



Justin Blackburn

Child

Be

wild

my poetry . . . my prose . . . my life

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by

Justin Blackburn

inner child press, Ltd.

General Information

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www.justinblackburnlovesyou.com

1st Edition : 2013

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Publisher Information

1st Edition : Inner Child Press

innerchildpress@gmail.com

www.innerchildpress.com

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LOC :

ISBN-13 :

ISBN-10 :

\$ 21.95



Dedication

Carlton Blackburn

and

Lucy Blackburn

Thank you !

I Love You Both So Much!

I Really Hope You Enjoy This Book.

(No Profanity)

I appreciate everything, you have done your best for me.

F oreword

When I first met Justin, I knew instantly he was going to be something great. I automatically thought...genius...brilliance...an inexplicable awesomeness! I always wish that I could have Justin's spirit and boldness. He would say things that would make some people cringe, but it made me think. He was our generation's Jim Morrison. Where Jim would stop in the middle of a song and scream an expletive just to see how people would respond...Justin did the same with his poems. Justin (in my opinion) wanted to see if one could go beyond the words and see themselves.

To see the beauty, the ugliness,...to see if you can look whatever you believe God or Satan to be in the eyes and say "this is who I am, just wait to see what I become!" At the same time, I have seen Justin grow in so many ways: his message is a lot smoother and more loving, but still has a certain edginess, wit, and intelligence. However, Justin is still Justin...living large...pushing the envelope...never stopping...breaking all the rules, and taking no prisoners. I'm honored to have witness the evolution of his art...

Moody Black aka Robert Mullins

Preface

Dear Reader

I must love you forever. I must share how wildly effervescent it is to be alive with you. I must shower you with grace, compassion, love, and beauty. I must allow you to feel how wonderful you make me feel simply by being alive.

These poems are how I have chosen to do so. I love you infinitely. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Justin Blackburn

Special Mention

Over these extraordinary years I have been inspired by and blessed to work with some of the most creative, beautiful minds on Planet Earth, Kenny Norsworthy, Noel Thrasher, Mat Cothran, Asa Edwards, Brian Barr, Ian Morris to name a few. Sometimes these beautiful minds and I collaborate to create a powerful expression. Lucky for you and I some of these powerful expression made their way into this loving book!

On Helping Yourself, My Body Needs More Tender Care, Soul Wonders
co-written with Kenny Norsworthy

Dumped On The Monkey Bars, Dear One
co-written with Noel Thrasher

Candle Me Light
co-written with Mat Cothran

Love Cancer
co-written with Ian Morris

Love Child
co-written with Brian Barr

Soul Child
co-written with Asa Edwards

Thank you all so much for everything! I so love being your friends!



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Child Be Wild

Child be wild!
You are ahead of your time.
Take advantage of your innocence
with your smile,
discover your heart
and you will never have to search with your mind.

We do not need anymore of you to grow up.
We already have enough boring adults meandering around,
unable to get lost or found,
acting in grown up dramas during the day,
getting stuck in the play at night
unable to lift their dreams into flight,
waking up ruled by rules cold, starved, and lonely.

Child be seen!
You are the one and only person
who can create your dream life,
remember if someone is being mean
there is a great chance they are not right,
so never stop shining your light!

We need you out here in the ever changing world
to help us remember who were as little boys and girls
with pockets full of joy and eyes full of pearls.
Open our minds to the wide winged wonder
and run into our arms at the exploding sound of thunder.
You have so much to teach us yet so much to learn
and we have no reason to reject you or to ever be so stern.

Child be heard!
You can hear the songs
the flowers sing to the birds.
Award us your sweet voice
and share the words.
Give us your favorite color.

Child Be Wild

We are too caught up in the superficial politics of father and mother,
too drowned out in the lifeless arithmetic of sister and brother,
our imaginations can't remember we are imaginary
so of course we are going to tell you the world is scary,
we fired our angels and stepped on our fairies,
we burned down the magical garden and turned it into a cemetery,
we took the world's perfect beauty and made it a burden to carry.

