

Sometimes F-You Is Synonymous With: I Am Worthy.

By Tanya Markul

“Do not ignore it. F*ck it. Cry your heart out. Then f*ck it some more.” ~Charles Bukowski

Ready to flip the bird to your fear? Want to throw a few cuss words at your pain? Aching to step into your power by using one of your most powerful instruments, your voice?

I don't know if it's the way the "F" triggers a bit of sloppy salivary action between the front teeth and the bottom lip, or the drop in octaves to create the "UH", or that last clear slice of "CK!!!" or the deliciously obnoxious "YOU"...

But put it all together, [and it's like therapy for me.](#)

And it's FREE.

I used to think that dealing with my inner sh*t, and all of the outer BS, had to happen in a certain clean and tidy way. Like I had to be composed. Like I had to hold it all together. Like it was supposed to be EASY.

It took me YEARS (if not decades) to give myself permission to BE PISSED OFF, to let go of my inhibitions, and to let HEALING be dirty, messy, wild and the most opposite of proper or pretty.

And it's taken even LONGER for my heart seamstress to free my vocal chords, so that I could give a VOICE to my frustration, angst, stuck-ness, hopelessness, sadness and pain!

There are things that happen to us in life that we have absolutely no control over. Sometimes they come packaged as unexpected, pleasant surprises. Other times, it's like falling

into a black widow's web, aka some of the worst crap that could have ever happened to us.

But guess what? All of it, every tear, every unfair this or that, and every sweet sigh of grace or joy, aren't just invoices or checks sent from the Universal karmic bank, they are DOORS. So debt paid or check cashed, it's time to turn and face the magic and MOVE ON.

All of it, every-single-thing from love to rage, points in the same direction: a NEW, [WISER VERSION OF YOU](#).

So crying in the shower, screaming you head off in the car, or re-living all of the pain of all the yesterdays, no matter how creatively you do it, is your right, and a one-way ticket toward revealing another layer of truth, inner freedom and peace.

When I allow myself to be the ultra sensitive person that I am, I often FREAK myself out with the magnitude of aliveness that swoops in... the rage, the anger, the sadness, but also everything else, like love, like magic, like compassion, and crazy levels of creativity.

It's all voltage, energy, and very transformative and personally revealing – if we learn to let it be so.

I believe that taking responsibility for your muck, your pissed-off-ness, your anger, is SOULFUL ACTION. It's a heartfelt service to all the other life forms on the planet, but to the most important life, YOURS.

Let's play! Here are the guidelines:

1. Forget about what's appropriate, or correct, or right.
2. Don't over analyze the f-word in any way shape or form.
3. Don't over-think this exercise!
4. And, my favorite, give yourself permission to cuss like a sailor.

Remember, you are not making voodoo dolls! Your F*CK YOU-ING will not hurt anyone. It is for the pure betterment of YOURSELF, to which ALL will benefit, even those on your list.

The intention of this practice is to UNLEASH YOUR PAIN, to give yourself a homemade easy-exorcism, to clear the muck-filled slate, to remove inner obstacles, and to turn and face (AND CLAIM) not only what's hurting, but your superpowers.

Here we go:

Get into location. Sit in your car, do it while you're home alone, or find a desolate spot in Nature, where you won't be disturbed. Take at least three deep breaths, and begin when ready.

Remember, do not think. Just do!

Here are a few examples:

- F*ck you best friend for...
- F*ck you manager for...
- F'ck you mom for...
- F*ck you colleague for...
- F*ck you life for...
- F*ck you car for...

I think you get the picture.

You don't even have to raise your voice. Just find it. And use it.

Why participate in something as crass as a practice of f*ck you? **Because sometimes F*CK YOU is synonymous with, I AM WORTHY.**

I am worthy of this breath, this challenge, this joy, this door, this intense sensation, this magic, this transformation, this gift, this reflection, this revelation, and this life.

I am worthy.

This is an experiment of freeing yourself from the hardened decrepitude, from the inside OUT, and it's not always going to happen with sugary words, or sweet thoughts of forgiveness.

Sometimes you MUST turn and face what's pissing you the hell off, with a voice, so that you can make a little more space to see, feel, and to gain insight into what is actually happening, and to live a little more freely, sassily and sparkly.

PS – I don't recommend you do this while driving. I've tried this once, and totally forgot where I was going.



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This article was previously published on Thug Unicorn by Tanya Markul [here](#).

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Elements of Yoga](#).

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-Thug Unicorn by Tanya Markul

#IAMWORTHY