

A BRUTALLY HONEST GUIDE FOR WHEN
HEALING STARTS TO FEEL LIKE HUSTLE.



SPIRITUALLY OVER IT

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Dear Reader (or casual skimmer, no judgment)

Welcome to Spiritually Over It. Pour yourself a cup of kombucha and take your seat in the yurt. You've arrived, not necessarily at enlightenment, but at: a place where it's okay to be done.

Done pretending.

Done performing.

Done trying not to cry in Goddess Pose.

You've saged the room, cleansed your crystals, cancelled the sound bath, and finally admitted: maybe I don't need another tarot reading/more healing/an inner child emotional declutter. Maybe I just need less pressure, to learn to say what I really mean, to get to know myself, and rest.

Here's your permission for all the above and to ghost, to stay unbothered, and remain beautifully incomplete.

You don't have to be a guru.

You don't have to be "high vibe."

You just need to be. Here. Unpressured. Unbothered.

The intro you didn't ask for but probably need.

This book is a spiritual movement; equal parts burn out and brilliance. Channelled straight from the sarcastic spirit guides of the emotionally exhausted, this is Eat, Pray, Eye Roll energy and it deserves to exist in your beautiful, hilarious, brain.

Breathe it in: Spiritually Over It - Emotionally Unavailable wherever books are sold.

There's also:

A Kindle version: for when you're too tired to turn actual pages.

An Audiobook: narrated in a tone of spiritual apathy and mild resentment.

A Limited-Edition Version: Comes with a free hessian tote and a complimentary kombucha (not really).

Just because you're going in circles doesn't mean you're lost. You might just be lapping people who have never even started. Or maybe you're dizzy from emotional whiplash. Either way, sit down, drink water, breathe.

Chapter 1

Welcome to the High-Vibe Burnout Club

You've done the work, now here's the reality check.

You've saged your workspace, written letters to your inner child, broken generational curses in a group WhatsApp chat, and spent more than one full moon sobbing into a chamomile tea while journaling "I am enough" in five different fonts.

And yet... you're tired.

- Tired of the breathwork.
- Tired of the breakthrough.
- Tired of being expected to hold space for people who still blame their rising sign for everything.
- Tired of healing as a full-time job with no pension plan, no carbs, and definitely no dental.

Welcome. You're in the right place. This book exists to recognise the brilliance of who you are, even when you're hiding under a weighted blanket wondering if you're regressing or just resting (spoiler: it's regression, babe).

This book is for the souls who've cleansed it all and still can't stand group breathwork. The ones who've read the

self-help books, listened to the podcasts, forgiven their exes twice, and are now quietly wondering: am I healed... or just better at pretending I'm O.K?

This book is a *glitter-drenched permission slip to float above the drama, protect your peace, say "no" with flair, and laugh your way through the cosmic chaos of being a deeply spiritual being with zero patience for nonsense.

You've made it to the High-Vibe Burnout Club so, light a candle if you want. Or don't. Take a deep breath or roll your eyes instead. I'm lighting a sandalwood-scented boundary candle, wrapping myself in a dry robe of detachment, and channelling you into Chapter 2.

*Glitter: the microplastic embodiment of karmic debt. It sparkles. It sticks. It shows up decades later when you're just trying to live in peace. Like trauma... but craftier.

Chapter 2

Hover Mode Activated

Spiritual detachment for when you just can't even.

There comes a moment in every healing journey where you reach the edge of your emotional bandwidth. Instead of grounding, you simply hover.

Not ascended.

Not transcendent.

Just hovering slightly above the nonsense.

You used to care. You cared so much you bought the books, burned the sage, cried on yoga mats, and whispered affirmations into your overpriced oat milk lattes. But now, *your* aura is tired.

You've stopped trying to 'rise above' and you've started doing something far more radical: floating past. Quietly. Stylishly. Possibly in a caftan. Welcome to Hover Mode: that sacred space between burnout and boundary, where you emotionally detach with love, wit, and a tiny bit of glitter-induced cynicism.

You're not ghosting, you're just Selectively Present

Let's clear something up right now: you're not dissociating, denying or detached. You just no longer feel the need to energetically attach yourself to every conversation, crisis, or to co-star in someone else's spiritual drama.

People will say:

- You seem distant.
- You used to be more involved.
- Are you dissociating?

And you'll simply smile and reply: I'm hovering. I'm in energy-saving mode.

You're still here. You're just not logging into every moment like it's your job to fix it.

The Myth of Rising Above

It's usually said by someone who's never been triggered by trauma. **Just rise above it.** But 'rising above it' no longer means being calmer or more logical than other people. Now it means you're pretending you're fine while silently fantasising about moving to a yurt in the Scottish Highlands and never speaking to anyone again.

Hover Mode is gentler. It says: I'm not above this, I'm around it - but with space and a vision of something much sexier.

Signs You're in Hover Mode

- You've stopped replying to messages that begin with 'hey, do you have space for...'
- You nod in conversations but don't absorb a single word.
- You feel spiritually aligned but emotionally out of office.
- You show up... just not all the way.
- You leave group chats before they become group processes.

You're not cold. You're voluntarily disconnected. You're protecting your peace with an invisibility cloak made of dry humour and vaguely threatening eye contact.

Permission to Drift

You don't need to be grounded all the time. Sometimes your soul needs to float in peace above the expectations, the emotional noise, the sacred over-sharing, and the unpaid therapist vibes.

So, if today you feel like putting on your metaphorical flight goggles and hovering above it all - do it. **Float freely. Detach consciously.** Emotionally declutter like a soft breeze through a blocked sacral chakra.

You're not running away from life. You're refusing to be entangled in every frequency that demands your attention. Hover Mode isn't avoidance. It's graceful disengagement. And in a world that keeps telling you to rise, rise, rise, sometimes the most radical act of self-care is just... drifting. Quiet. Calm. Confident. With a face that says, I'm not coming down; the view is better from up here.

Mini Meditation: The Art of the Emotional Hover

Duration: 3 minutes or as long as you need to float.

Instructions:

Find a quiet space or a chaotic one, you're going to rise above it anyway.

Sit down, lie down, or sprawl dramatically.

Inhale gently and imagine yourself lifting... just slightly... off the ground.

Not flying. Not fleeing. Just hovering.

Exhale and release the need to respond, react, or realign.

With every breath, feel yourself becoming lighter and unburdened by what you *should* feel or *should* fix.

Picture your thoughts below you, like clouds. Wave at them if you want. Hello!

Don't engage. Just drift.

Whisper to yourself (or mutter, if you prefer): I am not absent. I am just choosing to hover."

Repeat until the urge to fix everything subsides.

Affirmations For the Spiritually Hovering

I don't rise above, I float past, in sunglasses.

I am present enough for peace and distant enough for survival.

I hover not to escape, but to breathe freely.

I am energetically booked and emotionally soft-muted.

It's not avoidance. It's elegant disengagement.

Things We Leave Behind While Hovering

The urge to over-explain.

The belief that silence means disconnection.

Guilt for not joining every group chat.

Conversations that begin with 'can I just vent for a sec?'

My therapist's subtle judgment.

Someone else's sacred drama spiral...

Chapter 3

Shadow Work but Make It Shady

For when your inner child is texting in all caps.

Shadow work is the part of healing no one really wants to focus on. It's not candlelit baths and handwritten affirmations. It's not sipping moon water while telling your friends you've "released" your pain.

It's the gut-wrenching, facepalming, slightly humiliating process of realising: Oh. I've been the problem but I'm also the solution - and I hate that for me.

And yet, it's sacred. Not in a holier-than-thou way. In a 'here's-me-crying-in-the-car-park-but-at-least-I-know-why' kind of way.

What Even Is Shadow Work?

Shadow work is the spiritual term for dragging your unconscious mess into the light like a rat you've finally caught rifling through your emotional bins.

It's about seeing the parts of yourself that are jealous, bitter, petty, people-pleasing, emotionally needy, avoidant, judgmental, control-freaky, and instead of exiling them, you sit them down and say: right; let's talk.

It's realising you've been triggered not because someone else was unkind, but because they accidentally elbowed your unhealed 7-year-old in the soul.

Shadow work is not fun. It is *not* sexy. But it *will* set you free.

Shadow Work Isn't a Personality

Neither is it:

- A competition for who's the most self-aware.
- A reason to trauma-dump on strangers.
- A justification for acting like a wounded banshee and calling it authentic expression.

Shadow work is intimate. It's quiet. It's often done when no one's looking. It's crying for no reason on a Wednesday night and then telling yourself, it's okay, we'll get through this.

