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## *Arena of Life*

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*I* am a gladiator of fortune.  
My rigid muscles have recorded memories of struggle.  
My throat has swallowed the poison of anger.  
Taking so many punches in the stomach,  
I woke up in the vomit of lies.  
My brain was washed by somebody else's expectations.  
My heart was bled open numerous times.  
I thought I was tough, but then I surrendered.  
Oh, God! In surrendering I won my battle.