

# Just Let Go

*Ancient solutions for the modern mind*



by Scott Duvall

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## **Preface**

### **Just Let Go: Ancient Solutions for the Modern Mind**

The modern world moves fast. Too fast. We wake up to notifications, measure our worth by productivity, and carry the weight of uncertainty as if bracing against an unseen storm. Our minds, designed for stillness, are pulled in a thousand directions, caught in cycles of overthinking, controlling, resisting. We search for peace, but often, we look in the wrong places, believing it will come when life is finally predictable, when every loose thread is neatly tied. But what if peace was never something to chase? What if it was simply something to *return to*?

This book is an invitation to do just that.

Just Let Go is not about giving up, it is about waking up. It is a call to soften our grip, to meet life not with resistance, but with trust. The wisdom of the ancient world has always known what we are now remembering: true freedom does not come from controlling more, but from surrendering to what already is. From Rumi's poetry to Buddhist mindfulness to the teachings of great sages across time, there has always been a path toward inner stillness. This collection of poetic verses is a humble offering, a bridge between that timeless wisdom and our modern, restless minds.

Each poetic verse is a breath, a pause, a moment to step out of the chaos and into clarity. Through these verses, you will find reflections on releasing control, embracing change, quieting the mind, and returning to presence. The words are not here to give you something new, but to remind you of what you already know, that beneath the noise, there is a place of deep peace within you.

Let this book be your companion in that journey. Read it slowly. Let the words settle. Take what you need, leave what you don't. And above all, remember you were never meant to hold it all.

So, take a breath. Open your hands. And just let go.

## **A Thank You to Rumi**

To Rumi, the luminous guide, the weaver of words, the poet who speaks across centuries, thank you.

Your poetry is more than language; it is a doorway. A path back to presence, a mirror reflecting the sacred in the ordinary. In your verses, the breath slows, the mind quiets, and the heart remembers what it has always known: life is not something to conquer, but to be lived with reverence.

You taught us that love is not just an emotion, but a way of seeing. That silence holds more wisdom than words. That surrender is not weakness, but the deepest kind of trust. Through your eyes, the world becomes softer, more alive, shimmering with divine presence.

Your influence has been my guide, shaping not only the way I see the world but the way I bring words to it. In these poetic verses, your spirit echoes, the call to release, to trust, to find peace not in control, but in letting go. This collection is a tribute to that wisdom, a reflection of the sacred truth you so effortlessly revealed: that freedom is not found in holding tighter, but in opening our hands.

Poetry, when touched by your spirit, is not just art, it is mindfulness. It is awareness. It is a call to wake up, to see life not as a series of tasks, but as a sacred unfolding. Your words remind us that the soul is always speaking, that beauty is always present, that to truly live is to listen.

May we learn to meet the world as you did, with wonder, with openness, with love. May we let go of what does not serve, soften where we once resisted, and embrace the mystery with open hands.

Rumi, beloved teacher, timeless friend, thank you for showing us the way home.

## Introduction

Have you ever felt like you're gripping too tightly, your mind looping, your body tense, trying to control what was never yours to hold? You're not alone. We live in a world that teaches us to resist, to overthink, to manage every detail as if peace can only be earned through control. But what if the opposite were true?

What if real freedom isn't in controlling more, but in letting go?

The poetic verses in this collection are an invitation, a gentle but powerful shift in perspective. They draw from ancient wisdom and modern science, reminding us that transformation doesn't happen in one grand moment, but in small, quiet choices: a breath instead of a reaction, a pause instead of a spiral, a trust that replaces fear.

Like water shaping stone, the mind can be rewired. Through mindfulness, neuroplasticity, and the art of surrender, we learn to release control, not as defeat, but as strength. The world will continue to move, fast and unpredictable, but you? You will meet it differently.

This is not passivity. **This is power.**

So, take a breath. Open your hands. Step into the freedom that has always been waiting for you.

