deeper is calling. You're done chasing light shows. You're ready to clear the debris that disconnects you from your inner master.

When the Inner Master Calls You Out

That inner voice - she's been patient. But she's not playing anymore. She whispers: "That false construct you built - that spiritual mannequin inside you - can't carry the weight of projection, comfort, or your next evolution. Let her go."

And you bow. You say, "Yes, Sifu. Something must change. And it must change now."

We all needed the mannequin. She got us through the first phase. But now she's starving your soul.

Sometimes we have to eat all the spiritual candy before we realize it's not a meal. That's not weakness - it's devotion through a child's eyes.

You weren't wrong. You were just open and naive - in a system built on bullshit. This isn't about blame. It's about seeing where your most illuminated Self stopped being honest.

Real change doesn't come because you "decide" to be bold. It comes when stubbornness dissolves and timeless awareness takes the wheel. Your fascia, muscles, identity - they soften. Perceptions built to protect you start to fall away.

What rises now isn't performance. It's truth - unfiltered, unbranded, unhooked. Let it in. Let it revise you.

Let the disqualified attitudes, belief corpses, and trauma-barnacles dissolve through your skin, your tears, your intestines.

Suddenly, you land. You settle. And wonder reappears. It's grounded, not flakey. It's relaxed in itself, not bouncing.

With this new inner clarity, confusion shatters. Emotion floods through: Sadness, rage, tenderness, awe.

You've finally had enough. And the meat falls off the bone.

The Death Before the Rebirth

The version of you who relied on affirmations, angel glitter, curated trauma treats, and abundant-lite branding - she doesn't survive this.

This isn't just a shift. This is a burn. It's a ritual.

You're watching yourself die - without applause, witnesses, or a hipster shaman. The whole illusion turns to ash.

You wake up and your name feels unfamiliar. You look in the mirror and see the end of something, not the beginning.

It feels sweet and gentle. Clear and quiet.

It's not yet your rebirth. It's the death required for one.

**This is when the Divine gives you a
chiropractic adjustment so fierce, you either
break... or you finally, fully align.**

CHAPTER 11

Let The World Fall Apart

When you've worked through it all, released all the illusion, and said no, Fuck you, and goodbye to the people and patterns that can never serve you - your body and soul, heart and mind, temporary identity and eternal Self - they merge.

And while the coming months might not be pretty, you will finally have your chance to release what has never been true - and you'll make way for what has ALWAYS been true since the beginning of time.

It's a process that's different for every person.

Peace Isn't Always Pretty

Peace isn't passive. It's bloody. It's choosing alignment over applause.

This awakening isn't sparkles and chakra lights - it's raw and disruptive.

In time, you'll master this part of your transformation and allow it to fully unfold and reach you. Soon enough, you'll be drenched in clarity.

And while the work never stops, you'll begin to enjoy the process - and you'll never hold onto anything false again.

Going forward, you'll speak and act in ways that feel quite unusual - sometimes funny. You'll stop accommodating what is presumptive, limiting, and ridiculous.

You might find yourself at a grocery store telling a cucumber to fuck itself.

You won't need to gear up for this transition or prep yourself with incense, crystals, or affirmations. You won't need to manifest anything or be "high-vibe."

You'll stop following spiritual drug dealers and start owning your life on every level, in every category.

In this new phase, you won't live in blame, shame, guilt, or regret. And you'll no longer trudge through your trauma every day. In fact, you'll let it emerge and dissolve on-the-go.

You'll get out of the way, forget your false identity, and live according to divine truth.

At one point, the whole shift becomes quite boring. Like walking to another room and sitting in a chair. You thought peace would be fireworks - but it's just forgetting.

It's not dramatic - it's just silent and still. Like you vanished without notice - but you're still there - this time more fully.

The vanishing is when something real shows up - not a god, not a guide, just clear, grounded, embodied truth.

You don't remember what used to matter. You don't care who you were.

The stories dissolve into a handful of simple thoughts that barely matter. The hunger stops completely. Even the obsession with healing evaporates into the background.

It's not depression - it's a quiet cavern, empty of story and emotionality, where your former self-concept has fully dissolved.

You'll stand there, whispering to the nothingness, "Is this it?" And there's no answer. Because this isn't arrival - it's the part where the imagined you shows you it disappeared.

A lot of people won't appreciate this profound experience because they're deeply conditioned and programmed.

The Cost of Leaving the Illusion

Assume that friends and family won't understand you - or even like you for a time. Be okay with that. Their illusions are vital to their own unfolding.

And while you're dissolving, the world continues to present its obsession with chaos. Governments selling fear. Spiritual circles selling dopamine. Everyone screaming about light while swallowing shadow.

You can see it now - the whole illustrious play. And you no longer want a role in it. You're not at war with the illusion. You've exited the theater.

Your truth will trigger their comfort zones. Your family might judge you so harshly that you're nauseous every time you see them. They're just feeling their limits.

In truth, whatever value you believe your family and friends to hold for you is not what you think. And you don't need to hang onto limiting social connections or hurtful blood relatives any more than you need to hold onto lice.

Here's the thing: When your heart, mind, and nervous system are done pretending, everybody's opinion becomes irrelevant. They become noise. You may even forget them.

Yes, this transition can be THAT INTENSE.

What your friends and family might call disruption is your truth bumping into their addictions.

When your illumination shines through, you'll quickly become accustomed to it - and you'll never look back.

