

Poetry Series

Justin Tallman
- poems -

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Justin Tallman(September 4th,1989)

pointless

A Drunken Rambling About A Current Pyschological State Of Mind

Within the black
buried beneath the crap
all the slanders
all the words
sharpened as daggers
but yet poorly sharpened

I break away from the smell
the dark stench
peel off the scabs
letting skin be smooth
again

No longer digging in dirt
for lies
and no longer
flying high
beyond the clouds
past the blue skies
trying to reach for stars
disbelieving in oxygen

I live in a log cabin
called Earth
and in it's halls
are silly and absurd scenes
of saving damsels in distress
and befriending demons

Breaking the clocks
and building a time machine
defying the text books
loosening the categories

All in all
the summary
The caveman painting

depicted in a long
forgotten cave
begins motion

Justin Tallman

A Lullaby For Crickets

If I could show you that face I have been so worried about. You know, that face which wore eye liner for black magic. Those eyes consuming all of those wandering ones with courage and curiosity. So brave, that no way those eyes could even be stained with the sins forgiven by our savior's blood. If I could show you that face which I have been so worried about, I'd know that some miraculous coincidence had coincidentally produced a miracle out of a universal glitch. Where you and I had got more acquainted beyond awkward crickets. Our eyes green like grass, like there was nothing to expect except for the occasional drought.

There was no way we could have blinked if you and I were happy, owning a deed to those memories beyond our initial meeting. But we did, and now those happy and confused children we could have grew from seed are now lost in a lonely drain, making their way to some part of the great lakes. We did blink, and I most certainly would say, we did it at the worst moment. When momentarily I had time to chat and you were interested in a topic outside the tedious descriptions of achievements better left as a desperate Facebook status posted for approval. Unfortunately, we did blink. Now you lost interest in me and I've lost sight, blind, of the things which glittered in the melting spring slush on the sidewalk.

In blindness, there was obviously nothing more I can witness than my own darkness, sometimes hallucinating some young gun taking the prize which I felt so competitive about, and there lies the mistake which blinded me and erased your memory. You are not a championship belt meant to hang around the pelvis of some cocky testosterone driven prime ape wearing boxing gloves, thrusting your face into the faces of all

the other
competitive prime apes saying 'This is mine' like I intended from the start. But
until
I can unglue my crusted eyelids, I will never get past my desire for bravado and
the
shallow depths of that twinkle in your eye.

Until I can pry open these stubborn eyelids with a crowbar stained with the
volunteered
blood of a good Samaritan (whom has the decency to cause true love rather than
steal
it for dominance) , I will never gaze deep into your black hole pupils with a
curious glass
magnified to some high three digit number (beyond my scientific education) .
Observing
your soul at levels more intimate than sweaty bodies under bed sheets.
Observing you
as a risk taker, open, sharing your thought process and telling me about those
dreams
you had where you were falling from a tall building, confident in the bed of grass
as a
landing zone but disappointed when you were cut in half by a single blade of
grass.

That face I have been so worried about is the same as your's. I hide mine behind
a
veil of jest, and you hide yours with an adorable reserve, pretending to be
something
that is just 'cute' when you and I both know you are an infinite being somehow
getting
by in a world of plastic dolls. If only we could get beyond this over exaggerated
awkward
silence. The crickets can sleep through the winter, comfortably, under a blanket
of Wisconsin
snow until it melts into slush on Spring's sidewalk. Ready for the next set of
awkward
eyes hiding faces they are so worried about like you and I before the snow had
time
to set.

Justin Tallman

A Midwestern (Anywhere) Love Story

The fool
like sheets of glass
breaking easily
at a greeting
cracking at a friendly smile
the hopeless
cliche

wanting a moon light kiss
cowering from the tongue
the stars hide in saliva
the moon
chokes beneath the apple

this midnight romance
drunk and stupid
covered by a trash bag
choking in carbon dioxide

The same ol' dance
the same ol' tail
smacking an ass
already spoken in local lore
spoken as
stories of love and war

Justin Tallman

A Poem About Zombies

In a zombie apocalypse
I slay all who could not
survive

I picture all the faces
in which I hated
I picture them
as dead

To protect those
in the reason of heart
to prevent a fate
of a life empty
and husk

All in which
ignored my place
which sits low
on a food chain
now follow
and obey command

I know what's best
unbiased, just
and true

We are all the same now
This is the end
Can your ego
with me
Pursue? ?

Justin Tallman

A Summer Later

All this time
I still feel weak
at the sight of her face

It all went wrong
The line fades to dots
and our hearts replaced

after a season of sharp tongues
former lovers turned opponents

morning routines interrupted
with daydreams of precious moments

Masking these emotions
behind painkillers
and silly Facebook statuses

dodging the memories
with F bombs
and psychological practices

a whole summer
drowned in alcoholic beverages
to drown out the sweet words
uttered from your lips

Yet I still hum
I still hum those tunes
played by the beat of my heart
and the swing of your hip

Dancing in your basement
snuggling under blankets
the cold atmosphere
defrosted by love

and now

alone
bitter
broken
confused

yet I still long for you

Justin Tallman

Alcoholic Rivers

I've crossed the bridge
now I'm lost
again

Alcoholic rivers
riding horseback
blindfolded

I guess
you can say
I am lost again

There are faces
which smile back

They are warm
yes
but it's still snowing

My father's tears
form circles
around unemployment lines

I give him
a smile
but yet
it's still snowing

So now we both
cross bridges
over alcoholic rivers

Riding on horseback
we cry and chase our tails
when it snows

Justin Tallman

All That Hurts

All that hurts
stares at me
with beautiful
glossy eyes

They stare
reminding me
that their beauty
were never mine
and those lips
once intimate
now speak
with a casual tone

All that hurts
holding hands
in a grip
as comfortable
as a lullaby
now caress the face
of another cheek
I guess
more deserving
than mine

All that hurts
lies naked and warm
in the bed
of another man
kissing and nuzzling
the curve of a neck
different than I
combining sweat
and moaning erotically
sex more passionate
unlike my apathetic mind

All that hurts
is covered in a layer

of indifferent snow
while the Autumn leaves
die

But I'll never
let you know
so do I

Justin Tallman

Alone (Beautiful)

The night is over
I will enjoy this cigarette
the last few gulps of beer
I miss being alone
I miss this silence
this madness
alone with
my ego
alone
where my ego
can truly live
and thrive
bearing the stripes
of the strife
when people
are actually there

but for now
the cigarette is cashed
and I finish this beer
typing these remaining words
meant for only
my ears

Justin Tallman

And That's How You Shit On Assholes

All is nothing
Unless sold
by the pound

If it has a price
Then kill
steal,
manipulate,
seduce,
it off
another plate

When 'Dog eats dog'
You'll find me
in the kitty litter
leaving what
you'll find
on my plate

Justin Tallman

Anxiety, Panic

Tick, Tick, Tick
the clock opens the moment
to decide, if not to plan

As days go dry
dwelling upon the lost
Will this second greet regret?
To forget the lesson
before it's taught?
I snap my fingers
and hum a song

In that precise moment
when bones shake
meet me at the gates
of an asylum

'Yes, I thought too much
of space, time, and death.
Yes, I egged it on,
being fully
self aware.'

Justin Tallman

Apple

An apple
lands on a man's
head

A Buddhist
blames karma

A Christian
blames sin

A pagan
blames fairies

A scientist
creates gravity

I
would blame the apple
for being an ass hole

Justin Tallman

At Midnight, True Love Exists

Breathe in
and exhale
into a moment
which summons condoms
or nervous feelings
of a person
who relaxes on clouds
of forever with you

The two
will surely die
but the two
may also
conquer the midnight

Conan O'Brien
Jay Leno
might speak of your
couple
in reference
of the dominant
night

But regardless
the moon
shines within
your eyes

The two
The duo
nocturnal
sing
and howl
at the full moon

The perfect
fights the sun
like fools

Attention Whore

There are massive amounts of bodies
moving
creating fleshy noises
screaming for the stars
to bless them with their Hollywood presence
yearning for the miraculous fingertip
to caress their poverty nipple
and hoping their attractive skin
is contagious
sitting on their servant knees
their foolish mouths open and ready
for the greatest ejaculation
the world has ever seen
wetting the puppet tongue
and oiling the gears and gizmos
and fueling the paparazzi machinery
chained at the submissive joints
presenting their naked inferior bodies
hoping to get slapped around by the alpha
before the webcam of degradation
praying that in the humiliation
after a million views
a billion uploads and downloads
a shit ton of likes and shares
regardless of the many offensive names
replacing the one uttered by the parental lips
praying

Everyone knows who I am

Justin Tallman

Blue Eyes

Blue eyes stay with you
like a madness you can't
think your way out of
broken and longing
a visible pierce
stab wound
bleeding for a while
and leaving a scar

Everyday
before you hit the shower
unclothing
taking off your shirt
you look in the mirror
and notice the scar

Those blue eyes will stay
and linger forever

Justin Tallman

Bright Like Neon Love

With city lights
neon and blinding
yet hypnotizing
behind sunglasses
at night

Flash and flair
popped collar
edgy and unaware
that all this might end
some minute
or someday

Clubs, bars
people, places
drugs, alcohol
all under
a nicotine cloud
looking for that
sparkling moment
meant to define
a life

Bright like neon love
never questioning why
we get pumped
during the setting sun
and wake up
hung over
tasting perpetual
lipstick bliss
heartbroken
but still going along
with the trip

Justin Tallman

Broken Bottles

The breaking of bottles
liquid splashes and drips
dropping like low volume bombs
the after math of violence
there was anger
and it was expressed here
among the burning photographs
a pyre of memories
letting go
they're not right
they were never right
but this compulsive liar
of a concubine
seduces me into a bitter pit
where reality is a slap in the face
it lacks a script
as if there was a script writer
in the first place
taking what matters
into my own fleshy hands
coated with dry cracking skin
Winter's damage
I squeeze the air ways
until those glass eyes
bordered in eye liner
turn pale
tossing those eyes into the pyre
I light a cigarette
and return to my broken bottles
to apologize

Justin Tallman

Can You Tell Me About Your First Love?

