

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## John Compton: Four Poems

John Compton · Friday, July 16th, 2021

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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

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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

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 prays 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 names jesus who  
becomes 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 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

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

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