



Brave Breath

I settle into the breath.
Into my breath.

Moving in. Moving out.
Opening me. Carrying me.

This is how I receive the love, support and wisdom from the
universe.

There is nothing I have to do, to receive this.
There is nothing I have to do, to take it in.
I do not have to effort or go searching, to find my breath.

It arrives on my doorstep, every moment.
Every hour. Every day.

I notice if I've fully trusted this.
I notice how trusting this, feels inside my body.

I allow my breath to expand.
I allow it to enrich me.

I soften and accept this breath.
I notice if I'm willing to fully welcome it in.

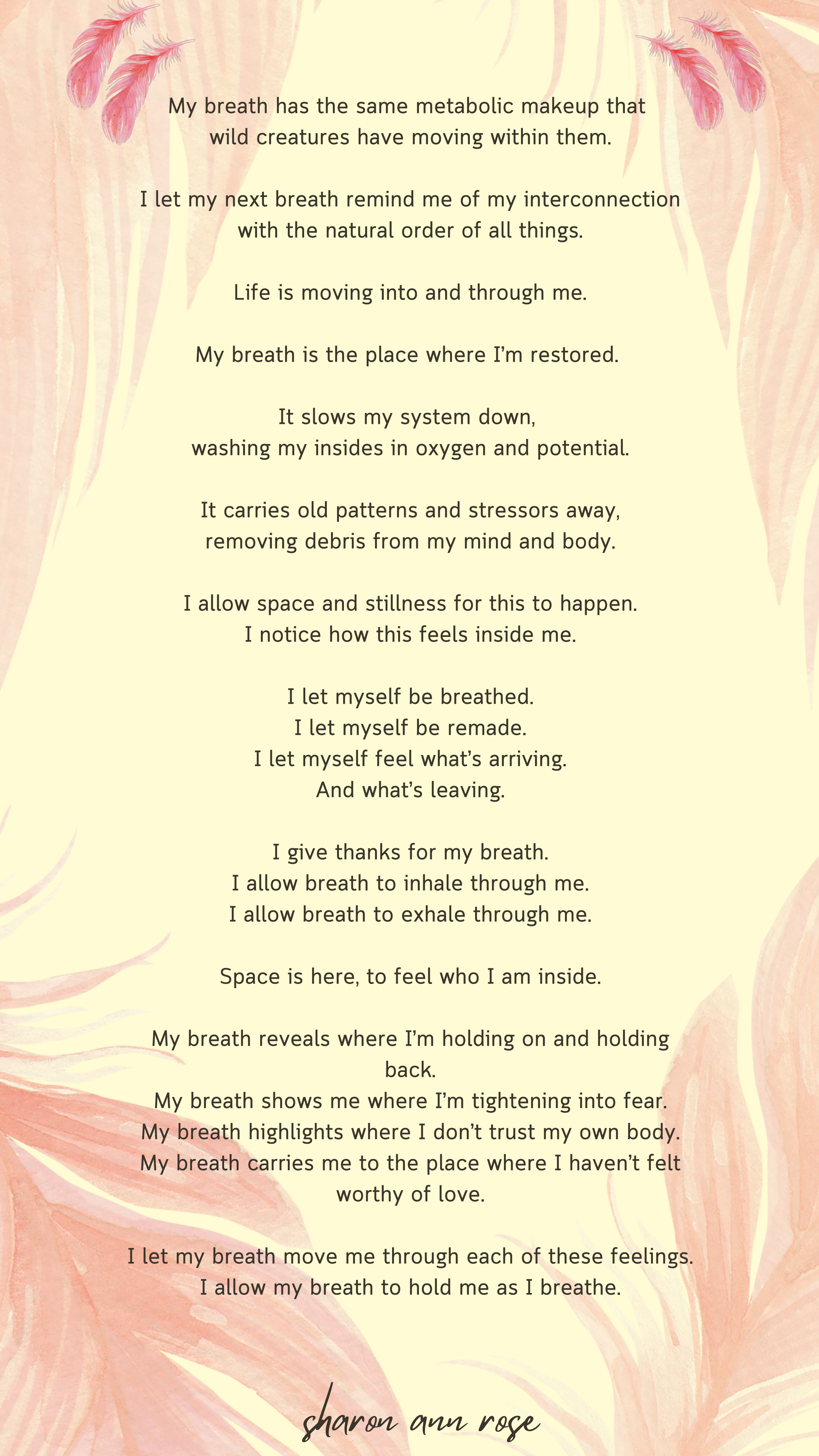
My breath moves deeper into the terrain of my body.
I don't need to guide, direct or manage it.
My breath follows something beyond me, and completely of me.

It carries the wisdom of universal guidance.
It is the current from my higher power.

My breath is the same breath that moves through
all people, everywhere.

My breath is made up of the same molecules that
the trees and plants are absorbing.

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My breath has the same metabolic makeup that
wild creatures have moving within them.

I let my next breath remind me of my interconnection
with the natural order of all things.

Life is moving into and through me.

My breath is the place where I'm restored.

It slows my system down,
washing my insides in oxygen and potential.

It carries old patterns and stressors away,
removing debris from my mind and body.

I allow space and stillness for this to happen.
I notice how this feels inside me.

