

Secret Touch

Jenny Hval

As I write this I must pretend someone's holding my hand
Probably someone dead
(Would be the only one to hold me now, ice cold)
I was waiting, forbidden
No one knew I was waiting, not even you
I was not speaking
You were travelling
And you came to me as if someone just died
Consolidation, but violently felt
Like kissing through the glass window
Passion separated by space legal, like money
(Is a space of freedom)
Free!
Free!

Consolidation when it's an excuse
As if someone had just died
Condolences, when silences rise in public places
And any gathering becomes a cathedral
For a short moment in time
I let you wipe out my facial features
But flesh is the loneliest creature
And it's suddenly silenced
By the most unlawful act of infinity
Infidelity
When I on a whim followed her suddenly into that room
And kissed like blood intinction to avoid thinking of death
Death!
Death!

Exchanging one drive for another drive
There comes a certain point in our lives when we more or less
Desperately want to be bad
And we gladly exchange the good things
Just to for a short moment feel alive
I can tell you that I've never felt so alive
As when you embraced me
You were travelling
And you came to me as if someone had just died
Consolidation of violence
As if already
It did not, and later we regret it
Because we have no language to express that it was both
Ravishing, ravishing
Destructive, and most of all, most of all:
Absolutely necessary
These things! To feel alive
Free!
To die, to die!
Free!
In whoever's innocent arms