

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, illuminating
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 memories
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 pavement,

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