

4-1-2010

Treadmill

Elizabeth Whiteacre

College of DuPage, whiteacr@cod.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Whiteacre, Elizabeth (2010) "Treadmill," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 30: No. 2, Article 60.

Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol30/iss2/60>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Treadmill

Liz Whiteacre

You've set my gait,
 Left me to dash
 Down hallways, no
 Dawdling. 'Til
 Ida remarks
 On my swift steps,
 I don't notice
 My shoes chew
 Carpet four feet
 At a time-Where
 Ever I go,
 Classes, meetings,
 After-dinner
 Hikes, bridal aisles,
 The zoo. I blame
 You, your measured
 Frame, measured speed,
 Measured incline.
 You have left your
 Imprint. I walk
 Like a hamster
 In cyclical
 Steps, beating, re-
 Peating, pounding
 Pavement, concrete,
 Porcelain tiles
 In precise steps.
 I no longer
 Remember my
 Pace at twenty
 Two. I am stuck
 At 4.2 –
 On a good day.
 I think we must
 Sweat together;
 That our efforts,
 As we grow old,
 Synchronize. Our
 Resolute march
 Toward the last red
 Column flashing

A victory,
As long as we
Don't break stride

Halls of Anubis

Richard Marshall

Descending into the labyrinth of hallucination
There exists a place
Where whispers of the gods
Echo through sands of antiquity

Pillars of limestone
And statues of jade marble
Illuminated by the eye of providence
Within the crypts of hypnagogia

Men wearing animal masks
Worship the gibbous moon
While laughing jackals
Dance in the red sun

Beyond the gloaming wasteland of doubt
Into the yawning catacombs of nightmare
Angry ghosts beat drums
To the rhythm of lingering hatred

Those who fear death
Are condemned to its madness
But those who embrace death
Shall be freed from its grasp