

Lorna

Jenny Hval

What is this desire?
This biting, eating into another person.
What is this that can't be contained in you?
I feel full of holes, separate.
And when I wake up,
I see red flowers on the bed
No one ever asked me: How do I desire?
I don't think anyone ever talked to me
Using the word "desire" at all
No one ever told me or
taught me not to contain it
It kept existing, but there was no language
Does anyone have a language for it?
Can we find it?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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