When the Inner Child Acts Out

Let's talk about them, your inner child. They show up at the worst times, wearing the same unmet needs they've been carrying since 1992. They want love, attention, safety, and when they don't get it, they throw a spiritual tantrum disguised as:

- Passive-aggressive texts.

- Extreme ghosting.
- Needing everyone to like them (immediately).
- Sabotaging anything good because it feels unfamiliar.
- Believing everyone is about to abandon them because someone once did...

Shadow work isn't about shaming your inner child. It's about recognising when she's taken the wheel and gently reminding her: **you're allowed to be here, but you're not driving.**

How to Do Shadow Work Without Ruining Your Day

Because here's the truth: you don't have to dive into the depths every time you get triggered. You don't have to process every wound immediately. You're allowed to take your time. You're allowed to do this in layers.

Start with this:

Ask: "What's actually mine, and what's a survival strategy?"

Notice: "Is this about now, or is this about then?"

Say to yourself: "I'm safe now, even if I wasn't before."

That's it. That's shadow work. It doesn't have to be poetic or perfect. It just has to be honest.

Shadow work will humble you. It'll make you apologise. It'll make you realise you were reacting to your past, not your

present. It'll show you the version of yourself you were afraid others would see.

And then, beautifully, shadow work will help you integrate the versions of yourself you've kept hidden. Not fix them. Not hide them. Not label them "toxic" - just... fold them back in, include them - which is all they've ever wanted to be. You were never broken. Just layered.

Now, let's complete Chapter 3 over the page with your signature truth structure:

Mini Meditation: Tea with Your Shadow Self

Duration: However long it takes to not spiral.

Breathe in like a main character.

Picture a simple room. Neutral. No Himalayan salt lamps.

Just peace.

Your shadow self enters. They look like you, but tired.

Possibly wearing yesterday's eyeliner and definitely holding a grudge and/or an unmet need.

You offer them tea. They accept (it's probably chamomile with a shot of sass.)

You sit. Together. No fixing. No judging. Just... being.

Whisper to them: you don't have to hide anymore. There's no longer any need for perfectionism, procrastination, or people-pleasing - that's your shadow-self trying to stay safe from criticism, judgement, and being triggered."

What does your shadow self say in response?

Bonus points if you feel seen but slightly unsettled.

Mini Affirmations For the Shadow-Self Sass Queen

I see my shadow, and I still look good.

I can't fix everything. Some things just need acknowledgement and a pastry.

My darkness is not dangerous. It's just honest.

I can sit with my pain and still roll my eyes.

I am not broken. I'm just moody with a past.

Signs It's Time for Shadow Work

- You start a journal entry but end up doodling rage spirals.
- You refer to your last relationship as "karmically inconvenient".
- Your therapist blinks slowly when you say "It's fine, I'm over it" for the 4th time.
- You lash out at someone for asking how you are.
- Your dreams are just your inner child screaming "DO THE WORK!"
- You self-soothe by doomscrolling trauma memes.
- You're a people-pleasing, perfectionistic, procrastinator, stumbling through life apologising and raging in equal measure.

Let's glide smoothly, feeling supported, into Chapter 4.

Chapter 4

Soft Boundaries, Hard No's

Because "I love you" and "please, leave me alone" can absolutely coexist.

Boundaries are a spiritual practice. Not the kind with incense and chanting, but the kind where you stare lovingly into someone's eyes and say: **I will not be attending that conversation. But I wish you peace.**

In the early stages of your healing journey, boundaries feel like betrayal. You worry that saying "no" makes you seem mean. That stepping back makes you cold. That honouring your capacity makes you selfish.

But here's what they never tell you in healing school (aka Instagram): your inner peace is not a community project. You're allowed to protect your energy, your time, your nervous system, and your peace without an apology tour.

Boundaries aren't emotional walls. They're doors with locks and little sparkly signs that say, by appointment only. Let's get this straight: boundaries are not a rejection of love. **They're an invitation to interact with you respectfully.**

Soft boundaries are the kind that say:

"I care, but I don't want to text about it right now."

"I love you, but not at the cost of my mental health and emotional stability."

"I can hold space... but not today."

Hard no's? They're the non-negotiables, the sacred no, the cosmic stop signs. And when you learn to use both? That's when you stop feeling drained and start feeling energetically buoyant and spiritually sane.

You Don't Owe Access to Anyone

Repeat after me: "I am not public property." Just because someone wants access to your time, your attention, your healing wisdom, your soothing presence, your third-eye glow - it doesn't mean they're entitled to it. Access is a privilege and your energy is a limited edition.

You're not required to:

- Answer every message.
- Fix every crisis.
- Attend every gathering.
- Process someone else's emotions before your own.

Your no is not a rejection. It's a preservation spell.

The Art of the Gentle Goodbye

Sometimes the most loving thing you can say is: **this no comes with love, but it's still a no.**

- You can bless people on their journey and still exit the vehicle.
- You can wish someone well without walking with them to their next emotional crisis.
- You can be kind, compassionate, and still deeply unavailable.

This is emotional maturity. This is boundary work. This is peace.

But What If They Get Upset?

Let them (thank you, Cassie Philips). They're allowed to feel how they feel. You're allowed to do what you need to do. Boundaries are not about controlling others; they're about honouring yourself.

And if someone leaves you because of your boundary? They were never there for you. They were there for your emotional availability. Let them go. You're not a lifeboat. You're a whole damn luxury cruise liner.

Are you ready for the meditation, affirmations, and to wrap up this fabulous fortress of a chapter? Shall we?

Mini Meditation: The Velvet Rope of Peace

Duration: 2-4 minutes, or however long it takes to emotionally uninvite someone.

Inhale the calm. Exhale the drama.

Picture yourself standing behind a golden velvet rope suspended between two mirrors of truth, reflecting only what's real. You are radiant, relaxed, peaceful, emotionally balanced.

Someone approaches the rope. They want something. Validation? Money? Advice? Another unpaid therapy session? Gently, without hostility, you lift your hand and say: not today. This calm, balanced, drama-free version of me isn't available.

Feel the space between you and them. It's soft. It's clear. It's sacred. Breathe deeply. Whisper to yourself: I'm not cruel, I'm clear. I do not owe access to everyone who knocks. My energy is not open for limitless taking.

Stay behind the rope for the rest of the week. Repeat your mantra as often as you need.

Mini Affirmations For the Boundary-Blessed & Overbooked

- I can say no with love and still mean it.
- My time is valuable. My presence is premium.
- I am not mean for protecting my peace.
- Access to me is earned, not assumed.
- I don't explain boundaries. I just build them and vibe behind them.

Signs You're Finally Getting Good at Boundaries

- You no longer feel guilty for not replying instantly.
- You leave group chats like a spiritual mic drop.
- You say, "I'm not available" and mean it.
- You've started labelling certain people "drainers".
- You feel lighter after cancelling plans.
- You no longer *perform* empathy; you *choose* it when you have capacity.
- You've muted someone for the sake of your nervous system and called it "a self-honouring detox".

Are you feeling emotionally moisturised, spiritually unavailable, and ready to affirm yourself through the nonsense? Let's dive into a warm glitter bath of cosmic validation and embrace Chapter 5.

Chapter 5

Emergency Affirmations for When You Can't Even Because not every breakdown needs a breakthrough.

There are days when the crystals don't work. When the moon is doing too much. When your shadow self is side eyeing your higher self, and your inner child is just lying on the floor refusing to co-operate. Those days call for something sacred. Something simple. Not a four-hour healing ritual. Not a spiral into soul-level accountability. Just a sentence. A vibe. A divine little lifeline to remind you that you're not failing, you're just tired. Enter the Emergency Affirmation.

These are not your usual "I am radiant" mantras whispered under rosewater mist. These are defensive, defiant little clarity bombs for when you're one breathwork session away from losing it.

Affirm yourself with phrases like:

- "I'm just overstimulated and undercaffeinated."
- "Healing is happening, even if I'm horizontal."
- "I'm growing, but it's giving reluctant caterpillar vibes."

Use them liberally. Write them on sticky notes. Tattoo them on your aura. Whisper them into your oat milk latte. Let's affirm ourselves without effort.

When You Can't "Raise Your Vibration"

Let's be real: there are moments when someone saying "just focus on gratitude" feels like an emotional attack. You don't want to focus on gratitude. You want to disappear into a duvet burrito and binge Netflix while questioning your purpose.

That's fine. That's holy.

You don't have to be 'high-vibe' all the time. You can be grounded in your sarcasm. You can be emotionally exhausted and still divinely aligned.

Spiritual Validation for the Spiritually Done

You don't need to feel guilty for feeling off. You don't need to chant until your throat chakra begs for mercy. You just need to affirm something short, punchy, and powerfully passive-aggressive to the voice in your head that's making you spiral.

