

Confessions Of A Modern Day Yogui

BY DOLLY MAHTANI

A while back, a Goddess asked me: "What truth would you tell if it was totally safe?"

As transparent as I am, as I strive to be, this question allowed me to recognize some deep truths that I hide. I wonder why it is so hard for most of us to be honest. Not only to each other, but also with ourselves. Why do we choose silence over truth? I sat with this question for a while. I didn't want to lie to myself. I didn't want to deny myself the truth.

What emerged were a series of confessions that I have chosen to share with you today. There is a freedom that came through after writing this down on paper. A lightness. I can't recommend it enough. I hope each one of us can find the courage to sit with and accept our truths.

Pack a bag. Take the essentials. Lots of water. Let's hit the mountains. Set up camp near a lake. Let's get comfy. Cozy. Make a bonfire. Roast marshmallows. Let the moon serenade us. Let the silence of the night scream for the truth. You ready? I'm ready to tell you...

Confession # 1

I am tired. So tired of living sometimes. Have no fear of death anymore. I have lived so much. I had this same feeling five years ago standing at the top of The Great Wall. I thought to myself, "Wow. You have lived so much."

I thought the same exact thing ten years ago when I was deep in love. I thought to myself, "It's amazing how much you've gone through so far."

I always thought I was at the height of my life. What more could there be? I am not just talking about the experiences in this life. I am talking about the accumulated history of all my lives. I have been so many things, lived through so many different periods of time.

I have flashbacks sometimes. Images or sensations, feelings, colors. Visions of an aristocrat, a rock star, a trader, an American, a German, a Jew, a boy, a husband, a wife, a nun, a lover, a shaman, a tantric priestess. So much life. So many bodies. I carry them all with me still somehow. What more could there possibly be?!

But that is the beauty. I am still experiencing new things now as Dolly. Her hunger for awe is inspiring. Her natural joy towards life and all the situations it brings is enthralling. Her ever-expanding heart is reason enough to keep going. I love this life with her by my side.

But now, while she sleeps and in the dead of night, in this silence that cradles us I want to tell you: I am weary. I've spun the cycle around god knows how many times. We're almost at the end again. Only to start over. I'm waiting for something to happen. Something has to happen before I can rest. Her love hasn't been fully expressed yet. I'm hoping that is it.

Confession #2

There is only one love. One relationship. I believe in this. It's the one with yourself. Everything else is just smoke and mirrors, ceilings and walls, pushing you and pulling you towards...you.

Everything gets better or worse depending on how things are with you. It took me forever to learn this. I am now 29 years old. I know that sounds young but good god I feel old. Old soul. I carry old love in my bones.

I gave myself a bath last night. Lavender scented candles and the most beautiful love songs you could ever imagine. I was soaked in H₂O. Every drop was exploding with love. I was soaking in love. It was my own. There is grace in this. There is peace, truth, beauty, bliss. There is remembering. There is a calling. A guiding to where you're meant to go. Once you know who you are, what you are...all that's left to know is where to go. The answer is Home. The time is now. The how will come.

Is this something we choose or does it choose you? This is a question with a never-ending loop. So what do I do? I trust. I trust. I trust. With my whole heart. I put one hand on top of my chest and take a deep breath and I try not to forget that loving myself is the greatest gift I could ever receive or give anyone else. I am so madly in love with the truth of who I am.

This, in turn, can be reflected in how much I love you. Because I am madly in love with you too. And everything I see in me, all the light, all the joy, all the kindness...I see in you. Don't you see? I needed to see me so that I could see you. And I do now. I really do. I see you. Beautiful one. Heart filled one. Brave one. Truthful one. Humble one. Honest one. Graceful one. Glorious one. Divine one. I see you.

Confession # 3

I don't want to be good anymore. I acquired it as a label to replace the old one of "bad" or "lazy" or "unworthy". As much

as I love to serve, I don't want to be told how to serve anymore. I want to find the way on my own. From a place of authenticity and truth. A space of abundance and bountiful resources.

