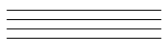


W H Y I T M A T T E R S



B E N J A M I N S . G R O S S B E R G

Every pull up, every barbell, each inch hoisted: the gripping fist, elbow planted against the vinyl slant, atop the bench: “preachers,” we say, as if a prayer granted this time, in real time: to move; to squat, bar on your shoulders; to crunch, medicine ball dense against the palms, then shot out as your torso bursts from the decline. It’s not vanity, no drive for sex or power – well, not just that – but sheer enacted will, a beef with time, with gravity; each hour, each ounce to know our push back; our kill-or-be-killed heft shouldering against its cackle and take, with every muscle tensed.