"Dormant in the Corner"

Ironically,
I am constantly
Immobile, which
Defeats my man-
Ufactured purpose
To provide a place
For my owners to
Walk, jog, or run. I
Don’t think they made
Me to serve as more
Closet space, even
Though I hold empty
Plastic clothes hangers
And am adorned with
Monday’s boxer shorts
All week long. I should
Be running at 5.0 on a
Moderate incline and not
Gather dust and serve as
A hiding place for the small
Boy they only yell at when
He comes close to me.
I remember when these
Two opened my box and
Marveled at my features:
A book rack, two cup
Holders, and a digital
Readout that accurately
Measures their health. I’m
Supposed to be helping
Them lose weight, gain
Strength, and lengthen
Their lives. Due to
Inactivity on both
Of our parts,
Their bones
Deteriorate
And my
Resale
Value
Goes.
When they
Are both awake
In bed on the other
Side of this room, I
Hear them, once
In a while, discuss
Parting with me
and admitting
They don’t
Use me.
I have,
they
say,
be
come
He always says he's starting Monday.
She laughs and knows he won't.
At least she has the dignity
Not to lie as she balls
Up her candy wrappers and complains
again about her lower back
hurting
in the same spot
as I
as a
as t
t i
m e