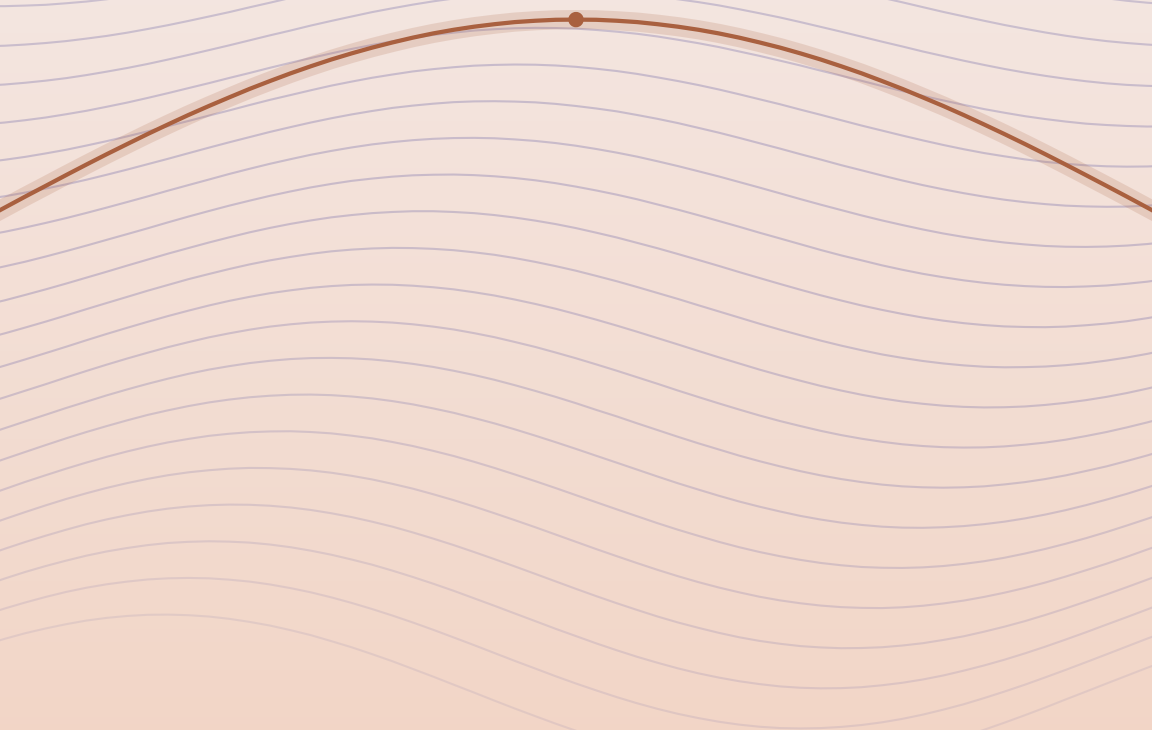


Breath

Stop thinking, start breathing.



Breath

Stop thinking, start breathing.

