



Linda's T'ai Chi Weekly Handout January 21, 2024

Beneath the dawn's first gentle blush,
A graceful form begins to hush.
Tai chi's dance, a flowing stream,
Where breath and movement softly gleam.

With ancient wisdom, slow and wise,
Each step a brushstroke, painting skies.
Muscles stretch, in sunlit ease,
Joints unlock, with whispered pleas.

Qi gong's whispers, soft and bright,
Unfurl a calm, both deep and light.
Mindful breaths, a gentle tide,
Stress and worry set aside.

Balance blooms, as rooted feet,
Embrace the earth, serene and sweet.
Bones grow strong, with each soft sway,
Falling leaves of pain give way.

Heartbeats drum, a steady beat,
Inner peace, a tranquil retreat.
Blood's pure flow, a warming ray,
Chasing shadows of the day.

From youthful grace to silvered hair,
Tai chi's touch, a gentle prayer.
Qi gong's balm, a healing spark,
Life's symphony, reborn in every park.

So join the circle, hand in hand,
With ancient wisdom, understand.
In tai chi's dance, and qigong's breath,
Embrace the path, to life's rebirth.