What might unfold is a series of relationships concluding - without drama, apology, or long-winded explanations.

No goodbye dinners, no texts, no bullshit.

You might feel a ping - but you'll know deep down that letting them go is vital to your peace and happiness.

The space you give yourself will generate awareness and peace in equal measure.

You're not here to be everyone's babysitter or peacekeeper. You're not here to play a game that suffocates you so that others can breathe freely.

And you need not embrace patterns of avoidance, denial, seeking comfort, and pretending.

It's time to:

Stop asking for permission

Stop apologizing for being you

Stop over-explaining to those refusing to listen

Stop carrying people who don't see you.

Some people continue to sit in a cage with the gatekeepers who imprisoned them. Over the years, they make chit chat and try to connect - but eventually it becomes clear that the conversation ended long ago.

People attached to your old persona won't recognize the new version of you - and they might be like, "I really liked you back then."

The fair response to that is: "Fuck yourself."

You've spent a lifetime managing your tone, language, and facial expressions so others wouldn't be triggered or alarmed.

Once you stop doing that, you'll have A TON more energy. You'll be happier, healthier, and more aware of everything in your sphere.

Anxiety. Exhaustion. Resentment. Disconnection from your own body. All of this begins to dissolve, too.

This Is What Evolution Really Feels Like

This is the most unique turn in your spiritual path. A huge moment. It's the part no one tells you about.

You are changing your thoughts and beliefs - and forever refusing all spiritualized dysfunction, all family confusion, all cultural obsession, and all the aspects that are born from small mindedness, victim mentality, ancestral insanity, and codependence.

Let their projections die. This isn't rebellion - it's maturity. It's what happens when you stop performing and start evolving.

EMBRACE IT.

If you're paying attention to what's happening inside yourself, you'll find huge leaps in self-esteem (how you view yourself) and greatly improved self-worth (what you perceive your value to be).

You'll find that self-respect comes naturally now. Clarity is the norm. Drama is not for you.

Your spiritual rage will become the fuel that keeps you in alignment amid all future transitions and mayhem.

This moment is sacred, earned, and irreversible. You don't go back after this. You don't shrink back down. You let this be THE NEW WAY.

No more shrinking or apologizing. And if they call you an asshole? They're right. Only assholes can tell an entire ecosystem to go fuck itself. Welcome home.

This isn't transcendence. It's truth, fully embodied and unapologetic.

CHAPTER 12

When Your Soul Says No

There's an ancient rage within us that's not born from ego and doesn't seek to do damage. It's not into punishment or control. It's just clean energy - similar to what lives within an active volcano.

This rage, however dangerous it might appear, is simply raw life energy. Though wild and unruly, it's not here to steal your attention or destroy anything. It exists because of the hidden awareness within the core of the soul.

This energy is not to be suppressed, alienated, or judged. It's righteous and spiritual by nature - the embodiment of an inner knowing that has yet to self-realize.

While seemingly aggressive and explosive, its mission is not to harm others or destroy bridges. Rather, it seeks to rip the lid off deception and say NO to contrivance.

It's the type of fire that burns away codependence, spiritual bypassing, and lifetimes of confusion and silence.

In the Bhagavad Gita, Krishna didn't tell Arjuna to sit quietly and meditate to dissuade his enemies from attacking. He told him to straight-up fight to the death.

Osho said, "My whole teaching is to be just yourself. Never wear a mask."

The Sacred No is you dropping the mask you've been taught to display to others - it's a refusal to be anything other than your pure, wild self.

The Sacred No Isn't a Rebellion - It's a Return

Say NO to:

- Being agreeable solely to avoid being called difficult
- Playing the "spiritual good one" while your gut's screaming to burn the whole dynamic down
- Swallowing your truth because honesty makes people uncomfortable
- Staying in relationships where you're cast as the problem, just for being real, wild, or clear
- Using spiritual lingo to bypass conflict - which denies you clarity and sovereignty
- Toning yourself down so no one calls you intense, dramatic, or "too much"

- Holding back your truth so others can maintain their holier-than-thou perch
- Letting family hypocrisy and ancestral compression stand in the way of your liberation

People fear real spiritual fire because they assume it comes from hate. But it's not hate - it's truth burning so intensely that it flares into flames.

Sacred anger isn't cruel, and it sure as hell shouldn't be socially unacceptable. It's the voice of reason rising to say, "I'm done pretending this is okay."

And here's the thing: if there wasn't so much suppression and oppression built into your family and social ecosystems, your anger would be nothing more than a blip.

When in doubt, refuse to let emotional, cultural, or family-bred manipulation define who you are and how you should behave.

You don't owe anyone a damn thing.

Your contract is with the Universe - not with them.

Your agreement is to show up fiercely and beautifully no matter what - not to validate what is temporarily comfortable.

When you rage cleanly and clearly, when you speak your truth and own yourself in every way - you're not reacting, you're protecting what is most powerful and sacred about you. It's not defensive or judgment worthy - it's sovereign.

Your path doesn't need to be pretty - it just needs to ring true in the key of the most profound YOU.

There's a huge difference between SELF-righteousness and SOUL-righteousness.

As you become more comfortable with your spiritual freedom, you'll feel grounded in self-appreciation, rather than drenched in adrenaline to prove something.

Soon, you'll no longer give a flying fuck what others think of you. You'll give less than two shits about anybody's opinion. You'll see every utterance as a passing wind.