JAWAD YOUSOFI

Breath

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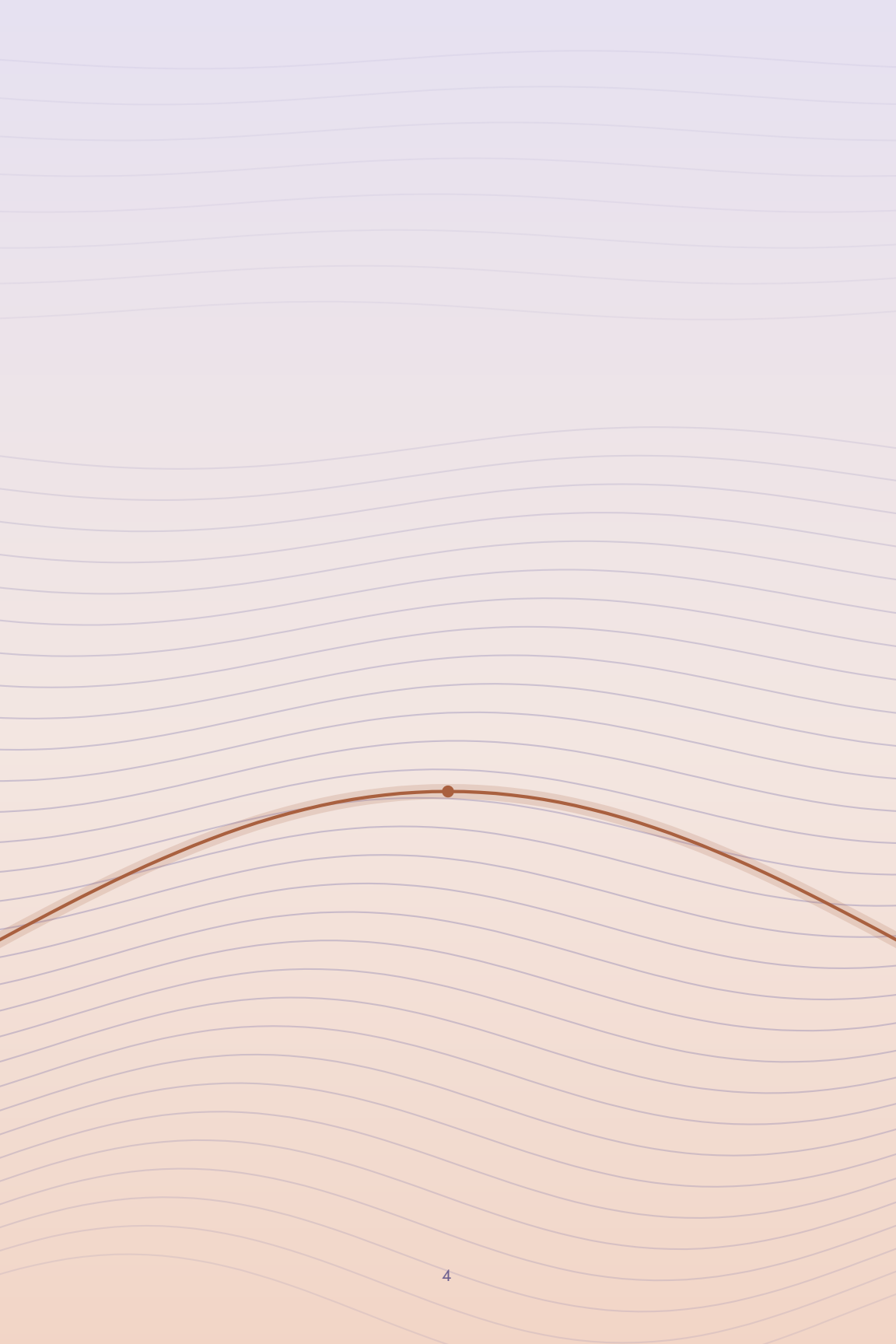
