

Being Empaths Is No Excuse For Not Dealing With Our Sh*t

[BY ALISON NAPPI](#)

It is important for we empaths to know and understand, by whatever measure we can, what the difference is between absorbing the toxicity of others, and our own perfectly human, painful emotions, traumas, and thoughts.

Not everything we feel – that we wish we were not feeling – belongs to others.

Sometimes, it is our own grief, our own fears, our own dark nights, nightmares, and traumatic experiences that we are being asked to face or confront. When empaths are unable or unwilling to do this, these wounds increase and amplify our vulnerability. We may become more likely to take on the mirrored karma of others as our own, and/or magnetize people to ourselves that will force or trick us into awareness (usually with bad behavior).

This is the service to our own souls, which will continually draw our awareness back to the places within us where we were grievously injured by violence, which may have been subtle and ongoing, or brutal and undeniable. That is, any place in our inner psyche wherein we perceive (or fail to perceive) a wall, a crack, a hole, or a canyon – this is where we must go.

If we refuse to go for ourselves, we will continually go “there” for others, until we cease to be afraid of, and know how to heal, our own pain.

And healing is not about bypassing, forgetting, denying, or repressing. It doesn't happen in a flash of light. It doesn't mean that we become some version of ourselves in which the trauma never happened. It is an ongoing, photon-by-photon, atom-by-atom, thought-by-thought, prayer-by-prayer, practice-by-practice way of integrating, discharging, and undoing the harmful effects of our experiences until they become our power – not our weakness.

We are not helpless – not powerless – against the forces that move us, that make us tremble, that stop us in our tracks. Our gift is not an illness. Our wounds are not a sentence. We are that which tracks the footsteps of fate and wildness, and the history of bones so old that now they've turned to dust.

The demons empaths face while in the stage of empathy-as-burden is to coax us out of our denial and to shake us into awareness. The purpose of these forces is to make us dig deep. So deep that we find our own holy books: the ones in which we etched our fates with searing golden light. The one that holds the spells that turn the undead into dust. The book that gives the prophesy of the victory inevitable.

The one that we've all been looking for, since the day that it was written:

“Let there be Empaths.”

Photo by [Caique Silva](#) on [Unsplash](#)

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [52 Ways to Live a Kick-Ass Life: BS-Free Wisdom to Ignite Your Inner Badass and Live the Life You Deserve](#) .

Sip a little more:

Follow Your Wildness

Healing is f*cking messy. It's alienation. It's detachment. It's bat shit crazy. It's jet black inky darkness. It makes you ache for the void and mundane. You want to quit everything, but you can't. You won't. Not now. No baby, not ever. Because even though it aches the mother of all aches, you've changed. Underneath all that bullshit, there you are. Brand new. Born again. An angel of earth who's woken up to their cosmic mission. And you ain't ever going back. And, there's more like you out there. We're waking up right next to you in the dark, wild one. So don't worry about fixing any part of you and let your wicked shambles raise the goddam roof on this whole thing.
-ThugUnicorn.com

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