Palm Springs at the End of the Mind

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A father counted cards,  
his prized club sandwiches  
small wagers from aged  
sports gods. Bain de Soleil  
the height of local vocabulary. Slim-Fast  
sped time.  
So did valets, fondues,  
tan-thighed gals with  
department store names.  
Eyes matched the pool.

Then time shrunk. Paid gossips and hard rulers of state drifted off to eras where their names were blanks. Stiff Halstons withered. Pools turned cold, chlorine flecked green, mould dusted gruyère. A Hollywood no longer in syndication.

I’d like to say solidarity would have helped them. But who really knows? And what came next? Many later fatherlands that we fixed upon that always failed us.