

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