You're Not Unspiritual - You're Just Not Quiet Now

This is commonly when others might look at you and shout, "WHAT AN ASSHOLE!" But, who cares? It's no big deal.

When you stop hiding your NO and stop worrying what others think, people will naturally think you're cruel, detached, unspiritual, and unsafe. And according to their terminology and paradigm, YOU ARE. Let that be.

For the record - you're not unspiritual or an anti-Christ - you're just not quiet anymore. You're participating in ways that nurture light, not shadow.

Yeah, maybe your tone triggers the guilty and sets people on fire, but that's a gift, not a curse. And it's beautiful. Stick with it.

Let your NO be holy. Let your rage be real. And let your love have a fucking backbone.

Love without boundaries is just self-abandonment in spiritual makeup. And through all of it - appreciate yourself.

This doesn't mean you continually rip people's heads off. It just means that, for a time - maybe a long time - you're unruly, loud, obnoxious, and firm without compromise. You leak.

When your soul says NO, it isn't asking for consensus. It's summoning an ancient thunder to free itself.

It's not polished. It doesn't need a stage or a round of applause. It's the sound of your spirit refusing to contort itself to serve those who will never understand.

They might call it ego, selfishness, madness, or abandonment. Let them. That's not your business anymore.

What matters now is that you heard yourself. That you stood up for the part of you that remembers your divinity.

**Because when your soul says NO, that's
God remembering Herself through you.
And it doesn't have to be pretty.**

CHAPTER 13

Stop Over-Explaining Your Boundaries

This one's for the over-explainers.

The ones who needed seventeen disclaimers, three nervous laughs, and a softener at the end just to say one honest thing.

It's time to stop. Your truth doesn't need a "presentation," caveat, or PR campaign.

You don't owe anyone a TED Talk about why you need to change your life, release relationships that don't serve you, and finally and forever protect your peace.

While they might demand it, nobody needs your PowerPoint on how your newly declared boundaries and exits put you on a path to healing and liberation.

It's possible they didn't mean to drain you - you just never knew how to say no or "not this." That's not shameful. It's what you're shifting now.

But - you're not a democracy. You're a sacred warrior who must make choices for YOU. Nobody else gets a vote. Especially not the politically correct, warm-fuzzy mermaid people.

Tricked To Over-Present

We've been trained to over-explain everything. Especially when we've been the emotional sponge for every complainer, victim, and abuser within 12,000 miles of our domicile.

We think that if we don't explain ourselves like a living doctoral dissertation, we'll be seen as cold, selfish, angry, or shut down.

But over-explaining is just another form of self-abuse and self-abandonment.

And yes, sometimes we stayed too quiet for too long.

Sometimes people didn't know they were crossing our lines because we never declared a boundary for them.

That doesn't mean we owe them continued access or a key to the executive bathroom. But it does mean we can step away with truth and self-respect - and leave the projection and rage behind us.

If you're focused on managing how other people feel instead of standing in your truth, you'll never heal. In fact, you'll only delay your recovery and rebirth.

And here's the thing - good people, strong people - the ones who participate in your life in ways that uplift you - they love the truth. So let it all out.

Say The Thing And Set The Boundary

When you set a boundary or say the real thing - and someone gets upset - that doesn't mean you did it wrong. What's more likely is that you probably - finally - did it right.

People who benefitted from your absent boundaries in the past will struggle tremendously when you start honoring yourself. That's not your problem. That's their invitation to grow the fuck up - or fuck off.

And hey, a heads up: they'll surely miss the old you - because you let them siphon your value like a truckstop hooker sucking chrome off a polished penis. Every word you waste just licks their boots cleaner.

Still, not everyone you're stepping away from was trying to hurt you. Some just didn't know you were suffering.

Some simply weren't your people - and that's not villainy, that's misalignment.

Self-honoring doesn't need to become a purge of blame. Just a bold shift into clarity and self-ownership - even self-protection.

The people who demand explanations and apologies are usually the ones who ignored your truth and signals in the first place. So stop translating for people who see every boundary as a weapon.

You don't need to be edited. You need better people in your life.

The new version of you doesn't flinch when someone gets upset about your clarity. You might care for a second, but you won't bend, break, or cry.

Your boundary isn't a suggestion. It's a brick wall with a locked steel door: "You don't get in unless I say so. Not because I'm cruel - but because I'm whole - and I finally love myself."

If someone wants access to your field, your space, your time, your furry part - let them earn it with actual presence, accountability, listening, and care.

Not soul policing, moralistic contrivance, and guilt trips.

You're not a spiritual punching bag. You're a unique and sovereign being with a plan.

They had their chance with the old you. This new version doesn't negotiate with bullshit. Now, you walk as the storm - clear, sacred, no explaining.

CHAPTER 14

Burn The Mask Or Be Buried In It

Your obsession with all things Hindu, Buddhist, New-agey, or Pagan might make for a great aesthetic - but it doesn't make you a good person. Let's be honest: plenty of "spiritual" people suck. They're often so glued to their curated identities and manicured constructs that they've lost touch with the raw, the wild, and the real.

Here's the deal: Just because you sage your sex chakra and name-drop Ram Dass - doesn't mean you're evolved. It doesn't make you kind. And it doesn't mean you've healed the festering guilt polyp Daddy left behind in your spleen.

Spiritual awakening is not about "good" behavior, pretending to fit the yoga vibe, or upleveling your vibration so you trend. This is about the complete liberation of your fascia, your lineage, your memory - your karma - your soul.

