Heaven

Jenny Hval

O, Heaven, the next Queens-bound train
is two stations away
From Tvedestrand, my white gown that curls around
the harbour fetal-style.
I never was a girly girl, forgive me!From the very back of the church choir
I am standing, lone alto range. Girl in Black.
The front row clasp their hands now,
they're singing with devotion. I separate from feeling, complex harmonic motion.
What's wrong with their voices?
I sing like this when I'm at home.I shut my mouth and ran away, spot out that neoliberal,
girly heart that held no blood and made no beat,
just vibrated sweetly in the chest.
But I'm 33 now, that's Jesus-age,
and girl spaces come back to me.
I want to sing religiously, you know,
airy, more than necessary,
climbing the ladders just to fall, uncontrollably to Heaven.To, Heaven, I'm standing in a graveyard of girls.
O Tvedestrand, O white gown,
the tombstones are so tall and hard,
I want to sit on them, put death inside my body, I want!
So much death! I'm sorry. I just want to feel...
So much death, a hole to nowhere

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