

The art of *not* battling yourself



o r i y a . l i v e

Stop battling yourself. You're only fighting
because you're afraid of your own power.

Why you're doing it

The four places it goes

What to do tomorrow morning

Ten pages. Read it in one sitting, then keep it.

I'm not writing this from the other side.

Ran ceremonies for seven years. Hid behind them for thirty. But it started long before that.

I was raised inside a strict religious world, reciting ancient texts from memory before I was ten. They paid me by the page. That's how I got money for the swimming pool.

My parents were spiritual people who were also addicted. They studied esoteric wisdom with pipes in their hands. There was no guidance, no container, and nobody to tell them where the line was, so the house came apart.

At school they told me that if I said out loud what happened there, God would punish me and my family wouldn't be safe. So I learned early that my truth was dangerous. I've spent most of my life proving that wrong.

Then I went and did it all over again. Seven years serving, thousands of sessions, rooms of seventy people, and I couldn't get through one of them without hiding first. So I burned it down, and spent nine years stuck inside a story I wrote myself.

It wasn't confusion. It was shame.

I put it down. I started recording every morning. Two and a half thousand videos later, this is the first thing I've built that's mine.

I don't want you to quit anything.

You've been told to fight it. Battle your addiction. Beat it. Win.

So every day is a war, and one bad day is a defeat, and a defeat needs relief, and the relief is the thing you were fighting.

That's not a weakness in you. That's a design flaw in the instruction.

The recovery world spent ten years arguing about what to call you. Addict. Junkie. Clean. Dirty. Nobody ever asked why you're supposed to be fighting.

I'm not going to ask you to stop. I'm going to ask you to stop fighting.

AND IT ISN'T JUST ME

People have studied this. When they looked at what fighting does to someone who's ill, the fighting made it worse, not better. It didn't make anyone more careful either. I found that out years after I'd already stopped.

Stop battling your addiction.
Stop battling yourself.
Same fight, different noun.

You're not ashamed because you use. You use because you're ashamed.

Read it twice. It reverses everything.

Something was installed young, by people who were small themselves. **There's something wrong with you.** You believed it, because you were a child, and children believe what they're told.

Everything you've reached for since has been a way to get up above that for a while.

And here's the part nobody says out loud: **it works.** For twenty minutes, or six hours, you're above it and you can see. That was real, and nobody gets to take it from you.

Then you come back down, and it's still sitting there. And now there's a second layer. Shame about the numbing itself.

Nobody gave you language for any of it, so you decided the substance was the problem and went to war with it. The war made more shame. More shame needed more getting above.

WHERE THE YEARS GO

I had the insight, the money, the medicine. I lost nine years in that loop. It wasn't that I didn't know. It's that knowing isn't the thing.

FIND YOURSELF HERE

You're not addicted. You're outsourcing.

An addiction is something you have. A defect, a diagnosis, a thing that's wrong with you. Outsourcing is something you're *doing*. You've filed something of yours somewhere outside yourself, and you go back to collect it whenever you need it.

Vitality

The cigarette, the drink, the vape at 6pm

Creativity

The weed, waiting to feel inspired before you make anything

Love

Needing to be chosen before you can rest

Divinity

The next ceremony, the next teacher, the next retreat

START HERE

Which one is yours? Most people know within a second. Plenty have two.
Don't fix it. Name it, then watch it.

You didn't lose the thing. You just don't keep it at home.

STOP BATTLING

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The craving isn't your enemy. It's a gauge.

You've been taught to treat it as the thing to beat. It isn't. It measures the distance between you and your own trust. It rises when you're far and quiets when you're close, and it's been giving you an accurate reading your whole life while you argued with it.

So next time it comes, don't fight it and don't obey it. Read it.

How far am I right now? And when did that start? This morning, or Tuesday, when I didn't say the thing I meant to say?

Nine times out of ten you'll find the distance opened somewhere specific, and you'll know exactly where.

The longing is the same gauge pointed further out. You're not longing for a substance. You're longing for the state you were in when you didn't need one.

You're not losing a battle. You're somewhere on a road.

One · Forgetting

Numb, going through it. Something is wrong with you and you believe it.

Two · Seeking

You reach outside. Teachers, medicines, jobs, lovers. It works, for a while.

Three · Autocorrect

Life crashes the car. Everything you skipped arrives at once. It feels like punishment. It isn't.

Four · Remembering

You stop looking outside. You take the pen back.

MOST PEOPLE WHO FIND ME

They're in the fourth one. They know more than anyone in their life and they've built nothing, and they've decided that means they're broken. It means you're almost through.

And it's a wheel, not a ladder. You'll forget again.
Stop battling the forgetfulness too. It's part of the design.

Five things. Under ten minutes. No writing.

Spell it forward ON WAKING

Before the phone. Name one thing out loud. A person, a specific, not "I'm grateful." The first thing you say is the first thing you spell into the day.

Say hello STRAIGHT AFTER

Say your name inside your head. Again, louder. Now the way your mother said it. Now whisper it. Who said it, and who heard it? The one who heard it never needed a name. That's you.

One small no DURING THE DAY

Five more minutes before the first one. Half the cup. One less. Not because no is holy. Because you get to be proud of yourself, and it's been a while.

Read the gauge WHEN IT COMES

How far am I, and when did that start?

Where was I AT NIGHT

Which act was I in today? One word. Then: where did I outsource, and what did it cost me? Not to score yourself. To notice the day.

WHEN YOU'RE READY

And this is the order nobody tells you.

Not steps. Seven moves in a story you're finally telling on purpose, and the order is doing most of the work.

01 · Stop battling — you can't fight a story out of yourself

02 · Extract the medicine — name what it gave you, and thank it

03 · See the game — you're not the character, you're the one telling it

04 · Seduce, don't force — nobody was argued out of a story

05 · Practice before you stop — you can't write in a room you never sit in

06 · Learn your no — five more minutes, half the cup, one less

07 · One clean season — last, not first

THE PART THAT MATTERS

Everyone starts at seven. That's why it never held. One clean season is the last move, not the first, and what makes it a season is that you chose it.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

Nobody remembers alone.

It's a wheel. You remember, then you go back out into the world, and you forget again. That's not failure, that's how it works. It's also why you can't do this on your own.

A FREE NIGHT, EVERY WEEK

Open to anyone. Nothing to buy, nothing to prepare. It's where these practices get taught, and where you find out you're not the only one. Get on the list at oriya.live and I'll tell you when.

Every morning I record a video about the part nobody covers: what happens after you put it down. [@oriya.live](https://twitter.com/oriya.live)

If something in here landed, come tell me. I read everything myself.
wa.link/oriya

Nothing is wrong with you. You just don't keep it at home.

I'm not a doctor. If you're in real trouble right now, call someone who can actually be with you. I'll be here after.