Luscious Apparatus

Recoil

Carla was on her break from the
Graveyard shift at the mayonnaise factory
She sat at a teetering picnic table
There was a toxic orange moon and it was slightly coldCarla took out her knife and began etching
Random words into the table's surface
Then, she thought of her co-worker JackCarla liked to think of Jack as a luscious apparatus
He was meaty but graceful
His flesh seemed folded onto his body like a suit made of meat
Carla started to think of Jack as a luscious apparatus in a meat suitThinking this gave Carla a dreamy smile
Her mouth was small to begin with
But dreaming made it even smaller
That's just how some people are
Their mouths get smaller with dreamsCarla's small mouth was dreaming
As her knife began carving a poem into the table
I like hot voids, smooth pants, lazy beds in the rain
I like tongue petals, lather, a blistering sun
But what I like best is the worship of a luscious apparatusWhen Carla was done carving
She went back to her work station
And scooped shiny white goop into jars
That's just how some people are
Their mouths get smaller with dreamingThe next day Jack took his own 1am lunch break
At the same picnic table
He noticed the poem carved into the wood
Although he didn't know who had written itHe coincidentally thought
'Luscious Apparatus' aptly described him
So he took out his own knife and wrote
'Luscious apparatus was here'After a few days both Jack and Carla
Happened to sit at the picnic table at the same time
They both started to look at the things carved in the table
Then they looked at each other
They knew who each other wasCarla's mouth got small and dreamy
Jack's eyes got round and hot
When they got done with the graveyard shift
They went back to Jack's apartment and had sexWordless sex, slow sex, fast sex, talking sex
Sex like animals have, sex like boys have
Sex like girls have, sex upside down, sex inside out
Sex with grins, sex with tears, sex, sex, sexThen she noticed the knife by the side of Jack's bed
Jack picked the knife up and Carla knew at once
That Jack's wounds were from carving himself

Jack was trying to carve poems into himselfAnd now he wanted to carve some in her
This was where she drew the line
She'd have any kind of sex but not with a knife
When Carla refused to let Jack carve her up
Jack felt cheated and misledHe felt that by carving a poem in the table
Carla had been begging to be carved upon
Carla didn't see it that way at all
She got up and started putting on her clothesJack went nuts, he was coming at her with a knife
Carla was scared, Carla was shaking and sweating
Then, because she was small and could move fast
She ducked and Jack tripped and fellAnd impaled himself in the arm with his own knife
He howled and howled and Carla got the hell out of there fast
Carla didn't think of Jack as a luscious apparatus after that

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