The Yard

This is where I belong. The metal is loud and the people are even louder. People sing, rap, and grunt. This is an exercise circus. I see leg workouts, chest workouts, arm workouts, and so much more. There is that guy still trying to get abs with nothing to show for it. Well, at least he has big arms.

I see a guy rapping so hard, he started to sweat. I don't think it was the pushups or bicep curls. They should make rap a cardio workout and sponsor him.

I see a guy running so much; the guards are watching him too. I guess we know who the first to escape will be.

I see a guy lifting so much weight. The weight has to be twice his body size. I wonder what is stronger; him or the weight. I guess we will find out in 40 years.

It's funny because while I workout, I see everyone else. I bet everybody thinks they are doing something right. I know my form is on point, but don't ask the guy rapping that.

The yard is where I belong because it just doesn't get me right. Physically, I'm taken care of, but the yard helps me mentally, spiritually, and emotionally.

I watch everybody else, but when it is time to do me, I'm focused. No one does you better than yourself. This focus allows my mental to prosper. All I can think is form, core, and one more. That's a routine you never want to give up.

My spiritual; hits me in my stomach. It's different than water or food. It humbles me. I'm not the biggest, but my spirit is.

What I feel can only be real right? Wrong, that's not true. I feel like I'm out working the rapper, the runner, and the strongest man. Instead, the truth is we are all on the same pace. My feelings are real, but they are not always reality.

The yard is where I belong. I cannot see myself through others eyes, but I am sure they see the same. All of our realities can be spoken about differently, but they are all similar. The one thing we can all say and agree on; no matter who is rapping, running, or lifting weight.

The yard is where I belong. This was always my secret fate.

De'jon Yearling