You can settle in comfortably. Let your body rest, gently. Maybe you already feel the urge to close your eyes… or to keep them half-open, gazing somewhere, as if your gaze, too, could gently settle. You have nothing to do. Nothing to achieve. Just… let yourself be guided.  
  
And as you listen to this voice, as the words gently glide toward you, you might begin to feel something inside you relax. A part of you sighs. As if finally, someone was listening. A part of you too often ignored. Too often controlled. Maybe it has been waiting for this moment for a long time… the moment to be heard, not judged. To speak, without fear of being interrupted.  
  
Now imagine… that you're in a calm place, a soft place, maybe by the edge of a lake, in a light forest, or on a peaceful beach. This place doesn’t need to be real. It just needs to be safe. Safe for you. It’s your space. A place where you can feel everything, without needing to be on guard. Without needing to hide. Here, there is no mirror. No gaze upon you. Just your body. And you.  
  
You can feel the temperature around you. The texture of the air. Maybe a gentle breeze. Or a comforting smell. You can imagine yourself barefoot. Walking slowly. Very slowly. As if each step placed a word. A word to speak to yourself differently.  
  
And in this place, there’s a circle. A small round space, with a cushion or a mat. You sit there. And in front of you… something strange, soft, unexpected: your body. Not like a reflection. Not like an enemy. Like a presence. Alive. Kind. As if it had finally decided to come… not to judge you, but to speak to you.  
  
You look at it. Maybe it's still blurry. Maybe it has a vague shape, a silhouette made of light, of memories, or of sensations. It doesn’t matter. You know it's him. This body you’ve fought so much. Ignored. Constrained. It is here.  
  
And it looks at you. Not with anger. Not with shame. But with infinite patience. As if it had waited for years for you to finally stop and listen.  
  
Then it speaks. Softly. And you hear this phrase:  
"I was never against you. I always wanted to help you. But you didn’t hear me."  
  
And maybe a shiver runs through you. Or a warmth. Or an emotion. Because part of you knows: you tried to silence your body. With control, with rules, with denial. You tried to bend it to an image. A norm. You punished it for things it didn’t understand. You forced it to be quiet when it was screaming.  
  
And it keeps talking:  
"When I was hungry, you called me weak.  
When I was full, you said it was too much.  
When I gained weight, you hated me.  
When I lost weight, you didn’t even thank me.  
And still… I’m here. I carried you. I followed you. I clenched my teeth when you cried. I swallowed your silence. I held back your tears. I somatized for you. I endured."  
  
And you feel that something is changing in this dialogue. That this body, you thought had betrayed you… is actually an ally. Tired. But loyal. It never wanted to hurt you. It never wanted to grow, to swell, to be in your way. It only reacted. Protected. Compensated. It obeyed your beliefs, your fears, your unspoken needs.  
  
You listen. Maybe a tear comes. That’s okay. That’s soft. That’s alive.  
  
And now, it’s your turn to speak. You can look at it, in this soft light, in this silent listening… and say what you never dared to say. You can ask for forgiveness. You can say thank you. Or simply… "I forgot you, and now I remember."  
  
You can say:  
"I didn’t know you loved me like this. I didn’t know you were doing your best."  
  
And in this encounter, you can place a hand on your belly. Or on your heart. Or simply imagine that this invisible hand is yours. That of your body. Coming to say:  
"I’m with you. You’re no longer alone."  
  
And in that moment, an image may arise: that of your inner child. The one who, at 11 or 12, received that unfair label. “The greedy one.” The one who was compared. Mocked. Ignored in her needs. That little girl is still there. And your body… it’s a bit like her. She’s the one who’s hungry, sometimes. Not for food. For softness. For validation. For loving attention. For safety.  
  
You can come closer to her. You can hold her in your arms. You can tell her:  
"I’m here now. You can rest. You no longer need to scream in silence."  
  
And somewhere, inside you, peace settles in. It’s not a miracle solution. It’s not a diet. It’s not another rule. It’s a reconciliation. A new alliance. Softer. More human.  
  
You don’t need to control everything you eat.  
You don’t need to be perfect to be loved.  
You can eat for pleasure, and stop when you’ve had enough.  
You can say no to a fondue, without losing connection.  
You can say yes to a crepe, without guilt.  
  
And you know what? You can trust yourself.  
  
Breathe now… deeply. Let every word take root in you like a seed. A seed of freedom. Of listening. Of kindness.  
  
You can gently return to yourself, keeping that presence within you. That restored connection. That rediscovered voice. The voice of your body. That no longer wants to scream. Just… to be heard.  
  
And you know you can return to this space anytime. To speak to it. To listen. And to remind yourself:  
You are a whole being. And your body is part of you. With you. For you.