

Let Go & Breakthrough Into Forever – Show Me True North

BY MEGAN MULLIGAN

The creative streak of love and light flash through my being like a thirsty tidal wave reaching for shore.

The true “I” yelling from mountaintops – begging to be seen. Sadly set aside for too many lifetimes, gathering dust from mis-planted trees.

Growing wings was going to take work, I knew. But using them, courage and might.

The grit of faith and trust yearned to bridge the gap with my soul’s space and time. But my ego mind clung to fear. Its eyes wide shut peering across an internal cage, squinting to see faceless teachings of the angelic realm with promises of a life against all odds.

Sounded shoddy to me.

So the time started to turn back to the beginning of things, this life, this body, this vessel. My first breaths of existence. And all of the energies not mine – began to shine brightly like the stars across droplets of a mountaintop landscape. Begging to be healed.

Clutching breath and squeezing my life force against the fluid opening of forever; it seemed safer to live inside fear. So the ego says, used to winning all the years.

The truth, postponed through a windowsill with rainbow-lit skies, patiently awaits my arrival.

But I balk at the steps and instead, wallow inside my forever of the sentence crafted so easily by brethren past. If life’s

a burden and then we die, at least the ending's clear.

My inner child work can stay right there. Where it's safe and nothing's happily ever after. Better within the story line of contracts than the freedom that faith and trust promise. For there's no form in that.

The shapeless infinity of Mother God and Father God's creation is not for me. Not when the ego mind is involved. Not when the wind is flat.

To carve out the soul takes a compass and a needle. Where we're both the sailor and the boat. Where the excavation process runs so deep that the tattered insides of my heart barely beat. Just a faint sound across the windless landscape of know-nothing.

Inside of that space lies the fertile ground primed to hold forever, but the promise is too rich.

The spinning circle makes me sick as the world turns upside down shaking my heroic heart against everything I ever knew was real. Just to show me that it's not. That, indeed, nothing is.

Clamoring to the 5th dimension of pure love and light, my soul inhales stronger and brighter within the sea of energetic bliss. Using these moments of dark inkwells as opportunity to expand its reach.

The white light takes me, holding my hand, to show me the yin to my yang.

The union within is a gift of the struggle into the light from

dark. Only the tattered pieces of my journey cling to the space around my heart that I've yearned to know forever. Showing me true North.

I go there to surrender. To let go. And breathe. For the first time allowing the light to take me. Setting aside free will for the angelic realms of synchronicity and trust. I begin my life for the first time. As I breakthrough into forever.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .

Sip a little more:

[As I Step Into My Pain My Soul Gently Guides Me Forward](#)

[Why The Spiritual Life Is Stupid Painful & Full Of Wonder](#)

What we are doing to the forests of
the world is but a mirror reflection
of what we are doing to ourselves
and to one another.

Chris Maser

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