



Jiu Jitsu is a Dance

Rolling, rolling, rolling.

Life doesn't need to feel like a fight if you can embrace it as a dance.

Jiu Jitsu, with its fluid movements and interplay between partners, is more than a sport—it becomes an intricate, captivating interpretive dance. What started as a want for good health turned to a need to know myself. In a deeper way. In the beginning, the moves felt jagged and unfamiliar. My arms and legs flailed around without purpose. Each move was intimidating and foreign. A new language my body would have to learn.

It was the same sentiment I sensed in my life. So many paths ahead and hardly any sense of direction.

Still, I kept coming to practice. Over time, it gradually became a routine. One that I could nurture and develop with each passing day. Though during the first few sparring sessions, I could feel my body lose its composure. Gasping for air as my breath escaped me. Fighting a battle within. Though the weight of another crushing my chest didn't come close to the pressure I placed on myself.

I noticed a new awareness around my limbs as they beckoned to be known. The movements, the pace, the critical thinking. Where is their foot, their hand, their wrist? A firm grip takes hold of my ankle. His elbow underneath my chin. Now we're entangled as if we were playing a game of twister. Bodies drenched in puddles of sweat. Heat rising between us. I protect my guard with the weight of my thighs. My fingers grip around his shoulder to keep balance.

I grappled him. Holding tight. Catching my breath. Slowly working my way on top. Ah, I think I'm getting it! Just as I was beginning to find my footing, a swift and unforeseen maneuver blindsided me. I'm left sprawled on the floor, my senses caught off guard—proof that even in this intricate dance, surprises lie around every corner. Dammit, not again.

Semi-graceful moving, swinging, rolling.

After enough submissions, falling and failing becomes a feature. As with any repetitive motion, it became choreography. Muscle memory kicked in and I would catch my partner off guard. Any small win was progress. Losing, no longer appeared like a failure; merely an aspect of reality. Experiencing the intense pressure prompted me to observe and calm down my mind and body.

This physical chess made the minutes feel like hours. After practice, the aches and bruises would reveal themselves. Proof I had given it my all, and that it was enough. It meant that I was making some kind of progress. I could breathe easier.

Breathe. Breathe. Pause. Breathe. Breathe. Pause.

Noticing my breath brought me back to the present moment. I'm in control. My mind and body adjusting to the rhythm, the sway, and the weight that Jiu Jitsu bestows upon me.

I discovered that life's battles can be transformed into harmonious movements. A practice where resilience, growth, and self-discovery become the beating heart of our existence.