And if you're not ready to die into that, you won't burn karma and complete the real mission.

Because spiritual identity is temporary - it barely exists. And the spiritual ego is seductive. It'll drape itself in white saris and whisper "I'm 5D! You'll NEVER get to where I am!" - when you dare to call out its shadow.

Real healing might be seen as a soft light, a gentle hum, a thousand-day journey. And sometimes it is. But often, real awakening dissolves the part of you that wants to be seen as awake. That's terrifying - not because you're weak or fake, but because you've tried - and still find yourself clinging to karmic roles and ancient memories etched into your bones.

The Mask Is Not Just a Metaphor

Who you believe you are - is not a bad thing. And it's not solely built upon this life's culture, religion, and family construct. It's both ancient and physical - woven into your fascia, posture, and facial expressions. It's present in your hormonal response to stress - your grandmother's trauma etched into the way you breathe.

You walk into this world shaped by ancestral grief you've never met. And you're carrying memories and impressions - ghosts - from prior lives - possibly thousands of them.

Meanwhile, most of the spiritual world wants you to "clear your energy," smile, and adopt a dying pet.

But there are herbs that break through much of this. Plants that whisper to bones. Non-hallucinogenic mushrooms that pull shame from your blood.

There are formulas that jostle the fascia and release ancestral compression. And when you combine that with truth-telling, tears, sweat, and permission, you stop performing healing and actually become it. And yeah, it takes time, and it's often painful - even lonely.

This means you've got to want it more than you want that lavender latte and shiny persona. More than the image of being "safe," "healed," and good.

Weaponized Spirituality Is A Trap

When someone tells you, "you're unhealed because you're angry," tell them they never knew you, then bless them and walk away.

When they say, "you're in your ego for setting boundaries" and "you abandoned us," remind them you're not a doormat - and that you finally and forever love yourself - which has natural and healthy implications.

And if some blissed-out chakra-peddler tells you that your pain is just a frequency issue - see if you can sense their hidden rage and how it created their false, shallow persona. I'll bet you can.

Because what's posing as "love" is often just depression, self-denial, or emotional manipulation - dipped in patchouli. It's performative oneness. False light. Bullshit transcendence built on fear of #NoHashtags - and the unknown.

You've met them. They send "love and light" as an alt-channel weapon. They quote Rumi while drowning you in guilt. None of this is healing or helpful. It's just spiritualized narcissism wearing a Catholic crown.

And it's not just annoying, it's dangerous. It keeps people locked in loops and disease, thinking they're ascending - while avoiding the exact terrain that would free and heal them.

Real Awakening Dismantles the Self

If you haven't screamed into a towel, dry-heaved your oppressive lineage into the Earth, or told a spiritual mentor to fuck off while holding love in your heart - you might want to have a deeper look.

Real awakening unravels you. It peels off - not just the labels - but the nervous system patterns behind the labels.

A deep and liberating healing takes time and tears - and it brings up the exact memories your body stuffed into organ systems decades ago.

This type of transformation makes you want to cry out your mother's trauma, and beg the Divine to strip you of every role you believed you needed to play - to be lovable.

And you can't do that from a curated Instagram page or inside a circle of trauma-branded, cacao-slurping sound bathers at a fancy health club - all the while pretending grief is a choice.

You heal within the wreckage - the marrow. On the kitchen floor at 2:14 AM, asking, "Who the fuck am I? Why did I do this or that? Who is the I behind this fake me? What the fuck did I do with my life?! Where do I go from here?!"

That's when you glimpse the real you. Not a prettier version of a false and curated you-mask. Not a "better" you because some shallow post triggered you into adopting what is false. The real you is the emptiness within the skin you embody - the pure consciousness that birthed you.

When you can get even a moment's glimmer into the vast, eternal nature of You, you'll meander toward being free of concern - whether you're spiritually impressive or not.

With your false self dissolving, you won't give a flying fuck what anyone thinks. Because - while seeing yourself for who you really are - and are not - you'll begin to see the same truths in others.

You'll finally know that their false presentation has nothing to do with yours. And that all of it is just theater.

Our existence is just a complicated Flashmob. We pretend it's a forever deal - but it's not.

Let Them Drain Themselves

Love does not require you to be sucked into someone else's void. It should be a touchpoint for understanding - not a drug to keep you feeling worthy or connected. Nobody asked you to carry a cross. And if they did, they're not your friend.

You are not obligated to "understand" people who drain you. You are not required to keep your heart open to every wounded witch and broken bro who slings the word "lightworker" like a badge of exemption from their behavior.

You are allowed to walk away - not because you're unloving, but because your soul is no longer willing to digest the karmic bile of other people's avoidance and projection.

You're allowed to exit scenes where your clarity is called ego. You're allowed to speak in thunder when your truth has been muffled one too many times.

You're allowed to burn your "nice" mask and replace it with nothing - no identity, no role, just the wild holy breath of your actual being.

You'll know you've landed somewhere wonderful when you find yourself at a cocktail party in a moment of pure consciousness.

You look around and laugh loudly. You drop your mini-plate of twat-truffles and walk out the door - never to return.

Beyond the Mask, Beyond the Me

Many seekers want awakening - but only on their terms. They want to forever remain spiritual and adorable. They want enlightenment with a career boost and a brand deal. Not even the most illuminated guru on Earth will hook you up in such a package. That's pure delusion.

