

Luscious Apparatus (Feat. Maggie Estep)

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 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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