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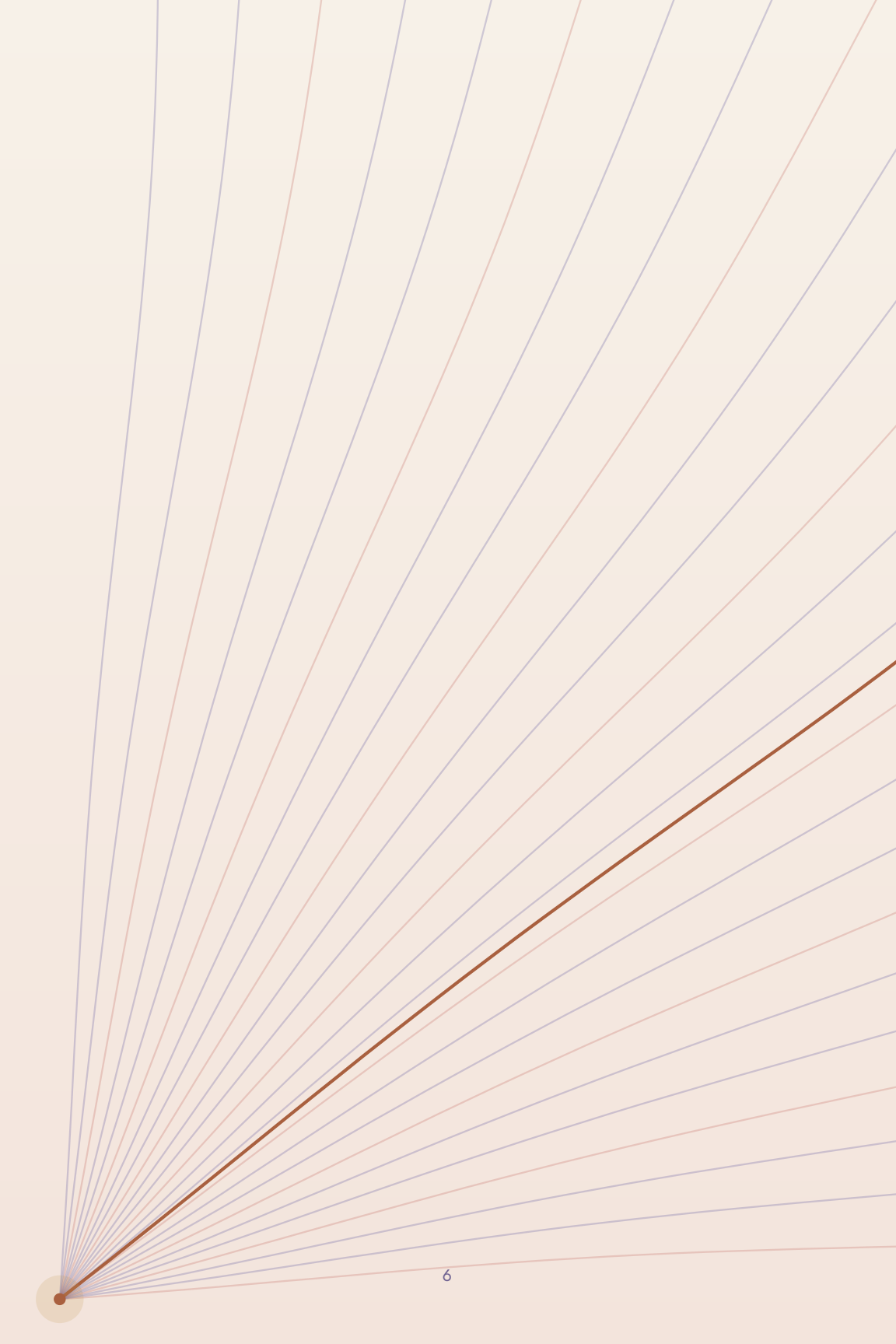
Written with the help of AI (Claude, by Anthropic).

