

Modern Love: Projecting Our Wounded Stories Is The Old Way

By Caroline Miskenack

You go this way. I go that way.

What if we come together?

What if we allow ourselves to be held in this sacred space, to be whom and how we really want to be?

Why must we hold back in doubt and discontentment about how we feel?

Why must we play this role of strength and togetherness, when underneath the shroud we are flesh, bone, and light?

Why must we pretend that we are so different, knowing we are bound by a universal energy we cannot see – only feel in times of soft silence?

There is no space and time, no us and them, no you or I. We play our parts from the illusion in our minds, not from the clarity of the heart. We pretend – thinking we know what the other wants us to be – this hurts.

[So we hurt each other.](#)

Throwing daggers dipped in our own pain, launching them straight at the other. We hurt a little less, causing them to cripple under the weight of it all.

This fury must stop – this is not love.

Projecting our wounded stories onto each other is the old way.

I realise, this isn't about you, it's about me.

This where it all starts, where we come back to. Remembering who we are. Reaching inside to fix the brokenness first. We are the same breath. I am you, you are me – if I love myself, I also love you – it's that simple.

Can you trust this?

It is time for a new way. The way of the heart.

Allowing the heart to be free, to break open. You will discover things that you once could not comprehend. The coming together to break each other open, a force that should never be stopped.

Be vulnerable to it.

The worst that can happen is that you move on, breaking open again, and again. That is growth. That is expansion that is being born. The fear of pain isn't a reasonable way to love any longer – [it can't be](#).

The way to love is through the underbelly of life, where the darkness can seep into every pore. And it will. It will eat at you, but you survive by surrendering to it. And then, it's over. You are released from its grip, let go like a butterfly from the cocoon – a re-birthing of sorts.

You are renewed and often you come together, sometimes moving apart. A lesson in awakening to yourself and to love, this new way.

Modern love is a spiritual journey – a trip back home to the soul.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Love Warrior \(Oprah's Book Club\): A Memoir](#).

#MODERNLOVE

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