Get comfortable...   
Take a moment to let your body find a position where it feels supported... safe... and where you can let go...

Gently close your eyes...   
And simply begin by feeling your breath...   
The natural movement of air flowing in... and out...   
Like a gentle wave...   
Nothing to force... nothing to achieve... just to welcome...

Maybe, already, just by breathing this way... you notice a first softening...   
Something slightly unravels...   
An inner sigh... as if your body were finally saying: “I can lay down this weight, for a moment…”

Because you have carried so much...   
Silences... efforts... worries... expectations too...   
And sometimes, the heaviest is not what we do... but what we hold back, what we don’t dare to say... or what we keep... to protect others.

So here... in this space... you can put down... this invisible burden...

Now imagine... that you are in a quiet room...   
A soft light...   
And in the center of the room... an old armchair...   
The very one your mother might have sat on sometimes...   
Or maybe an imaginary chair... but filled with a familiar presence...

You approach it...   
And in this inner scene, you feel that you are not alone...   
Accompanied by that part of you... courageous... loving... but tired...

She looks like you... but you see her as she truly is...   
With all she has given, endured, hoped for...   
Never allowing herself the right to fail...

Approach her... gently...   
And say these words, even silently:   
“You didn’t fail... you loved as best you could... and that is already immense.”

And now... let a specific memory arise...   
Maybe an image... a gesture... a detail...   
A moment when you were present for your mother, even if it wasn’t perfect...   
Maybe when you brought her something... or simply listened...   
Let that memory warm your chest, softly...

Because in every act of love, even small... there is a trace of truth...   
And that truth, no one can take it away.

Breathe with this feeling...   
And now... imagine that in your hands, you are holding an object...   
Something heavy... maybe a stone... or a ball of dark energy...   
It represents this guilt...   
The “what if…” that keeps coming back...   
The “I should have...” that eats away at you...

Feel its weight in your hands...   
And listen to what it says...   
What is the message behind this guilt?   
Is it wounded love?   
The feeling of not having been heard?   
The fear of having been powerless?

Welcome it without judgment... simply... as you would listen to a crying child.   
And at your own pace...   
When you are ready...   
Imagine a gentle fire...   
A fire that purifies without burning...

And place this weight into the fire...   
Watch...   
It melts... it transforms...   
And from the smoke, a phrase rises:   
“You did your best. And that is enough.”

You may repeat this phrase, again and again...   
Let it flow into your heart, like a soothing balm...

And now... you see another scene before you...   
A memory you’ve avoided... a difficult moment...   
But this time, you are not alone in facing it...   
You are accompanied by your inner strength... this wise part of you...   
She takes your hand... and guides you...

And in this scene... you also see your mother...   
Not as she was at the end... but as you loved her in her best days...   
Her smile, maybe... her voice... a joke... a knowing look...   
She is there... alive in your memory...   
And she looks at you... with tenderness...

And in that gaze, there is no blame...   
Only deep gratitude...   
For everything you did...   
Even if it wasn’t perfect...   
Even if it hurt you...   
She knows.   
She always knew.

And maybe you hear these words...   
From her voice or your own:   
“Thank you... you walked with me as far as you could. Now it’s my turn to go, and yours to keep going.”

A breeze flows through the scene...   
And in that breeze... a new lightness...   
As if something had finally been released...

Take a deep breath...   
And feel in your chest a space that’s a bit wider...   
A bit freer...

This is the space of reclaimed peace...   
The space where you can begin to live... not in spite of the past... but with it...   
Without it crushing you...

You may now place a hand on your heart...   
And anchor in a new belief:   
“I have the right to live, to be at peace, and to move forward.”

Let this phrase sink into your body...   
Like a seed being planted...   
One you can water each day...

And when you are ready...   
You can gently bring your awareness back to the room you’re in...   
Maybe wiggle your fingers... your toes...   
And open your eyes... with a new breath...

A lighter breath...   
One that no longer needs to carry the entire past...