## The Unfinished Thought

You reach for the glowing window,  
a small sun in your palm.  
A whisper calls, Look, see, *know!*  
The light shifts, the world waits,  
but your mind stays behind, tangled in its own web.

Did she answer?  
Will the world crumble before noon?  
The heart beats not for love,  
but for the next sound,  
the next pull,  
the next thread in the unraveling cloth of thought.

This is life now,  
not in the wind's caress,  
not in the hush of dawn,  
but in the endless dance of grasping,  
a thousand hands reaching, never holding.

Once, we watched the fire's slow song,  
read the stars like scripture,  
knew the language of a sigh,  
the meaning of a gaze held a moment longer.  
Now, the mind scatters like startled birds,  
too full, too fast, too afraid of the quiet.

Oh beloved, do you not see?  
The tighter you hold, the heavier the chains.  
The more you chase, the further peace runs.  
Lay down your need to know,  
to control, to grip the river in your fists.

Come, breathe with me.  
Not as one drowning, but as one free.  
Let the world turn without your hand upon it.  
Let the unanswered question rest in its own silence.  
What if you let go,  
and found that you were never lost?

Who will you become  
when you no longer seek,  
but simply *are*?

Close your eyes, love.  
Exhale.  
Begin.

### **The Loop and the Letting Go**

The unopened letter waits,  
but your mind has already read it a hundred times.  
The past echoes in your chest,  
a whisper of mistakes,  
a shadow of what *might* be.

Beloved, do you not see?  
The mind is a faithful servant  
but a terrible master.  
It tightens its grip,  
searching for dangers that do not exist,  
like a bird trapped in an open cage,  
beating its wings against imagined walls.

Once, this fear was a gift.  
A snap of a twig, a shadow in the trees,  
your ancestors ran,  
and so they lived.

But now, your lions are emails,  
your dangers are delays,  
your mind fights wars that never come.

And oh, how it feeds itself!  
A thought sparks a fire,  
the fire calls the wind,  
the wind gathers the storm.  
The body listens,  
tightens, braces,  
as if worry were a shield.

But listen, love,  
you do not have to burn.  
The same mind that built the cage  
holds the key.  
A pause. A breath.  
A moment of stillness.  
Do you see?  
Fear cannot hold what does not grasp back.

Close your eyes.  
Give the worry a shape,  
a color, a form.  
Now, soften it.  
Let it blur like mist on morning water,  
let it drift like smoke into sky.

You do not have to *fight* fear.  
You only have to stop feeding it.  
The breath knows the way,  
slow inhale, slower exhale.  
The nervous system listens,  
the mind rewrites itself.  
Each pause is a new path.



So, tell me, beloved,  
will you walk in circles,  
or will you step into the open air?

### **The Unclenching**

You hold the wheel, the outcome, the need to know.  
Knuckles white, breath tight, thoughts spinning like restless stars.  
If only you could map the future,  
solve every riddle before it is asked,  
maybe, just maybe, you would feel safe.

Ah, beloved, but do you not see?  
Control is a mirage, a trick of the thirsty mind.  
You chase it across the desert,  
but the water never comes.

The mind was built for survival,  
a faithful servant whispering, *Prepare! Protect! Prevent!*  
It believes the world is a storm to be tamed,  
that if it folds every crease just right,  
nothing will fall apart.

But life is not origami.  
It is the wind, the river, the unfolding sky.  
Did the ocean ask permission to rise?  
Did the seasons seek your consent to turn?

You grip tighter,  
because once, uncertainty was a wound,  
because once, perfection felt like love,  
because once, loss taught you fear.  
And yet, tell me, love,  
has control ever given you peace?

Here is the shift:

Letting go is not surrender,  
it is trust.

It is a warrior laying down the sword,  
not in defeat, but in wisdom.

A pause. A breath.

A question: *What if I don't need to control this?*

What if the heart, left unguarded,  
finds it was safe all along?