Child be free!

We miss ourselves nervous
but only longing for our childhood memories
so help us by being yourself, letting yourself be,
and remembering no matter what we say
you are always perfect in every way.

The American Children

The swing set is empty.
There are no waiting lines at the slide.
No arms wrapped around the trees.
No closed eyes alive in the shade.

Why are we afraid of peaceful things?
What childhood memory is keeping us from living our purity?
Is it a bee sting?
Is it a schoolyard bully?

Come, sit down,
and openly share with me.
Don't worry,
I don't remember anything.

All the memories too soft to touch,
let's fall right through,
see if we can't get that
happy laughing child back with you.

Child Be Wild

Beautiful World : Be Aware

Beautiful world, be aware;
we were born from perfect love
to experience the joy of fear.

We were born from everlasting light
to feel the lonely night of one naked, shining star.

We were born from the most radiant, sweetest heart
to create the craziest, cheesiest, saddest art,
crying on a rainy day after catching the one that got away
smiling under an umbrella with your best friend.

We were born from the deepest infinite divinity
to think we end, to walk off a plank
and actually believe there is something else to fall off into.

We were born of the purest, strangest, most delightful beauty
to get a bad attitude when something doesn't go as we planned.

We were born from the shiniest, most colorful, creative light-field imagination
to file papers in an office, to solve math problems.

We were born from the Almighty Creator
to be humans waiting on the savior we already are.

We were born from the all knowing, eternal, all powerful God
to experience what it is like to think we are limited human beings,
to confuse ourselves enough to lose our belief.

Beautiful world be aware;
We are perfect love here now.

Enjoy the experience.
I am laughing
because I know how the movie never ends.

Learning About Women

Tender, tender, tender touch,
naked tub of warm water bodies,
wide wonder wide sky open mouths.

My eyes shine her skin.
The future, the past, and the present breathe there.
Every war is won there.
Every star is born there.
Every animal runs free there.
Every man bakes cookies there.

Her jealous ex plots my death.
The boys in the bathroom brag about dirty sex.
The men in the bar offices check another nothing off their sadness.

Her smooth-tongued voice sinks all the knowledge of my heart
as the ship sets sail into the sunrise.
I realize I have learned the wrong thing a million times.
She puts my head underwater.
I allow her spirit to relocate my mind.
Inside her heavens I discover the ways of the wild wind to the woman.

I clear everything from under my mind,
breathing through feet
hands follow hearts
souls sparkle hair
ghosts touch face
misconceptions gracefully disintegrate.

"That's pretty, what is that called?" I ask,
"Clavicle," she laughs back.
Lips descend to neck.
Bodies vanish into air.

Child Be Wild

Limitless Lesson

You told me
we were naked hearts
of a spiritual bond
touched together
by different rays
of the same sun.

You asked me to walk outside
to stand in the light
to close my eyes
to trust the feeling inside
to envision an opening in my chest
to let the sun into my heart
to breathe the darkness to rest.

As the sun shone in
you put your hands
to my face and blessed me,
from then on you said
we could never be apart
for any time I felt lost
if I let the sun shine through
it would lead the way back to you.

Your kindness seemed to be beyond human limitation.
When I told you that, you replied,
“There is no human limit.”

A Loving Woman Makes You Love Yourself Deeper for Katherine Kipps

If your heart is open
and you are not trying
to own them, a woman
is the sweetest thing
Planet Earth has to offer.

With pine tree eternal purity
my goddess radiates
perfect golden love energy
and sweeps every thought I ever had
cleanly out of my kitchen.

*Oh my sweet, constant connection to the divine
I can finally feel the truest love I have been missing.*

All of my mother's rotten milk left
in my refrigerator will never go bad now
as my sun-lit goddess's all encompassing embrace
fills my body to feel my spirit physical.

There are no doors or windows in my heart.
She surrounds me with the hosts of heaven,
with angels, with love unbounded, with care and focus.
It is here where I know I am deeply loved.

