

How Gentle

Jenny Hval

How gentle to go swimming
Inside her secret swimming
And breathe with secret gills

Through thick-shake water a set of oars
Rippling the water
Pass her on to me, pass her on to me
To me

Inside a secret tomb
Therein lie my secret bones

She passes on to me
She passes on to me
She passes on to me
She passes on to me...

Carve my shape into the water
I remember, these my mothers