The mind listens,  
the body follows,  
the jaw softens, the shoulders unburden,  
the breath deepens like a quiet sea.

You were never meant to hold it all.

So tell me, beloved,  
who do you become  
when you finally let go?

### **The Breath Remembers**

Your shoulders tighten, but you do not notice.  
Your breath is a whisper, shallow and hurried.  
A message unanswered, a thought unfinished,  
*Did I forget? Am I behind? What must I fix?*  
The mind hums its restless tune,  
and the body, loyal servant, follows.

Beloved, do you not see?  
The world has no pause button,  
so you must become the stillness.  
The mind, wired for danger,

sees the unknown as a beast to be tamed,  
but not all shadows hold teeth.

Your heart races, your breath quickens,  
not because you are in danger,  
but because no one told your body that you are safe.  
So tell it now.

A breath in.  
Longer out.  
The exhale speaks to the bones,  
whispers to the heart, *Stand down, love. You are home.*  
The storm stills. The mind softens.  
The body, once braced for battle,  
remembers it was never meant to be a fortress.

There are keys hidden in the breath.  
Inhale four, hold seven, exhale eight,  
the heart listens. The muscles unburden.  
A double inhale, a slow sigh,  
the nervous system rewrites the script.

And deeper still,  
sink below the thinking, the gripping,  
let the mind slip into silence,  
where fear has no name,  
where presence is the only truth.

This is resilience,  
not the absence of storms,  
but the knowing that you can return,  
again and again, to the eye of calm.

So, tell me, beloved,  
will you wait for peace to find you,  
or will you breathe yourself back to it?

## The Unseen Chain

You reach, just for a moment.  
A message, a headline, a whisper of news.  
Five minutes pass. Then ten.  
The scroll unfurls like an endless road,  
each step leading nowhere, yet pulling you forward.

Did you choose this?  
Or did it choose you?

The world is clever, beloved.  
It places gold coins in the palm of your mind,  
not all at once, but one by one,  
just enough to keep you reaching.

A like. A comment. A flicker of joy.  
A slot machine hidden in your hand,  
spinning, waiting, rewarding,  
but never filling the hollow space.

The mind adapts.  
Pleasure once found in silence now seeks noise.  
Stillness feels like absence.  
A book feels slow.  
A conversation, incomplete without a screen's hum in the background.

And the deeper magic?  
The machine *knows* you.  
It learns your hunger before you feel it,  
places before you what you did not know you wanted.  
There is no ending, only the next.  
The next. The next.

But love, tell me,  
how long will you keep pulling the thread  
before you realize you are unraveling?

There is another way.  
A pause. A breath before reaching.  
A morning where the sun, not the screen,  
is the first thing you greet.  
A moment where joy is not served in pixels,  
but found in the weight of your own being.  
To unplug is not to reject,  
but to reclaim.  
To remember that the quiet is not empty,  
but full.  
That your attention, once scattered,  
can return to you, whole.  
And in that stillness, beloved,  
you will find what was never lost,  
the power to choose.

### **The Lost Hour**

Before your eyes fully open,  
your hand moves, reaching.  
The screen glows, the world waits,  
messages, headlines, voices calling you forward.  
You whisper, *just one thing*,  
but time is a river, and you are already drifting.  
The day has not begun,  
yet the mind is tangled,  
pulled in a thousand directions  
before it has even found itself.  
This is the new way,  
the endless stream, the silent tether,  
connection without presence,

motion without stillness.

We are more *linked* than ever,  
but when was the last time you were *here*?

Ah, beloved, the mind was not made  
to drink from a flood.

Once, it wandered slow paths,  
sat with thoughts until they bloomed,  
dwelled in the depth of a single moment.

Now, it leaps, chases,  
feeds on flashes of knowing,  
never full, never still.

It is not the machine that binds you,  
but the unseen hand that feeds it,  
watching, learning, pulling the thread of your attention,  
until even silence feels like absence.

But listen, there is another way.

