Kingsize

Jenny Hval

Think big, girl, like a king, think kingsize.
Did you learn nothing in America?
I've placed four big bananas in my lap.
In New York I don't dream.
I always wanted to be less subculturally lonely,
but here I see no subculture. No, no future.
No big science. No big bananas.
But I found no, no future.
I rock the bananas gently, move back and forth.
Don't wake them.What is soft dick rock?
Using the elements of dick to create a softer,
toned-down sound. I sing to the bananas.
The skin is getting thin and brown, Norway.
The girls are pretty. I'm one fourth Danish.
If you have a child you better learn how to bake.
I beckon the cupcake, the huge capitalist clit.
I search the oven, scrub the racks,
put my whole head inside, but I just can't find it.
It's like looking out the window in there.The bananas rot slowly in my lap, silently, wildly, girly.
The rash is an opportunity, a common disease,
something in common, a community,
the definition must be: something attacking itself.
Four flaking, flaccid fingers.
No future. Oh, the fruit flies.

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