

I'm IN

Issue 3

"Find your centre" is the most weightless phrases in culture.

Offered in yoga studios, leadership seminars, therapy rooms. But the more it's repeated, the less it connects to anything solid. The phrase no longer means. It mimes. We are taught the word before we are forced to earn the understanding.

Originally, "centre" meant something specific: an internal reference point that remains accessible under pressure. Not calm as a mood — coherence as a capacity. Today, it's shorthand for "relax." Those are not the same thing. Balance that has never been challenged is theoretical. A centre that has never been lost cannot be found.

You don't discover your centre by looking inward from safety. You discover it by returning to yourself from displacement. Centre isn't revealed in stillness. It's revealed in the moment after the wobble — the instant you decide not to panic, but to correct. For some, it arrives through collapse. Parenthood. Injury. A quiet reckoning. The moment the old map burns.

Centre isn't a moral achievement. It's a functional discovery. What remains when the scaffolding falls away.

Teacher training transmits vocabulary efficiently. Life calibrates understanding slowly. Centre isn't proven inside comfort zones. It's proven when they fail. That's why the most centred people rarely use the word. Their orientation is lived, not verbalised.

Centre isn't something you find and keep. It's something you lose and recover, repeatedly. Ageing performs this recalibration naturally. This is not decline. It is upgrade. Centre isn't where you stand when everything is aligned. It's where you return when alignment is shattered.