

WRITING THROUGH YOGA

“Be Here Now” ~Ram Daas

Today we will...

- Discuss how writing and yoga relate to each other
- Read poetry inspired by yoga
- Practice Yoga Breathing and Participate in a Mini Yoga Class
- Write about our experiences with yoga by describing our thoughts and feelings throughout the process
- Write a poem inspired by yoga and our experiences today

Why are we doing this?

- Yoga (attention to our breathing) can help us improve our writing.
 - Yoga and deep breathing help us clear our minds and become more focused- which allows us to approach our writing with less stress and more clarity
- Writing can help us improve our breathing.
 - Writing, too, can be a great stress reliever - writing gives you the opportunity to release emotions and stressful thoughts but putting them on paper - *This is a proven form of medical therapy for asthma patients!*

A Special Note:

- Remember that today is about your individual experience
- There is no right or wrong
- Yoga is not competitive - there is no judgment of self or others
 - Remember that each day is different - Know that wherever you are today is the best place for YOU to be
 - Remember that each person is different - This will be a very different experience for each of you.

Take these thoughts with you on your path as you navigate and travel through the rest of your day!

Poems Inspired by Yoga

Sun Salute

Stand firm on the axis
of your two arches.
Head down,
breathe deep of the damp earth
where roots have spread under old leaves.
Raise your arms slowly,
face turning like a daffodil
still wet from night's dew
until sun's beams
warm your coat of many colors,
and eyes open, astonished
at the golden glow
pulsing to arms
which lift weightless,
drawn by heart's gravity
to salute the sun.



Savasana (Relaxation)

Between in and out
is a place I want to go.
So I listen and breathe,
feel the air ripple and shimmer
till I pause,
and a space opens,
and I open too,
like a flower,
knowing where it roots,
how its branches spread,
why its petals smell like lavender.
Then I flow past,
rippling again,
with only scent of lavender
to hold me true.



Mountain Pose, Tadasana

Standing, I sing
my song of flowers, new green leaves,
crimson fruits.
Rooted in earth,
I spread my gift of shade,
while breezes play
in my leaves,
and my many fruits
ease the weary traveler.
From the cold wind,
my branches offer shelter

Standing, I fly,
knowing my birds will home
to nests they build
twig upon twig,
lined with thistle down
and my soft, fragrant petals.

Standing, I am here-
root, blossom, seed.
I spring and fall
in my many seasons.