It would be much too dangerous to talk about
that moment once rich with the taste
of candy lip gloss and that lovely scent
wreaking from the pelvis to the neck
when for the first time since boyhood daydreams
I felt real love through intimate skin
under stained bed sheets on a cotton waste land
but yet through time, the flesh of love became
nothing more than flesh which decayed
like a rotten peach drying beneath the Summer sun
and every memory of the penetrating spear
into the warm heart of virginity
causes the boyhood romantic
to bleed out his disappointed wrists
as his soul slowly fades into the abyss

Justin Tallman

Chains

Breaking the chains
an impossible task
breaking metal
from metal
into separate pieces
until it is no longer
a chain

No chains
no perpetual dialogue
reaching across an ocean
no longer leading into fear
into jealousy

Nothing holding you back
no more circles
no more spinning
dizzy
raving mad
pointing out details
of simple motions
ignoring the pointing
index

Waking up sober
(yeah fucking right)
to a new day
a new smiling sun
staring at the clouds
over shadowing
the significance
of your being
making you feel
so insignificant
because
you have problems

The chains are not there
they never were there

only imagined
in the cobwebs
of your mind

Now break loose
breathe in the freedom
bald eagle
and all
fly like
the earth
no
the ground
was never there
and reach the stars
break time
and feel space

Occupy the freedom
and savor
it's taste
like a grain of sugar
and if bitter
spit it out
all over
the place

Justin Tallman

Childhood

Leaves are falling
on the ground
snow will cover
all around
we sit inside
and play with toys
and video games

The sun comes up
melts away
all the worries
and troubles that sting
the thoughts of
our parents
now they start to sing

We jump in pools
play in fields
pick the flowers
dream with clouds
O how
summer was great

Can you smell
the barbecue
supper's ready
grab your plates
bite the smoky meat
off the bone
smell the charcoal
haze

Watch the pink
horizon
the sun sets
inviting fire flies
over just to say
'Hey! '

Climbing trees
jumping stumps
trading pokemon cards
will run
the time down
all the way
to none

There is dark
and ugly
all around
perverting sights
and every sound
but when being
a child
is this awesome
who could pay attention
to misery
when jokes were
profound?

Justin Tallman

Christmas Eve

It's December
wait in line
cough up the cash
bring your children
happiness

Santa Claus
is on the roof
down the chimney
don't peep
he's easily spooked

The kids are a sleep
they fell for it
forge the name
of a make believe man
he'll get the praise
for waiting in line
and coughing up cash

You're a great parent

Justin Tallman

Dancing In Public

headphones
volume on high
eyes closed
from the staring gavel
the beat flows
the bass pounds
the harmonious voice
hypnotizes with rebellious tongue
the cocky percussion
your hips are swinging
noggin is bopping
arms are flailing
in rhythm
on the bus
the street corner
in the park
where ever
the music murders
society's puppet
freedom rings
dancing in public
the most courageous thing

Justin Tallman

Day One

The days are numbers
pointless calculations
twenty four hours a day
seven days a week
thirty days a month
(usually)
twelve months a year
all adding up
to three hundred sixty five days
and here you are
on some pointless hour
wondering if the sum of all
the time you spent 'til now
ever mattered
from day one

Justin Tallman

Day To Day

I dream
between
The alarms
of reality
and the yawns
of make believe

On beds
I escape
resting
beneath the blankets
on the pillows
drooling
in deep
transcendence
forgetting
the hour glass
and the hands
which spin too fast

Upon
the shrieking clock
I walk on cement
riding buses
spending money
at gas stations
speaking words
that rest in ears
and hopefully
will survive in the morrow

Sun rise
sun set
Moon shines
and lingers
clouds
and stars
blue
and dark

from drink
to bite
moments float
like nicotine smoke

When all is
just too much
I close the door
accompanied
by tub
and toilet
and 40 watts
in glass
I stare
reflecting comfort
I am still
there

Justin Tallman

Discovering Dinosaurs

Carry on
with the words
in a family
last name
the question mark

Ask on
ask harsh
never stop
'til the answer
sparks truth

Dig
and dig deep
into your curiosity
of the world

When the soil
gets grimy
cold
and wreaks
of history's dead

I urge
diligently
keep digging
'til your own morals
are left
to question

Justin Tallman

Drug Dealer

I sell drugs
I sell a way to cope
to deal with this madness
we call 'how things are'

The stuff you pay for
keeps you from the razor
or noose
but no different
what I sell
will still kill you
it just takes a little longer

I got what you need
when you find your life
passed out somewhere
in an alley
smelling like piss
resting on a bag of trash

So please
just come to me
when you can't rise
from your scabbed knees
and don't crawl towards
the presidential monuments
because our fathers
will never see
their fully evolved
American Dream

I sell drugs
which kind
did you need?

Justin Tallman

Empty

There are trees
people
songs constructed
by lives
filled with heart break
tragedy
longing for a touch
but still empty

There are good times
floating about
at venues
hosting a passionate man
who knows how to use
a guitar
fronting a band
what a good time
but even if you were there
even if you were
that passionate man
but even...
still
empty

Justin Tallman

Enjoying The Taste Of Glass

Returning to the dark corner
in my closet
looking for the madness
I've longed for like a romance
lived in daydreams
letting the iron taste
blend with green beans
fresh and bright
but rotting like a ticking clock

What is wrong with a little madness?
Screaming out truth like it's a lie
breaking glass with flesh
to conjure up some red
tasting a chemical
for dilated eyes
grasping that one chance
soaking your pupils in nothing
and loving it

some day you'll add a dimension
breaking through LCD
erupting in headphones
and scratching the eyes
tickling gray matter
with rough words of friction
and a beautiful sour
drying out sweat
making what's moist and rich
more beautiful than a brightly colored
pill

and within all this
a brick wall reinforced
by the things that scream
into your handicapped drum

Breaking at the point of madness
is the chalkboard teacher

who appreciates the apple
of an eager child waiting
for questions

Justin Tallman

Even The Jester Cries

The blank page
the terror
the slap of doubt
that tingle
which runs
down your spine
in the form of
remembering
that really
you were never
actually worth shit

Yes
It is that laughter
hysteria
ringing a rhythm
ha ha ha
tapping the drum
of your ears

It's like watching
the black man
act white
or the white
sagging pants
waddle down the hood
in the Jordans he bought
with suburban cash
weekly allowance
'thank you mother'

This is you
stern
with something to say
before a crowd
piercing eyes staring
with the intensity
of the pounding judgement
of a gavel

laughing at the goof ball
on stage
and wondering
pondering
why you're not dressed
flashy jester attire
dunce hat
silly

But what about your eyes?
Staring at the humanoid
body of flesh
reflected
in the bathroom mirror
which stares back
at your consciousness
and asks
'Am I more
than skin and bones? '

Well,
Are you?

Justin Tallman

Excuse Me

I have cancer
it's my excuse for everything
why I don't smile
wear hats
after kemo
why I don't take walks
to the lakefront
just to watch the sunrise

I have AIDS
it's my excuse for everything
avoiding the feel of your skin
can't look into your eyes
not able to rest my head
on your breast
syncing my thoughts
with the waves of blood
rushing through your
lullaby beating heart

I have a hobby
it's my excuse for everything
running away from a conversation
just to stare at a wall
and daydream
dreaming is my hobby
imagining posters on my walls
longing for picture frames
filled with photographic ecstasy

I have my excuses
and though
they are many
I can't figure out why
I find water
to be dry

Justin Tallman

Fin

No words in mind
just thoughts of a circle
how it goes on
and on
never ends

Should there be an end?
considering the concept
of death
and the romance of
the end of the world
There has got to be one
right?

But the clocks a circle
hands spiral
with each second
to pass
and never dies

And what of the human body?
What sense of circulation is there
in that?

Maybe
the concept of procreation
falls in line
with the theory defined
in a circular shape

We fall in love
make love
plant our seed
grow flowers
and die

Those flowers
blossom
pollinating the memory

of our existence
and through this memory
we become
apart of this
circular eternity
beyond our perception
of our end

But disregard
our cock and balls
the insemination
was never an event
no fertile soil
moist and warm enough
for our eternal seed

We just
make love
in our caskets
buried six feet deep
pleasuring
our corpse
then what?

At best
we'll be nutrition
for the worms
and soil
living on
in a more simplified
means

I guess
there is no escaping
our significance
and there actually
is no end

The End?

Justin Tallman

From Where I Left Off

I look among
the fields
of gorgeous women
flawless
But yet
nothing catches
my eye

The search goes on
'til I find
a rabbit hole

All that's there
is an irritating
Wonderland
with irritating
characters
in whom
I have no
patience for

Still continuing on
I come across
familiar footprints
which are
(in crime scene
fashion)
labeled as
'Evidence of
a circle'

Frustrated
Tired
I make the choice
of idleness

a few centuries
and a regretful
weekend

go by
before I
decide
to continue
where I left off

As time has passed
much has changed

In the fields
some of the women
have grown
unique faces

As for
the rabbit hole
the characters
now seem
less obnoxious

I'll give this
another try
only this time
I'm going to walk
in a straight line

Justin Tallman

Goodbye Childhood, You Will Be Missed

a unsolved rubics cube
shaking
tearing at the seams
of all in which I call
make believe
the eyes of reality
pierce my side
a death by a spear
the death of a child

Justin Tallman

High School

High school halls
rows of lockers
graffiti in bathroom stalls
truant behavior roams
the corridors
sexual harassment
slap ass
over looked by the teachers
an interracial make out session
in the stairwell
while a girl's daring threesome
moans in rhythm
echoing
within an empty music classroom

THC is consumed
reddened eyes analyze
a text book on Spanish
outside alpha males
settle a dispute
about colors
which will dominate?
who cares
the dweeb is trading
his sandwich
for a pear

The morning announcement
through the PH system
informs the juveniles
of the happenings
the going on's
the headlines
toss in some urban slang
and little samples of today's
popular hip hop songs
'Relate with the kids'

But they aren't kids

they are lost souls
and empty minds
living in an empty city
doing nothing but filling
these empty high school
halls

You can't relate

Justin Tallman

Hope In The Ashes

There's gotta be hope in the ashes
in the flaky corpse of nicotine
war against breathing
from the dry bleeding lungs
a phoenix sings
and flies through tobacco clouds

Justin Tallman

How To Slay The Final Dragon

The Final Dragon
exposed
clad in chains
face of a mirror
hiding it's wounds
in bandages

The trick
is to let it bleed
remove the plastic
bandages
and let it bleed
and yes,
this is in fact
suicide
but don't
second guess
go for it

Bleed it dry
let it cry
break the mirror
let the rebellious shards
fly
the tears will erode
the steel
the metal
the salty water
will feed

When it's over
after the last
and desperate
roar
freedom will ring

There will be no need
to look back

I

running in circles
with juvenile thoughts
still aching
through words
adults don't speak
there is one last chapter
one last dark room
to conquer
without the glory
of a night light

To do this
to shake this
I cannot not cast
a shadow
I must
be a shadow
I must beat the enemy
at its own game

I write this all not
for entertainment
not for fame
not so a reader
can say 'Hey,
now with THIS
I can relate.'

