

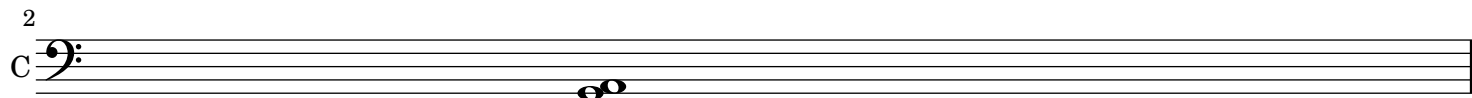
# Howl

## (Abridged)

Allen Ginsberg



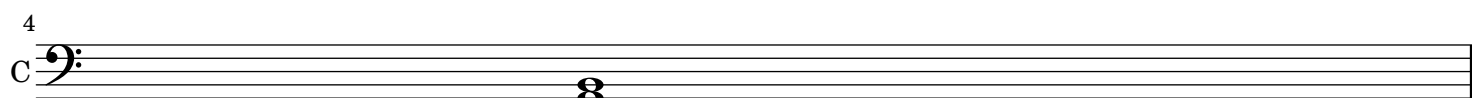
I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,



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



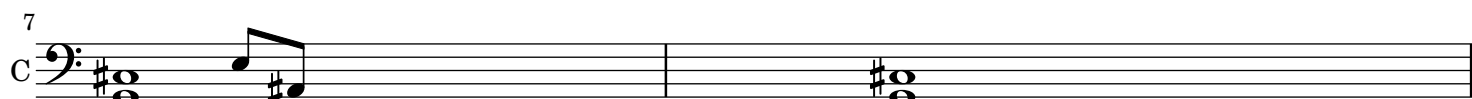
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection...machinery of night



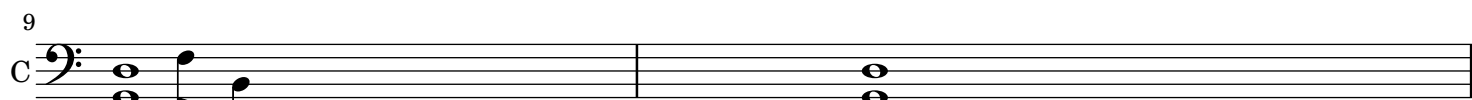
What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed ... brains and imagination?



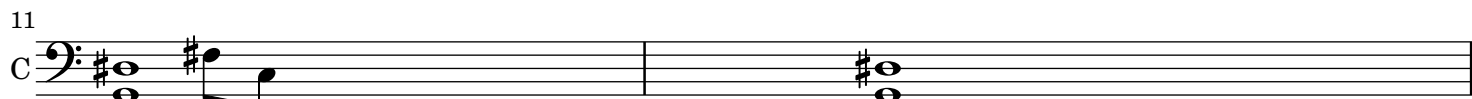
Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans ... Old Men weeping in the parks!



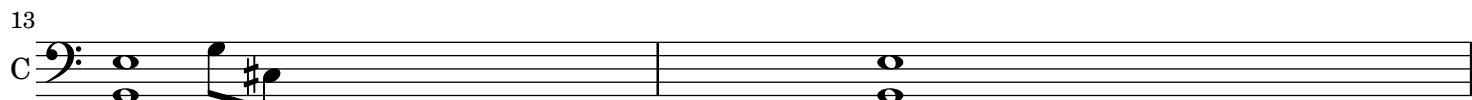
Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone ...stunned governments!



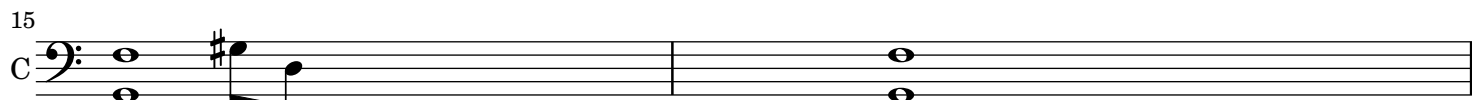
Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is... ear is a smoking tomb!



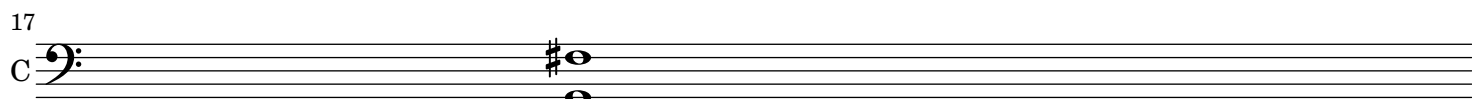
Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch...antennae crown the cities



Moloch whose love is endless oil and stone! Mo loch whose soul is...name is the Mind!



Moloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom I am...streaming out of the sky!



They broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! ...everywhere about us