

100K

I'm in my black Nike
shorts and shoes
Tethered to plastic
footpads.

Screen's on,
seat beneath me,
spine straight,
shoulders over hips
as Nick gives tips.

Hands rest on the T-bar,
tense as the timer
rolls toward zero -
I take up the slack
pull back, quads
clench as I shoot
down the track.

Tonight I'll hit 100K -
A hundred thousand meters -
I've rowed
a thousand football fields
sixty-two point one three miles
Hudson to Cleveland
and back.

Tonight I'm rowing against
MissT from Louisiana
and Rowver from Tulsa
and OarsOUT from Jersey -
we pass one another
on this digital stream or
follow each other in a
wi-fi wake
a meter ahead,
then a meter behind
see each other briefly
speed by



My meters roll toward
100k and I catch
drive, finish
over and over,
heart pounding hard,
as I row
against the time
left on my monitor,
against the time
left in my cells,
against time itself.

I'm hoping to lose
calories and ounces
and inches.

I row the stationary stream
of a silver rail in my basement,
hoping to slow things down,
hoping to outpace fate,
hoping to find a way
to hold on to all of this
just a little bit longer.

