

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.