Rising from Shock and Building Inner Peace

Gently close your eyes, and simply begin by noticing the rhythm of your breath...  
No need to change it, just observe…  
Inhale… and exhale…  
Like a slow wave that comes and goes…  
As if your breath becomes an inner caress, a soft rocking, an invitation to let go of everything you no longer need… with every exhale.  
  
Right now, you're safe. Here. In this very moment you’ve given to your body, to your mind… to your heart.  
And as you listen to my voice, you might already feel something inside beginning to slow down.  
As if your nervous system, on constant alert for days, maybe weeks… is finally allowed… to let go a little.  
Not completely. Not yet. But just enough… for now.  
  
And in the space between the words, between the beats of your heart, something begins to prepare.  
A space… a place… just for you.  
Imagine a place. You might not know where it is yet. Maybe it’s somewhere in nature, maybe an indoor space. Maybe even a place you’re inventing. It doesn’t matter.  
This place is your inner sanctuary. A place no one can take from you.  
You might feel it in your belly… or in your back… or in the warmth of a happy memory.  
This place already exists. And if you listen closely, it will speak to you.  
  
But before you enter it… before you settle in… there’s something still holding you back.  
An image. A sound. A voice.  
The phone. The shock.  
That scene you keep reliving.  
You don’t have to fully go through it again.  
Just imagine you’re observing it… from a distance… like a movie where you’re both the viewer and the protector.  
You can even place a glass wall between you and that scene, if you want. Or turn down the volume.  
Because you’re here, in the present. And this memory, even though strong, even though still vivid… is no longer dangerous.  
You can say to yourself: “This memory touched me, but it does not destroy me.”  
And maybe already… you notice something letting go. A shoulder. A jaw. A breath.  
  
It’s as if your nervous system is realizing it doesn’t need to stay on high alert anymore.  
As if your body, after holding everything in, is beginning to release.  
To digest.  
To let go.  
  
And if a tear rises, let it rise.  
It’s not weakness. It’s release.  
It’s healing.  
Because here, in this state between waking and sleep, your unconscious is working.  
It’s putting the pieces back together.  
It’s repairing.  
And preparing what comes next.  
  
You can now turn your attention back to that inner place I mentioned. Your sanctuary.  
It’s there, somewhere.  
And you can enter it.  
You can walk barefoot, or lie down.  
You can fill it with anything you need. A soft fabric. A gentle light. The scent of someone who soothes you.  
This place is your base. Your inner home.  
It’s the place you’ll return to when things feel too much. When your mind races. When memories revisit you.  
You’ll just have to close your eyes and breathe. And you’ll be there.  
Safe.  
With yourself.  
  
And in this place, you can also put things down.  
Lay down the weight.  
The words they said.  
The voice on the phone.  
The sense of emptiness.  
You can put them in a box, if you wish.  
A box that closes.  
Maybe one that floats.  
Or one that dissolves in the light.  
  
You can say quietly or in your mind:  
“I don’t have to carry this all the time.”  
“I can live with it… without it hurting me constantly.”  
And your unconscious, it hears.  
It understands.  
And it acts.  
  
You are stronger than you believe.  
Not in hardness, but in your ability to feel… to receive…  
Even what hurts.  
And to turn it into something.  
Maybe not now. Maybe not today.  
But soon.  
A word, a gesture, an idea, a decision… will come.  
And you’ll know you’re ready.  
Not perfect. But ready.  
  
And if your mind shifts to the child, to the idea of becoming a parent, you can simply ask:  
“What kind of world do I want to offer, within me?”  
And the answer doesn’t need to be clear.  
It will come.  
That world begins here.  
In this moment where you choose to reconnect.  
To breathe.  
To soften.  
To open.  
  
You are not alone. Even if you’ve had to act like you were.  
Even if you learned to stand without help, without cracks.  
Today, you can change that.  
You can build new supports, inner ones, invisible but powerful.  
They won’t replace anything.  
But they’ll be there.  
  
You can now start to return gently to yourself.  
Move your fingers a bit.  
Let your body find its place again.  
Take a deep breath… and exhale…  
And feel… that something has settled.  
  
Even if you don’t yet know what…  
You can trust that this moment has planted something.  
And that the seeds will grow… when the time is right.  
  
You can come back now, with a bit more calm, a bit more space.  
And welcome yourself…  
The way you’d welcome someone you love.