

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Max Heinegg: Three Poems

Max Heinegg · Monday, January 17th, 2022

### Context

Kink in others is a fabulous bird I  
turn to see immediately a paraded  
fetish, a coed quad sprint, an all-ass  
cyclist. You bet I'll flip a beach read  
to find borrowed leather, sapphic  
this, salty that, tips to pleasure in grocery lines

but I'm not tempted to be so open— I need  
covers, for fear God notices me in the breeze.  
Any sex sans injury is admirable & I also want  
to be as liberal as the summer reading the  
women do this cocktail hour of Littlefinger's  
hot bordello or the outlandish  
Scottish crotch party. I'm studying

love for my one-shot body can't rock the  
confidence the athlete drops outside for all  
in a swimsuit swap, 'cause my sad, trained  
eyes still hit the floor like a Catholic's,  
faking prayers as she brightens the votives  
of her light pink nipples.

\*

### Control

Lean Dr. K cupped me in iodine  
clinically. I stared at the ceiling, while he  
asked what I taught to distract, knotting  
my tubes into an aimless bow. I winced  
in silence, *like a Spartan*, I told myself—  
then hobbled from the bloodstained  
room to a colleague's car. Home, I  
followed as Walter White navigated his

suburban inferno, for now the author  
of a private destruction. I lay baby peas  
upon my stones, frozen like the Devil  
in Dante, in place from the waist down.

\*

## Expectations

You ask me if I remember what to do  
with your body when you die?  
*What if I go first?*

*You won't*, & make me promise to give  
your ashes to the waters you love:  
one half for Lake George, one  
half for Good Harbor, the  
local remembrance, & then,  
ocean, oblivion.

At dinner, when the retelling of the day  
becomes drama, our daughters ask, *Why  
does it always have to be oblivion?*, the word  
an inside joke, how we're too *expressive*,  
every problem operatic.

They're right though, we take *this shit  
deadass*. Raised missing religion, we  
chase the sacred because we are the  
ones who'd ruin the commune for  
not sticking to its founding  
principles—vowing to the waves to  
trade ashes for passage, knowing  
our children will have to help us  
reach the other.

*Photo credit: Max Heinegg*

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