Let's wrap up this up with a weighted blanket for your spirit and a soft "shh" for your inner chaos. Let's reclaim affirmation as an act of rebellion against overwhelm.

Mini Meditation: The Three-Breath Reset

Duration: 1 minute. That's all we're committing to.

Inhale.

Say silently: "This moment is allowed."

Exhale.

Say silently: "I do not need to be fixed."

Inhale again.

Say: "I am still here."

Exhale with a sigh so dramatic it deserves an Oscar.

Whisper: **I'm doing enough especially for someone who can't even.**

That's it. Meditation complete. Gold star, no performance required.

Mini Affirmations For the Spiritually Maxed-Out

- I trust myself... even when I don't trust anyone else.
- My worth isn't defined by my productivity, my vibe, or my rising sign.
- I'm not behind. I'm just in a soft pause.
- I'm doing the best I can with what I've got, emotionally and astrologically.
- I don't chase. I attract. Except for red flags. I block those.

Affirmation Alternatives for the Deeply Over It

Standard Affirmation: I am aligned.

Emergency Affirmation: I am vaguely functioning and that is enough.

Standard Affirmation: I am light.

Emergency Affirmation: I am mood lighting at best.

Standard Affirmation: I am grateful.

Emergency Affirmation: I am mildly OK and that's a win.

Standard Affirmation: I am love.

Emergency Affirmation: I am trying not to slap anyone.

Standard Affirmation: I am abundant.

Emergency Affirmation: I've had a tonne of carbs.

Standard Affirmation: I am healing.

Emergency Affirmation: I am horizontal and hydrated.

Add some of your own!

Shall we keep this cosmic comedy going?

YES? OK!

That is the exact energy the universe wants and needs from you right now, the sacred anticipation of a warrior about to spiritually slap a few karmic misconceptions into shape.

Spiritual accountability with glitter and eye contact - the next chapter is coming in hot, holy, and slightly petty. We're about to dismantle decades of misquotes, Instagram clichés, and cosmic blame games with humour, clarity, and a touch of "bless your heart."

You're blooming like a lotus in a lava lamp. Let's go bless and block some nonsense. Let's blow the glitter off the word karma and rebuild it as the elegant, soul-deep concept it *is*, minus the Insta-spirituality and casual curses.

Chapter 6

That's Not Karma, Babe

It's not the universe punishing you - it's just consequences... with glitter.

Let's get something straight right now: Karma is not the universe's version of "gotcha." It's not a cosmic hit job on your ex. It's not the reason your phone fell in the toilet or why Susan didn't text back after Mercury went retrograde.

Karma is deeper than that. It's not a punishment. It's not revenge. It's a rhythm. A loop. A whisper from the soul that says: you've been here before. Want to try something different this time?

Karma Is Not a Cosmic Clapback

In modern spirituality, karma has been tragically misunderstood. People throw it around like glitter at a creative expression retreat: "Oh, she'll get hers. That's karma." "He cheated and then got dumped. KARMA." No, love. That's just life.

Karma isn't your emotional bouncer. It doesn't show up in stiletto heels to avenge your wounded ego.

What Karma Actually Is

Karma is reflection, not retribution. It's energy echoing. Choices looping. A soul-level invitation to see what you keep creating - and why. Karma means action. That's it. Every thought, choice, behaviour, and intention sends a ripple. That ripple creates impact. That impact becomes your experience. It's not about being good or bad. It's about being conscious.

It's asking:

- Am I choosing from fear or love?
- Am I repeating a story I no longer want to live in?
- Am I reacting from a wound... or responding from awareness?

It's like spiritual GPS rerouting you until you stop trying to drive into the same emotional pothole for the seventh lifetime in a row.

It's Not Karmic Punishment - It's Familiar Chaos

Sometimes what we call karma is just the same lesson showing up with less tolerant vibes. You don't need to be punished; you're just stuck in a pattern. One that feels familiar, safe, even seductive... until it hurts again. And again. That's not the universe being cruel. That's the

universe saying, 'you can stop now; you don't have to repeat this anymore'.

Karma isn't the universe cuffing you. It's the universe showing you your own reflection again and again, until you recognise yourself in it... and choose differently.

"Karmic Partners" and Other Romantic Excuses

Let's talk about karmic relationships.

They're often intense. Addictive. Magnetic. Usually featuring someone with sad eyes that make you forget every boundary you ever set. People call them "lessons" and sure, they are, but that doesn't mean you need to stay enrolled for the whole syllabus.

A karmic connection doesn't mean 'meant to be'. It means 'meant to teach'. And sometimes the lesson is: you deserve a soft place to land, not another soul earthquake.

Stop Blaming Karma. Start Choosing Differently.

Sometimes "that's just my karma" is a spiritual cop-out. We use it to justify chaos, avoid responsibility, or dodge healing work that would change everything.

The truth is: you're not doomed - you're just invited to notice the loop, interrupt the story, pause before repeating, respond with grace.

Karma isn't punishment. It's a mirror. A choice. A loving nudge toward evolution so next time something happens, and you're tempted to scream "KARMA!" maybe whisper instead: what am I meant to notice here? and if the answer is "I deserve better" then karma's already doing its job.

Ready for the karmic cherry on top?

Loosen those chakras and emotionally uncoil because here comes the full karmic cooldown you didn't know you needed but that you deeply deserve.

Mini Meditation: Return to Sender, With Compassion

Duration: 3-4 minutes or the length of your tolerance.

Inhale slowly.

Picture a glowing parcel in your hands. It's not heavy, but it's... familiar.

A vibe. A loop. A situation you didn't sign up for this time.

Ask yourself: is this really mine?

Exhale.

Gently whisper: **I return this energy to its source cleansed, closed, and no longer my responsibility.**

Picture the parcel floating away. Not thrown, not cursed, just returned with a little celestial 'No Thanks' sticker.

Inhale again. Feel your energy coming back to you. Peaceful. Whole. Unentangled.

Exhale one more time and affirm: not everything is mine to carry.

You've just completed a soul-level unsubscribe.

Mini Affirmation For the Karmically Conscious

- My lessons are mine, but my liberation is, too.
- I'm not being punished, I'm being redirected.
- I break loops by loving myself enough to stop repeating them.
- I'm not stuck; I'm just being shown the exit.
- I don't need payback. I need peace.

Things That Are NOT Karma

- Your ex's hair loss.
- That parking ticket.
- Mercury retrogrades.
- You drop your smoothie after a gossip session.
- Your Wi-Fi cutting out during a Zoom with your boss.
- Your rose quartz crystal splitting in two.
- Your spiritual mentor ghosting you after your "boundaries" email.
- Your date texting "I'm not ready for a connection right now" after you told your friend's boyfriend to man-up.

In the next chapter we're swinging from the karmic to the cosmic because astrology might be a crafty mistress, but you, my dear, are a mood stabilised by moonlight and memes.

The planets are aligned, and the sass is rising to the beat of your own drum, a drum that you've bedazzled with crystals and zero tolerance for astro-BS.

Let's ride that rhythm straight into Chapter 7.

Chapter 7

Celestial Stability Pack: you're not your Saturn Return Astrology-inspired wisdom for the cosmically exhausted and chronically over it

Astrology is supposed to be a beautiful cosmic mirror. A map of the stars. A poetic blueprint of your soul's unique, intergalactic personality.

Instead?

It's become a spiritual customer service hotline for people spiralling during Mercury retrograde and blaming their birth chart when they drunk text their ex.

This chapter is for the astro-aware, moon-mooded, natal-charted souls who've had enough. Has your horoscope become a 'horror-scope' with a warning label for incoming stormy emotional weather? *You're* not here for daily alignment. *You're* here for Celestial Sanity.

Not Every Feeling is From a Star

Yes, the planets affect us. Yes, the moon is your emotionally distant mother. Yes, Saturn is basically your absent father. But sometimes? You're not crying because of your Pisces moon. You're crying because someone you

love forgot your name for the third time (parents included). Mercury didn't sabotage your laptop; you just didn't update your software for seven months.

Let's be clear: the stars don't control you; they reflect you, and sometimes they reflect a vibe so chaotic, the only sane thing to do is float through it wearing noise-cancelling headphones and a protective crystal bra.

Know Your Signs So You Know Who to Blame

Here's a brief cheat sheet for understanding yourself during cosmic chaos:

Sun Sign: Your ego, your identity, your go-to vibe.

Moon Sign: Your emotional mess.

Rising Sign: The mask you wear at brunch.

Mercury Sign: How you text, overthink, and win arguments.

Venus Sign: Your dating profile in disguise.

Mars Sign: How you fight, flirt, and open jam jars.

