

Recoil, Luscious Apparatus

LUSCIOUS APPARATUS

(Wilder / Estep)

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'