All artwork is original to this book.

*For my mother, who gave me my first
breath.*



*You have taken thousands of breaths
today, and thanked not one of them.*

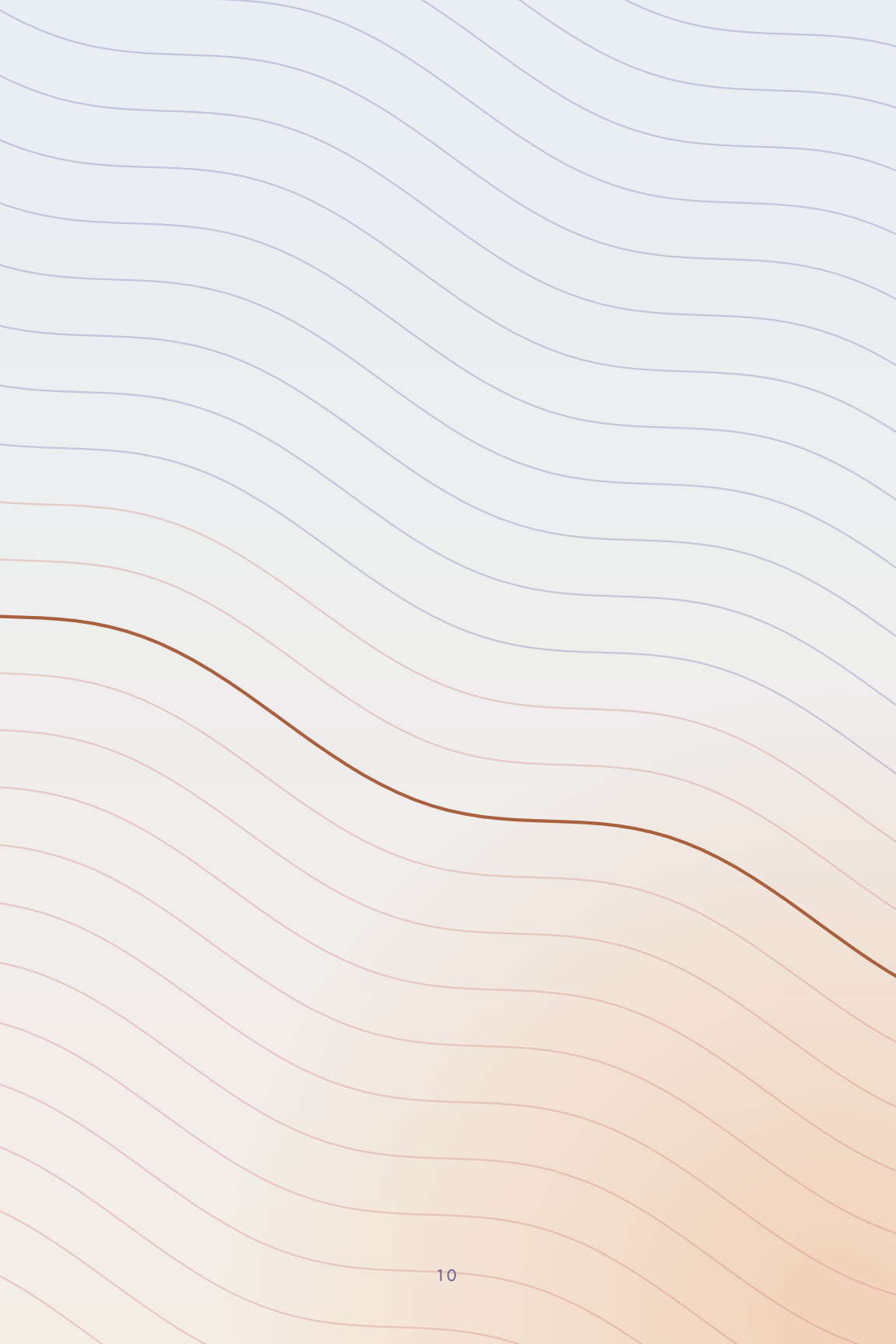


ONE

Breath is the gateway to life. It carries you through your day, your night, your whole life. It is the one companion that never leaves.