I write not for you
but for I
because I cannot afford
a therapist
this is therapy
for I

Justin Tallman

If Anyone Asks

If anyone asks
say that I got lost
staring at the sun

If they ask
why?
say that I'm laying
in a bed undone

If they ask
how did this happen?
say I simply lacked
mental discipline

If they ask
is it possible
that we can save him?
Say
possibly
but I don't know
it's as predictable
as the current
of the adjacent winds

Say that I am
not worth the worry
or wonder

Please just say
I'll figure it out
and I'm doing fine

Justin Tallman

If I Went Away

If I went away
to an island with coconuts
listening to the sea shells
singing the ocean's secrets
to me

If I went away
deep underground
digging holes with the moles
tunneling all the way
to Chinatown

If I went away
high in the sky
dancing with seagulls
from the puffy white clouds
casting a shadow
saying hello

If I went away
in a tin can through space
sniffing the stars
and tasting the milky way
lips pinching
The nurturing teat
of God

Oh if I went away
if I went anywhere at all
would you miss me?

Justin Tallman

I'M Losing Interest

I'm losing interest in
impressing our fathers
who believe they know
a thing or two
more
because they saw Led Zeppelin
Live
heard Plant's shrieks
and Page's solo chords
improvisational scores
showcasing what, I guess,
'REEL' music is

I'm losing interest
losing a lot of it
losing all care
in head banging
and unimpressive
(but still somewhat amusing)
legends and tales
of Ozzy snorting ants
and biting the heads off
bats
and hearing about Girls,
Girls, Girls
and seeing that faggot
Nikki Six
riding on a lame
motorcycle

I'm losing interest
in eyes which
point their pupils
towards the sky
and see nothing
but a leather clad hero
tightly holding a chain
leashed to some anonymous
bimbo

and in praise
chant those god awful lyrics
written in cocaine

I'm sorry
but I lost interest
in your midlife crisis

Justin Tallman

Impatience

First come
first serve
a plateful
of death
Make haste
ticking clock
horizon
the speed limit
brings age
to speeders
while the tickets
make attempts
to slow them down

Nothing stops
repeated thoughts
of the green word
Go
flipping off
yellow lights
and laughing
at red light
occupants

Take no offense
from the burnt rubber
smiles
they only wish
to die sooner
than the fresh smell
of flowers

Justin Tallman

In Darkness, In Shadows

In darkness
I crept
In shadows
I crawl

In darkness
I wake
howling pointlessly
at the moon
dancing next to
a fire I made
to a fire
that brings me pride
and alone
I dance
with no one
to relish
in my act
of God

In shadows
I live
like a memory
invoked
by an act
of a stranger
or an object
similar
to a gift
I gave you
for the success
of your heart

In darkness
In shadows
as a recluse
I exist

In The Silence

In the silence
after all the comedian's jokes
poorly executed
thinking you could be funnier
all the songs played
rocked out
and drained
libido and ego
swollen
volcanic and dangerous
a natural but human
disaster
screaming in a fog
a perfect scene
for a dramatic movie
but
no characters are there
to memorize the lines
insulting the sky
for not portraying a nostalgic painting
that for some reason
you still remember from your childhood
hating all the laughing faces
smiling
confident in their mistakes
believing in themselves
like Gods
stealing all the light
you crave for photosynthesis
taller flowers
blooming
beautiful
but still just a weed
dandelions
seeds blowing in the wind
offspring being carried away
by the wind that blows
into your lungs with a force
too strong for involuntary breath

cold and dry winds
blasting into your iris
dripping down your cheek
a forced and emotionless tear
damn it's cold
it's winter
no more flowers to hate
no more running around
in the lime light sun
not speaking a word
no raising the volume
yelling 'HEY! '
but no head makes a curious turn
alone
on a couch
during winter
in the silence

Justin Tallman

It Looks Like Nothing Is Broken

The darkness coils
spiraling disaster
along for the ride
screaming
wishing for the crash
wetting your taste
for broken glass
and splashing
salty eyes

But some how
you land on your feet
feline resilience
feeling just fine
standing tall
and swaying
with the current
of change

There is no ending
no closing hard cover novel
just pages waving
tickling the thumb

And from word to word
flashing through your pupils
you color in the gray
a fleshy, spongy brain
glows bright and hopeful
in the shades of motion
and life

Justin Tallman

It's A Bird, A Plane, And Superman

I've been stabbed
in my head
again

for the rampant
thoughts that
run through it

And now the
Oppressive
try to control
my behavior

with snide and sneers
that tend to
block out my self

I steal
the wisdom that is
traded amongst the
meek

I live it
with stronger bones
to sustain the blows
from the
creeps

Now cupid
shoots an arrow
with no direction

Like gunfire
I move faster

Yes...
With out hesitation

It's Only Murder

I shot a man in the head
and walked away
with out progression in the thought
he's dead
I'm not
the story now lies
in the ending sentence
'He'll be alright.'

Justin Tallman

Just An Empty Chest

The thing about eyes
is that
they stare
at everything
at every detail
and at times
they stare
at me

They watch me
watch me move
analyzing the smallest
twitch
and ask
'What the hell was that?
Why did that happen?
Did it bother you?
Has it happened before? '
So I dig
a desperate hole
deep into my head
to uncover buried treasure

Just an empty chest
with no answer

Justin Tallman

Lactose Intolerant In The Dairy State

Wisconsin is no place
for those who are lactose
intolerant, but I enjoy
the hops and believe this
city has a cheap apartment
for me to dwell in as I
count my sheep and dream
beyond brats and pigskin

One day I'll set a
way point for California
where the sand is stained
with medical green, where The Beats
once frolicked when controversy
was their flag at the peek
and Bukowski accidentally
created a wastoid philosophy

But until then I'll waste
away with the venison, victimized
by rednecks and rot before a
LCD screen displaying reality
TV passing the time of the
ignorantly blissful types
concealing weaponry and enjoying
their lives

Justin Tallman

Let's Ruin Our Lives

Let's ruin our lives
with words
not well thought out
when spoken
sounds like a disease
chewing
and spitting
our flesh
'til the bone
is bare
and clean

Let's ruin our lives
tonight
then forget about before
the words
we tasted
forget about the bitter
and sweet
after taste

Let's ruin our lives
once and for all
with the words
which meant nothing
when spoken
but heard as
a mushroom cloud

Let's ruin our lives
tonight
and never speak
at all

Justin Tallman

Like I Said

I

Here he is again
an old friend
whom I've been too afraid
to greet

He stands there at my door
and even after slamming it
in his face
he still rings the bell
with a smile

He is the one who taught me
everything
but I have too much pride
to admit this

'I did it all myself'
I shout
before I slam that door
again

But he rings it again
with his admirable stubbornness
which draws me to the door knob
like a magnet
and I open open the door
once again

He stands there
smiling like a gentleman
waiting for my invitation
to let him back in my world
which consists of bus tickets
and clock in sheets

II

You see,
he taught me everything
how to smile like he does
how to laugh like he does
how to woo a woman
like he does

But I have too much pride
to admit this

In fact
it's my pride
which caused me to forget
his lessons

'I did it all myself'
is what drove me to nothing
drove me to nights
which were absent of dreams
unable to see the stars

III

I stare into his eyes
sparkling with the secrets
to life

I almost utter the words
'Come on in,
let's have a few beers,
smoke a little
and catch up! '

But I merely
blink my eyes
slam the door
and forget

Like I said...

'I did it all myself'

Lost In A Chosen Wood

the wind blows
whispering directions
commonly given to a fool
with disagreement the trees
oppositely sway
to the sun
dawning a new day
the clouds quickly cover
the new display
can't do anything else
than adopt this new
struggling play

Justin Tallman

Love

I sit
young and craving
for the beauty
of a female face
to gaze
and appreciate
with my eyes
that glare
soft and round
like a world
of love
orbiting
the perfect sun

This love
like a God
created beings
primitive
and physical
worshiping
that perfect sun

Those beings
drain
the moisture
of those eyes
that orbit
the perfect sun
in love

The eyes
go blind
and dry
losing sight
of the perfect sun,
the beautiful face

The primitive beings
rage with blood shed

and rape
degrading their land
once moist and lush
now stone hard
and grey
while the sun still beams
perfect rays
unintentionally drying
and fueling
the fire
of the primitive beings'
rage

Through centuries
the beings progress
in technology
while holding true
to their primitive ways
on those eyes
dry and dying
they create
gasoline vessels
to travel through space

Leaving those dead
and desperate eyes
the beings travel
to the source
of their creation:
that perfect sun
and on impact
of melting metal,
gasoline and fire

The biggest explosion
of time
of space
destroying the stars
the primitive race
the moon
the eyes
on their final gaze

the neighboring planets
going further
destroying
the milky way
all which lit
the dark void

Now
the final flame
of that perfect sun,
that beautiful face
of Love
goes out
as simple
as a candle

Justin Tallman

Lullaby

Liar's teeth
and nurturing eyes
after nightmares
you sing lullabies

even with
degrading images
of you on your knees
before my uncle's ready stance
I can still remember
those lullabies

I have seen you
at your worst
and felt you
at your best

I know you
think in shrieks
and speak
in a nurturing rhythm

the role of the womb
and the desire
of a hopeless romantic
in constant quarrel
pain is felt
through fear
of a singular image

after the battle
below the stage
biding time
presumably wasting
away

Now
the anger has faded
though there are scabs

from scratching,
stabs,
and scrapped skin
from being dragged
through starting over

Though
there are scabs
in my ears
rings the lullabies
sung after nightmares

Justin Tallman

Lying On The Therapist's Couch

Coming off the chest
and through the mouth
after a million
(probably billion)
hours
of self denial
of disastrous smiles

Can I now
fully commit
to admitting
This is hell?

The face
I grace
always stood
in the way
shooting sighs
that pierce
like armor
piercing rounds

The same old skin
The same old stare
The same old
same old
If I shrieked
would I finally
have a life?

