

On a still day, a trained pilot wrote  
this text in the sky:  
“ D O U B T S P R O U T I N G  
A H I G H W A Y I S A L A D D E R ”

The horizon kind-of shifted and there's  
a heightened wind.

Fallen, maybe far from heaven; Micah and Solomon are  
literally two wings of an angel; often pushing closer  
to each other, sometimes almost touching. Because of a video,  
Micah understands that psychokinesis can reshape a cloud

The angel is akin to an infinite scroll, eyes darting, facing  
cast down.

The angel's body is nodding, continued confirmation,  
and line collapses from east to west; Micah to Solomon  
through its axis, beating and folding. Nodding, as an ongoing  
acknowledgement of what is placed before me, what I see.

The image is stretching and the image is the regular space  
between the rungs of the ladder, the space between posts.  
The pages of a magazine close to touch each other; interface.  
Confidence in the self, trust in the eye – or the road seen  
lying before you, or the road as it looks on the map.  
Aerial views and horizon lines, still driving.

Puppies Puppies: “Félix González-Torres was right,  
two things that echo each other can be rightly understood  
as homoerotic”

The road is the monarch butterfly when I walk over  
terraced stone steps. It flies a little, not far, but away.  
Same sex marriage is legalised in Australia over  
decades of 'action', diverted to a tipping point: a  
postal plebiscite that distils recognised citizens  
into the answers of yes, no, voiceless, but vapour  
trails of reports; those against, tearing through  
apartment mailboxes and shredding the voting slips.  
Pro-active measures, something to deliver.

Skyy

Vodka Yyes is a pre-mixed vodka soda with squeezed  
lime that is released to celebrate the Yes, distinguishing  
itself in packaging if not by content. (*Like Mariah Carey,*  
*Micah is wearing a butterfly charmbracelet, and not much*  
*else*) The canned drink features a ring pull that snaps off  
to become an engagement ring. Proposing a toast  
rapidly transforms into a toast to proposing. Sparkling  
cubic zirconia. A doubled couplet of y's (skyy, yyes)  
like a thong slid between buttocks, like a flip flop  
jammed up the first and second toe; toothless gums  
around a rubber prong, foot kicking towards the sky  
or next step. Enjoying one alone.

In the morning I sit upstairs and Jacob scrapes 6 eggs  
from the pan for himself and his best friend, and he continues  
with how he wanted to marry her, that bitch who didn't  
want that then but now she does (with someone else).

The code to enter the house we share is 1311#.  
One painted pine step that leads to it is kind-of rotten  
it leans in, moistened paint and all. Inside, the

stairway is against the wall, cherry bannister with flaring tip, and the seventh step creaks badly on the right side. There is also a ladder leading to the attic.

Walking up from the downstairs, my skin tightens as the humidity shifts from stratified air conditioner zones.

Jacob suggests what's natural, what he's happy to perpetuate, and how to move forward. We talk about botox, and I can't help but volunteer that it closes pores. I reminisce without purpose—a friend introducing himself over a coffee with how he diverts sweat across the body. Botox injections detouring glands in palms shifting the secretion to other pores; a mess of spillage, the armpit, the under-pec, the lower back. I'm young, and impressions still matter. Soft deliberations on making ourselves last in the eyes of others, a breeze across butt-cheek.

Moon risen, we're in the yard of the dive bar that's now for sale, the vestige of the old neighbourhood, standing, watching folks toss a ring onto a hook. Jacob tells me he's glad we're clicking now, when we met that time ago he didn't think so much of me. The circle is complete. A round of Stella Artois, the last cash I have in hand. Humidity high, the soft shape of his chest soaks through t-shirt; he introduces himself to people as a carpenter and a musician. Only I'm thinking of Jesus as a carpenter even though I want to be sceptical of edits and scripture, but a voice lurches into song while lecturing on grace; *We are / climbing / Jacob's Ladder*. Climbing to heaven with some kind-of public. Aristotlean, like a body of writing as a dispensable ladder to the next plateau of philosophical reflection. Jacob's looking down on me at the height at which he stands, forearm grazing sweat steeped shirt and tells me he thinks I like him, which I do, and he likes me a lot, but he likes someone else, she is a very nice girl, and why is he so comfortable with always driving drunk.

The person beside me says fuck you and I think the same. A slowed kick drum. I'm not sure of so much, but certainly never put him close to god or anyone like that, but not wanting to be reactionary with this plastic cup of Stella in hand. My face cast down towards the ladders and rungs in the seams of his jeans; nice ones in his estimation. The FBI famously used the wear and tear of denim folds and creases to identify criminals from surveillance footage. Puckering deduction and divination, seams and valleys. Have you forgotten your guardian angel, who holds your walls together?

His best friend has tossed the ring on the hook and one fist flies up in victory. He walks back to us; they are both resolutely wearing flip flops, like they might while wielding chainsaws, while climbing trees.

I'm looking down at my legs, thinking I never have the right grip on language for my desire. Reading auto-translated summaries of domination in alternation; one will take the role of the master while the other will take the role of the dog. A third witnesses, then they swap. Grilled swordfish steak flung to the man in a kennel, who must lick it but cannot chew. The dog seen lying before you, the dog under another sign of power, the way you look on a map. Cartography to cut up a bedsheet into bands, thongs and gags, an occupation enough to make his cock flow in a thin, bright net.

I am led through the Kabakov studio by Emilia. Living off the grid, projects conceived and waiting for execution. She is devilish in her smile, as she despairs of the cavalier mess of her grandchildren sharing their lives on social media. Ilya is inside the house, painting. She won't share what she is reading. We're looking at unexhibited paintings in a barn-like room reproduced at the Grand Palais in full scale. What was it that came first? The door is locked behind us, and another opens to three rooms of models, some wired with power. I don't know if it's a studio visit or a tour, but time and time again there's a quick humour about general misogyny that she faces professionally. Confusion about her involvement in projects, that she might just be an assistant to her genius husband. Every model has an anecdote, and some are directly about angels. I like models; shaping something to be desired.