

# In Medias Res

## R. Carlos Nakai

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

In the backseat in your car because it wasn't safe to start it

"You're far too fucked to drive", were the words that you imparted  
And the water undressed the clothes I tied to  
the contours of your body

And the dead grass stuck to fibers from us rolling in the lay-by

We're passed to dog hair blankets that protected the backseat 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 to 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 I'm not around

I flew for seven hours, the sky didn't want it back  
I wake from sleep, my head in your shoulder, wet against the  
window

The 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

But 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?

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