

## Like prison abolition, but, for yourself

March 27, 2017

Fuck everyone who says you deserve to be happy.  
Fuck everyone who says you deserve to succeed.  
Fuck everyone who says you deserve money, or love, or friends.

Fuck everyone who says you deserve pain.  
Fuck everyone who says you deserve suffering.  
Fuck everyone who says you deserve punishment, or sadness, or guilt.

Fuck everyone who says “You deserve.”

You don’t deserve anything. You don’t deserve nothing.  
*You don’t deserve.*

You just are. Things just happen. You just happen. La la la.

(Too woo woo self-love guru for you? Ok, ye radical leftists, think about prison abolition. Pretend we’re talking about prison abolition. Because we are. We’re also talking about self-love.)

It’s not about culpability, it’s not about fault, it’s not about fair, it’s not about what you did or did not do. It’s not even about what you *do* in any concrete, tangible sense of the word.

It just is. It’s out of your control because it’s entirely in it.

What I mean is, you are in control when you don’t try to control what being in control looks like, when you worry less about how it looks than how it feels, when you worry less about who’s mouth it came from and more about what you hear, and what you hear is really just what you say, to yourself. It’s always filtered through you, no matter whose mouth it looks like.

Control, real freedom, real self-determination, real self-control comes when you don’t worry about it. La la la? Kind of, yeah.

Real control of self comes when you stop trying to control yourself. When you relinquish control, you give it up entirely, to yourself. When you stop trying to do anything. When you stop trying to be anything. When you just are. When you let yourself be exactly as you are in each moment, and know that that is your self being yourself.

It doesn’t have to look like anything. It may look like the opposite of self-control. But it is yourself. And letting yourself be yourself is letting yourself control yourself.

I can’t really tell you how to do it, or what *doing it* looks like. I can’t control if you want to. I can only say, from personal experience: It can be done.

Even if only for a moment. I know what it feels like, for me. It is possible, to be that free. To give up so much control that you have all of it. I know that the more I don't do, the more I do. The less I try to control, the more control I have, and the more life *feels* right. And good. And satisfying. The less I try to control myself, the more in control I am of myself.

...

Breathe.

...

...

Did you breathe?

Spoiler alert: You were already breathing.

You're not breathing because I told you to.

You're not breathing because *you* consciously told you to. You just are.

...

...

Still breathing?

...

So like that, but for emotions and feelings and literally everything.

You with me?

...

Don't breathe.

...

...

...

You're still breathing, even if you tried to stop it for a moment.

With me now?

This is what I'm talking about, the whole control thing. It just happens. It happens because you're doing it already. You don't have to try to do anything in particular, and you're still doing it.

I don't expect this to change your life. This, me writing this, right now. I might not have the words. I might not be the one to say it, even if the words fit.

This is the best approximation I can write of what's changed my life. What's still changing it. What is making me judge less and love more, feel fuller in myself and love whoever I turn out to be in each moment.

You with me on the self-love thing?

...

(Okay, ye *rest-of-you*, so, we're also talking about prison abolition.)