

Girl Meets Yoga: Excerpt

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4: Your body loves you.

I remember the soreness after my first class. I could hardly lift up my arms without feeling like I was being pulled from three different angles. As mentioned in the intro: Self Help Hipster Smoothie, all muscles in the blender. What an ordeal.

But the hurting stopped. This would always happen: after every class I took, even when I first started out and went once a week, once a month. However tough it was on my body during or the day after, the hurting always stopped. The pain was always temporary. The pain is always temporary. Your body works damn hard to take care of you the best it can. It just needed a little time to regroup. As I did more yoga, I found my body needed less and less time to recover for every class.

Even after three days of class, thirty classes in thirty days, double classes. However stiff or sore I am, the pain always goes away. Hell, I once did five classes in one day and lived. My entire body went haywire the next day because of the detoxification effects (headaches, cramps, exhaustion), but I was fine the day after that. My body would need some time to adjust, with a few unpleasant side effects...and then it would bounce right back. Every single time.

I started noticing that resilience and flexibility. What this body could handle. The way it just took everything and dealt with it. I was impressed.

It made me think of other things I had done to my body before. Unlike yoga, these things hadn't been good for me. Eating too much. Eating too little. 8 tequila shots in an hour. 5 cups of coffee and a caffeine pill when I needed to finish a final essay during my time abroad. Working out for two hours a day. Not working out at all for weeks. That stupid (and singular) water fast I tried to do while only drinking black tea and smoking Marlboro Lights.

My dear body had always been trying to take care of me while I was doing all this stupid shit to it. Whether it was filtering out the alcohol, detoxing me from caffeine, coping with my lack of nutrition, exercise or proper sleep: it was always doing as much as it biologically could. My body was always cleaning up my messes after me. Whatever idiotic thing I had done, my body always had my back, trying to restore balance and health in the aftermath. I had just never really thought about it like that. My body is designed to take care of me. Bodies are the ultimate caretakers: however they can, they will try to take care of us.

So now, whenever I'm not feeling very well, whether it's stiffness, soreness from exercise, a hang-over, a headache, a tummy problem, I know my body is just solving a problem. Afterwards I can move on as healthily as possible. And I'm thankful for that. I can feel the love.

Our bodies go through a lot for us. Whatever our bad habits are, our bodies try to cope as much as they can. Whatever we do to ourselves, our bodies take, and do damage control to boot. Our bodies are designed to take care of us with all they have. They're working towards what's best for our entire being, for us as a whole.

Your body loves you. It wants you to live. It's only trying to keep you as healthy and undamaged as possible. Whether it's bad eating patterns, drug addiction, lack of exercise or self-hate, your body is just trying to cope. It's just trying to reduce the negative impact of what you do, elevate unpleasant symptoms if it not diminish the negative effects of your negative lifestyle choices. It's only doing that because *it loves you*. Your body loves you, do you get that?

Realising its resilience made me think about how I treated it, but also how I felt about it. If my body loved me so much that it would work this incredibly hard for me, how I could justify not loving it back?

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