

PLASTIC OASIS [RENO]

Walking into the lobby of a Reno-Casino-Spa-Hotel, air conditioning hits her chops from the left with a cool rasp.

She saw her legs dangling over the porcelain and under skirts. Props.

A potted palm flicked its hair as she leant an armful of sweat on the marble(d) reception desk.

Through the window to the courtyard she glimpsed the swimming pool blue,
Universal refreshment, globally provided.

GULP.

Poolside, A fat man belched out his belly before a breaststroke,

Cutting through the water like a wet Pana-Cotta on the glide.

Low rollers off the clock were smoothed over sun loungers like pallid gravy skins,

Baked Breast and legs.

Later, she sipped a cocktail called a last word that tastes of the swill at the dentist,

A mouth full of teeth and tequila.

An overhanging plastic turtle gave her a sense of the beady eye,

Popping a prawn she felt pink as it slipped uneasily down her gullet, throttled through.

She washed it down with mountain water in a slippery glass.

The pool was (in) the middle still.

Wrapped, clad in the casino, like a center spread in a glossy brag signed by the `Times.

Sealed in, made 3D, Flattened and formed into fifty shades of still true blues.

SARAH ROBERTS 2017.