I let myself be breathed.
I let myself be remade.
I let myself feel what's arriving.
And what's leaving.

I give thanks for my breath.
I allow breath to inhale through me.
I allow breath to exhale through me.

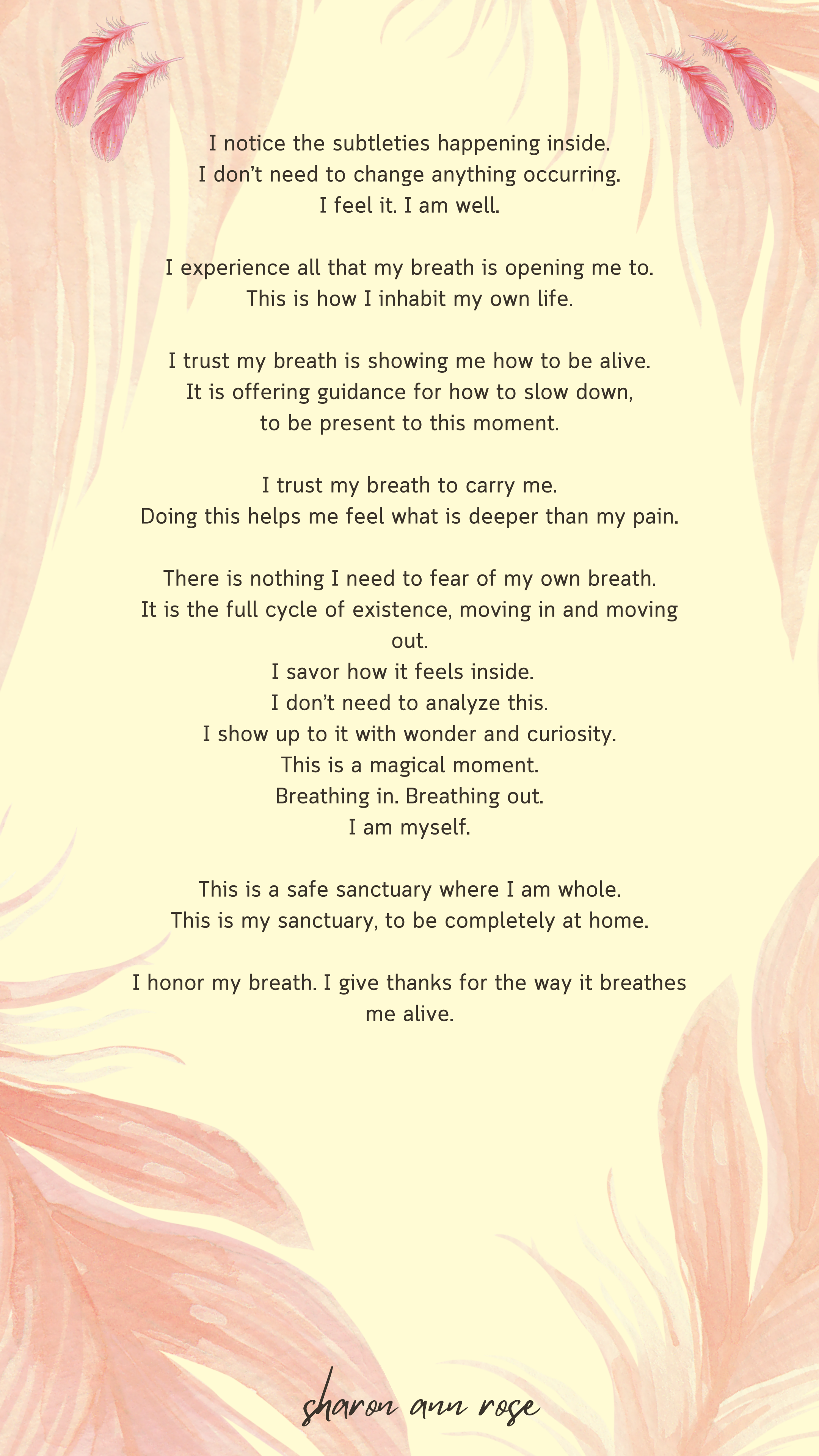
Space is here, to feel who I am inside.

My breath reveals where I'm holding on and holding
back.

My breath shows me where I'm tightening into fear.
My breath highlights where I don't trust my own body.
My breath carries me to the place where I haven't felt
worthy of love.

I let my breath move me through each of these feelings.
I allow my breath to hold me as I breathe.

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I notice the subtleties happening inside.
I don't need to change anything occurring.
I feel it. I am well.

I experience all that my breath is opening me to.
This is how I inhabit my own life.

I trust my breath is showing me how to be alive.
It is offering guidance for how to slow down,
to be present to this moment.

I trust my breath to carry me.
Doing this helps me feel what is deeper than my pain.

There is nothing I need to fear of my own breath.
It is the full cycle of existence, moving in and moving
out.

I savor how it feels inside.
I don't need to analyze this.
I show up to it with wonder and curiosity.
This is a magical moment.
Breathing in. Breathing out.
I am myself.

This is a safe sanctuary where I am whole.
This is my sanctuary, to be completely at home.

I honor my breath. I give thanks for the way it breathes
me alive.

sharon ann rose