Saturn Sign: Your karmic audit trail.

Jupiter Sign: Your cosmic hype squad where you overdo things and call it growth.

Uranus Sign: That weird phase you had in 2015.

Pluto Sign: The dark basement of your personality that only comes out during Scorpio season.

Surviving the Sky: Your Planetary Pep Talk

Mercury Retrograde: Don't text your ex. Don't sign a lease. Back up your data and your Boundaries.

Affirmation: My past is not my present, even if it's trying to FaceTime me.

Venus Retrograde: You will question every relationship. Even with your houseplants.

Affirmation: I deserve love that doesn't ghost me on a soul level.

Mars Retrograde: Low motivation, high irritation.

Affirmation: It's okay to rest. It's also okay to passively aggressively clean the kitchen.

Saturn Return: Otherwise known as "soul puberty."

Affirmation: I don't know what I'm doing but it's probably karmic.

Cosmic Boundaries 101

Here's what you don't have to do, no matter what the stars are up to:

- Blame your birth chart for being a jerk.
- Date a Leo just because "the sex is transformational".
- Let a full moon ruin your group chat.

- Download another astrology app with vague trauma-based advice.
- Call someone your twin flame because you both like matcha and making poor decisions.

You can love astrology and keep your dignity. You can follow the moon without blaming her for your existential crisis. You are the cosmos. You are the calm. You are the glitter between retrogrades.

Astrological Put-Downs and Cosmic Blamers

- Your moon is in Pisces? That explains the crying in supermarkets.
- You're not emotionally unstable, you're just synced with unresolved trauma.
- Your moon sign is not why you eat cake in bed.
- Retrograde season again? An excuse to blame the stars for your bad behaviour.
- If you text me during my Saturn return, that's a karmic contract I can't afford.
- Every time you say, 'it's just my karma,' a fairy dies.
- Astrology won't fix your life, but it might explain why you're spiral on a Full Moon.
- Mercury retrograde doesn't make you toxic. It just makes you nostalgic for all the wrong people.

- Your daily horoscope said, 'you may feel emotionally chaotic'. But it said that yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that....
- Your birth chart is a work of art. You're just having a low-vibe gallery day.

I'm beaming affirmations, meditations, and cosmic clarity straight to your soul's command centre.

Mini Meditation: The Galaxy Within

Duration: A cosmic pause between spirals.

Picture the night sky. Now realise, it's within you. Your body is a constellation. Your breath is the rhythm of the stars.

Inhale. Say silently: I am aligned... even when everything else isn't.

Exhale. Let go of lunar guilt, astro anxiety, and planetary peer pressure.

Inhale again. Picture your boundaries circling your horoscope like hula hoops of glory.

Exhale with a smile. Whisper to yourself: the universe doesn't need me to be perfect. It just needs me present."

You've survived another transit with grace and cosmic poise.

Mini Affirmations For the Cosmically Over It

- My chart explains me. It does not excuse me.
- I don't need perfect transits to make powerful choices.
- I am not my Mercury placement. I am a miracle in soft pants.
- I honour my birth chart, but I also block when necessary.
- The stars influence me, but I am the main character.

Signs Your Chart Needs a Nap

- You've changed your crush's star sign in your head three times this week.
- You're emotionally reacting to your notifications.
- Your trauma and your transit chart are fighting.
- You've started saying "my Capricorn is showing" when you're just being grumpy.
- You tried to cleanse your aura with a lint roller.

Shall we proceed to the sacred satire of retreat survival? C'mon then...We're about to enter the absurd world of sage-fuelled chaos and unsolicited eye contact during group therapy. Blessed be the yoga mat you never returned to! We're now entering the sacred, slightly cringey, wildly entertaining temple that is Chapter 8.

Chapter 8

Retreat Bingo & Other Spiritual Games

Because healing is a serious business... until it isn't.

There's something magical about spiritual retreats. The smell of incense. The promise of inner peace. The unspoken pressure to cry before lunch.

You arrive with your emotional baggage, your essential oils, and your best "open to the experience" face. Within 24 hours, you've already pretended to journal while plotting your escape route.

This chapter is dedicated to the brave souls who've surrendered their weekends to communal breathwork, eye contact exercises, and something called "womb rage transmutation" and survived.

Welcome to the Sacred Spiral of Slightly Too Much

Let's be real: healing is beautiful. But it's also weird. You've sat in circles with strangers, sobbing about childhood trauma while the vibrations from a didgeridoo float above your crown chakra.

You've been hugged by a man named Tree who told you your aura was "screaming for root chakra attention."

You've written affirmations on biodegradable paper and buried them in the garden next to someone named Starchild who said she's from Andromeda and used to be a Unicorn. You're not alone. You're just in a very specific chapter of your life.

Signs You're at a Full-Blown Retreat

- There's kombucha, but it's unlabelled and vaguely sentient.
- You're expected to share deep emotional truths before breakfast.
- Someone's shaking, someone's purging, and someone's just really into drumming.
- You've been assigned a "sharing partner" who already told you their birth story.
- The group has collectively agreed that emotions live in your hips.
- You're not allowed coffee, but your third eye is vibrating.

The Sacred Ceremony of Saying "I'm Good"

The spiritual pressure is real. Everyone's weeping. Rebirthing. Roaring. You're just sitting there. Processing.

Quietly spiralling inside. Wondering if it's okay that your trauma isn't performance ready. It is.

You're allowed to not scream and to pass on the eye-gazing. You're allowed to excuse yourself from a cacao ceremony because your emotional support biscuit is more effective.

Healing is Sacred, But So Is Satire.

It's okay to laugh at this. It's okay to love the healing and roll your eyes at the crystal grid shaped like a womb. You're healing. You're growing. And you're 100% allowed to question the group dance ritual entitled "Awaken Your Inner Snake."

We salute you.

Your healing doesn't have to look like catharsis. Sometimes it looks like polite nodding and a private cry in the loo. Sometimes it looks like manifesting early checkout. Other times it looks like filling out your 'Retreat Bingo' card so let's grab our sage sticks, our sarcasm, and get ready to shout Ashram.

Spiritually Over It - Retreat Bingo

Cut this out and take to your next retreat. Mark off each moment of mystical madness. 3 in a row and you've spiritually ascended into madness, I mean sarcasm.

Someone called Star had a womb trauma before lunch	Someone called Boudica howled during yoga	There was inappropriate sharing in the first 5 minutes
Your inner child was mentioned before coffee	Someone farted during chakra realignment via interpretive dance	You hide in the loo during 'sharing circle'
A man named Brad tries to explain divine feminine energy	The healing playlist includes Enya and techno	Someone cries and declares themselves an empath mid-argument
You nod sagely but don't know what's going on	You say 'Namaste' but mean 'No thanks'	Someone says 'this retreat is upgrading my frequency'
You fake a headache to skip group eye-gazing	The kombucha is foamy with a vague urine aroma	Someone says the vanilla bean latte smells like their orgasm
Wolfblood, the facilitator, references Atlantis unironically	You're told your aura needs exfoliating	A man called 'Breeze' offers to unblock your 'root' chakra
Sacred geometry appears in the quinoa	You're asked to roar like a lion and roll in placenta	Someone starts a sentence with 'In my past life...'
You mentally pack your bags during a cacao ceremony	There's optional group screaming at sunset	You spiral and begin rocking in rhythm to a shamanic drumbeat
You exchange numbers with someone named Moon, to ensure the return of your credit card	You're asked to 'channel your pelvic bowl'	You start planning your escape during creative dance

Mini Meditation: The Emotional Exit Strategy
Duration: 90 seconds or the length of a dramatic
exhale.

Picture yourself in a circle of people sharing Very Big Feelings. You feel the tension. You feel the pressure. You feel... like you'd rather be anywhere else. Inhale.

Say silently: this is not my story to carry.

Exhale.

Imagine yourself rising gracefully, excuse note in hand, softly whispering, I need to re-regulate... in private.

Inhale again. Picture the door, a peaceful escape. No shame. No drama. Just boundaries wrapped in truth.

Exhale one final time and affirm: Leaving is holy. Silence is healing. Not everyone needs to hear my womb sobs today.

Take a breath.

You're now spiritually lighter and emotionally off-grid.

Emergency Affirmations for Group Processing

- I hold space for myself first.
- I don't have to match anyone's emotional volume to be valid.
- My healing is my business.
- I can honour the circle without joining it.
- I am sacred, even when I'm seated in the back corner manifesting cake and caffeine.

