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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