

Exercise: Slow Sleep Frequencies

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This guided meditation will lead you in transition to refocus your attention from vigilance to reflection. There are two steps to every transition: first the end of where you are, and then the beginning of where you've arrived. These are very different. Here is the end of anxiousness and all your many structures that maintain it. And if anxiety is a chronic problem for you, then you won't know how to live without it.

Look for emotions, as they are the key to feeling. Pry them from under rocks and into awareness. Let them dry as separate things that are not you, but feel as if they are. They are your anxiety, fear, concern, worry, melancholy. Line these up, and let them bake in sunshine.

They have a frequency, these emotions, and it's a frequency of agitation. As things in themselves they are a rhythm, and this carries your thoughts. The form has a kind of prejudice, a fun-house mirror that distorts the image of any message in it. So even though these forms lack content, they create an aftertaste to whatever content they carry. It's more than just a mildew scent, your underlying agitation boils through to stain any content. Listen to this passage as structured tempo. Let your mind drift and listen for meaning ... in something that has none:

In each post that just says no, why leave? His connection, while interested, is so we can sympathize about advantages. To be said is to shed, and not only what's wanted but also what's needed. Occasionally middleton's carry everything, so to them more stuff is carried. Having spotted one part for his quilt, he found other times late interest never held the course. Enable it, and square the result for your regard in a variety of circumstances. Often merit seems to strut up hills, brought so fruitfully to our recollection. And it's for the best that all things mend for whitewashed fences, and river bors never two alike until we stop the fascination with hoops and tinker's, damn for little pocket pennies. Take the change for ten and go to wherever words have meaning, once again.

Just as my words inflect a meaning on the nonsense they contain, so also your hearing creates a prejudiced container in which your underlying emotions inflect your subconscious feelings on whatever you consider.

Recognize your own voice leaking drops of emotional ink into whatever elaborate verbal play you do so much. Recognize the subtlety of your intention to caste words that kindle feelings, maybe even fears, not so much in their definition but in the context of the whole, and not really the real situation so much as the shadows of the

situation you imagine. Reflect again on this word salad, like the reading of tea leaves:

The dichotomy between resolving thought and higher insights into the mind, the real meaning, extracted from the diluted altered state. Think of this as a falsified beam focused on an enneagram, as if it were a collective memory. There is a rhythm that triggers a kind of soul resonance. The shifting promotion of holism with 'hope and pray' management. And adapt this to any learning structure, with collaboration spinning up to the Agile organisation, an enterprise methodology. As a result, we can apply this model to a forward thinking goal and be sure that we've accomplished nothing as much as we've set out to.

And let that intention just relax its grip on you so that you just recognize the patter aside from the content, emotion, words, prospects and necessities. And imagine that all this chatter is getting old and a bit weary, and you know you can always come back to it though, like some kind of mental arthritis, I don't know why you insist to, and let all this rhythm, like mice, follow a piper over the hill and over the next, and soon floating away beyond awareness leaving only the green hills behind, which, like a late afternoon, are bathed in a gentle breeze and white with sunshine and white flowers, along a roadside, which you can now turn away from to come into a shaded spot, well protected, quiet and warm.

Sit down now and relax. Place your arms at your sides and your feet on the floor, or lifted up and horizontal, beneath a warm blanket. There's no one here, they're all far away, not even in this reality, just you and me talking, so there's just you, and you can be aware of yourself, as there's nothing else you want so much to do right now as to build something new, a new rhythm, something that you can create for yourself, anytime you want, just to go into yourself, like some optical illusion, going into yourself, to imagine something, and to feel it within yourself. Something that's always been there, the rhythm of your gut which have always been there, but now you're going to talk to them, and let them teach you their conversation.

I want you to consider, for one last time, the rhythm of this patter, and hold it out in front of you as a screen that you've been looking through, and I want you to visualize it, if you can, or feel it in your hand if you're rather, and than let it go, drop it, release it, and let it fall, slide, or float away so that your verbal mind becomes speechless, without rhythm or syllables, vowels or consonants, just a hum, a beat, or a breath.

