

# Workout

DAVE EVANS

From my lofty indoor bike seat,  
  
facing a bay window, I see a real fly  
caught in a metaphorical Lake Michigan  
  
on the gym's roof; it's only  
a human half-inch inch from shore—  
  
and something in its fly brain keeps  
shouting to its wings and legs:  
  
*high and dry!*  
*high and dry!—*  
  
yet each time the tiny dark motor  
starts up, it only surrounds itself  
  
with rippling circles, going nowhere,  
like a man on a stationary bike, making  
  
circles with his feet at 55 rpm's, 4 miles  
every 15 minutes, looking out a window,  
  
watching a fly dying in rain water.