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For Blog: BLOG Posting....

In the ring on the First Fight in front of a large Crowd is Different then Actually havein to fight in your Own Back yard Cause Now it matters whether you win or lose And Winning is something you Kinda Wanna experience to show a Crowd, Thats How I felt Any way. From childhood it was just fights, Teenage years its Using what my step dad showed us, Adult years you test limits And wanna keep a reputation you earned. thats why I just done Couple fights here and there. But in the ring or cage And the Crowd its the experience in which to draw, that you dont waste sequences ya remember, plans based on Seeing a fight before entering it. thats what I done in this fight. Now when the Bell rang and going in the Center to meet this other person Im hoping He'll Creep close enough And I Could end this like I thought before that Bell rang, But plan "B" Always was there thats what lit the fuel to the fire I had reflecting on Keeping that fire I felt better when the first blows were thrown and Our Landed. On Both us Fighters that fire burns more And your Senses go Alert, they Usually do, After Several minuter I Knew I must Act quickly or Id fill Cold, I mentally went threw each vision while landing punches And Being hit Back And I Knew it would not be easy takeing two Blows here, there and exchangeing Back and fourth Covering myself and

striding left and right landing punches on the other fighter on plain views he left open the fourth punch I landed and seen him step back my fire ignited a door opened without noise I stepped in closing ground left, right hooks, jabs, upper cuts quick ones not letting the other fighter gain ground or Composure I grasp him to steady his side get in away and like a shotgun blast I let loose those bucks one hand steadying him and the other firing away with that I knew he would be reasonably completed my mouth dry, heart pounding quick glances to see the next landings on this figure stepping around watching every foot step, he goes down, its quiet blood in my ears loud pounding, or its seeming like that, Im watching, the crowds, not even stirring, all I hear is one, two, three my opponent budges but goes down, his gain alters and he lays flat again frozen on the mat.

I take a breath, my hand rises, the crowd yells, my heart slows in one quick round, a rest, and another, it seemed forever till that moment he goes down that Im relieved. it was to me that little recideins of that open door that my hand went up and I reflected on that Fire-N-Fuel but my mind the whole time didnt want that mat or my body to touch it or run that chance. Thats the first and the Begining of the whole start, I grew impatient to start

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with the second fight to see what means I had
and if I was any way good from what I've done
and learned. I just escaped an act that was too
obvious or a break at most. Now in the ring or
cage again with another across from me I'm wondering
what I can do going over the fight in my head
yet I might make it lucky?! it's dealing a stacked
deck you get a good hand or you don't!! Head in
throbs, pulse beating to the heart's pumps, mouth dry
not bringing my thoughts to focus thinking, the flow
of blood out my mouth, my eye, I'm distracted in
my own argument I'm being clobbered, deep in
my subconscious I'm lighting my own fire now in
my own delirium it comes but with force, with
qualities and flashes of my step dad when we were
young saying, "go head give it your best shot, come on
don't be weak," that same voice like music saying,
"man you got it, your rushing, slow down, back up,
think Guy, think," so I do without thinking
only listening I back up looking, the other guy
desperate with hands to end this as I had been
rushing, steps forward, I side step with a left
hook catching him square in the jaw, only a boy
I see images and my step dad holding the other
guy like a bag, I hear, "your best shot come on"
I step forward and like I've told bestest I could
I throw a punch left in the jaw, right, and two
left and right body blows the bag falls and I

Seeing that, I mounded it Landin the Blow securing the fall so he doesn't get up, I'm grabbed and it's over the other fighter face down, the blood pumping in me, the crowd up, I thought to myself man that guy had fire. I turn go to the back where I can see myself and change he did a number on an eye brow cut and my lip. I guess in the fight I went in a fool but wasn't, went in with no wisdom but in the end I wasn't a fool, had the wisdom in the beginning which was awareness that I didn't know, but I went ahead and trusted luck and that great moment of my imagination my step dad provided.

I could've been flattened but instead I listened, climbed, and ended sharp.

Sincerely to the
Readers....
Peter L. Ortega