

You died of a broken heart in your past life



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She asks me what I need to know to let go.

How can I be open to love?

Ok, let me explain something and then I will ask you again.

Imagine that you are in your room.

I am in my room.

Look around.

It is light blue. The walls, the painted wooden floor, the sun light slips between the white curtains. Pulled together at the center.

Now, you need to look around to see what is in there that you can take out. For example, you have a big almara that is blocking up the space. It is time.

I know it is there, but I can't see it as such, as this is a metaphor anyway.

You need to take this thing out before you let something new in.

I am going to ask you once again.

I have three words: my father, confidence, desire.

She draws the 4 of cups.

A woman has her back to the deep blue ocean. She is in an open walled temple. She sits in the middle as 2 women talk to her.

You are usually the listener and the teacher. You have been trying to compensate for the one who left.

Do you know what you need to do?

I am fixated on the blue of the water.

In yoga class I realize, I have no idea what to do. Be present. Be here. Or fall. Look at that point on the ground to keep your balance. Move your torso, keep your hips where they are. Breathe. Om Namō Nārāyaṇa.

For my bed, I finally get a new cover. A quilt. I sweep and bleach-mop my floor. I will take out the trash next week. I draw the curtains. I burn a lilac scented incense.