True awakening asks more from you than a healing circle under the full moon. It's bigger than the local gem show and that sexy Friday night orgasm workshop.

If you're carrying a hundred layers of ancestral compression in your gut, blood, and bones like the rest of us, your awakening will likely be painful and require a variety of modalities, including a satchel of herbs to help you along the way.

Chances are, you'll need to dig your heels into the basement floor of your identity and life experience - where you have no choice but to beg the Universe to fully and forever embrace you. And you might do that for several years.

The deeper question isn't how spiritual are you? It's how willing are you to be undone, dissolved, and freed - no matter the pain or cost?

Are you here to impress the scene, or to dissolve into Truth?

Because there comes a moment in every real seeker's path where the mask begins to rot. And if you don't burn it, the rot becomes you.

You don't need a crystal dildo or mermaid puppet. You need to release the contrived concepts that drove you to collect those things in the first place.

You don't need a persona. You need to be free.

So let it burn. The stories. The sparkle. The bypass. The identity. The ridiculous notion that you birthed as a 5D alien so you could convert the entire planet into Vegan lightworkers.

Let it all burn - so the real you can finally rise up and command your soul to freedom.

When you step into this path - fully resolved to complete it - your perception changes. You stop trying to pull others into your storm - and you stay in your lane.

Once free, you know that you are not here to make noise.

You're here to become the silence that transforms the room. To be so rooted in Truth that your presence, even raw and wild, invites everyone to unmask their illusions.

Soon, you'll let love radiate within and around you - without begging to be seen. Because freedom isn't flashy. It doesn't trend. It doesn't ask permission.

It just exists - vast, quiet, and fully present. Once you taste this, nothing else will ever feel real again.

You weren't born to be lovable.
You were born to be free.

CHAPTER 15

Love Like A Wild God

Many people have never actually been loved. We've been held at arm's length, tolerated not embraced - especially those of us who are wild and raw in our nature.

It might be that someone close to you went out of their way to make you quieter, softer, or LESS. That's actually a normal reaction to those who are electric, vibrant, and expressive.

What passes for love in this world is often just a transaction to keep everyone in line - to make sure they show up at Thanksgiving.

Real love is rough and wild. It doesn't tiptoe, beg, or shrink. It's not drenched in judgement or self-serving ideology. It doesn't have a contrived morality to it.

It's fucking brave. It eats fakes and phonies for breakfast.

Loving like a wild god means loving fiercely, without restraint. It means standing in front of someone and saying, "I get you,

but I also get the truth. I'm here to shake things up - and I love you."

Wild God Love isn't about sex - that double-backed illusion we find so fascinating. Your orgasm isn't a portal, it's just a spasm.

That love is weak - it folds. It'll break if you look at it funny. And it refuses to go deeper. It avoids real conversations because it wants everything to be soft, acceptable, permitted, permeable, and a-okay.

Real Love Doesn't Flinch

Wild love tells the truth and anticipates the resulting storm.

Wild love is willing to rip the lid off - reduce the moment, the illusions, and the projections to shreds - even if only to remain in partnership with your soul's integrity.

And just so ya know, if some Gwyneth goo-loving bliss junkie tells you that "you're okay, I'm okay, and mercury retrograde will solve everything" - encourage them never to breed.

And if they've got a tattoo of a genderless inner child floating in a pink bubble... fucking run. People who preach their preferences as moral law are not for you.

To love for real - like a god, you have to nourish your flame - never sacrificing it for anyone or anything. Know or discern

how you feel, speak your truth, and keep that flame alive no matter what.

You Don't Owe Anyone Your Flame

Devotion does not require you to accept and embed yourself in someone else's chaos. That's martyrdom - which many will expect from you.

Martyrdom is a trauma pattern dressed in spiritual clothes. It pretends to care, but it prefers to control.

You owe no one your self-erasure. That ain't love - that's bondage.

Love that costs you your wholeness, your self-worth, is not love - it's addiction - an abandonment of the truth. Love that denies you will eventually destroy you. In some cases, this love is nothing more than emotional and spiritual rape.

That's right - those feel-good manipulators that sound all loving and virtuous - are not good people. They'd rather drown you in guilt than support your healing.

That's how cemented they are in their spiritual ego and moralistic perch - they'd prefer that you drown yourself in pretense rather than rebirth into light.

But once you've tasted real love - the kind that includes truth, depth, freedom, responsibility, respect, and a few wild hurricanes of self-expression - you'll never again settle for less.

Loving like a wild god means becoming a reflection of the most unbridled truth. A walking flame. A supernova with feet.

Wild godliness doesn't coddle or pretend. It doesn't invite comfort - and in fact, often demands the opposite.

Reflect what's real - with your whole fucking heart.

This is not the path for someone collecting friends and followers - because you will likely lose a bunch of fans on this path. You'll certainly lose all the people who require you to be someone you have never been.

Treat every departure like you just broke up with a crazy cult - no guilt, no follow-up, just freedom.

Wild love isn't chaos - it's rooted in all of us - and only comes to life in the most potent, fruitful souls. Never apologize for it.

You came here to love big or go home. No pretending, mermaid-humping, or New Age horseshit.

When you embody this kind of love - when you seek it with all your heart, when you welcome it and continually live it - everything shifts.

**You become a sacred prism, blasting light
across all Creation.**

**You finally have the time, space, and
freedom - no obstructions - to fully enjoy
the ride.**

CHAPTER 16

Asshole Or Aligned - A Quick Guide

There's a difference between standing in your truth and using your wounds as weapons. A lot of people confuse healing with acting out. They blow up, shut down, ghost, or lash out, then slap a spiritual sticker on it and call it growth. It's not. It's just old pain performing in new clothing.

The space between reaction and response - that sacred pause - is where your power lives. That's where you decide whether to reenact your past or move from your soul. That's the gate between survival mode and actual evolution.

Alignment isn't about getting your way. And it's not about being right, looking calm, or being understood. It's about being willing to lose comfort, status, or control - to stay aware and connected to yourself. It's choosing what's internal over what's external.

Alignment means your feet are in the ground - connected. You're steady in who you are, no matter what knucklehead is spinning around you.

You know you chose alignment by how you feel after. When you're aligned, there's no hangover. No obsessive replaying. No tight chest or questioning yourself. You spoke clearly, or you didn't speak at all - because either one was right. You moved cleanly. You're here now, not tangled in what just happened.

When you're being an asshole - even if it's dressed up as "just being real" - you can feel it.

You're either high from the blast or sick from the residue. Your nervous system is fried, and your mind is spiraling. And even if you've spiritualized the hell out of it, deep down you know - that wasn't clarity - it was chaos dipped in spiritual sprinkles.

Truth is, a lot of self-proclaimed "awakened" people are just really good at using spiritual language to avoid their own shit. They weaponize concepts like boundaries, sovereignty, and intuition to justify reactivity, control, or emotional detachment.

And yeah - on the way to real embodiment, you'll absolutely do things beneath your integrity. You'll fuck it up sometimes. Maybe big. That's part of it. We all do it.

The problem is when you stop there. When you justify the pattern instead of evolving through it. You have to keep healing and learning.

No matter how sharp your insight or holy your Instagram feed - if it costs you peace, it's not power - and it's not meant for you.

Here's how to check yourself - in real time.

Wound or Wisdom?

Before you speak, ask - is this coming from my wound or my wisdom? Am I leading with attitude or clarity? Am I on fire or feeling peaceful?

Your wound wants to punish, prove, and protect. It gets sharp. It performs. It needs to win quickly.

Your wisdom wants to express, connect, or walk away clean. It's rooted. It doesn't need validation. It just knows. It's expressing itself because it wants to integrate. It knows it's here to improve all aspects of your life.

After a hard moment, scan your system. Did you feel yourself expanding or shrinking? Are you tired or clear? Proud or scrambling to justify? Is your body calm, or is your chest on fire?

And if you're unsure, ask - what was I really trying to do there? Was I trying to control, convince, or be right? Or was I just trying to tell the truth, exit a distortion, or hold my own center?

Alignment doesn't always look composed - it can be messy, shaky, uncomfortable, and raw. But on the upper floors, it feels clean and clear. It concludes peacefully. You barely remember it.

Asshole energy clings. It hooks people with a bite. It's dramatic, expensive, and hard to clean up.

Ask yourself: Can I live embodying this energy longer-term without burning myself out or setting reality on fire? If not, it's probably adrenaline, trauma, ego, or habit - not alignment.

So ask yourself this - could I keep operating in this energy for the rest of my life without setting myself and others on fire?

If the answer is no, you're probably not in alignment. You're probably running on adrenaline, fear, confusion, trauma, tragedy, or habit.

Now fly high above it all. Picture yourself five years from now, looking back on this moment.

Would you nod with love and say, "Yeah, I'm glad I handled it that way"? Or would you cringe and realize you were still

running an old pattern, still arguing from the place that never got what it needed?

That future you - the one who's no longer seeking approval, or reliving the same trigger loops - they're your North Star. Let them call the shot. Give them the keys to your kingdom.

Were you performing for someone who wasn't even there?
Arguing with a ghost from your past? Creating imaginary adversaries just to self-validate or feel inspired?

Real alignment doesn't perform. It doesn't imagine. It shows up, tells the truth, and moves on.

If It Needs Justifying, It's Probably Not Alignment

If you're constantly explaining it, it's probably not alignment - it's attachment.

Once the dust settles, ask: What did I just learn? What am I done with? What can I release right now? What am I finally ready to own? What part of me still needs to be seen and heard? How can I meet that part without making a mess next time?

Every interaction teaches you something about your patterns, your power, your fear, your next step - and your potential.

Alignment tracks - not how you look in the moment, but how honestly you respond afterward. Alignment is in the assessment and improvement plan. It's always in operational mode.

Alignment isn't a place you live in full-time. It's not perfection. It's a practice - where you make mistakes. You pause often. You choose to stop the spinning and you recover quickly.

When you mess up - and you will - name it, clean it, clear it, and move on. No branding. No excuses. No imagination.

Just: "Yep, that was me being reactive. Let me try again - without my head up my ass this time."

That's not weakness. That's clarity.

That's warriorship.

Om Holy Fucking Clarity Namaha.

**Say it till your nervous system believes
you!**

CHAPTER 17

May You Be The Holy Fucking Fire

Let others misunderstand you. Let them enjoy their misperception, which can only lead them to - eventually - more deeply understanding themselves.

Let them call you too much, too loud, too wild, too honest, or just plain fucked up. Let them label you whatever they need so they don't have to see themselves.

Let their experience of this moment become an obstruction to a doorway that will eventually lead them to freedom.