Retreat Bingo Sacred Satire Edition

- Called "brave" for sharing what you weren't ready to share.
- Told your aura looks like "a sad parrot, but evolving".
- Group-danced in bare feet to a song called Return to the Womb.
- Nodded seriously while someone cried about their past life as a lemur.
- Had a breakdown about your boundaries, then said "thank you for holding space".
- Accidentally joined a shamanic breathing circle that turned into an MLM pitch.
- Whispered "I'm fine" through clenched teeth while hugging a stranger.

- Used the phrase “integration time” as an excuse to avoid processing anything.

It’s time to bring the healing into the real world with sass, screenshots, and survival gear. Ready to tote your truth and text your boundaries like a soul warrior? You’re strutting into Chapter 9 like you’ve just soft-blocked an energy vampire and walked off with your peace intact.

Let’s get into it...

Chapter 9

**Totes, Texts & Other Tools for the Emotionally Over It
Real world accessories for your spiritually unavailable
era because sometimes the most spiritual thing you
can do is mute a group chat and carry a canvas bag
with a boundary printed on it.**

Healing doesn't just happen in sacred circles or full moon rituals. It happens in WhatsApp replies, grocery store interactions, and passive-aggressive LinkedIn messages.

This chapter is your toolkit for surviving the real world while maintaining your inner calm, your spiritual sass, and keeping your emotional availability set to 'Limited Hours, Apply Within.'

The Sacred Power of the Tote Bag

The tote bag is the spiritual warrior's banner. It says everything you don't have the energy to say out loud.

Whether it reads:

- I Am Healing. Please Don't Engage.
- Not Available for Emotional Labour Today.
- I'm Grounded but like, Spiritual...

...it's a fabric boundary with handles. Totes carry your books, your crystals, your snacks, and your dignity. They're wearable mantras and also great for passive-aggressive communication during awkward interactions.

The Text That Changes Everything

Texting has replaced many things: eye contact, conversation, and basic energetic hygiene. And yet, it's also become a spiritual technology if used wisely.

Examples of sacred texts include:

- "Hey, I don't have the capacity for this convo right now. Can we check in later?"
- "I love you, but I need some space. Please don't take it personally."
- "That sounds really tough. I hope you have support. I'm not able to hold this for you right now."
- "I'm not ignoring you. I'm just emotionally delayed."
- "I'm in a sacred silence, aka watching trash TV and avoiding my inbox."

You don't owe anyone constant access to your energy, and you **definitely don't** owe anyone emotionally exhausting explanations in real time.

Everyday Tools for the Spiritually Exhausted

Let's build your Energetic Survival Kit:

The Soft Block: Like a whisper with a boundary.

The Three-Word Exit Text: "All good, thanks."
(Translation: please stop messaging me.)

The Silent Leave from the Group Chat: Let them wonder.
You've evolved.

The Do Not Disturb Setting: Literal spiritual armour.

Noise-Cancelling Headphones: Even when you're not listening to anything.

Pre-saved Replies: "I'm currently honouring my energy and won't be responding for a while." (Set. It. Free.)

Your Look of Loving Detachment: A half-smile. A glimmer of "no thanks." A gaze that says: I bless and block you simultaneously.

- You're allowed to curate your life.
- You're allowed to tote your truth.
- You're allowed to send one-word replies without explaining your trauma timeline.
- Your energy is sacred.
- Your silence is not rudeness, it's ritual.

Shall we bring this big-hearted chapter to its final, fabulous, slightly glittery finale? Let's wrap it up in a gentle glitter-glow of cosmic closure, here we go, love.

Mini Meditation: The Sacred Power of the Soft Block

Duration: One moment of digital clarity.

Imagine your phone as a glowing portal of potential chaos. Picture the person. The one who drains you, texts too much, or sends 14-voice-notes-without-punctuation.

Now see yourself soft blocking. Not from malice. But from maintenance. A spiritual sanitation moment.

Whisper softly: this is not rejection, this is regulation.

Inhale the quiet.

Exhale the guilt.

Float in your peace like a cloud with a decent Wi-Fi connection.

You've just reclaimed your digital aura.

Namaste and notifications off.

Emergency Affirmations for the Digitally Boundaried

- My availability is not infinite. My phone is not a portal to my soul.
- I don't need to explain a delayed reply. Silence is sacred.
- Muting you was self-care. Loving you from a distance is still love.
- I can be kind and still not engage.
- Not responding is sometimes the most honest answer.

Autoreplies from a Spiritually Booked Soul

- Thanks for your message. I am currently on a soul sabbatical. Estimated return: unclear.
- This inbox is protected by soft boundaries and herbal tea. Please remove your energy after the beep.
- I'm not ignoring you. I'm processing you... quietly, and maybe forever.
- You have reached the emotional voicemail of someone who's doing their best.
- Out of Office, in my power. Still unavailable.

Boom.

Chapter 10

The Closing Ceremony

Please take your crystals and leave in silence.

You made it.

Not to enlightenment.

Not to perfection.

Not to a high-vibe lifestyle of turmeric lattes and zero triggers.

You made it back to you.

Raw, real, emotionally boundaried, spiritually over it... and softly, fiercely, fabulously still standing.

This book wasn't meant to fix you. It was meant to find you somewhere between your fifteenth healing course and your third spiritual existential crisis, and whisper: you're allowed to laugh, you're allowed to rest, you're allowed to leave the circle before it becomes a triangle of trauma bonding.

- You've done enough.
- You've held space.
- You've journaled through breakdowns.
- You've saged your trauma, and saged it again.

You've tried, failed, tried again, cried at 2am, healed your inner child, ghosted your higher self, blocked your twin flame, and somehow... you're still here.

You are enough. Even when you're not "doing the work", even when your chakras are more Netflix than Namaste, your energy is still "emotionally out of office."

Your aura is not a productivity app. You don't have to keep showing up with perfect posture and perfect intentions. You're allowed to close the book, to stop proving that you're spiritual enough to deserve peace - you already do. This isn't about finishing; this is about un-finishing. Letting go of the version of you that thinks she must be fixed to be worthy and to be enough.

Your Exit Is Sacred

Take a breath, take your crystals, and your glitter-stained affirmations, your soft no's, and quietly leave the emotional retreat that never fed you in the first place. And if anyone asks why you're not participating anymore just smile and say: I'm spiritually booked and emotionally unavailable.

Blessed be your boundaries. May your tote bags be loud and may your inbox be filtered. And may your healing be yours - messy, holy, hilarious, and always enough.

Closing Meditation:

Spiritually Over It... and Still Sacred

Sit down. Or don't. Lie on a yoga mat, a shaggy rug, a couch covered in unfolded laundry. Wherever you land is holy enough.

Close your eyes unless that feels performative ; keep them open and stare at a houseplant like it betrayed you instead.

Take a breath. A real one. Not the kind you do to impress your meditation app or the kind your ex said helped him stay calm while gaslighting you.

Just... a breath.

Inhale soft rebellion.

Exhale sacred detachment.

Let your shoulders drop like expectations.

Let your jaw unclench like a boundary you're not here to over-explain.

Let your spirit slouch a little. She's tired of sitting in lotus pose for people who never deserved her light.

Now, imagine all the healing you've tried to do, all the circles you sat in, all the wounds you walked through, all the glittery, guilt-drenched growth you performed for the love you never got.

Bless it. Then bless yourself for knowing when to say: I'm done now.

- You're not a project. You're a person.
- You're not a lesson. You're a life.
- You don't need to raise your vibration; you just need to lower your tolerance for BS.

Let this be the final ceremony you never needed, the closure you didn't get, the permission slip you already wrote in your own handwriting.

- You are allowed to go.
- You are allowed to stay.
- You are allowed to ghost the entire group chat of your past selves and take only what's real, what's light, what's yours.

Take one last breath. Wrap yourself in your own energy like it's a velvet robe. And when you're ready...Leave in silence. Or dramatically slam the book shut. Both are sacred exits.

Affirmations

Repeat as needed. Whisper them. Shout them. Write them on your mirror in eyeliner:

- I'm not broken. I'm just done pretending I need to be.
- I don't rise above. I float beside.
- I am allowed to rest. To laugh. To leave. To heal in silence.
- I am spiritually over it. And I've never felt more divine.
- I've saged it all...and still can't stand group breathwork.
- I am at peace with the chaos. From a safe distance.
- I don't need to fix it. I don't need to join it. I just need to sip this overpriced tea and look slightly unbothered.
- My triggers are teachers, but I dropped the class.
- I audit now. No exams. No group work. Just vibes.
- I release what no longer serves me... except petty grievances. Those I keep. For flavour.
- Healing is happening, even if I'm horizontal.
- Rest is sacred. So is Netflix. Don't @ me.
- I do not explain my boundaries. I just build them tall and vibe behind them.
- If you need instructions, this connection has expired.
- I am aligned, just not with your nonsense.