Step back. Pause.

Let the morning belong to you, not the screen.

Let your breath arrive before the world does.

One hour untouched,  
one moment reclaimed,  
one choice made not by habit, but by you.

The world will not stop,  
the current will not slow,  
but you,  
you can learn when to step in,  
and when to let it pass.

Technology will grow,  
the digital world will deepen,  
but tell me, love,

will you be carried,  
or will you choose how you move?

The more space you make,  
the more you will see,  
the mind, unburdened,  
returns to itself.

And what was once lost  
becomes yours again.

### **The Crossroads**

You stand where two paths meet.

One is resistance,  
a clenched fist against what was,  
a war with what is.

The mind replays, rewrites,  
fighting a battle already lost.

The other? Acceptance.

Not surrender, not defeat,  
but a quiet bow to reality,  
a whisper: *I will walk with this, not against it.*

Most resist.

The mind believes that if it holds tight enough,  
twists the past like a locked door,  
it can force the world to change.

But love, tell me,  
has resistance ever softened the truth?  
Has grasping ever stopped the river from flowing?

The mind rebels against contradiction.  
Neuroscience calls it *prediction error*,  
expecting one world, meeting another.

The amygdala flares, the body tenses,  
and we spiral, searching for a door that does not exist.

But listen, there is another way.

Radical Acceptance.

A breath. A pause. A practice.

Sit with the discomfort, let it be.

Whisper: *I allow this to be here.*

And something strange happens,  
the pain does not swallow you whole.

It softens, shifts, changes form.

A vision:

You stand by a river, holding a stone,  
your resistance, your grief, your need to control.

You release it.

It sinks, it drifts, it is gone.

And you, love, are lighter.

Viktor Frankl did not survive by fighting what was.

Byron Katie awoke when she stopped arguing with reality.

Michael Singer built an empire not through force,  
but by stepping aside, letting life move through him.

The lesson?

When you stop gripping, life moves.

Letting go is not weakness.

It is the bravest thing you can do.

You shift from *Why is this happening?*

to *What do I do next?*

From *I can't handle this*

to *I have handled everything before this. I will handle this too.*

And then,

you see the truth:



You were never stuck.  
You were only holding on.

Now, beloved,  
open your hands.

### **The Place You Live From**

The world hums, ever moving,  
climates shift, empires crumble,  
hearts break and mend in the same breath.  
You feel it, even when you do not name it,  
a weight, a whisper, a quiet unrest.

Beloved, do you not see?  
You are not separate from the tide.  
Your pulse beats with the world's own rhythm,  
your breath echoes the wind,  
your sorrow is not yours alone.

Step outside.  
Let the sun write warmth upon your skin,  
let the trees murmur forgotten truths,  
let the earth hold you as it always has.  
Science confirms what the soul already knows,  
twenty minutes beneath the sky, and the body remembers:  
peace is not found, it is returned to.

But oh, the unseen storms,  
the voices that never quiet,  
the news that never sleeps,  
the invisible walls of modern life.  
Loneliness weaves itself into the fabric of our days,  
and the mind mistakes disconnection for danger.

Yet love, there is an antidote.  
A voice answering yours.  
A table where hands pass bread.  
A circle where laughter stitches the cracks.  
To belong is not luxury; it is the thread of being.

And deeper still, purpose.  
The missing piece.  
Without it, even the lightest burdens press heavy.  
With it, even the heaviest loads become wings.  
Align yourself with meaning, and life does not weigh you down,  
it lifts you.

It is all connected,  
the food you taste, the words you drink,  
the spaces you fill, the love you nurture,  
the earth beneath your feet.  
To cleanse your life is not just to clear a room,  
but to clear a path for joy to enter.

So where do you begin?  
A breath. A choice.  
Less grasping, more trusting.  
Less noise, more listening.  
Less reaching, more being.

And soon, peace is no longer something you chase,  
it is the place you live from.

