**Resort**

by Scott-Patrick Mitchell

I hear it’s sunny in the lounge this time of year. We don slippers and dressing gowns, grab coffee on the way, bask in sofa’s morning glow. For lunch, we dress in trackies and singlets, dine from the luminous mouth of a café in the kitchen: we eat leftovers from the fridge. You go to fetch the mail. When you return, you show me photos of all the flowers you have seen in our faraway front garden. We spend the afternoon holed up in the cute library at the back of the house: the shelves in our study bristle and bloom with books. We read to each other. At dinnertime, we make our way outside to a gazebo, switch on the fairy lights, drink wine. The sun sets to reveal a sky, infinite with pinpricks of places other than here. We return to our hotel room, the bed we call cinema, the bed we call gondola-on-canal-of-dreams. We check the news: lockdown has been extended. Another fortnight inside this house. We make plans for tomorrow. You promise me a picnic on the front lawn. Excited, I can hardly sleep, unsure if my restlessness is actually ennui.

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