

Treadmill

My parents bought me a treadmill because I told them I wanted to change my life, at least physically, since that was the only part that they could see as being messed up, like when I laid in bed for three weeks from a kidney stone and was at a pack a day habit, I felt like a fat factory, and I hated mornings because I wanted to be in bed instead of class, and I hated afternoons because I wanted to shop at Wal-Mart and watch TV instead of studying, and nights were the most hated because I had my own place and was financially able to support a healthy social life, including good pot, not that crusty compact shit that looks like the smashed brown grass I peel off the wheels of my parent's lawn mower, but the big fluffy buds I used to only read about in *High Times*, but these weren't high times and when I'm done studying and working, I don't feel like socializing, I only get a few minutes to actually sit down in my Goodwill recliner, take a little, and watch Dave Letterman's Top Ten List before falling asleep, sleep that's never very good because it's always interrupted by my alarm which sounds like beeping to everyone else but all I hear is, "Get your fat ass out of bed and get to work, and when you're finished, crawl back into your cage like the dirty rodent you are, and run on the wheel, that tiny squeaking wheel that you must power by every once of your energy just so it can spin around and around," and so I follow my orders and go to class and to work and come home to walk on my treadmill because it's making me thinner and happier, and every time I lose a pound I'm amazed that a fraction of my flesh was destroyed by staying in the same exact place.

-Sarah Delaplane