I am not meant to be a cog in the wheel. No, no, no. This life is too precious. This soul is too old for that. I want to shine. Even if that means that others feel threatened. I want to soar even if that means that others will get jealous. I am so tired of playing small. It has been such a heavy burden to carry.

Do you know that it actually takes more effort to fit in than to stand out? I've been hiding for so long. Secretly peeping my head out just to see if the world is sorta, kinda prepared for me and then I retreat again. Because the truth is that I haven't been ready. Me. I haven't been ready to shine, I haven't been ready to fly, to be seen and loved authentically.

I haven't been ready because those voices inside still eat away at me. That false identity of not being good enough always gets me. I could tell you the tales of the civil wars within but we'd need many more hours than either of us can spare.

Needless to say, I stopped playing defense a long time ago. I have been striking these gremlins. I set out to remake myself. I defied everything I knew about myself, spending two years in a meditation center living as a nun. Why? It was what showed up in my path. I asked for the way, and I ended up here.

Now I'm done. I don't want to be good anymore. I don't really care about that title anymore. I just want to be free. I

want to be true. I want to be love. I just want to be me. And if that happens to be good, then great.

Confession #4

I want to be kissed. Silly. Hard. Long. With intent. With desire. With passion. With lips that are not afraid to fall. To get lost. To swim far enough until they can't stay afloat anymore and so they sink. You sink. You sink. You sink.

You let go. You let go. You let go. Let go of everything. Let go of all that weight you carry on your shoulders, let go of the pain, let go of all the names you were ever called before, let go of the address of your first home, let go of your lost ones, let go of the ones you've loved before, let go of the fear, let go of the need to be anything, let go of your appearance.

Let go my beautiful goddess...let go of anything that keeps you boxed in, that makes you feel small, let go of it all. Let go and fall. Fall, fall, fall. You will be caught. You will be met in the depth of the dark. In a space where there is nothing left but light. Yours and mine. All through the night...

Confession #5

A well-known pundit in India, a man of God that she trusted gave my mother a message that a mother never wants to hear about her daughter. "She will not get married and she will not have children."

I heard her soul cry. It was crying with mine.

"Children are lessons. They teach you things you wouldn't otherwise learn. They are blessings. They gift you with patience and compassion. She has learned all she needs to learn from her children already in past lives. She will be

very generous and compassionate when she grows.”

As if that wasn't enough he looked at me with a straight face for the final blow, “You will have no more.”

No more? I haven't even had one. Not one I remember? What did his face or hers look like? I don't remember. If you're going to take them away from me at least let me keep the memory. I was heartbroken. Ever since I knew I could be a mother, I wanted to be one. I wanted to fix her wrongs. I wanted to raise a child to believe in themselves. To know love from their very first breath.

I take comfort in knowing that I've had them before. That it will take me a while to get back to them. This explains why I'm so attached to them when we meet again but my God, I love them. Wherever they are. I love them. With all my heart. I love them.

Are you still with me? Oh, what a relief it is to unburden these truths of mine with you, my friend. Why don't you tell me yours too? I will hold you and love you and listen to it all too.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Awakening Shakti: The Transformative Power of the Goddesses of Yoga](#) .

Sip a little more:

Refining And Re-calibrating Your Yoga Practice

Begin With The Doubts & Honor Your Heart (Your Inner Teacher)



"Stand in your own truth and
don't be swayed by societal
pressures of fear. These are
killers for the creative mind.
Expression is our greatest
freedom."

COURTNEY QUINLAN
#HEARTHOWL

THEURBANHOWL.COM



#LISTENTOYOURTRUTH

HOWL WITH US
ON [FACEBOOK](#), [INSTAGRAM](#), [TWITTER](#) & [PINTEREST](#).

HELP SPREAD THE MAGIC: