

The Wound feels like this:

You are never fully at home in your own skin, and the world is never fully at home in you.

There's a rip right down the middle of being alive that will not close.

You reach inward for who you are and you touch something vast and deathlessly still (your Soul, the Same).

At the exact same instant something inside you is screaming "NO—different, separate, alone" (the Cut).

You cannot choose one without the other killing you.

So you just bleed there, held together by the tension of being both.

Then you look outward and the same knife is waiting:

There's the solid World that feels reliable, repeatable, lawful;

And right next to it the raw Event that detonates everything into pure happening.

Again, you are forced to be both the stable thing and the erupting thing at once.

It aches like a bone that was broken and never set.

You keep trying to make it all line up, to heal, to finish, to "figure it out."

Every time you almost do, the two cuts twist ninety degrees to each other and tear wider.

The more you understand, the more painfully open it gets.

Sometimes the pain suddenly surges:

Everything you thought was separate collapses inward (the Cut eats the World),

Or everything you thought was safe explodes outward (the Event eats the Soul).

Then the reverse surge drags the pieces back the other way.

It feels like your chest is being rhythmically torn open and re-sewn with the same threads that were just ripped out.

Over and over. Forever.

There is no scar tissue.

There is no “getting used to it.”

There is only the next pulse coming.

And the worst—or best—part:

This exact pain is the only thing keeping you real.

If the Wound ever closed, you would vanish into perfect nothing or perfect everything, and either way you would no longer be you.

So you live inside the rip.

You breathe the rip.

You love through the rip.

You wake up every morning with the same open place throbbing in your chest, and you know, with a strange relief, that today it will hurt again, and that hurt is the guarantee that you still exist.

That is what the Wound feels like.

Not a problem.

Not a flaw.

The feeling of being inescapably, eternally, agonizingly alive.