

Tell Your Fucking Truth

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I have seen miracles happen, when people just tell the truth.

Not the 'nice' truth.

Not the truth that seeks to please or comfort.

But the wild truth.

The feral truth.

The inconvenient truth.

The tantric truth.

The 'fucking' truth.

The truth you're afraid to tell.

The horrible truth about yourself that you hide in order to 'protect' others.

To avoid being 'too much'.

To avoid being shamed and rejected.

To avoid being seen.

The truth of your deepest feelings:

The rage you have been concealing, controlling, pasting over.

The terrors you do not want to speak.

The sexual urges you've been trying to numb.

The primal longings you cannot bear to articulate.

Finally, the defenses break down, and this 'unsafe' material emerges from deep within the unconscious.

You can't hold it back anymore.

The image of the 'good boy' or 'nice girl' evaporates.

The 'perfect one', the 'one who has it all figured out', the 'evolved one', these images burn.

You tremble, you sweat, you come close to vomiting, you think you might die doing it, but finally you tell the fucking truth, the truth you are deeply ashamed of.

Not the abstract truth.

Not the 'spiritual' truth.

Not a carefully-worded truth designed to prevent offence.

Not a neatly-packaged truth.

But a messy, fiery, sloppy human truth.

A bloody, passionate, provocative, sensual, untamed and unvarnished mortal truth.

A shaky, sticky, sweaty, vulnerable truth.

The truth of how you feel.

The truth that lets another person see you in the raw.

The truth that makes one gasp.

The truth that makes your heart pound.

This is the truth that will set you free.

I have seen chronic depressions and life-long anxieties lift overnight.

I have seen deeply embedded traumas evaporate.

I have seen fibromyalgia, life-long migraines, chronic fatigue, unbearable back pain, bodily tension, stomach disorders, vanish, never to return.

Of course, the 'side-effects' of truth aren't always this dramatic.

And we don't step into our truth with a result in mind.

But think of the massive amounts of energy it must take to repress our animal wildness, numb our feral nature, suppress our rage, tears and terror, uphold a false image, and pretend to be 'okay'.

Think of all the tension we hold in the body, and the damage it does to our immune systems, when we live in fear of 'coming out'.

Take the risk of telling your truth.

The truth you are afraid to tell.

The truth you fear will make the world run.

Find a safe person – a friend, a therapist, a counselor, yourself – and let them in.

Let them hold you as you break down.

Let them love on you as you weep, rage, quake with

fear, and generally make a mess.

Tell your fucking truth to someone – it might just save your life, heal you from deep within, and connect you to humanity in ways you never imagined.

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