

# Jupiter

Jenny Hval

We slowed down  
Stopped outside Prada Marfa  
An abandoned petrol station  
Or an art world sphinx or oracle  
Glass, and beyond, shoes and bags  
Like a weapon deposit slowly reflects your shape as a tiny hole  
Black against the desert-scape  
Black like a planet calling

Jupiter call her  
Into the ether  
Jupiter call her  
Let her come, let her come

I should relate somehow  
I am an "abandoned project"  
But also a creature  
Crisp and clear like the desert  
Indistinguishable from clarity  
Heavenly and high  
The clouds' appendage  
I could open my mouth  
And pour out mirages  
Like a song, I am always gathering

Jupiter call her  
Jupiter call her  
Jupiter call her  
Jupiter call her

You ask  
"Is it a real ship?"  
But you meant shop  
Could you ask if I am a real merle, I mean burl  
No, you don't gather  
I watch my reflection sigh  
Before goat and ram, I mean shoes and bags  
Sometimes art is more real, more evil  
Just lonelier  
Just so lonely

Jupiter call her (Just so lonely)  
Jupiter call her (Just so lonely)  
Jupiter call her (Just so lonely)  
Jupiter call her  
Jupiter call her (Just so lonely)  
Jupiter call her  
Jupiter call her