

How To Walk Hand-In-Hand With Your Ego & Co-Create With The Universe

BY CHIZELLE SHARON SALTER

This is my ego (I call her Queen Belle). Sadly she's not happy to meet you. She thinks you're here to hurt me in some way. Hurt me. Reject me. Ridicule me. Betray me. Abandon me.

She's always looking out for me, the same way I know the Universe is always looking out for me. She loves me as deeply and as fiercely as the Universe, this I also know is true. She wants just as much for me. She just has slightly different priorities. It's this slight differences that make the big... well, difference.

My ego wants me to have everything the Universe wants for me but her first priority is to keep me safe.

Safe from what?

Safe from any harm, of course. Safe from all the things I'm scared of. Safe from others harming me. Safe from loss. Safe from betrayal. Safe from ridicule.

How does she intend to keep me safe?

My ego assesses any current situation on a past that she deems relevant. For example, as a teenager I was horribly bullied at school. Because of this, any time I come close to having a friendship with a woman, my ego will start whispering in my ear, reminding me of high school, reminding me how I felt, warning me not to trust this person, warning me of the way it was.

She'll even go so far as to let me know that maybe those girls

were right about the things they said about me.

She's not doing this to be mean. She just doesn't want me to get hurt. She wants me to be safe. She doesn't want to see me crying or broken-hearted again. She doesn't want me to doubt myself or to think I'm not good enough.

Because she knows I am enough and it breaks her heart to see me so sad or so unsure of myself. So she does everything within her power to stop that from happening.

Unfortunately my ego's most effective tools are fear, guilt and a feather-soft touch of resentment.

She'll whisper all the things she knows I'm scared of. She'll bring up perfectly innocent moments from the past and twist and shape them to suit her needs. She'll prey on my weaknesses. She'll use guilt on me like an artist creates a final stroke on his masterpiece.

Then she'll dive deeper into her repositories of condescension, superiority and disdain, all the while telling me that this is for my own good...

That she's only doing this because she loves me. That this hurts her more than it hurts me. And she's telling the truth. At least about the loving me. The rest not always as much or as often as she would like to believe.

The thing is, my ego is limited. She's limited in her information. She's limited in her thinking. And she's

limited with her tools.

She only knows the past and only from her perspective. She only has what she has to work with. Her strongest tool is her persistence. She's not going anywhere. She's sticking around. She's in this for the long-term. In sickness and in health, in wealth and in poverty, 'til death do us part.

She may go away for the occasional dirty weekend. She may even take an extended vacation to escape winter. But she always comes back. And so I've come to love and accept her the way that I love and accept the way the Universe is looking out for me.

In fact, she's almost like another mother to me. A slightly over-protective mother. A mother who simply wants the best for her child.

So, I speak to her when she comes. I listen to her voice her fears; my fears. I pay attention to her words of doom and gloom. I allow her to express her concerns. I understand when she starts screeching and screaming in a tone so high-pitched only dogs should be able to hear it.

At the same time, I give her the same love and respect that I give the Universe. And when she's had her say, and only when she's complete, do I speak.

I thank her for her love. I thank her for always being by my side. I thank her for wanting to look after me, for wanting to protect me. I thank her for everything she's done, for everything she's said. I tell her how much I love and appreciate her.

I remind her that the Universe, too, is looking out for me and that it has an excellent track record that we can't ignore. I remind her that even though I can hardly believe it's true myself, I am a grown-up now.

I remind her that I need to create and live the life of my dreams, and in order to do that, there's always risk of failure, of being hurt. I remind her that she'll always be a part of my life, but I need to run the show.

And finally, we embrace, and walk hand-in-hand towards and into my future, the one I'm creating with the Universe walking alongside us, too.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Courage: The Joy of Living Dangerously](#)^x.

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