

# 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'