Paris to Flamingo

– “So let me confess at the outset to my preference for the real fakery of Las Vegas ...”

framed like this we inch ahead creaking
cupboards & selves. you wear sunglasses
& i stare deep into the eyes of whipped cream
Abercrombie & Fitch & stuffed
vitamin display the child stars
the convenience stores, Walgreens, CVS’s
the folded arms & tunnel-vision gaze of strongmen
the contorted beckoning of child-women
(the trucks of girls girls girls)

the Montgolfier Balloon: a lone castanet
or snazzy pyjama-striped doorknob teetering
over the Arc de Triomphe
& La Fontaine de Mers (girls girls girls
holding fish) the Eiffel corporate duck
the background ph, an angel trumpeting
the black beehives of traffic lights
& bare asses of Bally’s, yeah girls girls

(& we’ve only just started) remembering
the man who lost his feet, his Bally’s dream
in that end of the world hotel the point
which was not to win of course but to keep going

the eye struggle of a Vasarely† the overwhelm
that brings underwhelm (as strategic, as reaction
as put-on as nonchalance) the objects
clear from here not there phantasmagorias
of FOMO & the boredom inherent in quote exciting
things present/past/future demolition

derbies, planned obsolescence
& dust pollution hiding
in the collisions of indigo yellow & harlequin green through which our autoscape edges
a contest of tides, reencountering the who’s pretending to be who’s/whose with each nudge, watching the watchers watching (Jimbo abandoned for your friend’s convertible leather seats! & backseat driving) an auto-

mobile promenade: flooded with churning & burnt out with afloat on the sidewalk people standing on people on fences on attention, to watch water take shapes of cypress trees & stalagmites & smoking wedding cakes under the pocket gables of Caesar’s; the Cromwell upscale-ordinary against pink & flaming feathered eggshell cracking crown

under which bare-chested boys juggle for change over a couple verging on ten different types of selfie (the backdrop Margaritaville girls girls girls posters & the others slipper walk, drinking from hookahs) woman with cardboard sign anything helps

Rose Hunter

Rose Hunter, ‘Paris to Flamingo’ and ‘all this is blurred and much bluer than it was’. Transnational Literature Vol. 11 no. 1, November 2018. http://fhrc.flinders.edu.au/transnational/home.html
all this is blurred and much bluer than it was

and where is the one who says to hell
with this anyway i’m gonna go with the flow
(plummets the rapids the ease of its return
an insult to the struggling way it came
but other than that pretty chill) (i’m

not going to dump all that turned up
in my body in some backwater then
hang around waiting to die; why go back

to where i was born after all, it wasn’t that
great and i’ve travelled so many miles
since then, i’m a fish of the world

and far as i see plenty of you all
doing what you’re doing i won’t be missed
this leaping also is overrated, to get
from here to there, sometimes lice
not an epiphany and not individual

since we’re all doing it, not a work of art
either or a feat of anything. i’m gonna do
something completely different drift back

where i came from live out my days
eating shrimp you suckers)

ii.

oh when may we sleep?
when we reach the river.

oh when may we sleep
when may we eat?

iii.

Chinook (king)
chum (dog)

Rose Hunter. ‘Paris to Flamingo’ and ‘all this is blurred and much bluer than it was’. 
Transnational Literature Vol. 11 no. 1, November 2018. 
coho (silver)
sockeye (red)
humpy (pink)

iv.

in a blue night from a Red Rock desert we came and how does this sort of thing even happen?

(oh right, yes yes yes!) three am, past inlets and outlets mudflats and sandflats, one snow capped fantastic after another, already i can’t take any more yet they keep appearing, stuffed full of the wows (hungry cold tired, fed up) where the hell even are we? through the grey light night, creases in the grey mud soft wet paper reaching out past windscreen tears, mist sleet

or snow, really, in summer? 61 degrees north holy north, look from a Red Rock desert (your steering wheel shedding snake skins and dashboard stew) next thing on a plane

with bear hunting talk. her hair river honey under a mesh cap advertising a firing range in Waco. she gave us cookies (as usual we had no food), it was freezing and you

were all the way across the aisle. i kept reaching for your hand and sure none of this was really happening (look, from a Red Rock desert still jangling slots, the silvering tinker tinker)

(we came) and now, pissed! where are we going and for how much longer, your answers are vague and you ignore all demands to stop. ready to leap out the window hitch back where i didn’t

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come from, preventing it, the distance we’ve travelled (the way the already ventured
serves to cement the presently occurring whatever it is) and curiosity.... you seem to have no need for sleep or food. we have no water and the fuel guage is low (you and your cutting it fine). our stakes are not like theirs.
yet you are single-minded, hell-bent (i am watching your colours take over).

Rose Hunter