## The Winds of Change

The ground beneath you shifts.  
The world moves faster than the breath you just took.  
A tide of change rushes in, sweeping away the old,  
before your hands have even let go.

For some, this is a storm.  
For others, a wind at their back.  
Not because the world is different,  
but because of how they meet it.

Beloved, do you not see?  
The rigid tree snaps in the gale,  
but the one that bends,  
that sways, that dances,  
that tree remains.

Your mind is no different.  
Cling to what was, and you will break.  
Loosen your grip, and you will find  
the wind was never against you,  
only urging you forward.

A pause. A breath.  
Where fear once took hold, stillness now enters.  
The thought comes, uncertainty, doubt, the old panic,  
but this time, you step back and whisper, *Interesting*.

What if this change is happening *for* me, not *to* me?  
What if uncertainty is not a void,  
but a doorway?

The body must learn this truth as well.  
Breathe in for four. Hold for four.  
Exhale for six. Let the nervous system listen.

The storm still rages,  
but you, love, are steady within it.

Thirty days of this.  
Thirty days of softening,  
of unlearning the need to control,  
of teaching the heart that uncertainty is not a curse,  
but an opening.

And then,  
resilience is no longer something you practice.  
It is who you are.

The future will come,  
with its twists, its turns,  
its unfolding unknowns.

You will never control the wind,  
but you will always control how you move within it.

So, tell me, beloved,  
who will you become?

### **The Quiet Revolution**

Transformation is not thunder in the sky,  
nor a mountain shifting in a single breath.  
It is the loosening of a grip,  
so subtle you almost do not notice.

A pause where there was once a reaction.  
A breath where there was once a storm.  
A choice, small, imperceptible,  
to meet the moment differently.

And the brain, that ancient storyteller,  
listens.

Neurons fire, pathways shift,  
the old roads of fear begin to fade,  
and new ones, ones of peace, are paved.

Science calls it *neuroplasticity*,  
but the mystics have always known.

The mind is clay, not stone,  
shaped by what you practice,  
molded by what you choose.

Each breath tells the body, *you are safe*.  
Each release teaches the heart, *you do not need to hold so tightly*.  
The amygdala, once a caged bird,  
no longer flutters at every sound.  
The mind, once frantic for control,  
learns the grace of allowing.

The world does not slow.  
The tides do not still.  
Yet something within you stops bracing.

Not because life is predictable,  
but because you no longer demand it to be.

Letting go is not surrender.  
It is an act of faith,  
a daily ritual,  
a quiet revolution in the body and soul.

It happens not all at once,  
but in the sacred accumulation of a thousand small moments.  
And yet, beloved, it always comes down to this one.

Right now.

So, close your eyes.

Breathe.

Listen.

The resistance softens,

the mind rewires,

and somewhere deep within, freedom begins.

## Afterword: The Next Step



You have read these words, let them settle into your mind, felt their echoes in your heart. But poetry, like wisdom, is not meant to be collected, it is meant to be lived.

The journey of letting go does not end with the last page. It is a daily practice, a choice you make in the smallest moments. The pause before reacting. The breath before resisting. The quiet acceptance of what *is*, instead of the endless fight for what *should be*.

So, take this with you:

- When the mind clings, soften your grip.
- When uncertainty arises, meet it with curiosity, not fear.
- When control slips through your fingers, remember, you were never meant to hold everything.

Let these poetic verses be a guide, but more importantly, let your own awareness lead the way. Observe your thoughts. Question old patterns. Trust that with each breath, you are rewiring, reshaping, and returning to something deeper, something freer.

Now, take one more breath. A slow inhale, a longer exhale. Feel the space you have created.

The next moment is yours to meet.

**Choose peace. Choose presence. And above all, just let go.**

Thank you for walking this path with me, for allowing these words into your heart, and for taking the time to read this book. May you carry its wisdom with you, not just in thought, but in action. The journey continues, and I am honored to have shared a piece of it with you, *Scott Duvall*