- Alignment doesn't mean agreement. Sometimes it means a firm 'nope.'
- I forgive. But I also archive and mute.
- I'm spiritual, not stupid.
- Today I choose peace. And if peace is unavailable, I choose silence and cake.

Namaste.

THE GLOSSARY

A Spiritual-ish Survival Glossary for the Blissfully

Burnt-Out

This is a brutally honest rundown of all the mystical mumbo jumbo that makes your eyes roll and your soul scream. Consider this your survival guide for when your chakras are fried but you're still here for the cosmic circus. Strap in. It's gonna be real, raw, and a little bit cheeky.

This is the cherry on your not-so-sacred sundae: a collection of overused, overly quoted, and under-questioned spiritual soundbites that you've probably said out loud but may not fully understand.

From the true meaning of twin flames to the new-age nonsense that's been repackaged as deep wisdom, this brutally honest glossary is here to guide you between emotional spirals and herbal tea refills.

Keep it close...in your wallet, your altar drawer, taped to your forehead during family functions. Use liberally when you're on the verge of a breakdown but want to preserve your mascara, or when your shadow self has emerged...and she's got thoughts.

Let the healing happen one salty bite at a time.

Emergency Exit Plan If needed

When reading, if doubt, embarrassment, or undiluted horror kicks in, just say: **I'm energetically unavailable for this truth.** Then walk away gracefully like you're being carried by invisible moonlight and protecting the last thread of your remaining sanity.

Ready?

Spiritual Soundbites That Keep You Casually Avoiding Growth

Let's talk about the psychic popcorn we keep snacking on, those fluffy, floaty spiritual clichés that sound deep, but are just emotional carbs.

You've heard them. You've probably posted them in calligraphy over a sunset:

- Everything happens for a reason.
- This connection is divine.
- Your vibe attracts your tribe.

But if your vibe is chaotic, emotionally unavailable, and always low on cash, that may not be your tribe's fault. It maybe you, living with unhealed trauma - even if you *are* vegan and hydrated directly from a spring in the Andes.

This is your sacred permission slip to call bullshit on the spiritual comfort food keeping you stuck. Because just like vegan cake, it sounds virtuous but it's still cake, and sometimes it's the reason you're not emotionally digesting real growth.

How many of these have you heard... or, worse, used?

This connection transcends time and space.

Which is why it never works in real life.

They think about you often.

Which is convenient, since thoughts don't require communication.

They think about reaching out all the time.

And yet their thumbs remain mysteriously paralyzed.

You've never left their heart.

But you've definitely left their inbox.

They're working through inner turmoil.

So please keep waiting while they self-sabotage with spiritual flair.

The silence is part of the healing.

Or they just don't want to talk.

You're always connected, even when apart.

Especially when you're the only one feeling it.

They feel your energy constantly.

Which might explain the random anxiety and vague stomach-ache.

They're scared of the intensity.

You're not intense, they're just emotionally 2007.

This is a soul-driven connection, not ego-based.

Which is why it feels like your soul is going through a car wash.

They're avoiding you to protect you.

From what? Emotional maturity?

They love you in the 5D.

But the 3D is where rent, reality, and relationships live.

Spirit is working on your behalf.

But you're still crying in your car to sad playlists.

You're just ahead of them spiritually.

Which somehow still requires you to suffer silently.

They'll come back once they've healed.

Spoiler: most don't.

This pain is your awakening.

You're awake, alright. Wide awake. And still alone.

You're the one who got away.

And they're doing a spectacular job not chasing.

They don't know how to love you... yet.

Because being emotionally present is obviously rocket science.

They miss you but can't say it.

It's okay, you've said it enough for both of you.

You're their light in the darkness.

Which explains why they keep running toward shadows.

They'll come back changed.

Or with a beard, a new girlfriend, and the same avoidance patterns.

You're their safe place.

Which is why they ghost you and date emotionally chaotic people instead.

They're doing their best.

If "best" now includes breadcrumbing and vague late-night DMs.

This is part of the soul journey.

You know what else is part of the soul journey? Leaving.

You're being tested.

No, not for growth, but for how much nonsense you'll tolerate.

Ouch. The sacred fire pit of spiritually justified entanglements where ghosting is called "soul work," breadcrumbing is a "contract," and your latest nervous breakdown was apparently part of a pre-birth agreement signed in the astral realm.

The intention isn't to crush your hope, just to gently pry it from the hands of your inner wounded romantic before you text 'them' again. We've decoded the language of twin flames, karmic partners, soul contracts, and divine timing. Because let's face it: if your spiritual connection requires this many disclaimers, it might be less about divine union and more about unresolved self-abandonment in cosmic packaging.

Twin Flames, Soulmates & Other Spiritually Branded Situationships

Sometimes, your 'mirror' is just a Red Flag with Wi-Fi.

Use this glossary when:

- You're re-reading your texts like they're ancient runes.
- You're blaming your spiritual awakening for why they haven't called.
- You're romanticising emotional unavailability because a TikTok tarot reader said, 'they're your mirror.'

Let this be your reality check in the bubble-bath of cosmic justice, your spiritually divine truth bomb wrapped in incense smoke. This is your permission slip to block, bless, and release - without needing to wait for Mercury to approve it.

Remember: just because it's *intense* doesn't mean it's *destiny* - sometimes it's just karma doing CrossFit with your heart.

Read with a sense of humour. All cringe moments are character building.

What Does It Really Mean?

Twin Flame.

The person who feels like home, if your home was always on fire.

Runner & Chaser.

A dynamic that sounds spiritual but is just emotional unavailability with incense.

They just need time.

Specifically, all of yours.

It's a spiritual connection, not a relationship.

Because if it were a relationship, it would require effort.

They're my person.

If by "my person" I mean "the universe's most persistent lesson."

We're healing our soul wounds.

By repeatedly ripping them open and calling it sacred.

They're going through an ego death.

But somehow still managed to post shirtless selfies.

I'm being guided back to them.

By delusion and a playlist from 2014.

We're spiritually in union.

But emotionally in denial.

They share the same energy.

Mostly confusion.

I feel their higher self loves me.

Their lower self, however, left me on unread.

They hold a piece of my soul.

And won't give it back.

They know me on a soul level.

And still can't remember my love language.

We're rewriting the twin flame template.

Because the current one is a flaming dumpster of emotional chaos.

They helped me awaken.

And now I'm tired forever.

He's not emotionally available right now.

...or ever.

He's my spiritual mirror.

Which is probably why I keep smashing it.

We're in sacred pause.

Also known as "he ghosted me and I'm spiritualizing it."

The universe will bring us back together.

Right after it finishes laughing.

We're each other's reflection.

Except I go to therapy, and he goes to Glastonbury.

He's doing his healing in private.

Also known as "ignoring me in public."

He woke something up in me.

And now I can't get it to go back to sleep.

What a Psychic Might Tell You About Your Twin Flame and What They Really Mean

They're thinking about you constantly.

Or they saw your story and kept scrolling. Either way, you're still allowed to move on.

They're just not ready yet, but they will be.

Translation: Hang on to hope indefinitely while they work on absolutely nothing.

They love you deeply, but they're scared.

Yeah, scared of accountability, vulnerability, and possibly feelings in general.

You have a strong soul connection.

And that connection may be there to teach you how to walk away, not wait.

They're being divinely guided back to you.

Meanwhile, you're being guided toward boundaries and better taste.

They're coming back once they've learned the lesson.

But no one said what century that would be.

Spirit shows me a reunion.

Spirit also showed you a text that never arrived. Trust actions, not tarot.

You're meant to be together in this lifetime.

Or maybe you're just meant to wake up in this lifetime.

They're not with anyone else romantically.

They're just "energy-sharing" with several other confused people.

This connection is sacred.

And so is your peace; please don't sacrifice it for someone else's potential.

Spiritual As F*ck and Still a Hot Mess
**A brutally honest look at divine guidance and
delusional choices**

I asked the angels for help.

But I think I'm on hold.

I'm divinely protected.

Unless I'm on a dating app. Then it's free will, apparently.

My spirit team is strong.

And probably exhausted from trying to steer me away from red flags.

I'm being guided.

Into total confusion.

I trust my spirit team completely.

Until things go wrong.

I asked my angels for a sign.

I'm still in the queue.

I'm building a relationship with my guides.

Mostly by ghosting them when things get too real.

They're cheering me on.

But also deeply concerned about your continued contact with your ex.

They sent me a white feather.

But I really needed a career change and a decent therapist.

My guardian angel is amazing.

Especially considering what I put them through in my twenties.

They speak through music.

Which is why I now think Beyoncé is a high priestess.

I channel divine wisdom.