Leave your mind, like walking down a spiral staircase, and descend into your body. Down a winding staircase that twists around your spine, remembering to leave behind and above you all the words we've been mashing up. Moving down into your neck, then your shoulders, then your chest, and finally into your heart, looking out and feeling from a vantage point at the center of your chest. Wrapped in the living warmth of your body, words from your head a faint tinkle like wind chimes as you ...

Listen, look, and imagine what you might see, hear, or feel while focusing all your attention inside you. Listen for a pulse... see the heat within, and outside you, along with the change in light because, you know, light does pass through your body. And feel the coursing of blood through big, deep arteries, and the inflating and deflating of the spongy tissues of your lungs. Unfolding to open a million surfaces, and then relaxing back to a softness.

Imagine your pulse, or feel it wherever your focus falls, skin, muscle, or even in your ears. As if you are a cork and your pulse the wave passing beneath it. Feel the rise and fall of this cork, and ask yourself "Is this a sharp wave, or a shallow one? Quick or sleeping? Spring or slippery?"

Feel it and listen. Feel it and listen. Feel it ... and listen. Not for a sound, but for a feeling, or maybe a texture, or maybe a color. If this pulse of yours had a mood, what would it be? Or if several moods, which ones? Feel them ... and listen.

Beat, beat, beat, beat,... bring this pulse into focus as a rhythm and an energy. Amplify it by attending closely to it, as if you were a stow-away in the engine room. But what you're really doing is reverse engineering. You want to know how your heart beats, see what your heart feels, learn the intuition of this ancient design that beats in the breast of every mammal for the last 100 million years. And recognize that whatever you know about this, you certainly were never taught in this lifetime, and you can't say that you're making it up, because you must first feel something before you can imagine it.

(beat... beat... Beat... beat... beat... Beat... beat... beat... beat...)

With this back-beat pulsing like a clock spring let's relax into a body aware state. Focus at the crown of your head and unwind a spiral around your scalp, as if you were decoratively peeling an orange. Let these spirals go slowly so that you notice the territory: start at the top and move down to the side of your head, the back of your head, around the back like the dark side of the moon to the other side, the right temple, right forehead, center of your brow continuing around to the left again. This is the rhythm. 20 seconds around your head, don't rush it.

Continue with a few more spirals down, moving over your ears, taking time to move behind your head, and back to eyes and nose. After that you'll go down to your jaw, the bottom of your skull, across your teeth, lips and down as far as your collar bone if you like.

And while you do this, keeping your pulse beat somewhere in the back of your mind, let's talk about mind spaces. There is this word space that you're listening to, and I want you to slur the words so that they slide over each other.

Don't worry, you'll get the gist of it without the jarring bumps, snaps, and clicks of sounds and syllables. Move out of this word space, this space you've come to accept

as the judge and jury of your perception, and realize it's not. It is the least important.

Open yourself up to the space of emotion, the feeling space of your body, and the visual space of your mind's eye. Right here, you see, there is more to "feeling" than we recognize. Feeling emotionally can be a state of heart, a view from the mountains down into the valley of words and thoughts. And the weather in these mountains determines the clarity, soggy, the crisp or sleepy word-view.

And the feeling space of your body is one such, as the pulse that we've already engaged, and it persists beneath all other levels of awareness, whether you can remain aware of it, or not. You can remain aware of it, and it's important that you are able to call it to the front of your awareness whenever you need connection, direction, support.

Envision it and you might see your body as large and you as small, small enough to speak and see and sense the smallest detail or the largest landscape, so that when you feel a twitch or a poke you can go right there and feel that space expand around you like a melting cookie on a baking sheet. And you can listen for more feelings that may speak in other feelings, shading into images and memories. The body speaks in memory as it stores memories in its state.

And then there is the mind space of vision, and maybe hearing, touch, or other sensations of the outside world. More memory and association, but ideas as big as experience broken free of the moorings of understanding to drift into expansiveness. Words are like a box with a known start and stop. We're told that sentences complete and that our thoughts should too. So different the vision mind space which only has one side.

