

The Seer

Jenny Hval

What is human? Is there really nothing but seeing or seen
The voice is wordless tissue
The fog from Heart of Glass
Listen to the lips, they feed you
The voice is a second flesh that cannot be seen
This body is not for vision, the seer cannot go there

But the tongue is upon for the restless
An indecipherable alphabet
Each word an island less
And we speak in tongues from
Part to parts, broke all to parts
From invisible state, to invisible state

Where do I end? In the flames or in the ashes?
My body is the end