Justin Tallman

Martyrs

And though
I stand in a spot light
standing before a brick wall
a classic comedy club scene

I stand in bathrooms
after
with mirrors,
bath tubs,
sinks,
and toilets
admiring the clump of lint
resting in the porcelain corner
wishing to be it

Simple
life should be

Not flying
flapping
it's grandiose
angel wings
blowing the horn
being
the scene

Simple
like standing tall
and proud
like oak,
sequoia,
or what ever
tree

But with three dimensions
with muscles
and bones
joints
fingers

gripping axes
and dust pans

A throat
bearing vocal chords
and a tongue
giving the hum
direction
making the superior sound
'I'

The eyes
analyzing
perceiving a gavel
and a pressing stamp
making judgements
and labeling
those who are still

What a sacrifice
it must be
to be lint
or a tree

Justin Tallman

Me Against The Universe

I have traveled
for more than a millennium
to the center of space

My purpose?
My reason?
It's quite simple
yet
quite absurd

I have traveled far
through space
and time
to fight the dragon
which resides
in the center
of this universe

Oh yes
I am quite mad
Oh yes
this probably is
suicide

Do I care?
Do I fear?
I assure you
I should
BUT
I don't

I will fight
only with my mind
I will speak
only with my soul
I will challenge
only with my body

All who I am

all
who I have existed
as

All
in all
I will not back down
until there is
a victor

My eyes
are set
on this stupid goal
and I
will most likely die

But I ask you

Who else
has fought
the universe
alone?

Justin Tallman

Milwaukee, Wi

O, to be a mad man
a poet
a genius
a revolutionist
who can grasp
the Californian sands

To abandon
the Midwestern mind
the Midwestern simpletons
Who, when starved
feast on footballs,
beer, and tits

O, these Wisconsin traditions
leaving trails of dead deer
trails which lead to a couch
in time for reality T.V.

O, how this mirror
brings me peace
in a reflected solitude
a glass sanctuary
alone and away
from a world not my own
in my salty eyes
I stay

Every direction
every turn
every highway
every attempt to escape
is just a deceitful
dead end

How can my planet spin
in a city so flat?

O, Milwaukee

How I hate you
and your polluted
snatch

Justin Tallman

My Human Apology

I'm sorry for the dirty house
inviting the roaches
tickling our laughter and starry eyes
with an irritating feather
enslaving our necks in submission
to the choking hands of
a blown fuse

I'm sorry for my blank eyes
staring your face down
but never really finding
that undiscovered smile
sleeping under a rock

that wondrous smile
that can repair a broken mirror

I'm sorry for my unmade bed
a soft stained waste land
I need it this way sometimes
to get lost in cotton dreams
dancing with the sheep
but never counting them

I'm sorry for my dry heart
it still pumps blood
but it's sandy
and cautious

I can't understand it sometimes
because it speaks in an numerical accent
counting the berries
and flowers I've picked
in my life

I'm sorry for the end of the day
parting
returning to our lives
clocking in and out

and longing for that thirst quenching taste
of magic

drinking under the shade
of an unrealistic rainbow
treating life
like a lemon

Justin Tallman

My Vampire Queen

You came like an angel
but your wings were dark
curiosity sparked like flint
suddenly a myth
'Love at first sight'
which I persistently doubt
proving logic
can yet be one
of many delusional shrouds

Our imagination
and creative shenanigans
have made love
more satisfying
than the orgasmic penetration
of the penis into
the vagina

Years later
there is still contact
but we have lost
the magical words we spoke
and still
I am in love

Maybe you have moved on
playing this game
called 'Real life'
but so have I
yet I have taken this
pulsating heart
which beats and echoes
into the drunken night
I have taken it
and placed it
into a nostalgic shoe box
which I keep in my closet

When I am at my most lonesome

I bring it out
and taste the hopeful blood
it pumps
knowing some day
in a realistic plane
your eyes will meet mine
fixed in a dream like gaze
and we will remember
our imagination
and with our weathered lips
chapped and cracked by the many seasons
since the first day
we will engage
in a lucid kiss
and with this
it will feel like death
the stars will align
the moon
will shine it's brightest
this event
will be equivalent
to a biblical reference

O, my narcissistic vampire queen
how I still love you
how I always will
regardless of this poem's
seemingly prophetic optimism
If the day I am buried
six feet deep in soil
and our lips don't meet
my lips will still smile
because your pale face
will never leave my decayed heart

Justin Tallman

Narcissism In Poetic Terms

A constant battle
thoughts wield blades
of many types
fighting
raging
visually
on the stage of
my eyes

Who I am
Who I want
to be
Who I think I am
and who
I thought I was

All the I
all the Me
all the Self
in a battle
for the definitive being

The nuclear bomb
who ends it all
is the I
the Me
the Self
who just doesn't
care

Justin Tallman

Nazis

There are Nazis everywhere
on the websites
on the cable
on the bus
at work
or out eating

Everything has to be
done right
with every gesture
every word
every posture
every stare
every cough
laugh
kiss
and sexual
pass

There are Nazis everywhere
they never really
died
living through
me
you
us
anyone

There is a Nazi
secretly living
in everyone
saying
'To hell with equal rights.'

Justin Tallman

Never Blink

With a blink of an eye
any eye
left or right
or both
your life
is what it is

Blink once
and there you are
in the arms
of a perfect romantic moment
warm and covered
in the scent, nude
her head resting
on your chest
rising
the rhythm, your heart
says 'forever'

Blink twice
life figures it's self
out
That nude girl, is now
just a nude body
resting
on another chest
rising
and their rhythm, their heart
says 'don't worry'

Blink three times
nothing but drunken apathy
cold and looking for warm
bodies
fingers jiggle the door knob
to a bathroom, filled with lonesome
porcelain
and within the mirror, you will only find
a nostalgic fragment

of what you used
to be

Justin Tallman

Nothing Beautiful

There is nothing beautiful
about the words I say
the words I write
the words I think
there is nothing beautiful
about my words

I see nothing beautiful
My eyes gaze upon
products of skin
like paper mache
created
modified
by that influential
human touch

I hear nothing beautiful
Just the sounds of bombs
the pops of distant gun play
the spilling of blood
the result
of the game
we like to play
'Who is the bigger man
who won't let things go? '

There is nothing beautiful
about the world we live
and I hate It
It
makes me ill

I just need a door
to kick open
but this door
I dream of
is only paint
on a brick wall

Of Sand & Waves

In short comings, and of
sand
O how the waves wish to devour
land
as my neck stubbornly enforces
law
committing a crime, not armed at all
only to run a red light

Where is the glory?
Where is the fight?
A struggle for my name
showcased in neon light

In her eyes, there lies
nowhere
In romance, is there a care?
Not even a sigh?
A raise of your brow, or an attempt
at a lie?
Am I the waves that depend
on Luna at night?

O how I wish to not dare
but with hearts selling
by the pound
I break 'solemnly swear'

In this world, where love is
cheap
Don Juan's shoes should fit
but in the midst
of heart break kids
I refuse
with a fist

I am obligate to Shakespeare standard
Doesn't mean the worth is there
awkwardly never getting past

a stare

Maybe, my eyes are dry
How can I cry tears?
Absent of a holy ghost
when the end is near

What happens when
pick up lines choke?
Is it time to admit
we're broke?
Should I lie?

'I actually choose NOT
to wear a coat.'

As I go on
and on
and on
and maybe
a little further
on

With all the notes
all the crimes and lies
all the evidence which sits in
my chair

I am the waves and she
is my sand
and love, might actually
be there

Justin Tallman

Oh Madness

Oh madness
how I've missed you
the drying paint
staring out lost
eyes drowned in gray light
new day
through the window panes

Oh madness
I apologize
for leaving you
cold shoulder
while chasing tail
and the warm cleavage
of Summer

Oh madness
I welcome your dead leaves
embracing your setting
Autumn sun
listening to Joy Division
and feeling alone
with you
against the paparazzi world

Oh madness
you cling to me
while I whore myself out
preaching about the water
which only fills half the glass
and call shenanigans against
the empty air
that fills the other half

Oh madness
you are what I am
but I still deny
and only when I deny
I am truly lost

in this shallow pond
with the bland fishes
bearing scales of
advertized color

Oh madness
it is your gray
which sets me apart
from the others

Justin Tallman

On The Edge Of A Broken Heart

On the edge of broken heart
nothing is certain
not a truth is absolute
not a wink of the eye
can be taken literally

on the edge of a broken heart
no tear can be shed
but the eyes still water
like a faucet somewhat
neglected
as it drips
drips
drips
into a confused drain

on the edge of a broken heart
there is beauty in guessing
but like any mutiny
could walk right off the plank

and at the bottom of the ocean
could be regret
or possibly a sigh of relief
either way
you'll still drown
in the moisture of her eyes
so learn to hold your breath
and appreciate the colors
of the indifferent coral

on the edge of broken heart
learn to swim
or the bitter salt
will overwhelm your taste buds
and you will never taste love
ever
again

On The Rocks

On the rocks
where the white ocean spray
drenches the face
and feels like acid

Where it all starts to crumble
like a cookie drowning
wet and soggy
all that was sweet
and childish
spills with the milk
and it's worth crying over

But on these rocks
lying naked and vulnerable
in an awkward fetal position
cold, far from the northern arctic
I can still remember
how it felt to be a warm
racing heart
beating in her arms

I'm done with these rocks
done with all the commotion
of the fast paced locomotive world

It all made sense
under that tree past eleven
in the dark humidity
with her lips
her caramel finger
tracing my collar bone
and her explosive beauty
lighting up the sky
on the eve of the fourth
of July

Justin Tallman

One Last Suicidal Prayer

Here I am now
with the reflection of a child,
crying

Wanting out of this prison
Caged in steel bars of judgement
and criticism

The pounding noise of a gavel
Manipulating my gullible ear drums
with degradation

A social rape victim
Lured by perverts with the false hope:
ACCEPTANCE

One last suicidal prayer
for the blessing of the deities of attention
Unanswered

Unanswered...

Justin Tallman

Patches The Great

BEHOLD
AND BOW!

