Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

John Compton: Four Poems

John Compton · Friday, July 16th, 2021

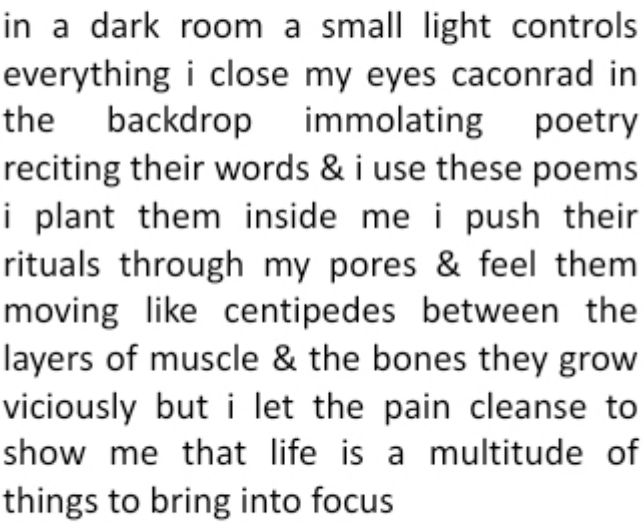
*

a thick purple swells the gash gnawing
at my arm a tooth rips a jagged wound
hairs caked in blood or spider legs crawl
from the broken skin our aggression
eats us i am neither saved nor sinner
but a tower bell swinging loudly & yet
consumed with sound: crows i laugh
because birds are like a plague i whittle
down sleep until i cannot sleep
dreaming is writing while alive i am not
a vegetarian anymore but i hate to buy
meat i can see the murdered cows pigs
chickens crying at the slaughter no
mercy just blood then guts extracted
from their stomach then the hacking
apart the flesh left on the floor the
leather keeping you warm

a thick purple swells the gash gnawing at my arm a tooth rips a jagged wound hairs caked in blood or spider legs crawl from the broken skin our aggression eats us i am neither saved or sinner but a tower bell swinging loud & yet consumed with sound: crows i laugh because birds are like a plague i whittle down sleep until i cannot sleep dreaming is writing while alive i am not a vegetarian anymore but i hate to buy meat i can see the murdered cows pigs chickens crying at the slaughter no mercy just blood than guts extracted from their stomach than the hacking apart the flesh left in the

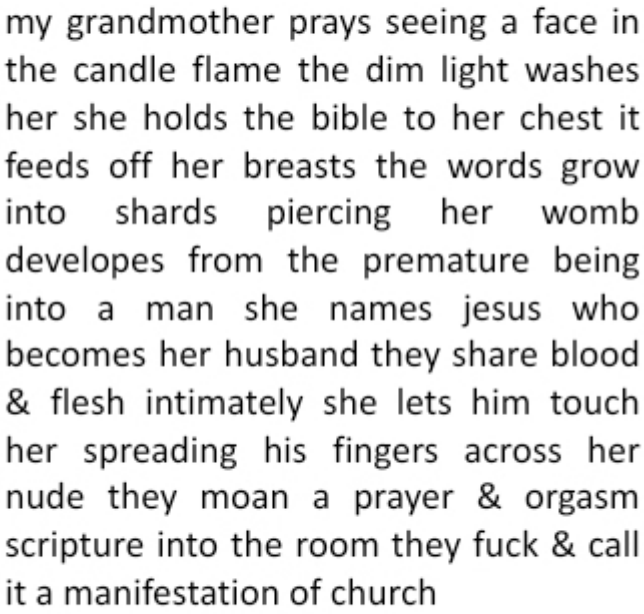
floor the leather keeping you warm

*



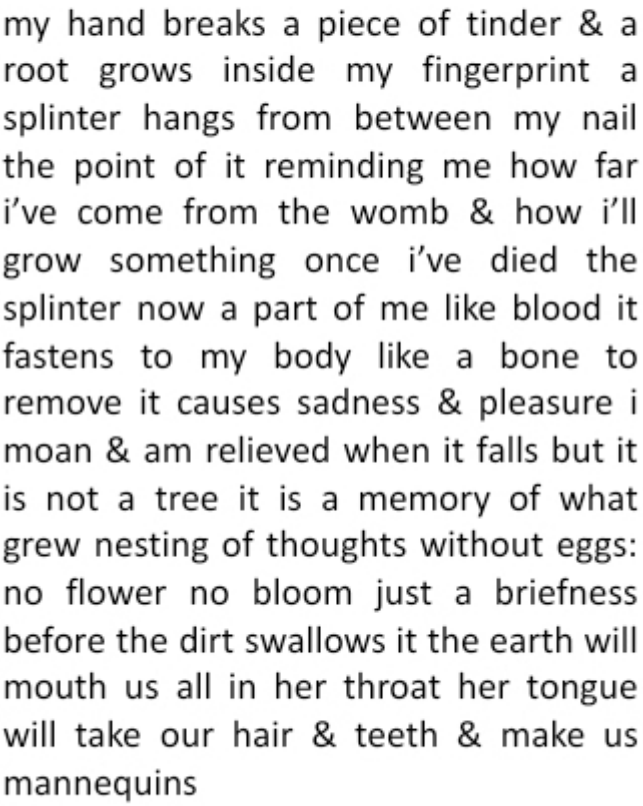
in a dark room a small light controls everything i close my eyes caconrad in the backdrop immolating poetry reciting their words & i use these poems i plant them inside me i push their rituals through my pores & feel them moving like centipedes between the layers of muscle & the bones they grow viciously but i let the pain cleanse to show me that life is a multitude of things to bring into focus

*



my grandmother prayed seeing a face in the candle flame the dim light washes her she holds the bible to her chest it feeds off her breasts the words grow into shards piercing her womb developes from the premature being into a man she named jesus who became her husband they share blood & flesh intimately she lets him touch her spreading his fingers across her nude they moan a prayer & orgasm scripture into the room they fuck & call it a manifestation of church

*



my hand breaks a piece of tinder & a root grows inside my fingerprint a splinter hangs from between my nail the point of it reminding me how far i've come from the womb & how i'll grow something once i've died the splinter now a part of me like blood it fastens to my body like a bone to remove it causes sadness & pleasure i moan & am relieved when it falls but it is not a tree it is a memory of what grew nesting of thoughts without eggs: no flower no bloom just a briefness before the dirt swallows it the earth will mouth us all in her throat her tongue will take our hair & teeth & make us mannequins

This entry was posted on Friday, July 16th, 2021 at 6:35 am and is filed under Poetry
You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can leave a response, or trackback from your own site.