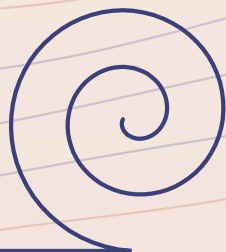
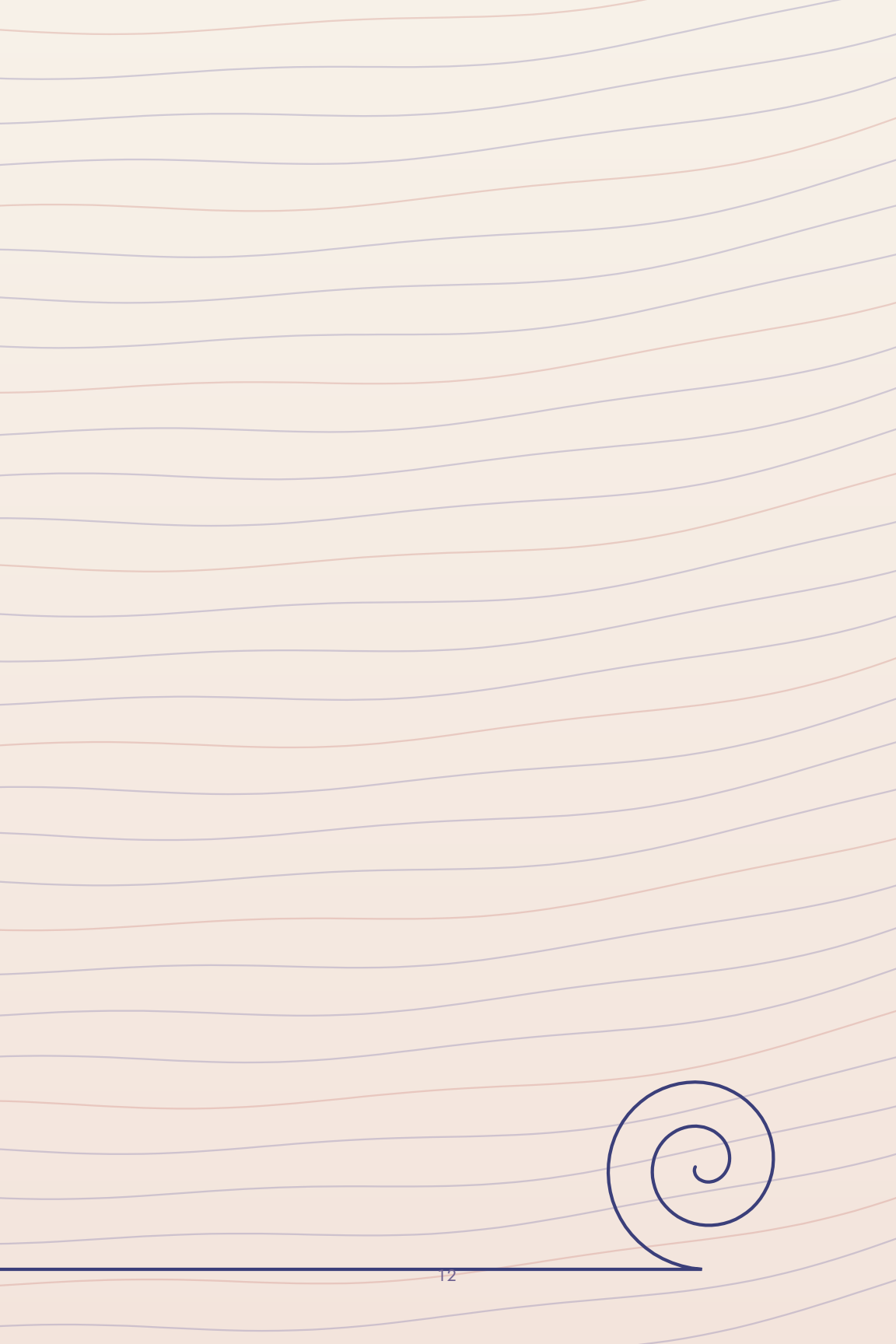
TWO

Unlike us, it never sleeps and never takes a break. If it did, we wouldn't be here. It never nags, never complains, never asks for anything. It is the kind of love that is meant for life: quiet, steady, and asking nothing in return. When everything else falls apart, it is still there.



THREE

From the first breath to the last, and everything in between, it is there. You can lean on it. In a few seconds it can steady you, carry you somewhere calmer, like a bird's song at dawn.



FOUR

Most of us spend our days reaching for a tomorrow that never quite arrives, sure that the thing we are missing is somewhere ahead. But the one thing holding us up is already here, moving in and out, asking for nothing.