Her feeling for me allows the universe's flow of equal abundance
to permeate through my skin burrowing deeper into my being.
She can see my dense light body
as she peeks into my need for surrender.

So tired from being in love I am,
I relinquish myself to her inhale
and exhale source energy.

Child Be Wild

There is nothing more than the love I feel for her,
this love changing me clear and wide
as the first thought of the morning.

I breathe deeply at the corner of vulnerability and sincerity.
She shows me the way of her children.
I undress my past to become naked to my soul
in the shower of the love she gives to me.

I am purple and I am pink
as she feeds me her healing dreams
and kisses me crumbling
so she can build a new special place for me in her heart.

Here is where I am perfect.
Here is where my journey flies closer to the simplicity.
Here is where I levitate in meditation.
Here is where I transcend beyond limitation.
Here is where the artist that drew the sun pours out of me.
Here is where I become imaginary.

Male/female light/dark sun/moon – intertwined,
the goddess tenderly stares
through me
as I feel myself
in her hands
touching
the Earth
she birthed
with her acceptance
of my purity.

A Child's Sunrise

Despite the boring building blocks
despite the nervous ticking clocks
despite the anxious parents ready to check your report card,
maintain that selfless imagination
that keeps angels jumping on the trampoline in the backyard
that lifts swaying energies of willing hearts over rainbows
that develops your mind into visualizing people as photographed God souls
that opens the entrance into your own soul
when you sit down on the first day of school
and life will never get too hard
because the second it does the weightless, endless power in full bloom
will access you and your heart will know exactly what to do.
Whether it sends you a message to relax
or a vision of the schoolyard bully carefully brushing his cavities,
just laugh with conscious breath and don't take it too seriously.

As the teaching begins remember no one can teach who you are
but if you can feel the teacher's human desire
to make the world a better place
that feeling can help lead you to the magnificence of your own heart.
Before they try to teach you to learn,
teach yourself how to find the simple joy of learning
and you will have a much easier time
when the work gets heavy, long, and boring.

Recess is the church of the Goddess.
Go outside and play.
In every breath experience why life
makes it always a great day
to fly as a human or an eagle.

Remember all your peers and teachers are only people
no matter how hard they try to hide that truth,
so love the ones who struggle with being young
as well as the ones who have trouble missing their youth.
To know who you are it helps to know who you are not,
so remain positively neutral as your peers try on all the clothes in the dress shop.
Let them know how beautiful they are even if they come out
looking angry, demented, horrified, or obviously phony.

Child Be Wild

Whenever you see a sign that reads *No Trespassing* or *Members Only*,
go hug a tree and pray for the lonely.

Envy only makes you older.
Excuses just waste your time.
Hatred only makes the days colder.
So always adore your own mind
as you politely swim in your own stream
and I guarantee you will be able
to successfully live your own dream.

Listen and feel the sunrise, because
beautiful child that is the closet resemblance of you.
Watch eyes roll down the street back into minds
when they look up at the rising sky,
that is why you should always smile and tell the truth.

Be A Constant Reminder Of Love

Let what you love
be a constant reminder of how beautiful you are.

Let who you are
be a constant reminder of how beautiful life can be.

Let every sip of water
remind you of the ocean.

Let every speck of dust
remind you of the sky.

Remind the mothers they are mothers.
Remind the fathers they are fathers.

Let your friends
be a constant reminder of why the sun shines.

Let your dreams
be a constant reminder of your limitlessness.

Let every breath
remind you of your soul.

Let every thought
remind you of your freedom.

Remind the children they are children.
Remind the living they are alive.

Child Be Wild

Recess

There is a wilderness in the schoolyard
which can be captured by anyone
but only understood by a child.

White waves of one untouchable lifelong
heartbeat silences the children
but only for a second.

They begin to play again
as the teachers feel their childhood coming in
like lollipops growing out of the tops of their heads.
They remember their first kiss in the grass, out of bounds,
and hand a lollipop to the lonely kid on the brick wall

The clouds above breathe waterfalls of wonder.
The little boy's hearts drum up thunder
while protecting the entire world from their older brothers
with wild indigo imaginations.