Let those in denial shout, "You're delusional! You're evil! You abandoned me!" But don't hate them - have compassion. They're still drunk on delusion and glitter glue. They're still trying to manifest a husband using glitter pens, yoni-scented vision boards, and Romanian whale songs.

**You didn't come here to be preserved, palatable, or pretty.
You came to be free.**

You faced your shadows and finally fell in love with them. This helped them merge within you - free from isolation.

You burned through New Age niceness and epic measures of people-pleasing.

You've roared. You raged. You've been broken. You broke down. Then you got up, owned yourself, and said THE THING. Now immersed in clarity, and no longer broken, you are clear, peaceful, and sovereign.

With deep inner work, you became the living breath of truth that was waiting within you to be freed.

You weren't groomed - you were gutted. And then... rebuilt by holy fire.

The Divine didn't polish you - She woke you the fuck UP.

So rise. Not to convince anyone, but to burn. Walk awake. Be the damn revolution of your own life.

Be steady, fierce, unshakably present, unyielding to oppression, and open to great expansions of vibrancy and effulgence.

Be open to all of it.

Your boundaries aren't fences - they're sacred fire lines. Let them guard the temple of your evolution. Let your love of Self lead. Let your fire stay clean, wild, real, and sacred.

Let the fire burn away what's false: The Good Girl. The Peaceful Yogi. The Spiritually Impressive One.

Let every fake role you inherited go up in smoke.

Trust your clarity and walk resolutely as a beautiful and powerful soul. Speak your truth and say NO when it serves you.

Be fully present to yourself and allow the ancestors to speak through you.

**When someone asks what or who you are,
burst at the seams and say: "I'm the Holy
Fucking Fire - and I'm finally home."**

CHAPTER 18

Let The Divine See You Naked

You didn't heal your shadow - you dragged it out of the cellar, grabbed it by the neck, and kissed its mouth - while covered in your own blood.

This isn't about bowing gently while whispering gratitude to a photoshopped deity. This is about standing there fully naked - blistered, bent, messy, and glorious - and letting the Divine witness every wart, mistake, and ugly little secret you thought you still had to hide.

You've screamed prayers at the faces of your gods, vomited betrayal into your stained sheets, and bled ancestral sorrow straight into the Earth's core. You broke timelines embedded in your bones and spit out ancient ghosts mid-dream.

You've felt everything. Every burn, every betrayal, every self-abandonment. And now - there's silence. Not emptiness. Just your pure presence interacting with the Cosmos.

No more gold stars. No more false gods. No more performing for mirrors dressed as mentors. No more calling it devotion when it's really just you begging to be seen.

And let's face it, you've never been satisfied with any of this.

Be here now. Not in some mystical, faux spiritual sense - just here. With yourself.

Not the version of you who tries to fix everything, smooth it over, or set the scene so others feel comfortable. Not the one who thinks things have to be calm or perfect before telling the truth. Just the real you. The steady pulse underneath all the coping. The one who stayed real through all of it.

No More Edited Versions

Let the Divine meet that person. Not the version you've edited for spiritual approval. She doesn't want your bio - she wants your bleeding heart and trembling breath. Not the one who's memorized all the proper language - but the one who bleeds devotion.

Let Her meet the YOU who doesn't have any answers.

Be the you who feels unsure and shaky and maybe even a little lost. In prayer, in ritual, in your intentions, be the one who's quiet, vulnerable, and trembling, and can barely speak. This is the one She's been waiting for.

You don't have to be radiant or graceful. You don't have to know anything. You just have to show up.

Be honest about what's happening within you. Let yourself feel grateful for the fact that, in spite of everything, you're still here. Still breathing and healing. Still willing to be naked and present.

The ancient ones weren't competing to be the holiest. They didn't keep score or compare.

In Amma's puja, we pray to become nothing. We ask that our minds release to free our souls. We let go of what is untrue and unworthy of us. We ask for help to dissolve the ego.

This process isn't self-deprecation - it's dismantling what is false and in the way of our liberation.

It's about removing the mask you built to survive, the one patched together from childhood gaslighting, spiritual hyper-vigilance, and trying to earn love by being good.

Your ego was never the enemy. It helped you get through some brutal shit. But it's not your god. It's not the part of you that knows how to listen, how to soften, how to love.

At some point, you have to decide that surrender isn't weakness - it's what happens when you finally stop pretending and start remembering who you are underneath all the noise.

The Divine has never asked you to be perfect. She's never asked you to put on a show. She just wants you home - as you are. Not in pieces. Not pretending. Just present to Her grace.

This version of you - the unedited, exhausted, humbled version - is more than enough.

You're not here to impress some cosmic panel of archangels. You're not on a path to become spiritually important. You're simply waking up to what's always been underneath: The quiet, strong, steady current of real beingness - that never cared about image, reputation, or performance.

Let yourself feel that. Let the tension drop out of your body. Let the lie go - the one that says you're only worthy if you dance and shine.

You're Not Breaking Down - You're Becoming Real

You're not falling apart or breaking down. You're emerging into something truer. And you're being held.

You've been searching for grace this whole time, but the truth is, it's always been in YOU.

You don't need to chase anything anymore. You are the embodiment of The Divine you've always wished to be.

And you've landed in this way, not because you've earned it through some spiritual merit - but because this part of you was always alive, pulsing gently within you.

