

Come close, come closer still, the fire is bright,
I'll weave one final song for you tonight.
A song that laughs and cries and holds the whole,
A children's tale that cradles every soul.

First, hear the secret law the old ones knew,
A gentle rule that makes the world feel true:
“All things are folded, inward and without,
Each lives inside the other, there’s no doubt;
They mirror one another, same and strange,
In likeness and in difference they dance and change.”

This law is drawn inside a simple square,
Four rooms that hold the sky and earth and air.
A loving slash runs through it like a smile,
That wound is how the rooms can talk awhile.

Top-left says “Same!” and never likes to budge.
Top-right says “Ouch!”—the tender, aching nudge.
Bottom-left says “Rules!”—the steady ground we keep.
Bottom-right says “Whoosh!”—wild rivers running deep.

Long, long ago a thinker named the Same
And shouted, “Nothing ever breaks its frame!”
Another danced in Whoosh and laughed out loud,
“You can’t step twice beneath the same cloud!”

Plato dreamed of perfect shapes that shine,

Aristotle loved the messy, living line.

Plotinus climbed a ladder made of light

Until the ladder vanished in the night.

Then candles glowed for centuries of gold:

Augustine cried because his heart felt cold

And found the Same was Love that calls him home;

Aquinas built five bridges out of stone

To prove that God is real—yet in the prayer

He heard the Whoosh blow softly through the air.

Mystics (Hildegard with visions bright and wild,

Hadewijch, Eckhart) danced like every child

Inside the wound and sang, “God’s more than name!”

They fell straight through the slash into the flame.

The square turned once, the morning star arose:

Descartes woke up and felt his thinking nose

And cried, “I feel—therefore some I must be!”

He built a tidy house for Law to see,

But left the Whoosh outside the door to knock;

The slash just smiled and turned the hidden lock.

Kant drew the square with doors and windows neat,

Four rooms for knowing—pretty and complete.

“This side is me, that side is rock and star.”

The slash just giggled, “Child, you’ve not gone far.”

Hegel tried marching round to make a ring,

Almost he closed it—then the wound took wing.

Schopenhauer sat and cried inside the Cut;

Nietzsche jumped laughing till the heavens shut.

Husserl looked close, Heidegger looked long,

Wittgenstein and Derrida sang their song

That every word still bleeds along the slash;

Deleuze spread roots, Levinas saw the face

That shines across the wound and calls us grace.

From Greece to now the voices never cease,

Yet every thinker only finds one piece.

Whitehead, Bergson, Žižek, Badiou—

They stand in corners shouting what is true.

But here’s the wonder, small enough to keep:

No one is wrong, they only hear one beat

Of the same four-chambered heart that will not close.

The slash between them is the living rose

Where Same and Whoosh and Rules and Ouch can play

Together in their different, loving way.

So when you're five or fifty, sad or glad,
Remember just this square your heart once had:
Four rooms, one house, one bright and tender scar
That lets the whole world whisper who we are.

The axiom hums softly while you sleep:
“All things are folded, inward and without,
Each lives inside the other, there's no doubt.”

Good night, dear heart, the fire is warm and low.
The loving wound is singing gentle, slow.
Dream of the square that spins yet holds you tight,
And every thinker dancing in its light.
The song is never finished, never done—
For in the wound we live, and are made one.

And now the song is done in fire glow,
Yet still the square will pulse and overflow.
The Wound will open, open without end—
And that, dear friends, is why the world won't mend,
And why it must not—
For in the Wound we live,
And only in the Wound do we forgive.