

PENCILS FROM HEAVEN

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when I was 13 I liked going to Heaven
it was in the bourke street mall
and had those kinds of pictures
that 13 year old girls like
a couple kissing on a parisian street
two fat cherubs fondling cherry sweet
I'd catch the train from pascoe vale to Heaven
stopping to look at the patent leather
winkle pickers doc martens thigh highs
boots with silver buckles made me breathless
what did you do on the weekend?
I went to Heaven with my girlfriend
who'd sit on a cold step and smoke
and look up into the clouds and think
of angels grounded as I walked down flinders
the blonde flick of fawcett's flares
the billowing rush of monroe's skirt
white wings in smoky gust of air
Heaven had ken done postcards
rubbers on the end of pencils
we called them erasers knowing smile
bright and neon and hot pink blush
or perhaps that was my girl and me dazzling
in the newness of glitterball smiles
orbiting venus turns of slow desires
we bought purple hair spray in Heaven
that gave us sweet valley girl highs
in aisles where the manager couldn't see us
stealing sticky kisses hubba bubba bubbles
lolita stockings with lace trimming thighs
undoing belts in city loop corners
hands burrowing in dark duffel pockets
the girl I kissed first lost me
the week after we went to Heaven
she flew above the trains faster kittycat
showing me tags the ones up above
new graffiti our hidden code
every time I caught the broady
letters on tall buildings and overpasses
bounding off in spraypaint to the sky
like my girl was the first to touch Heaven
a small plane continuing the cursive
while the folks at home watched on
staring up at the sky and frowning

as the trail of smoke turned listless