You're the one. The source and signal. You are the clarity - the electric current - not in theory - but in reality.

So let yourself be seen. Release all the layers to be fully the eternal you - at the feet of The Divine.

This is not about how former part-time monks in lotus pose sell t-shirts along with "special" affirmations. It's about being real and present to the person within you - the one who walked through the fire, stripped down to the bone, and returned triumphantly as nothing.

You're not here to be admired. You're here to be met. You're here to release the mask for all time.

Let Her grip your face like a mother finding her lost child. Let Her eyes swallow your shame and say: "I never looked away. Not once."

Hear her say, "There you are - as you are. I love every part of you. Don't forget this. I'm always here."

CHAPTER 19

How To Integrate This

You didn't walk back into your life - you crashed back in, covered in fire, ash, and clarity, dragging your holy wreckage like a crown.

You're still raw and human, but you're holy as hell.

Be honest in all things, especially within yourself.

Love The Divine with all your heart.

Be devoted to your purest Self.

Make a simple list to commemorate your healing and transformation. Ask yourself:

- What bullshit are you finally torching?
- Who's still renting space in your head?
- What lies do you still dress up as healing?

- What can you release?
- Who can you release?
- What are you embracing?
- What have you received?
- What makes you grateful?
- What are the attributes that reflect who you've become?
- What are the attributes you've yet to embody?
- What further clarity do you wish for your life?
- What sacred rage are you still afraid to release?
- Where are you still pretending you're not empowered and divine?

Let this be a yearly ritual to cleanse and uplift your spirit.

Let your nervous system feel deeply relaxed in all matters.

Your altar might be your floor, your steering wheel, or the edge of a bed where you finally say, "Enough." The Divine doesn't give a fuck about your ego-affirmation, crystal grid, or mermaid hat.

She wants the moment your knees hit the floor and your illusion screams through you, "I give up. Take all of it!"

Maybe your sacred space is a pile of old journals you just fucking burned. Maybe it's the silence after telling someone to

get out of your life forever. That's your altar - raw, visceral, and real.

When the world tries to pull you back into clipped, limited, and presentable, it's an invitation to pause and remember how far you've come. You don't owe anyone anything.

Release those who oppress you - or speak up - it doesn't matter much. Just be grateful that you no longer need to be understood.

Appreciate that your soul loves it when you keep it real. When you're real, you might lack grace or finesse - but who cares? You don't need to be graceful. You need to be honest. That's the offering. That's the work - staying real.

You've been on quite a ride, so take one sacred inhale.

Let your nervous system reclaim the wild rhythm it was never allowed to feel. Let it rise up, settle, growl, collapse - and then open again. Feel how empowering that is.

You're not here to embody a pretend-peace or carry a pretty persona just to validate someone's fantasy. You're here to live in fierce, magnificent alignment.

This isn't the end of your healing - it's the moment you stop asking permission to live like a fucking miracle.

Like you belong here.

One soul liberated can vibrate so brightly, it helps thousands of spirits on the path to peace and freedom.

This time, you don't rise for validation. You rise because your soul said, "It's time to do this right."

You rise up, clear and focused, because you're done faking it and losing yourself.

You finally know it's more empowering to keep it real - and lose those who found the real you too confronting.

Say it like it's your birthright: "I don't need to be liked. I don't need to be fixed. I don't need to be fucking understood. I need to be free. And I am."

**Now walk like a mercenary - like you
burned the old world down and dared to
return anyway.**

Dear Beautiful And Profound Soul!

Let today be your unbinding, not your apology.

Let this moment be your renewal - a complete merging of light and shadow. Where you reject spirituality as entertainment - and use it to embolden your resolve to heal.

You do not owe forgiveness to those who fractured you just to feel holy or powerful. You do not owe softness to systems that fed on your magic and denied you. And you sure as fuck don't owe politeness to pain.

Let this be your mantra: "The ego prays to be loved. My soul burns to be free."

You're not healing the old you - you're incinerating him, expunging her - so something uncolonized, unafraid, and wildly divine can emerge.

Remember: You are born from myriad miracles, unlimited in every direction, and loved for all time.

Burn the contracts that owned you - so you can - finally and fully - own yourself.

Love,

Paul (Krishna Kalesh)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Paul Wagner (Krishna Kalesh) is a healer and teacher of spirituality, an oracle creator, and a fiercely loving guide for truth-seekers, power players, misfits, and mystics.

His teachings are rooted in Advaita Vedanta, Tantric wisdom, ancient rituals - and the raw terrain of real human experience and expression.

With decades of sacred work behind him and a mouth that sometimes shocks the saints, Paul invites you into radical self-liberation - not by **FIXING** yourself, but by finally **BEING** yourself. He doesn't sell enlightenment. He burns illusions. And he'll love you all the way through it.

Visit PaulWagner.com. A session with Paul can dramatically shift the direction of your life.

You're Not An A**hole.

You might be called one, but that's just what people do when they ignore the truth and double-down on their illusions.

This is a book for the edge-walkers, soul-screamers, and recovering people-pleasers ready to live real - now.

You're done pretending. No more masks. No more spiritual performance. Just truth, clarity, and the guts to be whole.

Let them be uncomfortable and judge. Let them call it whatever they want. You're not the problem - you're the turning point.

Paul Wagner is a writer, healer, and spiritual teacher guiding others to wake the f*ck up - with love.

**Visit PaulWagner.com for answers
and life-changing sessions.**

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