

Sabbath

Jenny Hval

I'm six or seven and dreaming that I'm a boy.
I emerged out of the water and went into the garden
with a small silver hand between my thighs
Later, in the shower, I see a boy naked.
He is contagious, and I can feel mine.
I was told not to stare then,
but my eyes have never been larger,
in and out of my body, my stare kept growing I guess that's what's called flesh memory.
Oh, how I wanted to tell him that we had switched places!
In my dream I'd had him on me,
but I didn't that day when I told her
the dog was a wolf and the rock was a cliff,
and you're a horse! I said,
if the dog was a wolf and I a boy
she could be a horse, sure thing, she had no excuse And we were running then, horse and wolf and girl,
braces on her teeth like a bridle, a bride, a bridle.
I felt tight against supple, cool against hot, wires and skin. I've always been like this Somedays I feel like my
body is straightened,
held up by thin braces, metal spires embrace my spine,
my face, my cunt. I can feel myself from above,
but I can't see who's holding them.
It would be easy to think about submission,
but I don't think it's about submission,
it's about holding and being held.

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