

# 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 cold  
Carla took out her knife and began etching  
Random words into the table's surface  
Then, she thought of her co-worker Jack  
Carla 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 suit  
Thinking 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 dreams  
Carla'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 apparatus  
When 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 dreaming  
The 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 it  
He 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 was  
Carla'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 sex  
Wordless 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, sex  
Then 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 himself And 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 misled He 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 clothes Jack 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 fell And 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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