

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

* Epigraph from Dave Hickey. “Dialectical Utopias: On Las Vegas and Santa Fe.” *Harvard Design Magazine*, Winter/Spring 1998, Number 4, pp. 1-5. p. 1.

[†] “the eye struggle of a Vasarely:” Robert Venturi, Steven Izenour, and Denise Scott Brown. *Learning From Las Vegas*. Revised Edition. The MIT Press, 1977. p. 53.

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'.
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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)

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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).

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