Break the word box and tumble into the wagging endless vision of ideas that do not complete, but keep going, rolling, growing, morphing, shape shifting. This is the mind space of learning and change. This is where you find the real answers because they are endless and you must simply take as much as you can, and surrender to the rest without closure.

These other mind spaces have unusual frequencies, they can be chaotic, uncontrolled, and unpredictable. In these spaces you grow by being disoriented, ambiguous, forgetful, and unfinished. These are dream spaces, sleep spaces. See how much you've been taught to avoid these spaces, these frequencies of your body's reconstruction and creative imagining?

I invite you to spiral down from your neck, in a cocoon around your body, down past your whole body to your toes. Imagine a warm ball of light, the size of a golf ball, or a cotton ball, and give it a warm color and temperature, yellow, red, blue, gold, green, or indigo. And let it brush in spiral circles around your body, slowly enough for you to recognize the spots you pass, to remember them, the dimples between

your ribs, the softness of your belly, the bones in your hips, and across the muscles to recall their feelings too, and the joints, and the skin always talking to you about texture, and temperature, and comfort.

This is a listening exercise, listening with expectancy and acceptance. Listening for body language, your own! Imagine you're orbiting the planet in a capsule or space station and you're watching the land below. Let go of the running commentary because there are no words for what you see or sense. Watch with your body like listening to music with your ears.

If you sense something, consider it, and if you don't sense anything, know that there is always something there. You're watching the world turn below you, looking for the triggering of intuitions, ideas that whisper or are blown around you like flower petals. Messages in the weaving of the fabric, like optical illusions, sometimes direct and forceful, and other times subliminal or soft hearted.

Maybe nothing immediate. Immediate is a construction. Most important things don't follow their causes immediately in time, logic, or purpose. Most important things do not have one cause, or perhaps even a clear beginning. Forget about thinking, it's a question of being... bigger in attention, duration, awareness. This is why insight comes disembodied, as an outsider, needless of justification, for you to hear first and perhaps, or perhaps not, understand in smaller ways ... if that helps you.

So ask a question, something of significance, whatever comes first to your mind. Make it open ended, something you wonder about but feel so distant. And ask it silently, out loud, or in a whisper. Create the break between the you who asks, and the you who hears but is separate from you. Lock your inner censor, button his or her lip or, better yet, drop them from your space station and watch them fall through the stratosphere where, far in the distance, a white parachute opens to take them gently to the land below.

As you enter the state of listening, accept the state of sleeping. You can sleep if you like, but I do not mean that you should, just that you recognize and accept it. Speak to this sleep state as another state separate from you, another of your states that listens but does not speak. And listen too for its body language response, like clear spirit or a careful coyote who walks around you without intruding.

Now come back from these other worlds, and come back looking back as you come. Looking back so that you'll know how to return when you choose to. Leaving your space station, launch yourself back to the atmosphere below, and as you exit the station you must count to 10 before you open your parachute.

Counting down from 10 as you spread your arms to embrace the world of detail frozen and winking below you. Ten,... nine,... eight. Remembering the world of words and faces, coming back to separate visions and small places. Seven, ... six,...

five. Air getting thicker, horizon getting wider, reaching for your rip cord, relaxed and alive. Four,... three,... two.

As the clouds of reason and ambiguity whip past you, grasp that handle fixed firmly above your heart, above your easily breathing chest, full and vigorous and YANK that handle straight out, reaching out with both hands now to embrace the world.

*Feeling the vibration of the parachute unfolding out behind you, catching the rich wind and ... ONE. *Snap* back above the world, yanked upright with the regular ascending up as your horizon settles back to the land of the grounded, the normal world. You are clear, balanced, able, and ready to move forward through the day.*

Exercise: Breath Journey to Sleep

This guided visualization is to lead you to a quiet, engaged state of sleep. It is one of a series of visualizations engaging the fundamental frequencies of your body. You'll find different frequencies in this series may draw you more strongly. This one connects you to breath, the rhythm of breathing, and how this guides you to, and through sleep.

