

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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