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# Treadmill

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## 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 Marshalla

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 condemed to its madness But those who embrace death Shall be freed from its grasp