

# Mistry Guild

the true oracle of poetry & art

Volume II

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"It's a Wild Ride" by Art Renda

### American Requiem

The hero surviving his own murder,  
his own suicide, his own  
addiction, surviving his own  
poetry, surviving his own  
disappearance from the scene—  
returned in new faces, shining  
through the tears of new eyes.  
-Allen Ginsberg; "Kansas City to Saint Louis"

### Prologue

The failed silence flows freely through  
the dead,  
decrepit air of America.  
Arise,  
in mid air float—  
fly to sublime heights of protest,  
Pissing on the perverse notion that America is Right  
when we are Dead,  
dead wrong.  
Lying in our weakness—  
drunk,  
dreaming no more dreams,  
No longer shouting at our sins,  
but happy here in hellish flames  
of sacrilege and flags,  
Content with the manacles of our choosing;  
placed gently—slowly chained—  
finding ourselves imprisoned  
within a mind of pain.

## I

Beatnik bomb shells once echoed in response—  
 Hydrogen Death was creeping,  
     blood lusting under Moloch cried conformity.  
     They were right to dissent—  
 destroy themselves;  
     in madness transcend their merciless tormentor.  
     Trying to drive away,  
 from sea to sea  
     in search of heartland lost.  
     Ultimate destinations unknown,  
 running from America to America:  
     a generation Lost in America.

## II

Now out of touch—  
 forgetting—  
     pretending—  
     Producing co-opted oppressors,  
 haunting vacant eyes:  
     visionless minds.  
     Silence,  
 senseless maddening death—  
     unaware: Burroughs' nightmare.  
     Deprived of life,  
 excess looks for death,  
     smoking our veins in distortions of hope.  
     Numbing dope;  
 searching for nothing in silence—  
     empty head;  
     Smiling at a stupid life of

powdered memories:  
     drug induced truth.  
     Self mutilating mirrors—  
 haunting pleasure,  
     hoping pain recedes subconsciously into dust,  
     Forgetting our own affinity  
 with dust;  
     with finality.  
     Consequences come  
 un-looked for,  
     seldom with the promised reckoning deserved.  
     Silence rebukes,  
 failed tributes hollow with dust—  
     weak lips unable to speak  
     seeking words to contain the chaos:  
 a whisper creeps from unknown corners  
     weeping at our loss.

## III

Jazz junkies drunk,  
     danced naked on a stage,  
     unafraid of square eyes outraged.  
     Leering hatred has not gone,  
 loathing fear inside—  
     strong.  
     Evaporated memories,  
 ancient demons and angels  
     hazy black and white:  
     Lost through the translation  
 of the fight: technicolor nightmares,  
     decadence and decay.  
     We're in trouble,  
 deep deep  
     terrible trouble.  
     Trouble that breaths  
 quiet in the night,

refusing to be seen in the morning light.  
Invisible silence  
of saints and sinners alike,  
pervading nightmare of our own creation.

IV

Run from the demons dark:  
forget all troubles,  
deny the pain,  
Only through repression  
will we be whole again—  
or will we?  
Fractured essence,  
duality of spirit torn apart  
each labeled and boxed within our heart:  
Never to be whole?  
design forgotten  
in moneyed memories of glory and gods:  
Lust and power  
reigning from the heavens;  
over our heads a guillotine.  
Fear innate  
holds our torn hearts—  
prisoners of hate.  
A callus muscle tough,  
hardened through neglect  
with bloody bile.  
Repressions come to haunt,  
looming in the periphery  
of our tunneled minds  
Blurred with fright.  
numbing forgetfulness  
safely prevents the night  
From touching us—  
forgiveness in ignorance:  
Shameful innocence is lost.

V

Where do we go from here Jack?  
do we drink to death,  
gouging out our eyes?  
Dancing horrors,  
tripping over whores  
and broken bottles—  
A frenzied pace:  
hysteria and depression  
creating holes of self-hating bitterness.  
It's easier not to remember;  
forgetting our failure,  
fumbling in our drunkenness  
Seeking new altars to desecrate—  
new idols to destroy  
in righteous rage.  
But sickness claims our mind,  
syringes stabbing crosses  
crucifying weak flesh—  
Naked,  
cold weakness shivering  
worry and regret:  
Insecure.  
waiting.  
broken.  
Bones lying mute in empty tombs  
amidst the shattered violence  
of idols and faith.  
Forgetting breathes through;  
sweet silence formed  
into being—  
Re-born through rusty blood,  
numbing old nail wounds quiet;  
in weak rage tired;  
Cowering ,

despairing corners of brick  
and rigid stones to sleep;  
Lying exposed  
to elemental misery;  
abject—destroyed.

VI

Spiritual poverty:  
corrupted and confused;  
in wild desperation  
Crying out,  
from the deserts of the mind  
shouting pillars of fire to kindle the minds eye.  
Fragments bent to form  
temporary shelter,  
storms on the horizon  
Cruel reminders of painful desire;  
lost faith  
brazen shadows echo symbols into the winds;  
out of the ashes of sacrifice  
rise phantoms of memory  
screaming redemption.  
Revealed,  
the heavens shine starry light  
the caverns of the mind  
Opening slowly to reflect glory:  
whispers of the dead  
gently spilling into breath  
Warning,  
revealing,  
prophesying  
Old heresies,  
dreams,  
visions:  
lost in the wreckage of a world gone mad.

by Josh Beach



by Dave Watts