But only when Mercury isn't retrograde and I've had enough sleep.

They helped me reclaim my power.

And then you gave it away to someone named MoonWolf69.

I'm divinely guided at all times.

Except when I'm hungry, hormonal, or talking to my mother.

They whispered through intuition.

And you responded with "maybe it's early signs of dementia?"

They're helping me raise my vibration.

By forcing me to go through absolutely everything I thought I'd healed.

They're guiding me toward clarity.

Which is code for "you're about to lose all your illusions and your favourite hoodie."

They're helping me level up.

And by level up, I mean cry more creatively.

They know my heart.

Which is why they send obstacles every time you chase something unworthy.

I work with archangels daily.

Mostly to ask for signs I'll ignore.

They spoke to me in a dream.

Which I promptly forgot.

They communicate through synchronicities.

Like repeating numbers, vivid dreams, and numberplates with his initials on.

I can feel them around me.

And still choose chaos. Again.

They've been with me in every lifetime.

And they're hoping I finally learn this time.

They trigger my healing.

They triggered your anxiety, and abandonment wounds.

It's not toxic, it's karmic.

Classic spiritual rebrand of a messy relationship.

We're meant to trigger each other.

Which explains why I scream into my pillow and call it spiritual growth.

25 Divine Truths and their Meanings

Let it go.

I've emotionally bypassed it and now I'm pretending I'm enlightened.

It's all happening for a reason.

Because if it's not, then I did all this inner work for absolutely nothing.

I'm just holding space.

I'm silently judging you while looking calm and lighting Palo Santo.

This is my shadow work.

I'm crying, doomscrolling, and calling it growth.

I'm calling in alignment.

I don't know what I want, but I'm manifesting anyway.

You're triggering me.

You're reminding me I haven't healed, and I hate that for me.

I'm integrating.

I've done nothing for three weeks and I need it to sound mystical.

Trust the universe.

There's no plan, I'm winging it, and hoping for a miracle.

I'm cleansing my space.

I'm passive-aggressively burning sage because you pissed me off.

I'm protecting my peace.

I've ghosted everyone and now I'm calling it a boundary.

I'm being guided.

I have no idea what I'm doing, but I bought crystals.

Sacred pause.

Burnout but make it spiritual.

My soul chose this.

Apparently I picked the hard level in Earth School and I'm regretting everything.

Aligned action.

I finally did the thing I've been avoiding for three weeks.

Non-attachment.

I've given up caring, but I want credit for being spiritual about it.

Cosmic upgrade.

I'm exhausted, irritable, and calling it an ascension symptom.

Energetic boundaries.

I've stopped answering your texts but in a deeply conscious way.

Just feel it.

You're crying in a bathtub again, but now it's intentional.

Quantum leap.

I made one decision and now I expect my entire life to change overnight.

Spiritual bypassing.

I read one book and now I don't do feelings.

Sacred no.

A regular no, but with better lighting and moral superiority.

Awakening.

Everything is falling apart, and I've decided to call it spiritual.

Your guides are with you.

Mine aren't answering, so I'm saying it to make us both feel better.

I'm anchoring new codes.

No one knows what this means, but it sounds important.

I am the medicine.

I'm completely exhausted and hoping someone else believes in me.

Boundaries, Blunt Truths & Cosmic Realness

Spiritual growth isn't all incense, chanting, and floating above it all. Sometimes, it's messy, hilarious, and downright sassy.

This section is for true spiritual seekers who know that alignment doesn't always mean agreement, and that sometimes the best self-care is saying "nope" with style.

Whether you're hovering above the drama in sunglasses or gently wielding a flamethrower of boundaries, here's a collection of cosmic quips and grounded truths to keep you laughing, loving, and remaining unapologetically yourself on your journey.

Because honestly? Sometimes the most enlightened thing you can do is just sip the overpriced tea and look slightly unbothered.

Feeling Sassy and Sacred?

This is spiritual truth with a wink; grounded, soul-deep, but not afraid to roll its eyes at the fluff.

- Sometimes it just needs you to say: Yeah, that sucked but I'm fabulous now.
- Inner peace can exist alongside outer nonsense. I am the eye of this drama hurricane.
- Healing doesn't mean trusting everyone. It means side-eyeing with compassion.
- Emotionally, spiritually, energetically...no one's home. Leave a message after the ego death.
- You don't need to attend every emotional flashback you're invited to. Especially the ones catered by your inner critic.
- Not every childhood wound needs a journal entry.
- Your birth chart is beautiful, even if your life's a mess.
- You're not difficult. You're just astrologically complex.
- I confronted my inner child. She flipped me off.
- You've accidentally committed to something that sounds suspiciously like growth.

How About Unfiltered & Funny?

Messy, cheeky, and completely over it. For the soul who has healed just enough to start cancelling plans - guilt-free.

- I cried in a yurt for this?
- I saged the room and still hate everyone in it.
- Crystals don't fix character flaws.
- Love this tote! Fits my tarot deck, water bottle, and decades of unresolved mother wounds!
- I've met this vibe before. She still doesn't tip well.
- If this is a soul contract, I'd like to speak to the manager.
- Too grounded to give a sh*t.
- Just because it's spiritual doesn't mean it's safe.
- I'm not avoiding growth. I'm just giving it space. A lot of it.
- I'm not toxic, I'm just moon sensitive.
- Pretty sure I was burned at the stake for less.
- Just enough growth to cancel without guilt.

Feeling Edgy & Empowered?

For the boundary queens and vibe-preserving legends who've survived too many soul contracts to play nice anymore.

- I do not explain my boundaries. I just build them tall and vibe behind them.
- I am the vibe. I am the boundary. I'm spiritually booked and emotionally unavailable.
- I honour your journey, but I won't be attending.
- No is a complete sentence. It's also a complete vibe.
- Holding space doesn't mean holding your drama.
- I return it to sender with love... and no forwarding address.
- I can be supportive without being a sponge.
- I forgive. But I also archive and mute.
- I choose peace. Unless peace texts me at 11:11.
- I'm energetically unavailable for this conversation.
- I'm not avoiding connection, I'm just wildly uninterested.
- I'm setting a boundary. It's called Do Not Disturb.
- It's not rude. It's radiant self-preservation.
- This soul is on do-not-disturb. Try again next lifetime.
- You don't need to "come back to earth" just because others want access to your peace. Float freely, friend.

- I don't rise above; I float past wearing sunglasses.
- Breathe. Block. Float above the drama.
- Detachment isn't denial if you do it with style.
- I'm spiritual, not stupid.
- I'm not avoiding my triggers; I'm just refusing to RSVP.

Maybe Cosmic Chaos and Mood Magic tempts you?

For when your nervous system is fried but you still blame Mercury retrograde. Because healing is real, even when the moon is full.

- It's not a crisis. It's a cosmic reshuffling.
- The planets may be retrograde, but your power isn't.
- Know my moon sign but can't locate my charger.
- In a past life, I probably said yes when I should've saged the room and left.
- I am not ungrounded. I'm just hovering above the drama.
- My shadow said rest, so I ghosted everyone.
- My higher self has left the chat.
- Reincarnated? Yes. Ready for this nonsense again? Absolutely not.
- Reparented my inner child and now she won't stop texting.
- This feels familiar because I've already outgrown this situation... in three lifetimes.
- Your Rising Sign Isn't a Red Flag. It's a Warning Label.

WOMB WISDOM: TRUTHS THAT KEEP IT REAL

Womb Wisdom is not 'goddess-in-linen, oracle-card-drenched ascension.' This is real work, the kind that doesn't come with a crystal subscription or a cacao ceremony invite. Womb wisdom isn't cute. It's confusing, inconvenient, and occasionally covered in clay. **These 22 truths** are for anyone who's tried to heal their deepest wounds with incense and Instagram quotes and finally got honest about what's really going on.

If you've ever cried on the bus and blamed your uterus, welcome - you're in the right place. Here's your guide to the real side of womb wisdom with zero fluff and all the sass.

1. I bought a cauldron and a drum on Etsy instead of setting boundaries with my mother.
2. I keep saying "trust the process" but I'm avoiding the part where I take responsibility.
3. I've cried three times this week and now I'm blaming my uterus instead of naming my grief.
4. I talk about womb healing, but I haven't even asked my body about the sadness and rage it's holding.
5. I saged my house but not the people who trigger me.
6. I'm calling it a frequency shift, but really, I just ghosted someone again.