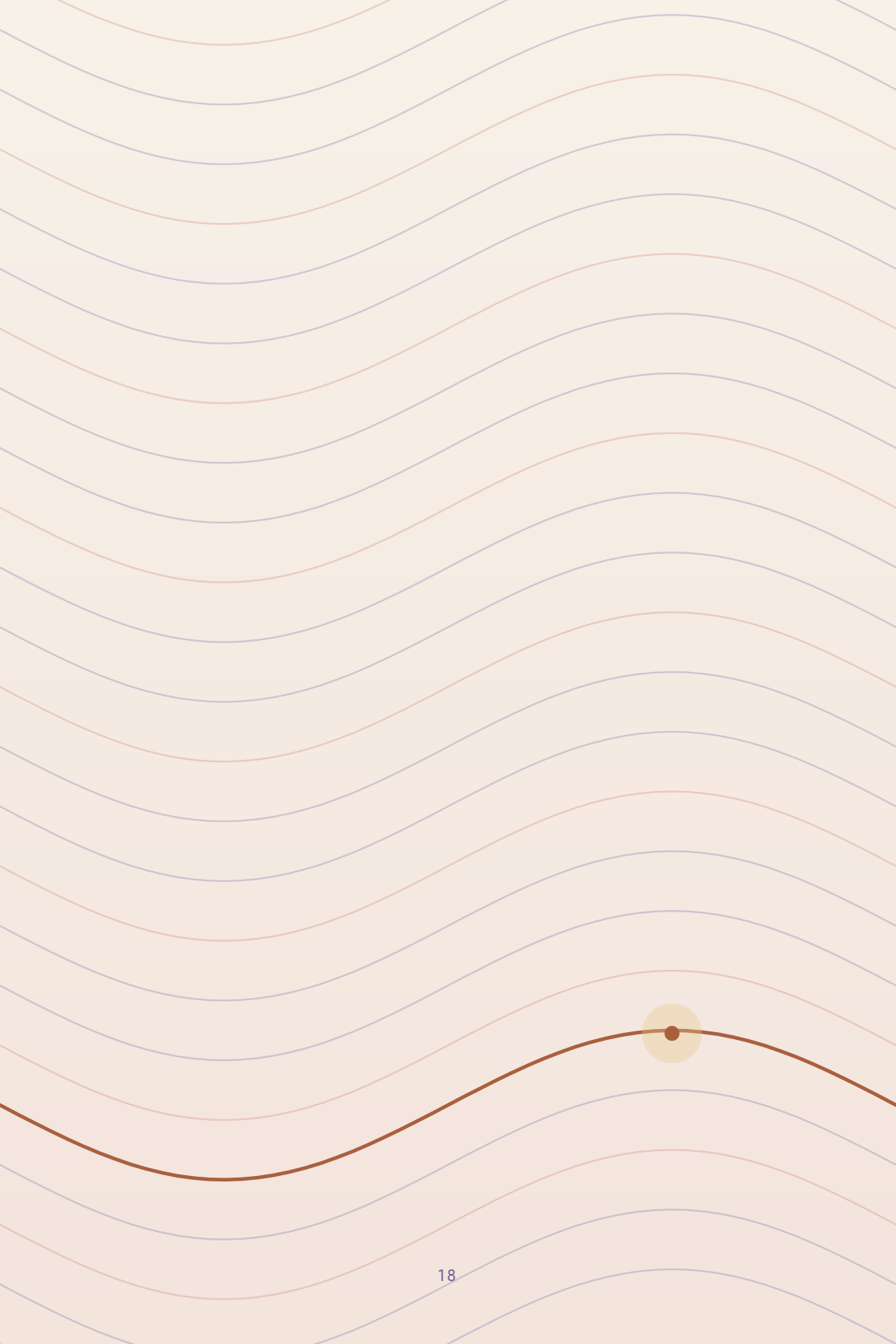
FIVE

What would I do without you? My life is tied to your rhythm, pumping oxygen through my veins and into every cell. If you stopped, even for a fraction of a second, I would be gone.



SIX

I confess I take you for granted, so many heartbeats a day. I am nothing without you, and everything with you, as you sustain me effortlessly through this journey called life.



