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Superman

Elizabeth Whiteacre College of DuPage, whiteacr@cod.edu

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Whiteacre: Superman

Superman

Liz Whiteacre

He clips 90 lbs of steel discs to his waist with a belt made of leather and chain, and I can't help but stare. He steps swiftly on the triceps dip, feet and elbows brace the weight, Marine tattoos flex when he grips the metal handles.

We both know he's in good shape, he's confident, he's earned it—I see him daily doing complicated routines. He's there before I arrive, after I leave. His hair's oiled and manicured as it was, I imagine, when he was in his twenties.

No doubt, he's been sweating five to seven days a week for maybe seventy years. He focuses on something in the distance; I'm enamored with the Geisha on his upper arm. He doesn't check the mirror, so I don't know if he's aware

his range of motion is barely an inch today—I'm sure he concentrates on the muscles' burn each flexion, every dip, feels the steel bounce between his tense thighs, just as they did when he was twenty five.