

Take Care Of Yourself

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What is it to take care of yourself? Getting paid? Getting laid? Getting married? Getting pregnant? Fighting for visibility in your market? Realizing your potential? Being healthy, being clean, not making a fool of yourself, not hurting yourself? Shaving in all the right places

What am I taking care of? I'm lying in our bed unable to sleep, reaching a state of absolute dependence. In a restless half-dream, like the jam without a spoon, and I grab my cunt with my hand and that isn't clean. Am I loving myself now? Am I mothering myself? Am I taking care of myself now?

I imagine you're doing the same, holding onto your soft dick. It lies in the hand where it dares stay soft. Could I be that for you? That cupping hand on your soft dick? Could I give you that, that which sometimes expects nothing? Accepting restlessness, accepting no direction, accepting this fearful wanting that isn't desire?

That going nowhere? A warm place. Can we go there? We don't have to fuck, can we just lie here being? I give you this hand. I give you this hand