

Mistry Guild Journal

THE TRUE ORACLE OF POETRY & ART

Volume III

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Reflection

In a puddle,
dendrite branches
crawl
with every
drop that
falls

and the dark
shadow
of a
starling
soars silently
through the walls.

With a blink,
reflection
flashes inside,
rippling
on the shores
of my mind.

--D.J. Peckenpaugh

Dreams of Trespass

"I want"—it pleaded—All its life—
I want—

-Emily Dickinson; "731"

I'm in love with ghosts
dancing about the peripheries
Of existence—sentries
of unknown origin guarding
The secrets of being inside
their banshee wails; screaming
The borders of life into
barbed wire being; baring
Us from venturing to deep
into the hidden depths
Of death's darkened realms.
stand if you will against
Their wailing walls of warning;
touch their sacred barriers
If you will, and prick
your mortal flesh on their boundary.
They will not mind
the taste of your blood
Upon their fenced off forbidden lands;
left closed and locked
Against our dreams of trespass:
in blind imaginings only are we free.
I see into their dark pastureland
and wish to graze.
I yearn to touch their immortal mounds
of grasses, and god's favors dripping
Into new wine.

I want to drink the intoxicating lure,
But cannot.
sober in the reality that escape
Into the depths of existence is beyond
my ability to drink.
I'm thirsty,
and in the desert I stand alone
With delusions of the oasis
just beyond the lightened horizon;
Beckoning me forever forward
into the sands of time.

--Josh Beach

Come, Follow Me

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits
and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total and absolute,
Listening to others, considering well what they say,
Pausing, searching, receiving, contemplating,
Gently, but with undeniable will, divesting myself of the
hold that would hold me.

-Whitman; "Song of the Open Road"

The ways of this world
Are up to me to decide.
I will not inherit the winds
You've chosen to follow.
I will not abide by the streams
You've taken for your own.
Mine have yet to be discovered:
Mine have yet to be desired.
I've a different road to take,
And down my path I will make
My life, and dreams
My reality to bring
My meaning into breath.
I see my strength in winds above
The blowing turbulence you live in.
I see my faith in streams below
The shallow beds you've dipped your feet in.
I sink beneath, and beyond your world
For I dream the world in a Vision
You've yet to dream,

And I'll be the one who falls
Into the unknown cracks of sublimity—
Alone to see heaven a reality,
Amidst the ways of this world
In which you live alone, and unknowing.
Come,
 follow me.

--Josh Beach

The Dance

Captain: Perhaps when death comes, life begins
Alice: If only that were so!
 -August Strindberg; "The Dance of Death"

Sweep away my wreckage;
 build these battered walls
 to stand tall, and strong
Against the next siege of me,
 which will leave my security
 in ruins, with a tattered flag
As my soul's standard.

Such is life.
Fight the battle.
Fall with honor.

That's the way it's went—
 that's how it goes,
 you take the blows
You dodge the fists,
 and in the midst of this fight
 you know no wrong or right,
Only pain.

Such is life.
Fight the battle.
Fall with honor.

There are many days without pain's respite,
 or when the night refuses to end;
 your strength bends beneath your weight,
Your fate seems sealed in certain defeat,
 but you begin to pretend
 perhaps now you're in control,
And you roll with the punches life gives.

Then you begin to dance...

--Josh Beach