The little girls practice happiness and creation.
They know the school house can never close down
for they will forever be learning the lessons
of motherhood and sisterhood.

If you watch calmly there is an order to the wilderness in space
just like the way the children play,
swinging on the monkey bars before tasting the ghost paste.

The green grass feels the pleasant little feet
and knows to never complain.
The oddball, troublemaker, outcast,
lies in the green of the grass, believing in everything

Ocean Hearts Inside Seashells

You do not come flying in from hell
when bringing your lover seashells,
you stroll calmly to her house
with the symbol of your love for her safe in your hands.

Seashells like hearts
can be crushed easily if not held in the softest of hands,
so why do you give your heart away so chaotically
when it beats softly, gently, steadily?

Hearts like seashells are a gift
but if your lover does not accept the seashells,
will you break them into a million pieces?

Don't break your own heart.
Give the seashells back to the sea.
Let the ocean keep them close
until another love is ready.

Child Be Wild

It's All About Being Present

So much to do so I breathe and sit.

Nothing new. Nothing old.

I don't stay, I don't leave.

I don't start, I don't quit.

I don't bloom. Maybe I accept.

I assure the constant cure.

Nothing to confess. I breathe to rest.

But I am not tired.

I find what is searching around

inside me is walking into fire.

I let the flames do the talking.

I am outside myself

but I am not anyone else.

I have always been this

but I can't remember it.

There is darkness present.

There are insecurities teaching lessons.

There are guardians giving me directions.

There is a childhood still in question.

But it's all such a distant boring snoring story.

I kiss the feet of a peasant.

Which is me.

The west opens her legs.
I can notice beauty if I need to.
I don't have to beg.
The sun is see through.
Protected hearts thrown into the vast past
of never before existed ancient straight jackets
of savage reactions to a truth that could never go wrong.
I don't ever need to go back there again.
I sing the song and feel why emotions
were born in the direction leading home.
I am all alone with everything as everything unknown.
Laughter soothes this underpaid orchestra fated in my pocket.
Complainers refusing cartwheels and giant bread crumbs,
I am the stream flowing all things now so I can't knock it.
There goes a ghost embracing her bones and trying to escape
like a bride to heaven I will only experience heart break. So I stay
here now, the way.

Countryside in the sleepy dawn,
I surrender the possessive wonder in my sickened wounds
in this magnetic vacancy of a body tomb.
I look at the moon and make a joke,
"Yo, when is this Great Creator going to show up?"
Does it matter what I become now that I know I will never grow up?

THANK YOU!

The Reason Your Parents Do Not Fully Love You

I remember this time before you were born
when your father offered me some pancakes.

I said, “nah, I am not really hungry,”
and he got really pissed,
talking about how he made them from scratch
and the least I could do is eat one of them.

When he left the room to regain his composure,
I ate one of them
and he was right,
it was pretty good.

I hear your chrome heart crying,
your parents do not fully love you.
Please do not break down.
They don't know how to.

