

Period Piece

Jenny Hval

Failed every period
Did baroque badly
Afraid of blood
Dream was too lonely

I chose keeping it together
In these IKEA white walls
Of my post-war Nordic silence
But only desire is real

I must find some kind of art form
Where I can call my tongue back from the underground
(Back from the underground)
Back from the underground

There are multitudes
There are multitudes

In the doctor's office my speculum pulls me open
Spacing the space
Accidental sci-fi
Regulating my aperture, vagine savant
Some people find it painful
But all I feel is connected
All I feel is connected

There must be some kind of art form
Where I can call my blood
There are multitudes
There are multitudes
There are multitudes

Don't be afraid
It's only blood