

The Lie for Lovers: A Companion Reader with Notes

The lie first probably began being told the first time someone told us we weren't as special as our parents told us we were. For some reason, from that point on, we began to give more credence to the naysayers than to our loved ones. In fact, we began to successfully screen out any of the good things said about us and abnormally emphasize the critiques. This is a remarkably effective misery-marketing tool. Since our society tells us that it is far worse to lose than it is good to win, we start to interpret the negativity as the Truth, never possibly giving anyone a chance to love us the way our friends or family or pets or even I want to.

Zoroaster is being used as an analogy to show how parts of old stories we tell about ourselves can be mished and mashed together to create present-day fanciful ones that we use to enable our own agendas. Well-meaning priests and inspired pontiffs wove together legends and dogma from Persian and Judaic legend to retell the story of Jesus – almost to the very detriment of the message he gave. In fact, this fate has also befallen Zoroaster, as more is made of the stories that surround Zoroastrianism than the message it imparts. Similarly, we let the harsh sting of a schoolmate's rough words or the numbing thud of parental disapproval convince us that the goals we set for ourselves when we were young and perfect (when we KNEW the Truth!) were unrealistic – that person and that person and THAT person said so! – forever numbing ourselves to the frantic and earnest protestations of first friends and then strangers.

After a while, it doesn't matter who has a good word for you. Look there! We look down, or mumble, or genuflect in the face of a compliment. We look for a reason why that person might be saying something nice about us. What do they WANT from me? Why are they SAYING those things? Obviously, the person who told me shit knew the truth, so this person must be trying to sell me something. It's quite a fantastical lie, and yet we cling to it like the last vine in the jungle, petrified of loving ourselves, terrified of others really loving

us. It becomes quite an immense circus of spills and chills, twirling blindly about, looking for a bright spot in the universe.

If we had anything to say about it, we would go off to the woods and die. We skim through so many inept relationships before settling down and finally finding the One, and mostly all of them usually end because of the same reason – lack of self-love. We get together with people that we don't care nearly as much about as they do us, because we're petrified that no one will ever love us like them again (that we'll never so skillfully pull off our masquerade as Someone Who Can Be Loved). We get together with people who don't care as much about us because we feel so lucky that we managed to snag someone so awesome and if we just stick around long enough they'll fall in love with us. What pusillanimous poppycock. See that tripe for the bold load of balderdash that it really is. In fact, we are quite beautiful and stunning, and perfectly perfect people fall in love with us all the time, and we simply make excuses why they're not Our Ideal (really because we don't think we deserve them). We buy the lie that allows us to confirm our worst suspicions about ourselves, what we most feared might be true and thus most desired: that since we are always the one being rejected, always the one alone, that we are simply incapable of being in love, and so need not ever hope for happiness.

But here's the trick: THIS IS THE SAME LIE THAT TOLD US THE WORLD WAS COMING TO AN END. In effect, the same voices sabotaging our relationships sabotage our relationships with our neighbors, which sabotage our tribe's relationship with that tribe – fear of loving ourselves enough to allow differences to happen beautifully around us. Picture being in a room and not caring what anyone in it thinks of you – now picture a roomful of individuals like that, all digging, appreciating and learning from each others' differentnesses and never once questioning if someone else's differentness was better than theirs. Never once. Never once self-questioning. This is the kind of environment that the lie has made impossible. This is why we must reject it. First, we must recognize it as a lie – clearly see it, as crisp as a screaming banshee, screeching in my motherfucking ear – and then put our hands up and say “no.”

There is an alternate choice to hating ourselves, but it is much more scary and involves much more work on your soul – until you tell yourself it doesn't anymore. It is the decision to love yourself and it goes like this: "Everything I've ever been told about myself is a story and everything I've ever told myself about myself is a story, and THE ONLY THING THAT I KNOW FOR SURE is that I've got (maybe) 75 years to live on this fucking magnificent planet using this miraculous fucking thing called EXISTENCE, so how do I want to live them?"