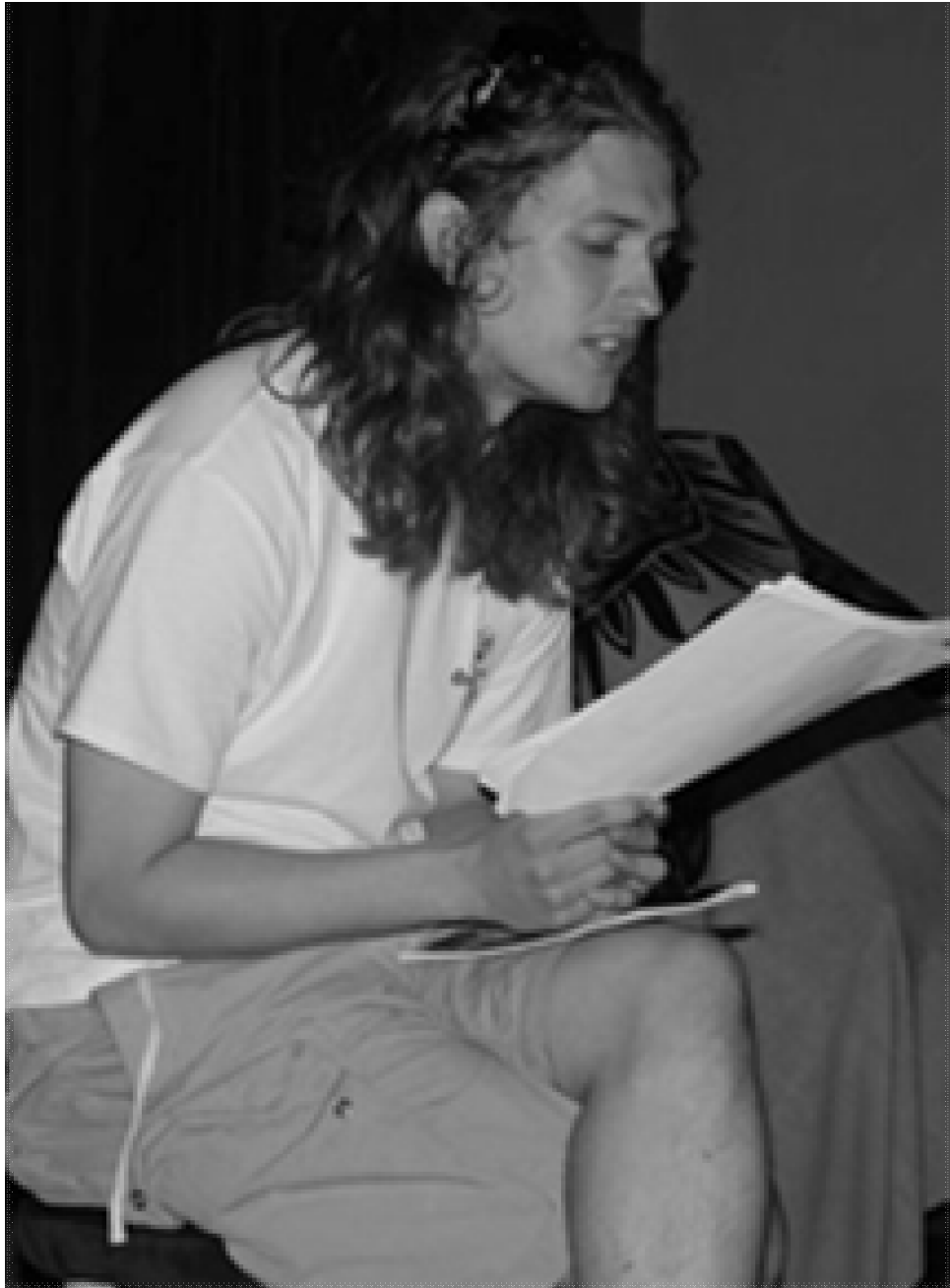
So do not worry about it,
it is not your fault
they are just as confused as you
about life and what to do.

My only advice to you -
make your dad some pancakes
and if he is not hungry
just be cool about it.

Justin Blackburn



Epilogue



Justin Blackburn

about the Author . . .

Justin Blackburn is the Poet for the Awakening. He is also a Novelist, Comedian, Inspirational speaker, and Intuitive Inner Healer.

His first book, novel *Gifted Disabilities*, written with Kenny Norsworthy in 2004, created such a controversial stir with Bush administration, Blackburn got a visit to his apartment from the United States Secret Service. *Gifted Disabilities* traveled widely the underground world which led to Fat Possum Record's band, Co.'s lead singer Brian Hannon to publish Blackburn and Norsworthy's second book *It's Hard To Get There When You Are Already There*.