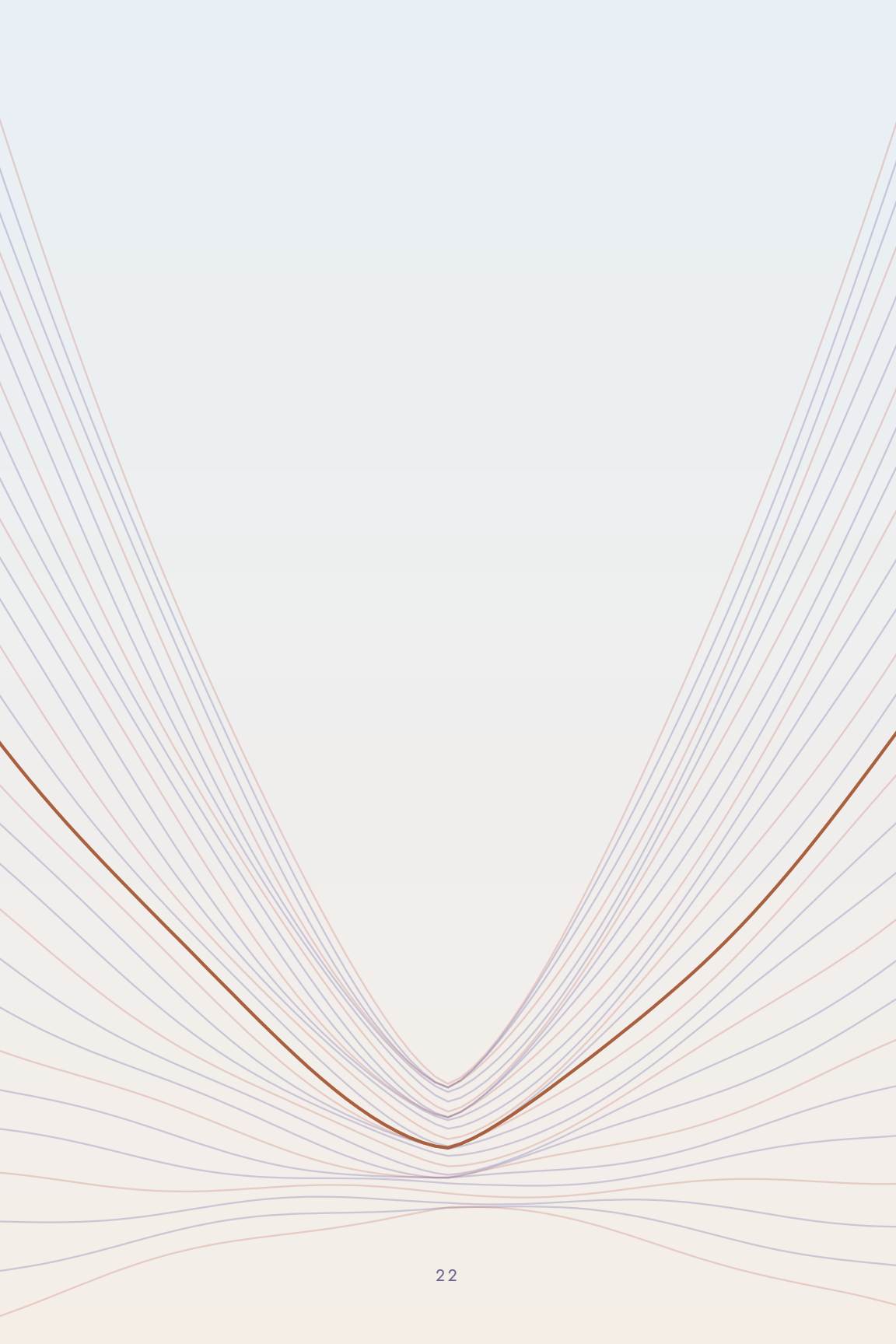
SEVEN

*Carry me, then. You already
know the way.*



EIGHT

Watch a small child breathe, or an animal at rest. No one taught them. No one had to. The breath knows how to carry a life long before the mind learns a single word for it.



NINE

You cannot hold it and you cannot save it.
Each breath is given once, used once, and
let go. Maybe that is the quiet lesson in it:
everything worth having moves through
you, it was never meant to be kept.



T E N

There is something almost slippery about it. The moment you try to hold it and understand it, it slips away. Maybe it is not meant to be understood. Maybe it is only meant to be trusted.

PAUSE

Close your eyes.

Breathe in, slowly.

Breathe out, slower.

Now thank this one.

*If this spoke to you, there is a companion book
called Grand. It begins where this one leaves off:
Wisdom is knowing I am grand. Love is knowing I
am everything.*

ABOUT THIS BOOK

Breath: Stop Thinking, Start Breathing

Written by Jawad Yousofi, with the help of AI (Claude, by Anthropic).

The idea, the title, and the vision for this book are the author's own, drawn from his notes on breath. AI helped shape the words, the way an editor might.

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All artwork is original to this book.

Also in this series: Grand, One Circle, Radiating Heart, and Seed.