

## **Max Heinegg – Three Poems**

### **Sunrise in Tulum**

Winter crests on a sliver of beach  
as everything rests on rosettes  
of pink moss, and the sky is Maya  
blue above the mountain of sea.

Backs to the waves, teens crank mumble-rap,  
the eternal insufficient. At their age,  
I was shown the Grand Canyon and was bored  
by the miraculous rust. My father sighed,  
then aimed his camera towards the rim.

Suddenly, they rouse for cartwheels, sparkling  
for each other, as old heads turn  
to their laughter, the sun  
now breaking stratus clouds  
clinging to the Caribbean.

### **The Lifeguards of Gull Bay**

The lifeguards of Gull Bay preserve their rule  
of indolence. Perhaps sixteen, they're  
the only children left on the beach  
scarfing Sun Chips, Lean Cuisine, & Cokes  
but flat-stomached, kicking the sandcastles  
our children leave. They rake false waves  
into Sandy Beach & remind parents off  
for a walk, there is no leaving twelve-year olds  
alone—demanding six-year olds remove kayaks,  
keeping a folder in the chair for grievances,  
filing away summer visitors as effete.

It's true: my brother-in-law's stowed gin,  
the history teacher is building The Great Wall,  
but before us is Blythewood, the compound  
rumored sold to Kate Hudson, vacant, so  
no Craftsmans anchor, no Black Crowes dock,  
no spying Goldie Hawn on the widow's walk  
from which the bay is clear. We're teachers  
on dry land run by teenagers, muttering about  
ideal summer. Only, when they're gone,  
we send our kids back to kick up the waves.

## Link Way Lines

The diligence of my students floats  
into the hands of actual powers.  
I follow the papers' arc into the gusts  
and gather. The teenagers across the dock  
view me, over forty, as irrelevant,  
but I'm glad to be over the rootless years.  
Here, the cupboard's stacked, health's present,  
and tonight, we can chase three sunsets,  
or idle beside Anthony's Nose or Roger's Rock.  
For now, let the hammock cross-hatch  
skin, wrinkle dozing knuckles—  
because once I become that heaviness,  
no one will dare rouse Lazarus.  
Summer's miracle enough.

**Max Heinegg** is the winner of the inaugural Paul Nemser Poetry Prize from Lily Poetry Press; his first book of poems, *Good Harbor*, is forthcoming spring 2022. He lives in Medford, MA where he teaches English at Medford High School. He is also the co-founder and brewmaster of Medford Brewing Company and a singer-songwriter whose records can be heard at [www.maxheinegg.com](http://www.maxheinegg.com)