

Your Ego Wants a Story. The Energy Just Wants Out.

There is a difference between processing something and narrating it. One of them frees you. The other keeps the thing alive and calls it healing.

When something hurts, the first honest impulse is good: *I need to get this out of me.* Something moved through you and it is stuck, and every part of you knows it should not stay. So you reach for the phone. You want to talk about it.

Watch that moment carefully, because two completely different things are wearing the same coat.

One of them is release. Energy came in, energy needs to leave, and it leaves through the body — breath, movement, tears, a long walk, an hour on a mat with music on, softening around wherever it has lodged itself. That is finished work. Afterwards you are tired and oddly light and you do not need anything from anyone.

The other is narration. And I have caught myself doing it more than once while entirely convinced I was healing. I said I wanted to talk about it, and the second I said it my throat closed. Because it was not that I wanted to talk about it. It was that my ego wanted a story around it. It wanted to justify how I was feeling. It wanted somebody to be the villain and me to be the victim. And I do not believe any of that to be true.

The tell is what you want back. Release does not need an audience. A story needs agreement.

“You know, that’s the addiction to suffering is always having to write a story around everything.”

TIM O. DAVIS

Why does the ego insist on this? Because the mind cannot tolerate raw sensation without meaning. Energy with no explanation feels like danger, so the mind gives it a plot — who did what, what it proves, what should have happened instead. And the plot always comes from old data, because old data is all the mind has. So the story you are handed about today is assembled from the worst of your yesterdays, which is exactly why it feels so convincing and so familiar.

The cost is that a story keeps the energy alive. This is the mechanism people miss. The feeling would have passed. It genuinely would have. But every time you tell the story, you re-run the state that produced it, and the body obliges — the throat closes again, the chest tightens again, the nervous system files another day of evidence that you are under threat. You are not working through it. You are rehearsing it.

And there is a second cost, which is who you become in the telling. If I get on the phone and tell ten people what somebody

did to me, I am doing two things at once. I am putting myself in the victim seat, which is not true and not somewhere I can act from. And I am guaranteeing that the next time I see that person I will meet them with that energy — because I have spent a week building it. I do not want to meet anyone that way. You cannot rehearse a grievance all week and then arrive open-hearted on Friday.

I learned this early without knowing it. My mother used to host her friends once a week, and I would come home to a circle of women taking turns on their lives. She never joined in. I asked her why and she said: what’s the point, it’s not going to change anything, all I’d be doing is reminding myself. Decades later I can still see which of those women kept telling their stories, and I can see what their bodies did with the decades. **We manifest what we put energy toward.** That is not a slogan. It is just what attention does over thirty years.

So here is the discipline, and it is a small one. Feel it fully. Narrate it as little as possible.

Feel it *fully* — this is not suppression, and if you turn it into suppression you have simply chosen the other failure. Suppression is refusing the energy. What I am describing is refusing the commentary while letting the energy have everything it wants. Where is it? Neck, jaw, hips, stomach? Breathe into that. Move it. Do not name who did it. Do not decide what it means. Do not look for a justification — look only to move what is stuck.

What is left when you drop the story is uncomfortable at first, because the ego loses its job and the silence feels like something is missing. Then the space opens, and the space is the whole point. **Not repeating it is what allows something new to come in.** Maybe there needs to be no story at all. Maybe it just is, and that can be okay, and it was only ever the mind that needed it to be a certain way.

You will know it worked by the absence of contraction. Something comes up with that person a day later, they need something ordinary, and there is no noise. You just help. Your heart stayed open. Nothing had to be won.

THE PRACTICE

When you feel the pull to tell someone, pause and ask what you want back — release, or agreement. If it is agreement, put the phone down and give the energy fifteen minutes of breath and movement instead. Then decide whether the story still needs telling.