The greatness
of her majesty
Patches The Cat

She has terrorized couches
only to sharpen her claws
and conquered basements
when her litter box
was over populated

All have fell
under the charm
of her soft white fur
No one can resist the
enticing feel
And in the event
one should resist
a roaring demand
she will squeal

O Patches!
How you rule this kingdom
through your hedonism
You never lift a paw
You give command
by just laying around

Your bowl
should never be empty
and always be filled
with the best flavors in town
But if you should find
your bowl to be empty
(a tragic event)
O! The wrath
on our dinner plates

you will bestow

I am not her master

you see

I am her humble servant

O how I take pride

in the service

of serving

Patches The Great

Justin Tallman

Patience

How strange
and sad
alone
drunk
in a living room
like all living rooms
before

A mind
like a snake
slithering through
grass
desperately searching
for the solar warmth
to rest
in euphoria

But nocturnal you are
nocturnal you've become
a creature of the night
a vampire
living a cheap life
the blood
you feast
of a \$7.25 an hour
shift

Sit and wait
you will
until the world
is ready
for your type
of tongue

Justin Tallman

Perfect At My Lowest

Hungover
and pissed
you can see
the veins
in my wrist
wrecked
from alcohol

This is a new day
a new beginning
but it starts with
a dead end
and grows

To studder
charming words
To smile
in a half ass way
'I'm having a good time'
a default response
which persistantly
displays

Life's little game
I play
with a handicap
others use
as an excuse
to call in

But I
embrace it
and use it
in an 'Underdog'
sort of way

I have mastered
this art
that all

prefer to avoid

I am good at
being less
than
one hundred
percent

Probably because
I don't live
with a mask

Justin Tallman

Protagonist

I have no problem with that
dark space
in the corner
cracked paint
and dust crusting
conquering
the unoccupied space

It is there with me
cooking imagined marshmallows
telling the horror stories
of how we got here
in one piece

Traveling across wooden floors
fighting brooms and dust pans
escaping the mop
to find our little secret oasis
secreting the joy of making it out
alive
through our dry skin

Giving up the smoothest sailing
for a story
some how makes sense
to a man
walking away from the edge
of what's expected

Justin Tallman

Refusal

I spent the night under a cold ozone
with a girl who couldn't accept it
she was buried neck deep in the soil
and I was lying above
relaxed and social

I tried to show her a fire fly
which landed in my palm
with trust
but she couldn't turn her head enough
to witness the friendly interaction

Buried deep in the soil
she doubts anyone could dig her up
and teach her how to move her arms
and legs

I offered, but she said
No

Quiet, and alone
thinking out the landmines
buried with her
in the fray

Justin Tallman

Rest In Peace (Rest In Price)

'She has died! '
cried out the boy
whose only reason to live
was his crush in grade one

'She has died! '
cried out the teenage mother
whose mistake leaves her in indecision
a war between 'Pro-life' and 'Pro-choice'

'She has died! '
cried the homosexuals
whose preference viewed unethical
and cast as society's new nigger

'She has died! '
cried the emotionally troubled youth
misunderstood by their parents and psychiatrists
silenced and gagged with a bottle of pills

I look away from the mourning
to watch the capitalistic businessmen
carve the names of their companies
into the gravestone to profit
from her name

Love

Justin Tallman

Robert Downey Jr.

Traveling down a road
with pills, weed
addiction written in stone

From highs to lows
going up and down
Chemicals reap what we sow
rehabilitation bound

Still I keep shuffling
my heavy muscle relaxed feet
Knowing this is the life of rockstars

Once you've reached the high
you still have to come down
and the way is steep

And when you come down
You can never take the stairs
The elevator is out of order
The only option is to fall

And fall you will

Justin Tallman

Rock 'N Roll

The electric feeling
when steel strings strum
the echo of women
falling head over heels
in love
for just one minute like
night

The smell of cigarettes
caught in sound
and the drunk
chorus line
ringing in the eardrums
way past the next morning

The swing of hips
in unison
breaking bottles
in a cocky
sort of way
smug smiles
smiling
enchanted
and charming
the casual day

packing the balls
to face
the all time low
sleeping in the dumpster
just to feel alive
and pissing in public
for a ticket
a rebellious badge

You can find my libido
shaking
in Rock 'n' Roll

Saturday

Fluffy white dog with a strange but charismatic face, has to unload. So it's the clink of metal as the leash meets collar. Out the door. The Summer night is strangely calm for a Saturday. Life is probably in the bars, it's not quite two A.M. yet. No sign of staggering legs shuffling down the sidewalk. At a tree the dog lifts his leg in a stereotypical canine stance. Right onto to the tree next to a parked pick up truck who expresses his left-wing agenda and love for 'Our Lord and Savior' through bumper stickers bought at an anonymous gas station. Down the block is a speck of Saturday. Hipsters rage with the taste of Pabst Blue Ribbon. The windows leak the trendy tunes. Their gauged earlobes jiggle to the rhythms that you've probably never heard before. Drop a few brown chunks of successfully digested dogfood, ignoring the plastic bag in the back pocket. The hipsters are living the life that I am too preoccupied with walking this mutt to live. They'll get over it.

Justin Tallman

Shit

So I depend on fungus
to wipe the crud away
from my eyes

Toilet paper absorbs
most of my shit
but what about the stains?
the toilet bowl remains
unclean

Everywhere I go
a pile is defrosting
from the melting
snow

Did you think
no one will notice?
eyes wasted
on your laziness
eyes wasted
on your petty display

I can't get my mind off
this fucking smell

Because
we are all dying
because
we are eroding
and we
can't stop lying
how did we
come to this?

We are all orbiting
a pile of shit

Justin Tallman

Sidewalk Chalk

About two in the morning
late night walk with my dog
through a neighborhood at rest
after a busy day of simple living
work, school, house chores
paying bills
and domestic arguments
all lying, done
in their cozy memory foam beds
While the mutt and I walk
blasting post-hardcore in my head

I come across a message
written in sidewalk chalk
which mournfully said:

'Goodbye Granpa, I miss and
love u
very very much
1945-2010'

A young girl is in distress
probably lying awake
with warm salty eyes
shedding tears
splashing memories
on her pillow

I have never felt
the pain from a deceased
member of my heart
but on that night
I felt her pain
through the rainbow colors
on the sidewalk

Justin Tallman

Snow

Snow

Sleepless
tired
wanting the world
to spin
in a dream
gazing
through a window
watching the snow
fall
and the world
spin
this might
already
be a dream
alone
puffing nicotine
eyes through glass
watching snow
to die
like this
in this
scenario
peaceful
like snow

Justin Tallman

Songs Of Autumn

Songs that remind me
of the cold
of the chill
dead leaves blowing
like lingering life
in the Autumn wind
hustling with social commitments
and self promises
before the self medicating
winter wind blows in

Songs that tilt my head
and set my eyes agaze
towards the windows
cigarette at my lips
and my mind beyond
anything that could ever
be mine

These songs I play
in vinyl fashion
repetitious rhythms
and nostalgic chorus
bringing warmth to my ears
while vegetation happily dies

The songs scream melancholy
and cry tears of beauty
the sadness freezes
in my eyes
while I play these tunes
under the jukebox skies

The songs of Autumn
never knew
how to lie

Justin Tallman

Sponge

And now
Let me begin
With these awkward steps
I'll attempt resurrection
The lines are now blurred
no time for perfection

But now
We will learn
The screaming sirens
can seem so violent

I cry, and yearn
for reminiscent bliss
but this, will burn
the compliant

I can feel this fall
But I'll bounce
like a ball

Do you hear the call
of the riots? ?

Let's stoop
to crypts so low
that every detail will show

So let's go
some where quiet

And profess our thoughts
'till the needle drops
then stop
our replies

Move along
with every sigh

This brings moisture
to my life that was dry

Justin Tallman

Stain Glass Heart

My heart is stained glass
fragile and colorful
the ribcage stone
waiting for the thin
and sharpest blade
to pierce between the bones
breaking the glass
letting the blood flow
I will succumb
to the phenomenal
blood rain

Justin Tallman

Tear Me Apart

Tear me apart
between my elbow
and my fist
a blood vein wasteland
skinned
where do I
exist?

cells multiply
die
recreate
like a phoenix
like something more
is it hidden?
is it even
there?

Tear me apart
piece by piece
bit by bit
brick by brick
limb from limb

Is there something
there?
A character?
A devout christian
gripping a rosary
in prayer
a Buddhist
locking legs
meditating
Is there
nirvana?

Tear me apart
split the atoms
slice the cellular membranes
divide the nucleus

go further
than science intended

Can you find
something larger
than life?
larger than I
than you
larger than
the universe
even bigger
the chains
connecting
the space
the multiverse

Tear me apart
tear yourself
apart
hell,
tear it all apart
'til it's all
nothing

But hopefully
there is something

Justin Tallman

The Alleys Of Madness

I walk through
The maddening alleys
In search of
A God
and a Dragon
Only to find
A pointless
liquor store

From this
I was left in
The fearful insanity
As horrible as
A blank document

What a wasteland
this empty space was
All that resided
the sheer terror
Of a journey which lead
Nowhere
If nowhere were to
Exist

Passionless and cold
My eyes were
as they desperately scanned
The uneventful surroundings
for a soul to gaze upon

My throat was left
with out laughter
And any forceful attempt
Only led to a frightening
Gag reflex

The inner rhythm
of my eardrums
Lost it's Jazzy soul

And all notes, lyrics,
beats, choruses
and vibrato
Wasted away
Into the cold
Milwaukee sky

I am now left
Blind, deaf, mute
and dumb
Existing as a
Useless husk

I quest on
to the inner
Perdition of my
mind

I find
a boy smoking
a cigarette
Who explains:
'You're just
relating with
The World.'

