

# HOWL

For Carl Solomon

## I

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness,  
starving hysterical naked,  
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for  
an angry fix,  
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection  
to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night,  
who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking  
in the supernatural darkness of cold-water flats floating  
across the tops of cities contemplating jazz,  
who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Moham-  
medan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,  
who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes halluci-  
nating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars  
of war,  
who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing  
obscene odes on the windows of the skull,  
who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their  
money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through  
the wall,  
who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo  
with a belt of marijuana for New York,

## UIVO

Para Carl Solomon

### I

Eu vi as mentes mais brilhantes da minha geração destruídas pela  
loucura, famintas histéricas nuas,  
a arrastarem-se na aurora pelas ruas de negros em busca de uma  
dose feroz,  
gingões de angélicas cabeças ardendo pelo velho contacto celeste  
com o dínamo estelar na maquinaria da noite,  
que de miséria e andrajos e olhos cavos e alucinados se sentavam  
a fumar na penumbra sobrenatural de quartos de águas frias  
flutuando pelos cumes das cidades contemplando o jazz,  
que esventravam os cérebros aos céus sob a ascensão do metropo-  
litano e viam anjos maometanos ziguezagueando nos telha-  
dos de prédios iluminados,  
que passavam pelas universidades com olhos de radiante lonjura  
a alucinar o Arkansas e a tragédia à luz de Blake entre os  
catedráticos da guerra,  
que eram expulsos das academias por demência & publicarem  
odes obscenas nas janelas do crânio,  
que se agachavam em quartos com a barba por fazer em roupa  
interior a queimar dinheiro nos cestos de papéis e a escutar  
o Terror através da parede,  
que eram filados pelas barbas públicas quando regressavam via  
Laredo com marijuana à cintura para Nova Iorque,

who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley,  
death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night  
with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and  
cock and endless balls,  
incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in  
the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illu-  
minating all the motionless world of Time between,  
Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns,  
wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of  
teahead joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon  
and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn,  
ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind,  
who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from  
Battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels  
and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked  
and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the  
drear light of Zoo,  
who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's floated out  
and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's,  
listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox,  
who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to  
Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge,  
a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the  
stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out  
of the moon,  
yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memo-  
ries and anecdotes and eyeball kicks and shocks of hospitals  
and jails and wars,  
whole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights  
with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pa-  
vement,

que comiam fogo em pensões esconsas ou bebiam aguarrás no  
Beco do Paraíso, a morte, ou batiam com as costas no pur-  
gatório noite após noite,  
com sonhos, com drogas, com pesadelos acordados, álcool, pica,  
piças, bolas sempre a abrir,  
incomparáveis ruas cegas sem saída de nuvens convulsas e relâm-  
pagos na mente galgando aos polos de Canadá & Paterson,  
iluminando o mundo todo imóvel do Tempo entre,  
solidezes de átrios sob peiote, madrugadas sepulcrais de árvores  
verdes de quintais, bebedeira de vinho nos telhados, mon-  
tras de bairros comerciais a tripar com a moca no semáforo  
piscando de néon, vibrações de sol e lua e árvores nos cre-  
púsculos de inverno e vendavais de Brooklyn, vociferações  
sobre latas de cinza e lixo e o sopro brando soberano fulgor  
da mente,  
que se amarravam aos metros para a interminável viagem desde a  
Battery ao santo Bronx anfetaminados até o barulho das  
rodas e crianças os trazer à terra convulsos de bocas esco-  
riadas e esfolados de cérebro todos escorridos de brilho à  
fera luz da estação terminal do Zoo,  
que se afundavam a noite toda à luz submarina de um Bickford's  
daí flutuando e ficando pela tarde de cerveja choca no triste  
Fugazzi's, escutando o estrondo do Juízo Final na *jukebox*  
de hidrogénio,  
que falavam sem parar setenta horas dos parques aos apartamen-  
tos ao bares ao Hospital Bellevue ao museu à Ponte de  
Brooklyn,  
um batalhão perdido de conversadores platónicos saltando o gra-  
deado das escadas de incêndio dos parapeitos de janelas do  
Empire State além da Lua,  
patati-patateando gritando vomitando sussurrando factos e memó-  
rias e anedotas e tripes oculares e choques elétricos dos  
hospitais das cadeias das guerras,  
intelectos inteiros regurgitados em recordação total durante sete  
dias e noites de olhos brilhantes, carne para a Sinagoga ati-  
rada à calçada,

who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of  
ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City Hall,  
suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and mi-  
graines of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark's bleak  
furnished room,  
who wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard  
wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts,  
who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through  
snow toward lonesome farms in grandfather night,  
who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop  
kabbalah because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their  
feet in Kansas,  
who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary indian  
angels who were visionary indian angels,  
who thought they were only mad when Baltimore gleamed in  
supernatural ecstasy,  
who jumped in limousines with the Chinaman of Oklahoma on  
the impulse of winter midnight streetlight smalltown rain,  
who lounged hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz  
or sex or soup, and followed the brilliant Spaniard to con-  
verse about America and Eternity, a hopeless task, and so  
took ship to Africa,  
who disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind  
nothing but the shadow of dungarees and the lava and ash  
of poetry scattered in fireplace Chicago,  
who reappeared on the West Coast investigating the F.B.I. in be-  
ards and shorts with big pacifist eyes sexy in their dark skin  
passing out incomprehensible leaflets,  
who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic  
tobacco haze of Capitalism,  
who distributed Supercommunist pamphlets in Union Square  
weeping and undressing while the sirens of Los Alamos