The REAL You Is Waiting
By Danielle LaPorte

The real you emerges.

The real you is waiting. In here. Not out there.

You can't patch your Soul's truth together with workshops, and a wardrobe, and identity choices. You'll likely spend half of your life trying to do just that. Composing. Polishing. Packaging. Facing outward, even though it's all inward.

Eventually, you'll stop looking *out there* — stop in your tracks, or in a slow grinding halt.

In the middle of the noise and the obligations it will dawn on you (maybe right now) that the real you emerges.

The real you *emerges*.

Because it's already there — beneath beliefs, and untruths, and fatigue, and wonderful experiments.

The real you *emerges*.

When you are courageous enough to be still. When you act on your inclinations.

When you put your preferences on the altar of your life and say: THIS. THIS is what compels me.

The real you *emerges*.

From lifetimes of living. From the accumulation of your prayers. From your groin. From your gaze.

The real you *emerges*.

Not from anyone's teachings, but from what resonates in your cells. *Resonance. Resonance. Resonance.*

The real you *emerges*.

When you dance, when you let down your guard, when you've had enough, in between breaths and waves, and let downs, and bliss; in your fantasies and steady longing.

Incant it. Set the stage. Clear your calendar.

And the real you will surprise you — like God tends to do —
with its options for euphoria and blazing vitality.
And it will carry you — like you long to be carried —
if you let it *emerge*.

Danielle LAPORTE