Treadmill

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