

## To Tundra

Los Campesinos!

Meet me at  
St. Nicholas  
Among the oaks  
Behind the church

That sway like pig-tailed girls  
As summer wind whistles  
Around your bare-shin knees  
And the forsythia leaves

In the shade  
Lay with me  
Tickled by  
The feather reed

That's where the trees grow old  
Under the ivy's hold  
As you in my two arms  
Equally safe from harm

And in a hazy daydream  
Our bodies married the stream  
And we broke down into pebbles and silt

The water ran from the fields  
Until the oceans we filled  
And found the seabed the comfiest quilt

There was more life in the weeds  
Than in the few hundred seats  
In rows from transept to chancel to nave  
And when their anger had paused  
I turned and answered their calls  
With "You're just audience,  
I'm the applause."

We take on the burden of  
All these sad-eyed children  
With lilies bunched in our hands  
We fake our concern  
And speak softly as the surgeon  
Tells wife to cancel her plans

Take a body to water  
Take a body to tundra  
Just take me with you as well  
Please take a body to water  
Take a body to tundra  
Just take me with you as well