Due to this masterful work Blackburn was named Beat Magazine's 2007 poet of the year. Two years later Blackburn had two books of poetry published, the hilarious fear transforming *Farting Fire* by Virgogray Press as well as the emotionally cleansing *Female Human Whispers Of Strong Masculine Gentleness* by Shadow Archer Press. That year Blackburn became the highest seller for both presses. In 2011 Blackburn's poem *Before I Opened Myself To Love* won the Dripping Silence Poetry Contest.

In 2012 Virgogray Press published another collection of Blackburn's poems *You Are Not A Normal Human Being*. Blackburn has had hundreds of poems published in magazines, literary journals, anthologies, zines, walls, bodies, etc. including Fissure Magazine, Left Behind Literary Journal, Speed Poets, Open Mind's Quarterly, Angel Voices, & A & U's America AIDS Magazine as well as many others.

Off the page Blackburn is a phenomenal, one of a kind, spoken word performer. He uniquely interprets his pieces as different vivid, colorful characters while expressing a joyous enthusiasm celebrating the essence of being. Blackburn, will not only blow your mind, he will also open and expand your heart. Justin has performed and featured all over in numerous venues, festivals, colleges, high schools, house shows etc. Some of the places include the River Center for the Performing arts for the Georgia State Poetry Society, Poetry and Pancakes, Brick City Verse, Witsend, TRAM Art Festival, Black On Black Rhyme, Leaf Festival, Furman University, CE Murry High School etc.

In 2010 Blackburn won the Club 100 poetry slam and was awarded a spot on the New Danger Slam Team where he performed at the Southern Friend Poetry Slam.

Justin knows accolades do not make his existence less of a cage and though he deeply appreciates everything he has experienced, he prefers to show his depth and inspiration through being unconditionally loving to himself and everyone else! Justin Blackburn loves you.

www.justinblackburnlovesyou.com





a few words from Justin . . .

My name is Justin Blackburn. I am an intuitive inner healer, author, comedian, life coach, and inspirational speaker. But more importantly I am a human being just like you.

Just like you I have been given this incredible, blessed gift called Life and just like you I am the only person who can create my life the way I want it to be! This is why I choose to LOVE, to LOVE unconditionally, without hesitation, without expectation, without limits, to LOVE you, my parents, Kanye West, your next door neighbor, Kid Rock, Katherine Sita, Mat Cothran, and everyone else. This is why I choose to LOVE myself! Since I am Me the more I love everything about Me the better I feel about myself the better my life will go! Ha-ha, that is how simple life is; all you have to do is truly Love Who You Are! And because I truly love who you are I can inspire you to love yourself more and experience the effortless joy which You Are!!! We are truly beautiful!

We are the harmony we came to Earth to experience! We are the place where all possibilities dream! We are the creators of our realities! Congratulate Yourself and allow yourself to receive the unconditional love you breathe! I love you!

Check more of me out at
www.justinblackburnlovesyou.com

a few words from Janet P. Caldwell . . .

When I was asked to write a word for Justin, I was filled with excitement! Why? Justin is a bold visionary, a buster of commonality, revolutionary, edgy and tells it like it is. At times, at the risk of offending someone, but always with LOVE; Justin *Chooses* to shake up the average man or woman to think outside of that limited box, that most of us have not only dwelt in, but are far too comfortable in.

I laughed the first time I heard him on the radio because he is so incredibly funny in telling the truth. With his infectious personality and his effervescence spilling all over the place, Justin puts you in a happy trance as you listen, but you come away feeling powerful. He's the kind of man that will tell you off and you will thank him. Smile.

Simply put, Justin is Sheer Genius. I applaud this young man, his visions, his poetry his art and above all, I applaud the heart of this fierce young warrior who has brought about a change in all of the lives who have crossed his path. I am ever grateful for this force of nature and I humbled to have that shining light in my view, that light called Justin Blackburn.

Janet P. Caldwell
Author / Poet

Inner Child Press

Inner Child Press is a Publishing Company Founded and Operated by Writers. Our personal publishing experiences provides us an intimate understanding of the sometimes daunting challenges Writers, New and Seasoned may face in the Business of Publishing and Marketing their Creative “Written Work”.

For more Information

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