Justin Tallman

The Angel's Restraining Order

Through my eyes
I see your beautiful face
A seraphim's promise
I watch your hips
move in heavenly grace

Through my ears
I hear a masterful chorus
spoken in words
detailing the simplest conversation
and I rejoice
in your laughter

Through my touch
I feel your silky skin
arousing my being
O how hard it is
to end the press
of this skin on skin contact

Through my nose
I smell your rosie odor
piercing the air in which
I breathe
penetrating my memory
locking you in forever nostalgia

But when I open my mouth
I utter a few words
and through all your senses
I'm perceived as a creep

Justin Tallman

The Astronaut

Dancing on the stars
your feet
losing thought of the ground
tiptoeing in the dark abyss
feeling the euphoria
of the endless void
holding hands with the timid Virgo
pouring water with Aquarius
and roaring loudly
with the proud Leo
glorious in the Sun
resting your head
on the breast of Luna
feeling the mystery of life
in a single moment
traveling in the backseat of a car
blasting music
through space

Justin Tallman

The Black Tar Heart

She's a vengeful spirit of masochism
once in love with another soul
both self destructive by nature
sharing their passion through
the point of a needle
directly into their veins
replacing their apathetic blood cells
with a synthetic solution
numbing the world whose rule
is a ruthless food chain
of dominance

But one could only go so far
into the medicinal void
abusing the erroneous promise
that everything will feel fine
with loosely prescribed junk

So now this black tar heart separates
leaving one half in the waste land
of a dark hotel room with friends
disguised as silhouettes
while the other half
cleanses and replaces
the pusher men for clean cut attire

Alone with out her cold drugged hand
holding the hand of the one who accompanied her
in the dark corner of the room where only just them
and the needle made sense
she makes him feel sorry with the last injection
her self-destructive revenge

Justin Tallman

The Chair & The Window

In a chair
sit
sit
sit
and stare
out the window
ignore
what's outside
just stare
stare
stare
stare
never move
let the wheels roll
and wait

Justin Tallman

The Complexities Of Expressing A Smile

I've longed for this silence
like a black and white romance
not yet realized in High Definition color
no sharp images, no Dolby digital sound
just making sense of what is not spoken
not yet visualized in an organized process
that I understand

Dancing around like a buffoon
pretending to be in love
kissing the internet radio
waiting for that unpopular song
which jingles like a hip
and taps like a toe

The setting is a rooftop
and I'm shouting
raving mad like a theatrical display
feeling the beating heart
I return to nicotine
inhaling it's silence
questioning this indecision

No matter what smile I purchase
from luxuriously expensive
to the rock bottom price
(cheap but fast)
there will always be those eyes
squinting
trying to notice the smaller details
looking for beauty
not yet discovered

I got lost again...
I apologize
:)

Justin Tallman

The Curious Cow

Every shots a shot
you either miss your head
hit the target
or the coin is tails
opposite of your call
click of the trigger
the bullet with the impact
of a cannon
splattering thoughts and memories
painting the wall
with the colors of emotions
dripping down the red madness
blanking out the iris

Flashing television screen
game over

If you never take that shot
You'll be sitting there
looking like slaughter house cattle
waiting in line

Justin Tallman

The Day After Cocaine

The day after cocaine
The mystery of shame
Expressing with a broken face
cracked from the nose
Hear the chorus go flat
No chance of rewind
It happened in the attic
The event of following lines
Sniffing after snorting
Snorting before sniffing
Somewhere in Central America
I made a cartel
happy

Justin Tallman

The Door

There are many doors
in my house
I have opened
and closed
all

The front
to leave and go
when I please

The back
to leisure in my habitat
at my most secure

The cupboards
to survive
on the resources
in possession

The bathroom
to stare in the mirror
getting acquainted
with the I
myself
all who I
am

The bedroom
to get lost
and forget I
taking left turns
in dreams

The basement
to dwell in the dark
hide from it all
with the cold insects
and feel
forgotten

But there is one door
I am curious with most
I ignore it
walk past it
and treat it
as a wall

After I have tasted
all the flavors
felt
all the textures
smelt
all the scents
heard
all the sounds
and seen
all the pictures

Now...

Now
it is time
to open this door

Justin Tallman

The Dragon, The Illusionist, And The Spider Ft. The Backless Chair

I have thoughts
described as words
that hurt my lungs
when said

Like breathing fire
Light the room
with orange and red

Who knew
that honesty
would betray me
like this?

A lesson learned
but skeptically refused
like simple
magic tricks

Now I spin
webs across my
mind

Stretched so far
Conclusions
are hard to find

When the
'Day to day'
become
'Rinse and repeat'

You'll find me
in a backless chair:
The uncomfortable seat.

The Dull Knife & The Absurd Weed

Take a dull knife
and cut at the dirt
in a hopeless attempt
to dig

Get at that root
of the consuming weed
dig with the dull knife
and cut out it's source
of life

The dirt is cold
the knife is dull
the root
of the weed
is stubbornly thick

Impossible?
It may take for ever
your wrist will ache
your forearm will burn
and your mind
will run dry
in the thinking well

Regardless
you will eventually
kill that absurd weed
with roots
that sink deep

Justin Tallman

The Dumb Ass With A Keyboard

A dumb ass with a keyboard
types down words
perceived to be mystical answers
to questions of truth

But the paragraphs runs in circles
and the metaphors
never accurately hit the poor nail
on the head
instead
it leaves a handicapped puncture
in the wooden plank
meant to hold up the unplanned structure

A dumb ass with a keyboard
types a sentence like:
'Art thow walketh plank behold
the eye of adolesent fate
among the charlatans painted
in shadow's mistake'
and he types this sentence
for the sole purpose
of getting laid

A dumb ass with a keyboard
takes his contraption of written language
to public places
occupied by young teenage women

He types the keys
spontaneous with a planned out
expression of lunacy
but the letters are nonsensical
but what do they care?

The dumb ass is a writer
a poet
filling blank pages
to impress the short skirts

He's doing something
with his time
shouldn't you?

Justin Tallman

The Face

And the face I wear
won't stay the same
it changes
from day to day
so untamed

Either a smile
or frown
maybe a smug smirk
or an indifferent
expression

Someone will notice
someone always notices
the angle
of today's face

They look at my lips
and wonder
'Why didn't he smile
like yesterday? '

They appreciate my face
as a form of entertainment

But I swear,
one of these days
I'm going to forget my face
at home
and on the day that I do
will be the day
I'll appreciate it most

Justin Tallman

The Heart

This heart
used to beat a rhythm
joyous
pure
simple
and catchier than a pop song

O this heart
used to make men cry
and make women believe
in promises again

This heart
had me thinking like a dove
flying with clouds
proving that the Earth
was not the only destination

O how this heart
used to talk to the stars
learning the universal secrets
sharing those secrets to voices
whom spoke in a similar rhythmic value

But now...
O, but now...

This heart just beats
to pump coagulated blood
in my veins

This heart
is just a muscle
supporting these eyes
which are stained

Now this heart's voice
is silenced by the penis
who grows

penetrates
dominates
and degrades

Becoming a man
is not of this heart

But consequently
this heart is now
of the man

Justin Tallman

The House Of Make Believe

In The House of Make Believe
We accept all wick are free
Be it worm or aggressive bee
as long as your mind
has learn to see
in The House
of Make Believe

Make that noise
Provoke that shriek
Scratch that itch
Peel that scab
Let it bleed

You are the best
As we see
As long as your ID
is you
With us you'll sleep

During some day
During some moment
The stars will shine
and reflect your portrait
in the sea

A person is only worth
what their mind thinks
If those thoughts
are not masked by a lie
Then my friend
You are blessed
with Individuality

Your application
Impressive BEYOND belief
So here's your cot
among the misfit
among the minds

among the world changing
personalities
within this house
of Make Believe

Justin Tallman

The Lawn Mower

Mowing lawns
to compliment
the white picket fence
who guard the front yard
illuminated by the rustic fashioned
light
and beyond the front door
lies a plasma screen
entertaining the pajama clad family
with the best
modern cable has to offer

Reality television
displaying dysfunctional lives
so the normal
can feel less insane
then catching a quick laugh
from a sitcom
and in-between
comes the cravings
for candy bars
and fast food dining
sometimes discounts and deals
from materials that will blow your mind

During all this
simple
modern living
we tell everyone of the boring thoughts
that inspire us
through social networking
lighting up
our desk
and lap
tops

And in the darkness of night
the last one awake
seeks out desire

in the LCD
plasma screen
world
of pornography

This is the lifestyle
of the family
with the well kept
lawn

Justin Tallman

The Life 'N' Times Of Mista Dontplay

Mista Dontplay
Don't play no games

If bullshit stains
don't look up his name

only his words
can be definitive 'swag'

his mannerisms
his habits
his ability to 'game'

He can handle his drugs
and when done
the bank fears the name

Mista Dontplay

Women are titled 'Hoes'
when the romantic organs
of this man play

Ignoring the beauty
the quality
the personality

No time, his thought process
has for these things

Sadly, virgins don't mind
The degradation

As long as

Mista Dontplay

penetrates
their existence

with his name

Justin Tallman

The Lion In The Corner Of My Room

There is a lion
in the corner of my room
He roars viciously
aggressively
But I am not scared

His presence
confusing
So with curiosity
I stare

As a boy
I am comfortable
with this midnight lion
with this teacher
who teaches:

'In life threatening danger,
to lose your life
should not be a
care.'

He roars a extraordinary truth
that I am extraordinary myself
Who else would accept his presence
in the corner of their room?

I am a man now
But I can still remember
that childhood friend
And I hope
when I sleep
I'll encounter
The Lion
in the corner of my room
once again

Justin Tallman

The Mad Man

Cold teeth
chattering
in a miserable
vibration
carried through
a humid breath,
a whisper
uttered by a mad man
who speaks
only to himself

all the ears
are too busy
with traffic jams
too busy
with the loss
of their home team
in the play offs
and too busy
updating their Facebook
relationship status
from 'taken' to 'single'
and slandering
their former love
like they were nothing
from the start

Nobody has time
to be curious
about the ideas
of the mad man
freezing from his feet
with glossy
empty eyes
fixed on his thoughts
fixed on
nothing real
with patience
like a tree

waiting for
the city transit bus
to nowhere
in particular

He mutually
doesn't have time
for everyone's earthly fears
no time to stress
over tax season
no time to feel despair
over bad credit
and spying
on a promiscuous wife

His brain
is not plagued
with a drowning,
unrelenting sea
of worry
the trouble
that decays the mad man
like leprosy
like cancer
is but singular
and simple
yet poisoning
and crippling
graying the hair,
drying the skin,
and sucking the marrow
from his cracking bones

The mad man
simply
doesn't know what to do
with his mind

Justin Tallman

The Madness Of Drying Paint

In the end
after an hour of painting my room
different shades of purple
I watch it dry
and through the moisture of the paint
drowning in oxygen
I see those large
and heavy bronze eyes
staring on
angry
like a bag boy
packing the mob mentality
neatly in Eco-friendly plastic bags
Reminding me
of the last hope
crucified on a billboard cross
just for advertised inspiration
Bringing me close
to that imagined social fence
made of glass
too fragile to climb it
I wouldn't want to break the beauty
of being on the other-side
disbelieving those large and heavy
bronze eyes
I just believe in proudly watching
my paint dry.