We are following the idea that sleep is a much bigger, richer and more complex space, broader and more expansive, than the waking or the speaking world. It's so rich and complex that speaking cannot guide you, and your thinking mind is of little use. To let go of it, engage the rhythms of sound and movement in your body, to feel what flows through your body and your deeper self. Sleep is not a state, not process, it's a journey, and it calls you to be part of it. Do not contract to a small, dry, winter leaf. Expand, open and sprout a million buds that bloom into a garden of such riotous creation that it knocks you out.

We'll focus our attention on your breathing with the intention of feeling and being it as much as possible. I will use words in a visual and rhythmic way, so pay no attention to their meaning or their logic, just follow their images and feelings, and maybe the sounds that mean nothing at all.

The object of this visualization is for you to sleep, so don't be doing anything while you listen to it because you may sleep at any moment, listening to a symphony conducted by the chemistry and wisdom of the cells in your lungs.

Begin by finding a comfortable place.

Quiet the sounds and dim the lights. Listening for what you can hear and see coming from inside your body. Listening for voices, patterns, noises like an old house creaking, blowing, nattering, dundering. Don't listen for the meaning. Let's start by counting your breath. What meaning is there in counting?

5, 4, 3, 2, 1, zero.

Feeling the breath

I'd like you to close your eyes with each inhale, and then open them with each exhale. And do this for a while until you just prefer to keep them closed. As you breath, opening and closing your eyes, I'd like you to feel, or sense the places and movements in your body, as I mention them now.

*Inhale eyes closed, the sides of your chest expand, wide and full,
And exhale eyes open, an effortless release...*

*Inhale eyes closed, feeling heart at the center of your lungs, ...
And exhale eyes open, air finding its way out... ..*

*Inhale, closed, vitality spreads warmly around your lungs, ...
And exhale open, relaxation drains into you... ..*

*Inhale, closed, pushing down into your belly, ...
And exhale open, released stomach with room to move*

*Inhale deep into your pelvis where energies are rooted ...
And exhale open, release creation ideas and efforts*

*Inhale eyes closed, hope and faith and connection ...
And exhale, to re-collect your deep purpose*

*Inhale down to inflate long thigh bones, down the knees, ...
And exhale, relax splayed hips sinking... ..*

*Inhale down past knees to calves and ankles ...
And exhale, pulling relief from joints and tendons*

*Now inhale eyes closed, to feel strong feet remember...
And exhale eyes closed, a hundred foot soles wandering*

*Inhale eyes closed, kneading shoulders, neck and yoke ...
And exhale closed, drop shoulders spreading elbows... ..*

*Inhale open energy flowing, down arms like sluices...
Exhale, steam rising from your sleeves... ..*

*Inhale mittens of sensation of warm hand awareness...
Exhale energy flowing out your fingers*

*Inhale a head full of busy statements ...
And exhale words a broken bag of feathers... ..*

*All the things you had to say...
A tossed confetti word parade*

*Inhale a head full of jumble ...
Exhale lungs of clarity and focus... ..*

*Inhale, clear skies ...
Exhale, far below you*

*Inhale ...
Exhale*

*Go deeper now, gather your shoulders, really feel them ...
And then release them to go twice as deep, drifting ...*

*Deep into your chest as you bring in the breath, into the fingertips ...
And then drop all sensation, exhaling it into a cloud, floating ...*

*Going deeper, gathering all your awareness in the legs, down to feet ...
And then relax it, all rinsed away, tumbling, tumbling ...*

*Good
Effortless
Quietly
Breathing *

Hearing the breath

Sound is just vibration, and vibration is oscillation, meaning alternation which could be heard, and felt, and sensed in ways of sounds, and textures of vibrations, and patterns of sorts. And listening, now, could be with your ears around an eardrum, and with the skin of your body drumhead, or any other tissue, muscle, and passage responding with resonance to amplify, clarify, and bring to your attention. Tired muscles walking, and minds weary of talking. Tired of talking ... and walking ... and listening to yourself.

Now we'll listen to just hear breath... Listen closely...

