

## Maximilian Hecker

### "The Penultimate Clinch"

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Bury me  
Like dangerous waste.  
I'll lay dormant  
For a thousand years.  
But it's like dismantling  
A decommissioned spacecraft.  
Some parts you can't destroy.

She fidgets too much.  
I've got a bee in my bonnet.

Stay aspirant  
To avoid accident  
On my return  
I will smother you.  
In everything that I've learned  
Until you turn blue.

Now is never a good time  
When you're ready to engage.  
My newsprint fingers are turning a page.

Oh, she fidgets too much.  
I've got a bee in my bonnet.

Soon enough our lips will linger  
And you start to pull away  
But before this chance is torn asunder  
Your hips begin to sway.

The penultimate clinch  
Lasted the longest  
It's the penultimate clinch  
It was the warmest  
A deliberate pinch  
Sounded the warning  
Of a prudish flinch  
I found it appalling

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Lasted the longest

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