

May 2026 -  
The Baroque  
Rose

A Monthly Workbook  
from Serenity in Motion

My Love,

May is not a whisper — it's a symphony.

The Baroque Rose blooms in fullness,  
unapologetic and abundant. This is the art of  
luxuriating in your own presence — the velvet  
tempo of a woman who no longer rushes.

Beauty is not vanity; it is vitality. It's what  
happens when your nervous system feels safe  
enough to *enjoy being alive*.

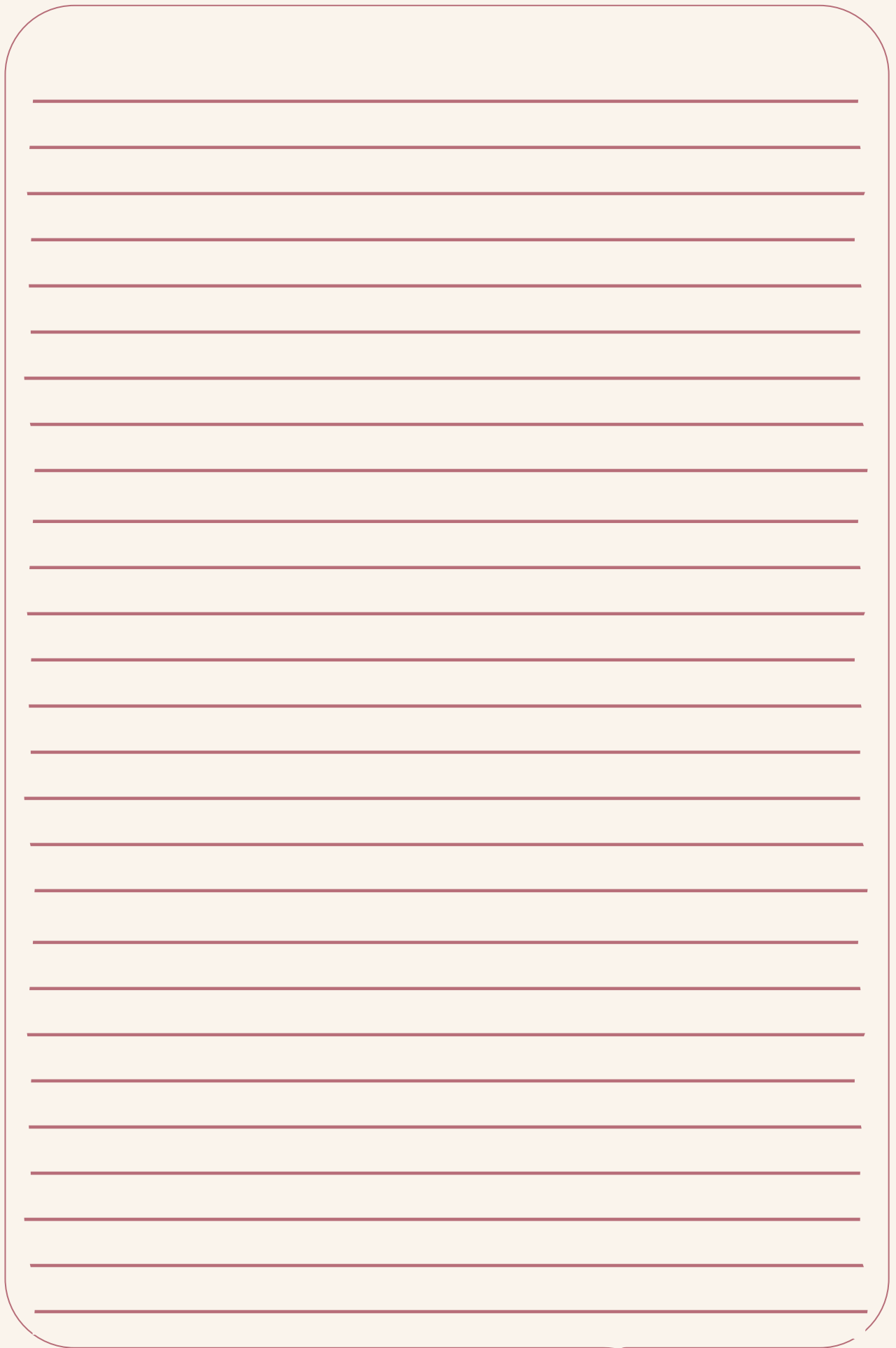
With love,

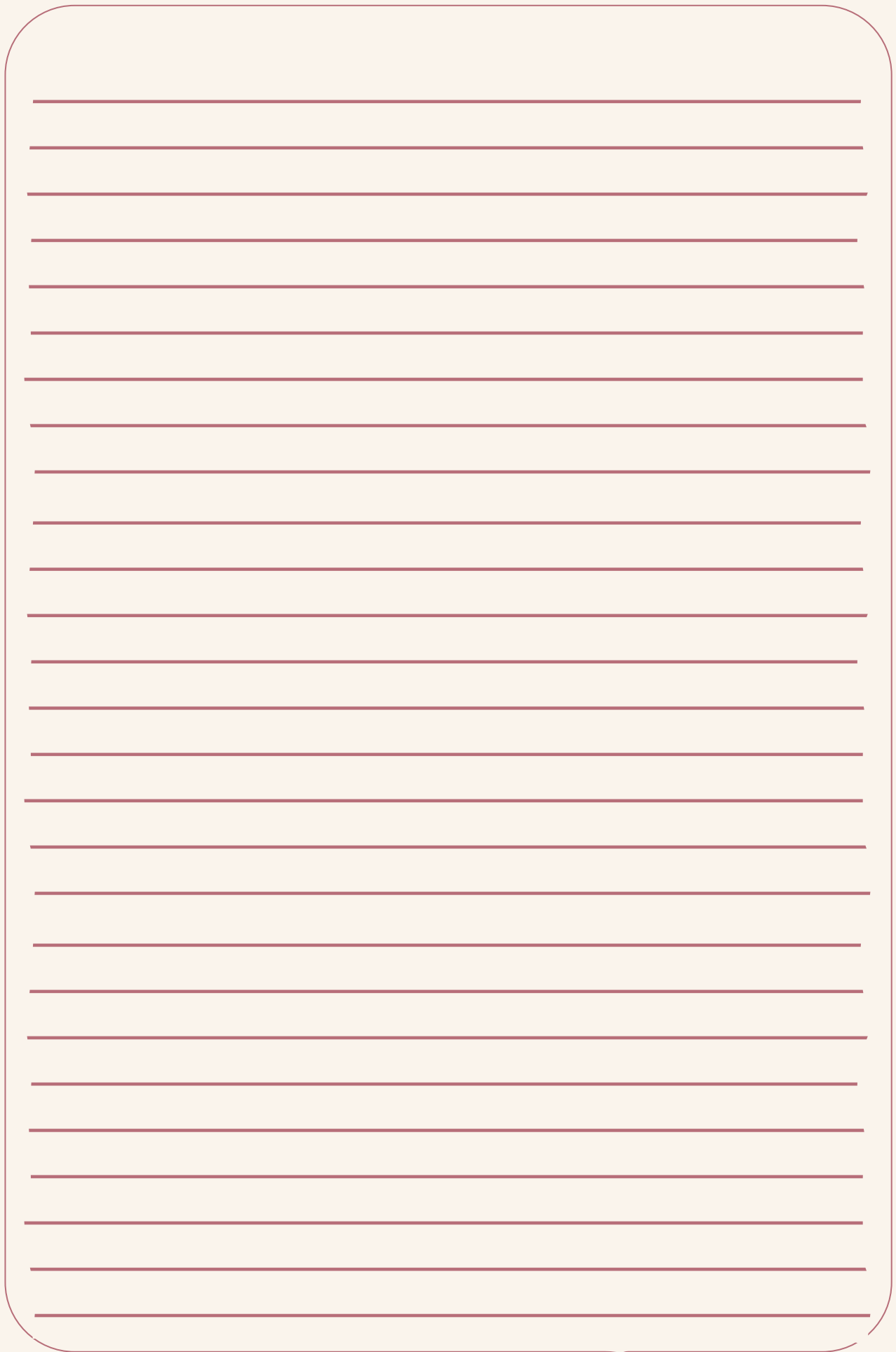
Lily

*“Her beauty was not  
delicate;  
it was deliberate.”*

## *Journal Prompts*

1. What does “luxury” mean to my nervous system — what feels like safety dressed as beauty?
2. How can I adorn my body and my space to reflect the woman I am becoming?
3. Where do I still apologise for my fullness — in voice, presence, or sensuality?
4. How might my daily rituals become art forms?





## *Affirmations*

- My beauty is my birthright, not my burden.
- I am worthy of adornment, rest, and reverence.
- When I move slowly, I move beautifully.
- I allow myself to be seen in my fullness.

## *Ritual Practice — Decadent Rest*

Begin with candlelight and slow music — a cello, perhaps.

Run a warm bath infused with rose petals, oat milk, and honey.

As you soak, imagine every muscle softening like silk under the sun.

When you emerge, moisturise with deliberate hands — as if painting devotion onto your skin.

Rest on your bed in your robe, eyes closed, doing nothing but *being beautiful in stillness*.

## *Sensory Moment*

Spray a little perfume on your pillow before you rest — rose, amber, or tonka bean.

As you lie back, trace your fingers gently along your collarbone and whisper:

*I am art.*

*Beauty Ritual — Face Yoga for the Blooming  
Feminine*

Begin by applying oil or cream to your face.

1. Sweep fingers upward from jawline to cheekbones — 10 times.
2. Press the outer corners of your eyes gently, smoothing the skin upward.
3. With your middle fingers, lift along your brows, then release with a sigh.

End with both hands on your face. Feel warmth. Feel life. Feel the masterpiece of you.

## *Closing Reflection*

Beauty is not something to chase — it's something to inhabit.

This month, live as if your softness were made of marble, your glow lit by candlelight.

You are the Baroque Rose — abundant, adorned, and at peace.

