You can settle in comfortably...  
Take the time... to feel your body here, in this moment.  
Maybe some areas are more tense, more contracted...  
Maybe others feel softer, more available...  
  
And that’s perfectly fine...  
Because everything you feel is exactly what your body is trying to tell you.  
Even in silence... even in tension... it speaks.  
It’s just waiting for you to listen… a little differently.  
  
So gently, you can close your eyes...  
And take a first breath... soft... deep...  
Just to feel... the air entering... and leaving.  
No need to do, or control...  
Just... let it be.  
  
As if you were laying down… right there on the ground… the weight you carry every day.  
That invisible weight of 'I must'...  
Of 'I have to'...  
Of 'I can’t let go, or everything will fall apart.'  
  
And what if...  
Just now... you had nothing to prove.  
Nothing to hold.  
Nothing to contain.  
  
Just to be here.  
In this pause…  
In this moment where you don’t need to be strong.  
No need to appear.  
Just to feel.  
  
...  
  
And while your body begins to relax…  
You can imagine… a place, a space…  
A place of your own.  
Peaceful, safe, without demand.  
A place where time slows down.  
  
This place… maybe you’ve been there before.  
Or maybe it’s a new place, your mind creates now.  
A corner of nature, a soft room, a dim light…  
Whatever this place is, it belongs to you.  
  
In that space…  
You can imagine your body as a living being on its own.  
Not just a shell.  
But a friend, a confidant…  
Maybe even an ally you’ve forgotten.  
  
And maybe this ally… hasn’t been able to speak for a long time.  
Because it’s been forced into silence.  
Into rules.  
Into shapes.  
Into conditions.  
  
And now…  
You can… gently… give it a voice again.  
  
...  
  
Imagine your body standing in front of you.  
Not to judge.  
Not to blame.  
But just to… be heard.  
  
Maybe it has something to say…  
A buried emotion.  
A memory.  
A longing.  
  
You can ask it, silently…  
'What do you want to tell me today?'  
  
And let it come…  
A word…  
An image…  
A sensation…  
Something unexpected, maybe.  
  
...  
  
Maybe this body… holds anger.  
Old anger.  
Not just toward itself…  
But toward all that was imposed.  
  
Hurtful words.  
Unrealistic expectations.  
Unfair comparisons.  
  
And this anger…  
You can listen to it.  
Without fear.  
Because it’s not here to destroy you.  
It’s here to protect you.  
  
It’s the voice of the one who once wanted to scream:  
'Leave me alone. Let me breathe.'  
  
And today, you can say to it:  
'I hear you. I’m here. You can lay down your arms.'  
  
...  
  
So you inhale…  
And exhale…  
As if, with every breath, that tension leaves your belly…  
Your chest… your throat…  
  
You can even imagine that anger transforming…  
Like a warmth…  
Becoming soft strength.  
Grounded presence.  
As if it made you stronger… from within.  
  
...  
  
And in that new space…  
You can now visualize your stomach.  
It, too, has a voice.  
But maybe it was told to be silent.  
Not to ask.  
Not to want.  
  
Today, it may whisper softly:  
'I’m hungry. Not just for food… but for life.'  
  
And you can respond:  
'I allow you to live. To receive. To savor.'  
  
There’s nothing wrong with that.  
No danger in feeling.  
To feel… is to exist.  
  
...  
  
You can imagine a scene:  
A meal, simple… warm…  
Not to fill a void…  
But to nourish a presence.  
  
A plate…  
Colorful.  
Vibrant.  
Not counted, not measured.  
Just felt.  
  
And you are there, present…  
With yourself.  
For yourself.  
  
...  
  
Because each bite, now… can be an act of peace.  
A reconciliation.  
An offering to that part of you that wants to keep living.  
  
You have nothing to gain from punishing yourself.  
Nothing to prove through deprivation.  
  
You deserve to nourish yourself…  
Not because you were perfect.  
But because you are alive.  
  
...  
  
And the more you move into this relaxation…  
The more you let your mind drift away…  
The one that wants to control everything…  
The one that thought it was protecting you…  
  
But that can now rest.  
Because you’ve grown.  
You are capable.  
And you are learning again to trust.  
  
Your body.  
Your feelings.  
Your instinct.  
  
...  
  
So now, you will gently return to your breath.  
Let the images fade.  
Feel your body, here, now.  
Maybe a little lighter.  
Maybe more heard.  
  
And you can keep, somewhere inside…  
This simple idea:  
Your body is not an enemy to conquer…  
It’s an ally to listen to.  
  
...  
  
When you feel ready…  
You can open your eyes again…  
Bring back this calm within you…  
And maybe this phrase:  
  
'I release control, and I choose life.'