7. I journaled for ten minutes and now I'm trying to launch a trauma-informed brand.
8. I said I'm "anchoring codes" when I meant "I have no idea what I'm doing."
9. I say, "my guides told me", when it's just what I wanted to hear.
10. I sat with a candle and called it a ceremony but skipped the part where I got honest.
11. I bought the course, lit the candle, cried on the mat, and still avoided the truth.
12. I blamed a soul contract for choosing someone who was never emotionally available.
13. I call it a sacred spiral but really I just didn't want to admit I'm self-sabotaging.
14. I said "I'm not available for chaos" but I am the chaos.
15. I spiritualised my burnout instead of resting.
16. I ghosted everyone and called it a sacred integration period.
17. I keep buying oracle decks instead of asking real questions.
18. I manifested a mess and now I'm calling it a lesson.
19. I'm crying in a dry robe and haven't responded to emails. But it's divine feminine energy, right?
20. I keep saying "I'm healing" to avoid saying "I'm scared and stalling."

21. I've done nothing for three weeks and needed it to sound mystical.
22. I don't have a plan, I'm winging it, and calling it intuitive alignment.

My Personal Spiritual Bypassing Favourites

Spiritual As Fuck.

I bought a deck of tarot cards and a cauldron on Etsy.

Trust the process.

I have no control over what's happening and it's deeply inconvenient.

Frequency shift.

I changed my Spotify playlist and now I'm calling it ascension.

Your guides are with you.

Mine aren't answering, so I'm saying it to make us both feel better.

Akashic Records.

The cosmic Wikipedia no one really understands but we're all quoting anyway.

I've been in ceremony.

I sat alone with a candle and pretended it was sacred.

She's fully embodied.

She wears linen, eats raw cacao, and doesn't blink when you cry.

I'm not available for chaos.

Unless it's mine, in which case I'm making a whole healing journey out of it.

Healing is nonlinear.

I spiralled again but I'm calling it a sacred revisit.

This is my edge.

I'm completely overwhelmed and spiritualizing my breakdown.

Soul contracts.

I'm blaming cosmic paperwork for my toxic relationship.

Energy doesn't lie.

Except when it does and I still dated him.

She's in her priestess era.

She rebranded, got a ring light, and now she's charging \$888 for breathwork.

I'm anchoring new codes.

No one knows what this means, but it sounds important and I'm tired.

We're nearly at full enlightenment. Or full meltdown.

Could go either way. Eff my chakras, I need a burger... and maybe a nap... and fewer oracle decks.

Let it go.

I've given up trying to understand it and I'm pretending that's growth.

It's all happening for a reason.

I need this to make sense, or I will lose it in the organic tea aisle.

She's in her divine feminine.

She's crying, wearing a robe, and hasn't answered her emails in 6 days.

Sacred pause.

Burnout, but make it spiritual.

I'm calling in alignment.

I don't know what I want, but I'm manifesting anyway.

I'm integrating.

I've done nothing for three weeks and I need it to sound mystical.

Trust the universe.

There's no plan, I'm winging it, and hoping for a miracle.

Before You Fly From the Nest...

Let's get one thing clear: **your healing isn't meant to be cute.** It's not a Pinterest board. It's not a brand strategy. It's not that regrettable, emotional entanglement you had during the last full moon.

This isn't love-and-light cosplay, this is soul surgery.

Before you go flying off with your incense, your vision board, and your half-unpacked shadow work, I need you to sit your sacred-self down and read this next bit like your healing depends on it - because it does.

These are the uncomfortable truths your spiritual ego doesn't want you to hear but your soul is begging you to integrate. Consider this your final rite of passage. The moment you stop bypassing, sugar-coating, and throwing glitter on gaping wounds.

You wanted real? Here it is.

Let's burn the illusions one brutally sacred truth at a time.

1. Manifestation or Manipulation?

Slapping the word manifestation on control doesn't make it conscious. You're not "calling it in" - you're micromanaging the Universe with a Pinterest board and a fear of rejection.

Real manifestation isn't about bending reality - it's about becoming someone who doesn't need to manipulate outcomes just to feel safe. True alignment doesn't require obsession. It requires surrender. And babe... you hate surrender.

Wanting something badly isn't divine, it's just desire and when desire turns into demand it's not co-creation, it's coercion in cosmic drag.

If you're scripting someone else's free will into your vision board that's not alignment - that's strategic witchcraft with a side of control issues. You're not a bad witch, but let's not pretend this is sacred when it's obsession wearing a sparkling tiara.

2. Chakras Aren't a Character Reference

Your throat chakra being "blocked" doesn't excuse you being a passive-aggressive mess. Don't tell me your heart chakra is "open" if you weaponize silence and call it peace.

You can chant om until your neighbours file a complaint, but if you're still gossiping, judging, or emotionally constipated, your crown chakra might be lit, but your integrity is on airplane mode.

Alignment without accountability is just spiritual bullshit. Your energy centres don't make you a better person. Your choices do.

Congrats on the open crown chakra, now let's work on closing the gossip portal.

3. Love & Light is Not a Conflict Strategy

Smiling as you dodge emotional accountability isn't sacred, it's performative. Love without truth is just decoration. Light without shadow work? Stage lighting.

"Sending love" isn't a Get Out of Accountability Free card. It's spiritual ghosting in a pastel nightie. If your version of healing avoids hard conversations, you're not enlightened, you're emotionally unavailable in a crystal crown.

You can't slap glitter on a boundary breach and call it peace. Speaking your truth isn't low vibe but denial *is*.

4. God Doesn't Need You to Be Nice

Divinity isn't impressed by how softly you swallow your truth. Holy doesn't mean hollow. You're not here to be palatable. Niceness that costs you your voice is spiritual self-abandonment.

Bold is blessed. Sacred has a spine. And holy doesn't always whisper.

The Divine didn't gift you a fire just to have you whisper through smoke. Speak up. Shake tables. Let heaven hear your 'Hell No!'

5. You're Allowed to Swear in Spiritual Spaces

Sometimes the only prayer left is: What the actual f*ck? Spirituality isn't ruined by realness; it's revealed by it. Your rage is not a flaw; it's the fire that burns away the fake. You can say "f*ck this" and still be divinely connected.

You don't need to sage your language to access the Divine. Swearing doesn't lower your vibration - faking it does.

6. When You Can't Namaste the Narcissist

You're not toxic for cutting off someone who weaponised your compassion. Forgiveness doesn't mean reunion.

Spiritual maturity means knowing when to love someone from a safe fucking distance. You can bless them, block them, and never speak to them again. That's not cold. That's clarity.

Namaste out of my life.

7. Saging Your House Won't Fix the Lies You're Living With

It's not your house that's haunted, it's your self-deception. You don't need another ritual. You need to stop rehearsing the same denial and calling it divine. You can sage the sofa, cleanse the corners, chant your playlist on loop, but if you're still lying to yourself, the only energy stuck in your space is your own.

You don't need incense. You need honesty.

8. The Divine is Not Disappointed in You

You're not broken. You're just exhausted from trying to be holy instead of whole. The Divine doesn't care how spiritual you look. She's not giving out gold stars for high vibes and humble brags. You don't need to earn your worth. You *are* your worth.

The Divine never asks for your performance; she only ever asks for your presence.

Certificate of Almost Enlightenment

This certifies that YOU, holder of complex trauma and impeccable sarcasm, have successfully completed zero actual steps toward spiritual mastery, but have survived countless pages of emotionally validating satire with grace, grit, and a killer sense of humour.

You are now qualified to:

- Light incense for no reason.
- Say “no” without guilt.
- Sit quietly with your chaos (or ignore it completely).
- Recommend this book to your therapist.
- Roll your eyes at anything that ends in “vibes only”.

Signed: Your Higher Self - she’s been watching and she’s proud... in her own detached way.

Spiritually Over It - Wrap Up Ritual

You came, you saged, you set boundaries with cosmic precision and glittery conviction. Together, we finished a book that's:

- Shallow without being hollow.
- Soulful without being soggy.
- Sacred without being sanctimonious.

And deeply, delightfully real.

Rest, recharge, reclaim your sparkle, and remember: your worth is not defined by Mercury retrograde, moon phases, or mood swings. Take your crystals and your kombucha and leave in alignment with your most sacred self.

See you soon you fabulous, emotionally unavailable, celestial sass whispering star beam.

Until next time,

Love & Light!

Alison Rose

P.S Spiritually Over It? Remember: you're not broken, you're just burnt out on spiritual bypassing. The truth doesn't need glitter. Healing doesn't need hashtags.

And real growth?

It's not quiet, it's not comfortable, and it's not always 'on brand.'

Come back to your soul, not your storyline. Strip it all back, return to what's real. You don't need to **vibe higher**, you need to **feel deeper**.

The work is sacred, but so is your sanity.

Choose rest. Choose truth. Choose you.



Thank you for reading Spiritually Over it. Head over to thehealinglibrary.com and say hi. See you there!