The Minute, on Paper

The script and a fourteen-day tick sheet, for the days you cannot press play.

The minute

Feet on the floor. Hands resting, palms down.
One breath in through the nose; let it out more slowly than it came.
Shoulders down. Nothing to fix in the next thirty seconds.
Sounds come and go. When you are ready, open your eyes.

Fourteen days

Same chair, same time. Morning is easier than evening; after lunch is more useful.
Draw fourteen small boxes on the wall calendar and tick them. The ticks are not the practice, but they help for a fortnight.

If the mind wanders

Wandering is what minds do. Noticing that you wandered is the whole event — it means you were here for a moment.
Return to the shoulders. They are always a reliable door back in.

Meditation note, A Minute of Stillness.