

In Medias Res

Los Campesinos!

But let's talk about you for a minute
With the vomit in your gullet
From a half bottle of vodka
That we'd stolen from the optic

On the back seat in your car
Because it wasn't safe to start it
You were "far too fucked to drive"
Were the words that you imparted

And the woolen dress that clung so tight
To the contours of your body
The dead grass stuck to fibers from us
Rolling in the layby

Were passed to dog-haired blankets
That protected the back seat covers
And a crucifix was hung from rear-view
Mirror by your mother

I'm leaving my body to science
Not medical, but physics
Drag my corpse through the airport
And lay me limp on the left wing

Drop me at the highest point
And trace a line around the dent I leave in the ground
That'll be the initial of the one you'll marry
Now that I'm not around

I flew for seven hours
The sky didn't once turn black

I wake from sleep, my head and shoulder
Wet against the window
A frost had formed and melted, soaked me
Right through to my collarbone

If you were given the option
Of dying painlessly in peace at 45
With a lover at your side
After a full and happy life

Is this something that would interest you?
Would this interest you at all?