

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

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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

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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

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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

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splinter hangs from between my nail the point of it reminding me how far i've
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