

## 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