

## Period Piece

Jenny Hval

Failed every period  
Did baroque badly  
Afraid of blood  
Dream was too lonely

I chose keeping it together  
In these IKEA white walls  
Of my post-war Nordic silence  
But only desire is real

I must find some kind of art form  
Where I can call my tongue back from the underground  
(Back from the underground)  
Back from the underground

There are multitudes  
There are multitudes

In the doctor's office my speculum pulls me open  
Spacing the space  
Accidental sci-fi  
Regulating my aperture, vagine savant  
Some people find it painful  
But all I feel is connected  
All I feel is connected

There must be some kind of art form  
Where I can call my blood  
There are multitudes  
There are multitudes  
There are multitudes

Don't be afraid  
It's only blood