

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## John Compton: Two Poems

John Compton · Saturday, August 22nd, 2020

### his left ear was clipped

sissy: the derogatory  
statement echoes – girly  
in the form of a boy body.

faggot: plasma from their lips  
drench me in a sarcophagus  
of pain & humiliation.

\*

he held my head into his musky  
public mound. his cock  
covered in my spit – my nose  
parted hair, which tickled my nostrils.  
i gagged  
for a breath. he put his hand  
through my hair like a glove.

his friend made handlebars  
from my arms. he drove me  
deeper into the scene of rape.  
my muscles tensed  
with every mile we passed.  
my sight blurred with rain.

his cum tasted like a squirrel  
chased down by a rabid dog  
& squeezed between his jaws  
until shit blew out his ass.  
the warm bile seared my tongue  
like cigarette burns, skinned

my throat.

i pretended it was beautiful  
& he loved me. that after,  
his lips kissed my wounds.  
i imagined my small hand,

fingers crisscrossed, fit inside his.

\*

## **i brand myself so lovers know**

i am a catacomb  
where rats

will eat them  
whole who'll devour

their heart & the blood cells  
like pomegranate seeds

their tongue removed  
the screams now ghostlings

my lovers will have their eyes chewed  
like olives from a martini

& their penises  
unraveled

each muscle  
& vein separated

& their testicals  
broke like eggs

cum & shell  
poured into the floor

wasted

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