

Heaven

Jenny Hval

O, Heaven, O, Heaven, the next Queens-bound train is two stations away. From Tvedestrand, my white gown that curls around the harbour fetal-style. I never was a girly girl, forgive me!

From the very back of the church choir I am standing, lone alto range. Girl in Black. The front row clasp their hands now, they're singing with devotion. I separate from feeling, complex harmonic motion. I shut my mouth and ran away, spot out that neoliberal, girly heart that held no blood and made no beat, just vibrated sweetly in the chest. But I'm 33 now, that's Jesus-age, and girl spaces come back to me. I want to sing religiously, you know, airy, more than necessary, climbing the ladders just to fall, uncontrollably to Heaven. O, Heaven, I'm standing in a graveyard of girls. O Tvedestrand, O, white gown, the tombstones are so tall and hard, I want to sit on them, put death inside my body, I want

So much death inside my body! Heaven, I'm sorry. I just want to feel

So much death, a hole to nowhere