



Ma Boussole est Ma Valeur

A Self-Truth Manifesto

I do not perform harmony.

I honor authentic above appearance.
Caring for my nervous system is not forsaking anything.
Caring for my nervous system is caring for me.
Caring for my nervous system
is how I bring peace to myself, and to the world.

I tell the truth even when it's inconvenient.

My boundaries are not grudges.
They are the architecture of a life I choose to live inside,
based on what I deserve.

I am not closed. I am protective.


I know the difference.
My heart stays open to those who handle it with care.
Distance is not hatred or judgment—it is discernment.

I am not obligated to offer love in the shape others prefer.

I do not owe access.
I do not owe participation.
I do not owe accommodation.
I am not cheating myself of spiritual growth.
This is the spiritual growth.

I can welcome perspective without severing myself from my heart.

I can stay open without dissolving, without abandoning.
I can be shaped by experience,
and still trust my compass as my primary source of navigation.



My path is sacred.

I have walked through fire to arrive here.
I do not need to be fixed—only witnessed as I am.

I am love.

I am open, in what open means to me.
My interpretation of openness is one that honors my soul.

I will not distort my compass's navigation

to ease the discomfort of others.

I will not change just to appease.

To call my healing stubborn is to misunderstand:

My healing is my sovereignty to be celebrated.

No one can take it from me or redefine it to their liking.

I trust myself.

Even when I feel alone.

Even when I am misunderstood.

Even when only I can see the truth of my becoming.

This is what growth looks like.

It is sometimes quiet, sometimes disruptive.

Always holy.

Always mine—

and somehow, recycled as an offering,
part of you, part of everything.