



Power Flow



I've always shrugged off yoga. After having taken a few uninspired classes in college, I decided it was a snooze. And, that was that. I identify with being an athlete and accordingly, I've always been driven largely by results—how hard did I push, how sweaty is my tee, how strained do I feel, how toned is my butt.

The process of writing this blog has opened my mind to not only testing my limits through new workouts and innovative activities, but, also re-visiting those of my past.

Introducing **Lyons Den Power Yoga**, now open on Church Street, across from the perennially chic Tribeca Grand.

I signed up for a class called “Power Flow,” a creative interpretation of the Baptiste “Journey into Power” sequence. I had no idea what that meant. Do you? I’ll break it down: **Baron Baptiste** is an actual man. And, he comes from a family who studied the teachings of Krishnamacharya (the original yogi). But, that’s where the new age-y stuff stops. The key to “power yoga” is accessibility—followers of all ages and backgrounds are invited to participate, and, feel empowered, through strength of body and spirit, to lead in their lives. Plus, it’s hot: 90-95 degrees (but, less than Bikram’s 105+).

As a beginner, I found the class to be both comforting and challenging. It has a consistent rhythm and it’s relatively easy to follow. Asana (poses) to know: Upward-Facing Dog, Downward-Facing Dog, High Plank, Low Plank, Pigeon, Triangle, Warrior I and Warrior II. Chants were limited to a few “om”s at the beginning and end. After several poses, I was literally dripping in sweat, even more so than in cycling class. If you have your own mat, bring it. I was glad to have mine.

Founder **Bethany Lyons** is a classically trained ballet dancer and Master Instructor at SoulCycle (she’s one of a hand-selected few from the *very* beginning, and, if you know Soul and how it has overtaken cycling from Brooklyn to Beverly Hills, you *know* that’s a big deal). Inspired by **Baptiste Yoga**, her studio is the only one of its kind in NYC.

Lyons Den is a small, cozy space three floors up. Still under construction, the building-in-progress somehow matches Bethany’s grounded personality.

After 60 minutes, I can say that I was never bored, I didn’t miss the bike, I felt concentrated and calm. Bethany’s Midwestern accent is soothing and her presence as an instructor is spot-on, serious with a few silly moments in between. In her words, she “shows up big” and asks that students do the same.

My take? At Lyons Den, there is definitely joy and peace to be found, long after the holidays are done.