

I believe that emotions are a sign of weakness and limit you to the true potential that I believe that all people have. My idea is to provide no person with visible signs that I am experiencing emotions. I try to avoid any facial expressions when I am going through anything that has nothing to do with the company that I have at the time. This stems from a time early in my life where I saw one of the strongest people in my life in a state of weakness.

I remember the summer of my third grade year I was on a trip to Route 66 diner with my father. It was a brisk summer morning and the sun was just poking over the trees and I recall just being tall enough for the sun to hit the top of my forehead if I was sitting in the front seat. Then again I was pushing 5'2 at the time so it shouldn't be much of a surprise. The sun seemed to be a little dull on this day though and I could see on my father's face that he was sitting on something that was slowly eating at him. When we pulled out of the driveway he began giving me a speech about the ins and outs of becoming a man and how one day I would be responsible for protecting my mother and helping to teach my younger brother. It was almost as if he knew that tough times were coming. At this time in my life I was struggling with my own identity. Seeing the one man who instilled in me that men take things as they come and "handle their business" was beginning to crumble. I could only think that he was becoming less of a man than he was before.

We reached the corner of Bay Street and Roosevelt Avenue and he broke down in tears. The yellow traffic light reached red and I had reached a point of confusion. I couldn't tell whether the red was my anger for seeing my as father weak or if the redness was from the shame for feeling that way. I loved my father and saw him low and I couldn't feel anything but negative emotions towards him in his time of need. When we reached the diner I got out first and I ran to my father's side, ripped open the car door and proceeded to hug him for what seemed like an eternity. When I left his embrace my shoulder was covered in tears and the tears cooled my anger to reveal a sympathetic side I had been void of since birth.

I believe that it was this moment where I found out who I was. Through all of these happenings with my father in that moment I managed to show zero emotion on my face. This is where the classic Devonte face came into existence. The stoicism I exhume is in order to protect myself from the scrutiny that comes with emotions and the unnecessary talking that everybody seems to want when you are experiencing hardship. Since then I have been learning that there is nothing wrong with emotions. Emotions are what make us human and while I don't want to admit it, I was flooded by them as I wrote this. I am sure that as I read portions of this you will see them bubble to the surface but believe me old Devonte will suppress them and I will be doing some reflecting later on tonight.

Reflection is my escape from the world that I experience. The unforgiving nature of the world I see on a daily basis seems to melt away with a quick session of silence and time spent in my own thoughts. Pure ecstasy. My love for all things intelligent is a more recent development. I haven't always been fond of knowledge or things that will make me smart. I believe that the self-improvement part of my being isn't associated with developments I wanted to make. It was the weakness I felt following the passing of my father.