

An hypnotic induction you can listen to.

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This short, hypnotic induction gets you in touch with the rhythms of your heart and lungs. Listen to it. Listening is better.

Here is the link to [listen to the spoken version.](#)

Focused Rhythms

Uncross your legs, place your hands on your thighs and your feet on the floor. Focus your attention on your hands, and let them relax. Let them grow large in feeling, and feel a wave unfold from your shoulders, past your upper arms, elbows, forearms, wrists, and into your hands. Feel your hands large and soft, as if surrounded by mittens.

Pay attention to the sensations inside the backs of your hands and note that faint pulsing. And as you focus more on it, feel it grow larger, not as a physical pressure, but as an energy rush. The pulse is partly in your hands but also in your impression of them. Feel this pulse and pay attention to how it swells and ebbs. It beats once each second and it has a texture.

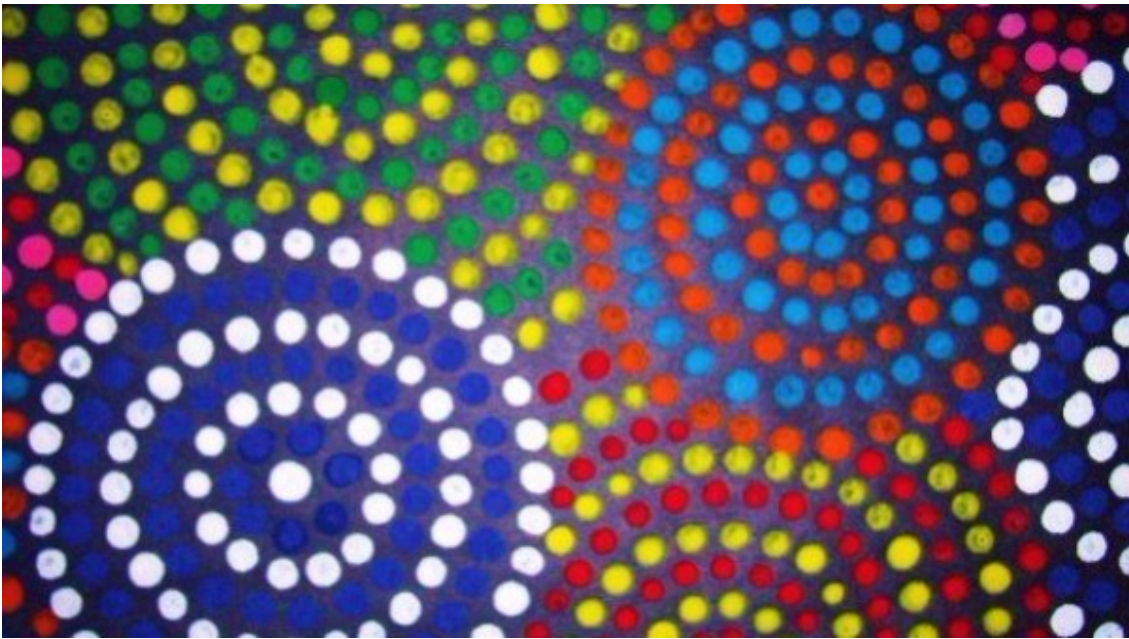
Beat... beat... beat... Say it out loud, or to yourself, to better focus on it. Put in your mind the image of a metronome, a simple pendulum stick, standing upright and tipping once to the left to be caught and righted, and once to the right. Left... tic... right... tic. Left... tic... right... tic. And keep this image going in the back of your mind, in the background sight or sound, or perhaps you feel its pulse, click, tock, tic, or shudder... Left... tic... right... tic. Left... tic... right... tic.

Move your attention up from your hands to your shoulders and see, or hear, or feel the simple rhythm of this beat. Feel it somewhere in your shoulders, perhaps the base of your neck. Follow it down into your chest and notice how the sensation changes from a sensation to a presence. Left... tic... right... tic. Left... tic... right... tic.

It does not seem to happen at the same time everywhere, but delayed as it radiates through your body. It is not your heart beating, as you may have been taught, it is your body beating. All of your vascular body dances to this beat. Your heart is the kettle drum that beats the loudest, to synchronize them all. Left... tic... right... tic. Left... tic... right... tic.

See if you can feel in this rhythm a texture. Is it smooth and calm, or is it hesitant? Can you smooth it out further by imagining it being a flow, like the kind of rivulettes that you used to make as a kid with dirt and a bucket of water?

Sit and relax with your eyes closed feeling the pulse in your hands like the rocking of a rowboat, or a canoe, or a buoyant piece of wood floating at the river's edge. Explore this small world, as when you were a child examining the world of ants, and as you do, make it bigger, the towering grass, the giant pebbles, the massive waves cresting over the banks of a little brook. The waves carry more waves, and more inside them, a symphony of rhythms of all times and tempos, sizes and signatures, overtones and overtures riding on the slow second-by-second tap of the heart beat.



Now shift your attention to your breath. Make it a gentle breath with a certain wonder in the inhale, and a definite tumbling relaxation on the exhale. Inhale... exhale...

As you watch your breath, ask yourself how it swells and ebbs. You breathe about once every eight seconds, and it also has a texture. See if you can feel this texture. Is it smooth and calm, or is it declarative with authority? Can you smooth it out further by imagining it being a flow? Imagine you're sitting on the sand at a beach and there are gentle waves, and you watch them come up the beach and disappear back down. Some of the water returns to the surf, but much of it just sinks into the sand.

