McKinley, Could Be Cruel

(McKinley)
One more night would do just beautifully.
Crashing cymbal grand finale
last-breath kiss and cymbal cracking high C
flies out of me, or we moan a morbid harmony.
A video clip for my library.
Tender and obscene I back up on you,
you into me.
Tender and obscene you're into me.
You could be, you could be cruel.
You could be, you could be cruel,
a careless, smoking Bogey, and I'll be
I'll be Rosellini.
Rosellini asking slap me, slap me, slap me.
Beer backs down to the places you left.
A slow hand inside pushing down
brings back whiskey burn in my chest,
whisker burn on my neck. I draw you
black and white from way up here.
You're barstool, camels and a beer.