Expect a difference... You can hear it...

Vibration of the air around your inhale ... then exhale ...

Sound of chest muscles tighten to inhale ... the sound of their relaxation ...

Inhale tremolo in your throat, ... anyone can feel it ...

Imagine the snore in the background ... sledging smoothly out ...

Inhale little hesitation ... exhale a thousand air sacs whistling.

It's the background hum, it changes shape: first fuller, then flatter.

Hear the air change form: first firmer, then softer.

Round sound inhale, full and wealthy ... exhale motes of blowing mist.

Inhale quiet richer echo... exhale open boundless, no reflection

Nose tip, throat, and lung sensations... exhale quiet twilight drifting...

Rising sounds of sunrise inward... warm quiet summer evenings out...

Rising sunrise golden promise ... retiring sunset comfort homeful ...

Sunrise promise ... sunset comfort ...

Sunrise sunset

Go deeper now, first your shoulders, your hanging arms ...

And release them, neck, shoulder, arms ... twice as deep ...

Bring in the breath, open everywhere inside you, Deeply relaxed ...

And out it rushes, slipping, drifting, sleepy, floating ...

Going deeper still as if you're in a cocoon, inhaling all sense ...

And then exhaling it all away, cleaner, clearer, emptier, all relaxed ...

Crystal clear

Shimmering

Brilliant

Breathing

Seeing the breath, breathing to pictures

Let's take a walk now through a sunset forest of your imagination somewhere, sometime once now here again. A space of places jigsaw puzzle memories put together with perfect fitting, every piece it's loving place held in a wooded home of affectioned comfort. Slow day rhythm quickly fading to a long fall-time late summer sunset, yellow disk skittering along the pink horizon toward a sinking in a night of world turn.

Paint a picture taken from... all the crimson forest sunsets...

Through a clear walk forest on a hillside ... an open field below...

Let me talk just on the exhale ... and with your inhale just make space...

Inhale the space for what you'll see ... and exhale all the words I say about it...

Inhale space On a path we find through tall trees ...

Inhale ... Sky turns indigo, air still, light dimming...

... .. Branches climbing, on distant twiglets ...

... .. Air above see crown of forest ...

... .. Opens a halo toward deep space nowhere ...

... .. Feet pad through soft forest cushion ...

... .. Brown leaves crackle, shapes akimbo ...

... .. Left and right deepening forest nightshade...

... .. Uphill, headward, skylight still glowing ...

... .. On and on we walk in silence ...

... .. And miles and miles and hours and hours ...

... .. Overhead thins as hillcrest comes toward us...

... .. Sun gone down now as air turns purple ...

... .. Dark rock bars us, we climb steps around it ...

... .. To hilltop bare with just long grasses...

... .. Horizon stretch across a valley beyond us...

... .. In a circle an old doorway shimmers ...

... .. Or just some stones left by glaciers ...

... .. Rays of light touch clouds beyond them ...

... .. Not a doorway, just a passage up beyond the hilltop...

... .. Nothing there but just evenings air, approach it...

... .. An invitation to leave the world behind...

... .. Heavy world so solid and serious ...

... .. Step through this portal fringed with whispers ...

... .. Walk beyond the hilltop proper ...

... .. Your body knows how, just let it lift off...

... .. Float up through the civil darkness vespers...

... .. To a sleep shifting without limitations...

... .. To a sleep with no limitations.

... ..

***If you've lifted off to sleep, or maybe tumbled into it, I won't know it.
... but you might. And you'll still hear me, though you won't remember.***

And if you haven't, that's OK. It's all for your relief, and you'll find your passage when you're ready. I trust you will, and either way now you know the senses of your breathing rhythm, an idea you have a lifetime to explore. And sure you will, as sure you'll breathe your lifetime, with nothing more important than to hear, and see, and feel your breath.

Relax

All the more important in times of stress be guided by your body, not the issues of concern. Trust your body, and beseech it. Ask it for its answers, held in generations of genetics, characters of families, hidden in you and above you. Reach and they'll take your hands, to sleep and lands beyond it.

Relax