Imagine the rise and fall of your chest, and the breadth of your rib's motion, as the waves on the beach. Rise up... .. and sink down... Rise... and sink... Up and down...

Move to stand outside yourself, to look and to see yourself breathing. Imagine a ferris wheel turning in a small county fair just after twilight. Lit with colored lights but quiet, tall and peaceful. And you get on the wheel through a low gate to sit in a small gondola.

The wheel starts to move, and you're moving backwards, and you slowly lift away from the ground into the level of the tree limbs. And as you exhale you find yourself moving straight up, straight up into the tree tops. Inhale as you break above the trees, and exhale in the splendor of your motion, moving forward now, above a sea of green and leaves. Inhale the pure, fragrant air above the treetops, and exhale as you feel the lightness at the start of your descent.

Inhale as you seem to fall into the treetops, and exhale as you feel yourself moving straight down. With your next inhale you see the ground again, people milling about, and exhale as you move into the station, slowing as the keeper opens the gate. How do you feel about standing up? Lightheaded as you step off the swinging seats.

Now I'd like you to alternate your attention, first on your pulse and the feeling of energy in your hands. And I'd like you to pay attention to that until it becomes a clear sensation that you can trace with the nail on your thumb. Left... tic... right... tic. Left... tic... right... tic. Slow and steady. Easy and calm.

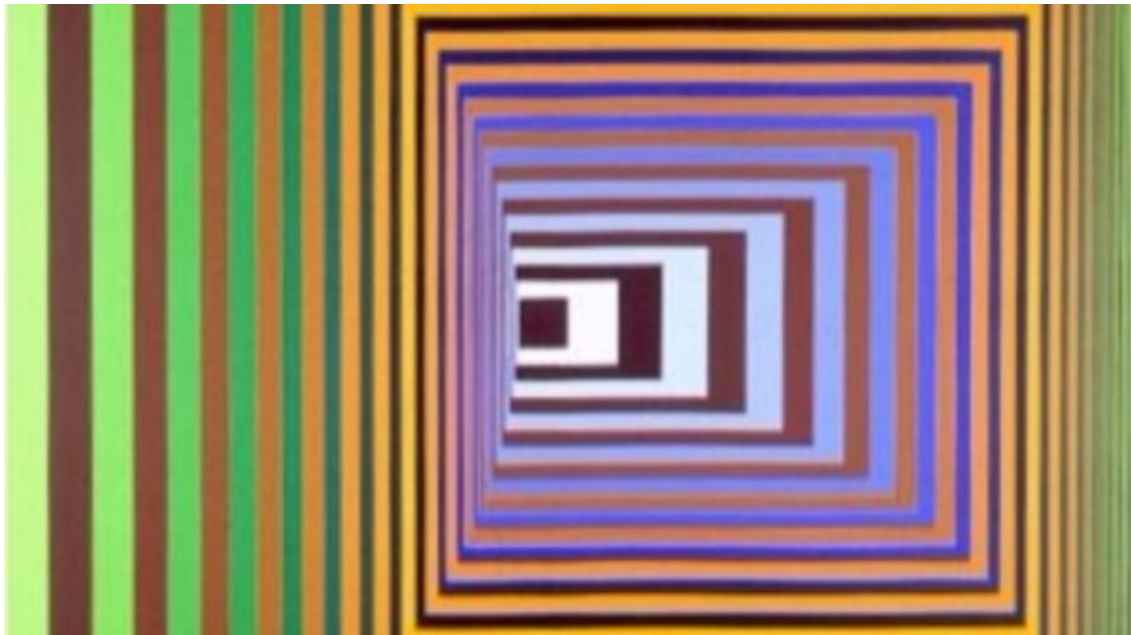
Then on your breath, first the inhale... then the exhale... And place your focus on that for two or three breaths, until you feel you can trace it as well. And as you become comfortable watching your breath, go back to your hands... Left... tic... right... tic. Left... tic... right... tic. And when you hear your pulse clearly, just let your attention drift slowly back to your breath. Inhale... exhale...

Alternating from the breath in your chest, to the pulse in your hands. And as you do this, be aware that as you inhale, your pulse opens its eyes, as it were, to participate in the tension of your chest, diaphragm, and neck. And as you exhale, everything relaxes, relaxes into a state of slower rhythm, a slower pulse, a slower attention, a slower mind.

Your breath is an orchestra, the inhale swelling with the string section, and the exhale blown out by the winds. Your breath's cycle is measured by the conductor, turning first to the strings for your inhale, and then to the woodwinds for your exhale. The conductor turns to one and your heart beats its tempo, then turns to the other. And each section tips its timing in coordination with the others. Inhale... exhale...

See if you can return to your regular world retaining these rhythms, the calm breath lapping on the shores of your attention, and the even pulse always aware of the muscles and organs in your body. Left... tic... right... tic. Left... tic... right... tic. Inhale... exhale...

And now come back, letting your awareness rise first up to your neck and shoulders. Calm and comfortable, let your energy rise into your face. Feel it enter your jaw, mouth, and lips up to your nose. Back into your eyes, your mind, and your mind's eye. Fully aware, fully awake, eyes open, feeling and seeing clearly, brightly, healthy, sound, and present.



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