Justin Tallman

The Mimes

I live in a city of mimes
to mimic golden idols
the blueprint on how to live
a life

All faces are plain
And in the stead of mirrors
reality TV replaces
From high school scenery
to club nightmares
The Mimes mingle
in my despair

From the strands of hair
sliced and pasted
in ways unable to understand
Seemingly a fable, to suddenly realize
I don't care

The Mimes are a boastful bunch
from the smoke they toke
to the carpets they munch

How they grin in that
reasonless
sort of manner
I find the pointlessness
in eating lunch

Testosterone is quite addictive
The taste is similar to crack
Autotune supplies and unfortunately
never lacks
To hide beneath
a talentless mask
I confess that I agree
Who could say no?

When rebellion conforms

to the lie
I proceed to take pride
in rebelling
against the so called
'Rebels'

Damn!
I hate mimes

Justin Tallman

The Mirror

I exist in the 'day to day'
watching the wind play
with the trees
sway

Looking out the window
I stand naked and wet
water dripping from
sanitized skin

This is surely a new day
But it began like any
all the same

vigorously drying
with a unclean towel
I wear the uniform
greased stained

As I prepare for
a twenty first century shift
I take a moment to glare
at this reflection

Many times I have done this
Taken this moment
for a personal stare
I smile
I frown
I make silly faces
I practice expression
in my facial lair

I begin my days like this
I begin my days with me
and only me

One day
this routine will cease

I will be old
decaying
reaching the last physical days
of my body's lease

And when death comes knocking
I will still be with my mirror
executing a planned attempt
at 'My life flashing
before my eyes.'

All I will see is my face
which stares
Smiling

O, how my life
was spent through
a mirror

Justin Tallman

The Moon

The lonely moon
whom sits euphorically
in the darken sky

Alone
for centuries
announcing persistently
the constant night

Capturing imagination
which misguided, leads into
The were-wolf's bite
at full

O the misinterpretation
of the one
who swims
in the black

Outshining the stars
inspiring the dreams
behind the eyelids
overdosed in the sandman's
grains

In these dreams we see
the very core in the deep
so easily forgotten
and from consciousness, sunder
upon awake

But I
remember the lonely
moon
But I
can relate

The moon
who shines and sits

in the midnight sky
and beyond

The moon
I announce thee
as my long lost
brother

Justin Tallman

The Moth

Nocturnal
flapping powdery wings
flying beneath
the midnight

Alone
counting stars
after running out of sheep
The metamorphosis
of thoughts
into dreams

Here
socializing
with I
in this conversation
I get reacquainted
with my soul

Justin Tallman

The Pedestal

'Lower your pedestal! '
spoken by a beautiful face
whom I am fond of
regardless of her joking manner
there is much truth
to the words she has uttered

I gotta stop
thinking of myself

Justin Tallman

The Petruding Head From A Turtle Shell

I

on a stable street
tongue and cheek
gather for a smile

but sick for mystery
way beyond the concrete
my medicated face
sings a song
for a distant style

II

Just for now
I say

I'll be calm
and still

Looking forward
to dreaming
everyday

In between
living a number's
tragedy

III

ears aching
for the songbird's infection
walking deaf

eyes staring
at the smallest
hallucination
or what ever
is left

meanwhile
the chest burns
boiling the blood
cooking a recipe
for intoxication

IV

Finally
the mind starts to blank
no words
no sights
no sounds
not even the pain
of scraped knees

Nothing
is left to plague
no strings
no overwhelming voices
no nonsense

Suddenly
the idea of wings
doesn't seem strange
nor the idea
of a tall building
high above the sidewalk
collapsing
on the 'sane'

V

when the window shuts
the rain is visually
enjoyable
even the snow

fiddle with the thermostat
let's get warm
and cuddle on the couch

my eyes
into your's
our eyes
feel

in the warmth
hearts beat
and wake
to an awkward sun

VI

Shall we
try this again?

Justin Tallman

The Reclusive Eyes

Stare into the eyes
whom scan for flaws
There you'll find a gavel
covered in the blood of time
The same time in which
friends once resided
Not even a corpse left
just cold gray walls
Covered in layers of signatures
written in a dull rainbow of sharpies
Each signature contains a hallucination
inspired by memories of painted faces
These memories entice a deep pain
after the attempt of remembering these names
All details are forgotten

These are the eyes
of a recluse

Justin Tallman

The Redundant Madness

To break skin
to insult
the insensitive
to bite
and scratch
to scream
with that voice
that aches
within
to pull at the arms
to struggle
and fumble
with the straight jacket
assigned to my mind
which itches
with scabs
and promised expectations
to stare at the walls
watching nothing
and observing
non existence
severing the ties
the knots
and piercing
normality
removing the mask
in public
pissing
exposing
what hides
in undergarments
this is what we do
when redundancy
becomes
too strong

Justin Tallman

The Sailor In The Crow's Nest

Not of this world
just something beyond
the horizon
as small as a blade of grass
but as powerful as an orchestra

unexplainable
but recognizable
like your reflected mirror image

a word that has no place
in a mere dictionary
but as common as slang

Unpredictable like a storm
but has the persistence
of the rising sun

The grandeur of the bible
but useless like
a stuttered word

How shocking this is
unreal, but can only be found
in reality

Maybe no one has seen it
before?
Maybe it has been documented
and lost on the shore

What ever this object,
thought,
word,
feeling,
face,
or kiss
may be

I know that I
seek it in
the dangerous sea

Justin Tallman

The Sailor's Misfortune

I set sail
unaware
that I forgot
to raise the anchor
it still clings
to the shore
I ignore the tug
blaming it on
something ridiculous
like the wind
all the while
under the impression
I'm far off
on my way
to a better land
I never care
to look back
oblivious to
the cold truth
I never went
anywhere

Justin Tallman

The Scientific Method

Cold Stone
Idle and still
A Human
Titled
A Mad Man
Nowhere to go
Nothing to do
No success
No failure
It's crazy
But why?

Stillness
Equivalent to
not existing
No existence
Means peace
And peace
Means freedom
Freedom and peace
is Nirvana
Nirvana is
Not existing

This thought process
Now in cycle
Going round:
The shape of
The Cold Stone

Conclusion:
The Cold Stone
is Buddha

New Hypothesis:
Why are the
Nowhere Men
Unhappy?

The Seasons And The Ignorant Bus

I, at some point had
a feeling for
the seasons

A sort of excitement
for the transitions

The dropp in temperature
and the cool
melting snow

The way the leaves change
from the green essence
of life
to the orange and red
farewell

At this time
of my life
I marveled at
the seasons
while thinking about
God and love

But now
I ride a ignorant bus
traveling to locations
titled 'Point A
and Point B'

The face of change
still exists
but my ability
to allow my jaw
to drop
has long since
been dead

Justin Tallman

The Soulless Vagabond

The soulless vagabond
dusty roads
caravan
dying horses
pushing on
senseless direction
empty head
living in eyes
visually feeding
on the partly cloudy sky
time is an invention of man
disregarded by this scene
of non existence in motion
traveling a hum drum reality
a journey as pointless
as this two dimensional plane

This is the life
for me

Justin Tallman

The Spontaneous Day

I

Crazed bare trees
sway in the piercing chill
east from Lake Michigan
walking down the sidewalk
salt stained cement
bundled up to the neck
eyes gazing downward
blanked by the thoughts
of romance
and better situations

II

For now
on to the bus stop
I go
only doing what's logical
and expected
inserting the hard earned bus ticket
choosing a seat
commuting to the laboring destination

III

Waiting
for that one spontaneous day
where the routine of practicality
will cease making sense
and realism will not fade
but ignite in an impulsive fire
turning into simple and forgetful ash

All that will be left
is living unbelievably
in a dream
finding all that is impossible
easy and silly

IV

This spontaneous day
might be sooner than you think

Justin Tallman

The Staring Game

My eyes are plastered on
plastic screens
LCD piercing Iris
winking hello to London
the sun is up
it's 2 a.m.

Light cracks
numbers blur
the sun shines in HD
slapping your eyes
lashes flutter

Luna dances
with thousands of stars
flexing constellations
a variety of diamond beating hearts

And here I am
stomping laptop keys
with inked fingerprints
forming a language
that explains
my Iris

It feels good
winning this stare
staring into abyss
through walls

Justin Tallman

The Strange Concept Of Living

It's strange
how walking skeletons
caked with flesh
and skin
can think so highly

They think of glasses
so full of the shit
they spew
digested egotism
and they say:

'Here, taste this. It's full of wisdom, and promising magic.
You'll stand in awe, of what I am, what I've said, and what I've done.
It is the way, it is walking on water, it is the warming solar flares of the sun,
filled with power and awesome.
You will drink it, you will indulge in what I am.
You must, and if not, you'll just waste away, never knowing the beauty of what it
is that I call 'I'.
What I call 'me'.
You will drink it, or you will get out of my way.
As ignorant as you are, ignorant unlike what is I.
What is Me.'

But yet
the content of this glass
carefully advertised
in planned out commercials
and strategically placed billboards
still tastes like shit

It's strange
beautiful words could possibly
make you believe otherwise

Or
those words are the flavor
for your ears to taste
so your tongue can easily ignore

the bullshit you wasted hard earned time on

Either way
It's strange
how this is probably
what life is

Just looking
for someone else's
crap
which is displayed
in prettier colors
than our own crap

Justin Tallman

The Third Wheel

The groans
the pleading
the begging
The dirty

The sounds I hear
as the third wheel

Here I am
alone
downstairs
writing

give it to that whore
give it to her
misguided

I hear it all
I hear it
pathetically
I hear it as
the third wheel

I spin
You travel
I'm carrying it all

Please let this be a short trip
before my impatience
unravels

Justin Tallman

The Time Machine To San Fransisco, Ca

Never thinking
spontaneously reacting
to the future thoughts
of San Fransisco
California

From then
on
who knows
what my first impression
will unfold
just moving
with gestures
beyond their time
opening windows
to feel
the sunny day
breeze

Screaming
at the top of the lungs
through the nose
past the throat
sharing the delight
of doves
flying through
the floating clouds

This is in fact
Life

Shattering the barriers
of the dead end highways
to the salty
tasting air

What a dream
O, what a dream it is
on the western coast

Tokyo, Japan
every morning I say
Hello

Let the seagull fly
and prey
on this new
and hopeful future day
'til then
I swim in gutters
and dream

Justin Tallman

The World Vs. Me

I feel soulless
I feel apathetic
I feel like talking to myself
though no one
is around

Is this a poem?
Typing down how I feel
like a blank page
and all

Should I talk about
how I feel like a victim
of propaganda?

