

*you*  
by Lauren Hirsh

*You* cannot have a spiritual experience; no, *you* cannot awaken.  
Awakening is something that happens to you—is brought forth from you—through you—called from within and beyond *you*.

*You* can lay prostrate upon your bed in the hopes of being carried off down the river of dreams and drifting peacefully to morning,  
But *you* cannot press a button to enter into sleep at will the way one presses the snooze button on her alarm clock to keep the day at bay.

*You* can throw yourself off of a cliff, but it's still up to gravity to bring you down.

If *you* truly desire to awaken unto the end of desire, then *you* must sacrifice yourself on the altar of God.

Indeed, *you* must give yourself utterly, completely over to God.  
For this is *God's* waking dream—being lived through you—within and beyond *you*.

Something in you has always known that this isn't *your* life.  
Yes, something in you has always known that your life and your death are not your own.

The time has come for *you* to step aside.

So, what are you waiting for?! Get out of the way!  
How presumptuous and preposterous to think that *you* actually know how you are meant to live!

But your existence is not without purpose.  
*You* have—like Jesus—been given breath and a body with which to do God's work.

Remember that *you* are empty—*you* are hollow—and do not be frightened.  
Hold that space so as to allow God to enter you when the time is ripe.

*You* are a divine tool, fashioned in His likeness,  
However, do not attempt to wield yourself, for you will utterly fail.

*You* have not the strength to bear your weightlessness for long.  
But you fit perfectly and lovingly in the hand of God.

You must be very still and bear witness to this wonder—  
speaking and doing only when you feel Him call His words and actions from the depths beyond you.

It is less a sacrifice than an honor and privilege.  
For even the ego wants to sit in the hand of its Father—loved and cherished.

Or else at least to know that it need not exhaust itself with striving—  
For it never *Was* and never will *Be* anyway.

Life and death never *Were*, and never will *Be* anyway.  
*You* never *Were*, and never will *Be* anyway.

What a relief.  
Relief.  
Release.

*Release.*

*You* are gone.