

Why I Treat My Body Like a Fortress and My Mind Like a Garden

What's popping, people?

It's Dante — out here on my morning walk in the Garden of Eden. Welcome to Paradise.

Paradise is within.

Although honestly, it'd be cool if it were a real walled garden — like an actual hedge, not just a fence. Something primal. I don't want to see the damn fence. I want to *craft* a hedge. Block out the noise. Make it real. Grow it tall. That's how I imagine it.

But the truth is, the real walled garden is internal.

You can build it in your mind. You can build it in your body.

“My body is a fortress. My mind is a garden.”

This idea helps me. Because the modern world? It weighs you down.

Strong Core, Strong Spine, Strong Soul

There's this guy I talk to on the bus — a mover. Every day he hauls bed frames, mini-fridges, desks, all that junk out of dorms. Heavy lifting, stairs, repeat.

And by Friday? His back's wrecked. He's always paired with some skinny dude, or sometimes a big guy with body weight but no core. They might have the size, but **size doesn't equal strength.**

Strength is **core.**

It's spine.

It's foundation.

It's legs.

It's feet.

I walk barefoot in *Vivo Primus Lite 4s* because I want my feet connected to the ground — no cushion, no crutches.

If your core is soft, your fortress has cracks.

Start treating every movement — walking, bending, standing — as a chance to engage your core. Keep the spine straight. Flex the body. Be mindful.

A weak body invites a weak mind.

That's just how it is.

You Are What You Eat (And What You Don't)

Modern food is poison.

Not all sugar is evil — I'm not demonizing fruit or natural carbs. But processed sugar?

Refined seed oils? Preservatives? Grocery store trash?

That stuff *rots* your gut. And when your gut breaks down, your mind follows. Brain fog isn't just a random mood — it's *dis-ease*.

The gut is the gateway. The vagus nerve is the bridge.

A dirty gut clouds the mind.

A clean gut lights it up.

That's why I fast. Every single day.

Not just to burn fat. Not just for autophagy.

But to **sharpen the mind**. To **clear the fog**.

It's like tuning an instrument — aligning my gut, brain, body into one frequency.

Build the Fortress. Tend the Garden.

Imagine this:

- A walled garden with hedges on all sides.
- Lush grass beneath your feet.
- Tall trees reaching for the sun.
- All the dead branches — pruned.

That's what I want my soul to look like.

Vitality in the body. Clarity in the mind. Peace in the soul.

This isn't about perfection. It's about *alignment*.

About walking through life with **resilience, clarity, and strength** — not just physical, but spiritual.

Let your presence be unbreakable. Let your energy be rooted.

So when someone throws a stone at you — it bounces off your fortress and hits the ground.

Final Word

Fortify the garden within.

Build the hedge.

Strengthen the core.

Stay sharp.

Stay grounded.

Then go out into the world...

And follow the light.

