
Cotton's Gift of Song

If possible, stand and place your bare feet on the earth. Close your eyes and begin to notice your breath. Simply let it flow in and out of your body. And with each breath, allow yourself to relax a little more and a little more until you feel at rest in your body.

When you are ready, begin to see and feel yourself standing in the warm sun. It's been a long day, and you are tired. You've been sweating, and now, your skin is sticky and salty, and the small of your back, is damp and cool with a pool of sweat.

All around you -- before, behind, and beside -- is cotton for as far as the eye can see. It's like you're standing in a sea of white clouds, only your feet are firmly rooted on the brown earth. Your hips call to you, asking for your attention. They want you to move them. To the right, then to the left. Maybe you begin to swirl a little. Maybe you find yourself dipping a little lower as you move from side to side.

The tension caused by the work of the day begins to dissipate as you find movement in your hips. As you move, you begin to feel the space inside your pelvic bowl filling with movement and music. A song is brewing there -- and it's gonna be a good one.

As you move your hips from side to side, in circles and swirls, occasionally dipping them down towards the earth, the song that's been brewing inside you begins to rise. Let it rise. Let it makes its way from your root, to your gut, to your heart. From there, let it rise into your throat and then over your lips and into the world.

Enjoy every word and every note of it. It is healing and life-giving.

When you are finished moving and singing, tell me about your song. Do you remember the words? How did it feel to let that song brew and then rise? Would you like Cotton to give you another song?

