

Spinning

by Elizabeth Kate Switaj

Ride me, I say, and you never hear. No matter how I shine my padding, it's never what draws you to me. I only get to touch you when you feel guilty, and most of the time, it's only through shorts and graduated compression socks. What does my desire matter? It all comes out to calories in, calories out, when you can be bothered to track them. If you could hear me and I could speak the language that tells you how and when to move your legs, and when to submit your ankles to my straps, I would tell you:

I love a thick ankle. You dread them. I understand enough of what you say on the phone to know that. I just want to caress yours, even if you don't move them. And if you have to move them, you don't have to plug me in. Your motion is enough to turn my pedals.

I would not say I love you. I do not. I love your curves and turns and circles because I am a cycle, or I contain cycles and that is what you know me by. This partial love is all I have to offer. But surely it's worth the touch of your skin to my pleather.

