

## The Gym

When in the gym  
you stay out of the way  
of muscle bound bearded behemoths  
slow striding between iron plates  
faces imperviously blank  
in their boredom of strength

You carry on with your own routine  
self-imposed agendas of lift and rest  
mind wandering between sets

pounding heart with things to do  
in the remaining day must  
pay attention or  
lose your way

So you watch your form  
in the gym's wall of mirrors  
body's still ok after all these years  
thinner yes slacking skin

As always you persevere

But who will you see  
when you look at a wall  
where a mirror used to be?

Out of time out of mind  
Out of will to do anything more  
You quit and go