Well, then, the possibilities are endless. Because then you can remember right down to the very first dreams you had – the crispest, the cleanest, because then you KNEW the Truth – and you can simply take them on again. I mean, really you can. Once you do, all those voices in your head are silenced. All you have is the peaceful and everlasting sound of you speaking by yourself in your own head and commanding every thought and action you perform with your body. It's kind of immensely liberating, isn't it? Just taking everything off and only putting back on what you feel. That's the other choice, and it involves much more work on your soul – until you tell yourself it doesn't anymore.

Here's another way to look at it: What if all the people who ever said anything good about you were right? What if they could see the real you, and the naysayers had an ulterior motive (because they always did)? What if your wildest dreams about who you suspected you might be, the way your closest homies saw you and admired you and respected and loved you – what if that was YOU, your godhead, your real essence shining through, and the awkward charlatan you saw on your dark days revealed as an artful flim-flam? Well, then, the possibilities are endless, because you can aspire to the height of THAT God, who is noble and true, brave and self-confident, a completely-new-self-made-you. And you certainly wouldn't make choices to your own detriment, like cooing at that abusive boyfriend (who hates himself) or marrying that homecoming queen when you're gay (love yourself!). No, you would treat yourself like you treat your best friend, you would listen to your instincts, and look out for yourself, and come to your senses when the truth is staring you in

the face. You'd be honest with yourself, give yourself a hug when you needed it (somehow). Hell, you'd probably even take yourself out to dinner once in a while. You would treat yourself like God Himself – or Herself, for You – were inside of you (Duh. Who do you think that Is inside of there?). What if you could make this change in how you saw yourself with a snap of your finger, or a nod of your head?

Sound like a fairy tale? Of course it does, because that's exactly what the lie has told you it is. But you could actually start loving yourself like that tomorrow, except (and here are the perils):

You would be living your life unlike anyone around you. This would make you a sort of pariah, and you would run the risk of being called a “freak” or a “hippie,” neither of which is very insulting in and of themselves, but mostly always in context.

You would actually start believing the people who said they loved you. This would mean you'd have to start taking responsibility for that love (and ergo your thoughts and actions in regard to those people), and recognize in yourself the things that make you lovable (which can be icky, and also sort of sticky sweet).

You might run the risk of looking stupid, because you no longer have the need to prove yourself smart. This might be damaging for a career, but not much more, as the people who truly know you are now the ones who count.

You run the risk of being rejected by people you'd really like to sleep with. This would be hard if you had any ego to deal with. Turns out, you have glorious sex with the same number of people, except these people are digging the real you.

You become invested with how you spend your time. You become eminently aware of the infinite value of life, and you kind of horde, deliciously milking lazy summer days with your son, greedily

lapping up warm evenings with friends and lovers. Life is sweeter. That's mostly the down side.

You finally get over your body. Which is like the hugest hurdle in the world (don't I know it), but you really start to realize how hot you are when you realize God made everyone hot in some way, and while man always spots our flaws in ourselves, strangers look for the ways God is good.

Let's look at all the great saints of mankind. Who among them has ever said anything but this? That the great inner peace (inner spirit) lay within? That knowing yourself is the last great state? To treat others like you yourself would be treated? To honor a person for their character rather than the color of their skin? That inwards lies the kingdom of heaven? That each must walk their own path? We have told been told over and over since the beginning of time and yet the Lie still has integrity in the world. We rebuke the truths spoken by the wisest men we know. We fabricate stories around their lives, to make them seem "divine." Whether or not Jesus or Muhammad ever did anything supernatural, the fact remains that they simply didn't live to prove themselves as unattainable ideas. Indeed, the firmament behind Jesus' teaching was to emulate the divinity in him. But the Lie tells you that the only reason Jesus could live so holy was because he was the son of God – WHEN IN FACT HE HIMSELF TELLS YOU THAT WE ARE ALL SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF GOD. Why do we rebuke the truths spoken by the wisest men we know and instead pay attention to the stories told by those who came after? Why do we validate the snide words said by people who are jealous or frauds, and invalidate the ones said by people who really know our true character? Why this obsession with lies and refutations of truth? I'll never understand it, even though I live it everyday I live on this earth. I no longer want to live this way, please. I choose my life to be a better way.

If you do not make the choice for life you are making the choice for death. And that choice will result in either heaven or hell.