Mass media is out
to destroy me
but no one believes it

I guess I'll declare war
from the dimly lit depths
of my seclusion
equipped with only
a battle plan
and a sharpened
sarcastic tongue

There was a boy once
I knew him well
but he was executed
point blank
and told
'You have no place
in this world,
you pussy.'

So now
as a broken man
you can bet your ass

I'll give them hell

Justin Tallman

This Is No Casual Suicide

I sit in the wake
of a soon dawning day
Exhausted and beaten
from a hard day's night
contemplating a restless
suicide
If not now, surely soon
to lie in a future tomb
The great Rock 'n' Roll tragedy
I'll assume

Justin Tallman

Thoughts I Had On A Crashing Plane

Smile

this is the crash
the plane falling
ball of fire
into the ocean

No self control
no control
release the shiver
the trembling
the laughing
maniacally
into the atomic
explosion
feel the burning
passion
of the last seconds
of feeling alive

eyes fixed
on the flashing
of life
a slideshow displaying
every regret
before the comedian's mic

It's all
just humorous now
how every breath
felt so important
to the point of suffocation

Every lie you choked on
snuggles under the blankets
warm and forgiven
because honesty was always
a merciful
son of a bitch

All the pain inflicted
and self inflicted
and every realistic slap
to the disgusted face
are now
reduced to historic moments
where lessons learnt
oppose the backward graves

Just smile
you're on camera
not really
you're just dying
crashing
into the waves

You'll splash upon
some uncharted shore
where there is only you
and your silly life
dancing around a difficult fire

Those burning memories
once thought web like
ensnaring our love
will warm our bodies
like drunken laughter
on the pointless nights
we like to reminisce
upon

We'll never control
anything else
than the muscles
of our lips
so smile

You were there once
in the fray of it all
in the magic

Letting the magic

conquer you
is in fact
the best thing
you'll ever do
with your life

So collapse
into the empire
of your smile
like nothing
meant anything
at all

Justin Tallman

Thoughts Of A Recently Aged 24 Year Old

Another calendar
torn off the wall
tossed into the trash
at this point
there is no reason
to ask 'why? '

Where is there to go?
As if life is a straight path
with a destined destination
when we walk on a spherical planet
which spins in circles

Believe it or not
we're only lying to ourselves
when we look down upon
those brave individuals
whom smile while standing
still

They are the prophets
They are the ones
whom figured out
how to walk on water
only to get pummeled
with stones
or hung in the gallows

This is not a truth we want

They're truth is the fear we have
when looking in the mirror
only to find an ugly reflection
staring back
because there actually
is no where to go

We're already there

To Breathe Underwater

They say
she's jumped ship
to swim in the ocean
to be baptized with truth

She claims
the clouds whispered lies
promised an earthly heaven
where freedom is more
than a dream

I wait
for concrete evidence to prove
idealistic words like love and faith
and superstitious numbers like 13 and 7

We play
with religious fanatics and romantics
a game with stones and flowers
the winner laughs at those who die

Rumor has it
this is a bullshit and pointless trap
as we refuse to ignore the plasma screens
oblivious to the obvious bait

I now know why
she jumped in the sea

Justin Tallman

To Not Fear

radiated heat
microwaving your skin
boiling the blood

facing head on
the atom bomb
crucifix shrapnel
piercing
leaving splinters
too holy to be tweezed out
suffering for ever

sleeping under judging stars
dreaming in agony
begging for victory
in Russian Roulette
and for one last kiss
from a succubus

To not fear
means being a martyr
for the magic
in your own life

Justin Tallman

Trading In

I

Eventually
a face will sit comfortably
beside mine
both our pair of eyes
in unison
staring into nothing
and loving every second

II

Looking through windows
watching the details swim
mixing into each other

doing the same
blending our brains
to create an amusing
spark

III

One day
we will find doors
with locks
revealing a closet which
is curiously comfortable

and in we go
residing in that
desolate space

IV

Looking for other faces
and voices

trading in

our old smiles

for a bus ride
in the ocean
to see the depth
and the darkness
of...

what we hate

Justin Tallman

Transition

living in the negative
soon enough
the horizon will show clouds
in the right idea
all things
will come together
like a biblical
reference

The pieces
of a puzzle
will display a picture
painted by Da Vinci
called
Mona Lisa

All smiling
with the smiles
that define
optimism
and erasing
letters
rewriting
in crayon

How the colors
bring out life
guiding to the ocean
dulling
the knife

Now
we come together
and now
we hold our hands

Now
we carry oceans
and now

we plan to stand

Singing out
our subtractions
so we can dig
and hope to add

Justin Tallman

Vellum

I write my name down on paper
paper that has a unrealistic desire
to be vellum

I read what I have written
for a sense of authenticity
more authentic than my image
reflected in a mirror stained with mildew
and toothpaste

The words on this paper
anyone can read
bums, whores, addicts,
homosexuals
intellectuals
and the broken old men
whose hope died
in the past

I write
but I don't speak
what I write
details what I see

The things I see
O, the things I see
could invoke suicidal tendencies
in a child who still believes
in Christmas carols
and hunting Moby Dick
whom rules the seas

How tragic it is
to let fleeting imagination
slowly die among the magic spelling
of the words we once spoke
on Christmas Eve

And now I sit

with the adulterated gift
of alcohol
and nicotine
writing down words on paper
whom wish to be vellum
but realistically
could never be

Justin Tallman

Wastoids

You and I
so dumb
running fingers through
polluted sand and
splashing the polluted waves
while piss drips through undergarments

Mutant as You
Mutant as I
birth defects display
why women should be
cautious
when pregnant

As mutants we dance
with joints, so awkwardly
placed
the skeletal system is
fucked, but the rhythm
still moves us

Toxic green and
tasting like processed
vegetation, GMOs stupefy
taste buds, as we lick
shards of glass
for entertainment

We are accidents
as we rob the proper
genetic material of air
and waste away
proper wastoids
green, ugly, and unnatural

Your education system
can't save us
while we tremble naked
ruining your community

events
and disrupting rock'n'roll stations

Justin Tallman

We Are

Skin away the plastic
let's just lay around as raw
as we are
as we were always meant
to be

Let it all expose
how fleshy and vulnerable
we are
open to all the dangers
of sharp tongues licking
our necks
and pelvis

Bearing all the scars
and fresh scabs from
a history
of humiliation
as our unmasked faces
express
all the sighing frowns
and smiles of laughter
not to mention those eyes
staring in disgust
at our regrets

At the end of the day
that's literally all
we are
just meat puppets at play
but we hide it all
under a colorful plastic
display

Justin Tallman

We Are 'We'

Walking on a tight rope
for your amusement
life
or death
will I amuse you
for a moment?

If I fall
and die
will I bring a shock
to your life
in grey?

If I survive
will
I bring inspiration
to your life
in your line
of no where?

Do I shine
with the smiles
I present

If I cried
would you feel emotion
in the unrealistic
sense?

We live
on borrowed time
equally resting
on the judgmental
scales

But who weighs the most
weighs truest
from a book
I read

If I
weigh the most,
as a person
will you view me
as?

I am no god
I am flesh
In the shadows
we all
were born
and with you
I crept

Singing songs
in sing alongs
from the VHS
cassettes

I'm bred
Through time
in ticking clocks
which chills
on land

Now life
is in numerical
lock
but even numbers
have an end

Justin Tallman

What It Is

From toys and video games
to blowing out nicotine
and chugging hops and alcohol

From dreaming big
being amongst the stars
and possibly past the Gods
to napping on couches
and frying french fries

It is what it is

Justin Tallman

What's New?

Sit on that bench
audience to the shore
and across the bay
gaze at down town

Behind the building lights
and walking on the cement
waiting at red lights
texting
chatting among friends
whom all have something
to do

sit and watch
the city move
to a rhythm
outside
of you

What's new?

Justin Tallman

When Smiling Becomes A Drug

You build up a fortress of smiles
a fun house
laughing and giggling
feeding off the rich humor
setting up punchlines
then snorting them
like a powder

Gotta get some solitude
get lost
Gotta stare out that window
and wonder

Every now and then
Gotta think about the rain

The sun has been hanging around
for far too long
your skin
now leather
a leather purse
from an endangered species

Longing for the cold moon
piercing rays
jousting with your thoughts
no longer fearing
but getting excited for the darkness

Sometimes
you need to kiss the ground
to really fall in love
with the sky

Justin Tallman

Write It Out

Write it all out
write out the trembling hand
dry ulcerated stomach
all the food
unfed
due to the sickness
of dwelling in the those mysterious
shadows
of blacken thoughts
hoping that some magic trick
will come with the simple ease
of the flick of the wand
and working those muscles
in your lips into the form
of some bullshit smile

Write it all out
dot every lowercase eye
and slash every lowercase tee
dot and slash everything
perform every letter
of those sleepless nights
where the brink of dreamland
feels like a razor to the wrist
which pumps that lovely blood
which rushes with every lovely thought
of her beautiful face
when she smiles
at the perfectly executed romance
love story lines
spoken out with perfectly
dotted and slashed
eyes and tees

Write it all out
spell every word until the ink
in the pen runs dry
dry like the mind
when those moist thoughts drip out

with the delusional teachings
of a cheating mother
and a heartbroken father
once perfectly locked
until the lipstick couldn't
match the lips
and the kisses no longer
made any sense at all
and holding hands
are interrupted by cracking
arthritic knuckles
skin dry
like the ink
that tried to spell out the word
love
in an overwhelming love letter
which you knew
would drive that gorgeous woman
you love
away

II

After all of it
is written
in the form of a suicide letter
of an attention seeking whore
proceed with the noose
tighten it
let that heartbroken life
flash before those starry
tear dripping eyes
and kick the chair away

III

Or
you could remember
how attractive you were
when you laughed in the face
of hell

laughed at the bullshit
of burning

laugh at the piercing spear
laugh at the suicide
which lived under a curse

laugh at the drunken nights
sleepless and wasted
under a bridge
beneath the dead end sky

Laugh at it all
because truth be told
it's only a joke
to be lived out in bright colors
of blooming flowers
while the sun smiles
and the moon giggles
at the silly jokes
you perform
sitcom fashion
to pass time
while you write out
therapeutic
poems

Justin Tallman