Howl

(Abridged)

Allen Ginsberg

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,

dragging themselves through the streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,

angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry...

What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open their skulls and ate up ...

Mo-loch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unobtainable dollars...

Mo - loch

the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone soulless jailhouse...

Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is...

Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch whose skyscrapers...

Mo-loch whose love is endless oil and stone! Mo-loch whose soul is...

Mo-loch who entered my soul early! Mo-loch in whom I am...

They broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! Pavements, trees, radios, tons...

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