II

What sphinx of cement and aluminum bashed open

their skulls and ate up their brains and imagi-

nation?

Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unob

tainable dollars! Children screaming under the

stairways! Boys sobbing in armies! Old men

weeping in the parks!

Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the

loveless! Mental Moloch! Moloch the heavy

judger of men!

Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the

crossbone soulless jailhouse and Congress of

sorrows! Moloch whose buildings are judgment!

Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stun-

ned governments!

Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose

blood is running money! Moloch whose fingers

are ten armies! Moloch whose breast is a canni-

bal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a smoking

tomb!

Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows!

Moloch whose skyscrapers stand in the long

streets like endless Jehovahs! Moloch whose fac-

tories dream and croak in the fog! Moloch whose

smokestacks and antennae crown the cities!

Moloch whose love is endless oil and stone! Moloch

whose soul is electricity and banks! Moloch

whose poverty is the specter of genius! Moloch

whose fate is a cloud of sexless hydrogen!

Moloch whose name is the Mind!

Moloch in whom I sit lonely! Moloch in whom I dream

Angels! Crazy in Moloch! Cocksucker in

Moloch! Lacklove and manless in Moloch!

Moloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom

I am a consciousness without a body! Moloch

who frightened me out of my natural ecstasy!

Moloch whom I abandon! Wake up in Moloch!

Light streaming out of the sky!

Moloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs!

skeleton treasuries! blind capitals! demonic

industries! spectral nations! invincible mad

houses! granite cocks! monstrous bombs!

They broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! Pave-

ments, trees, radios, tons! lifting the city to

Heaven which exists and is everywhere about

us!

Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies!

gone down the American river!

Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole

boatload of sensitive bullshit!

Breakthroughs! over the river! flips and crucifixions!

gone down the flood! Highs! Epiphanies! De-

spairs! Ten years' animal screams and suicides!

Minds! New loves! Mad generation! down on

the rocks of Time!

Real holy laughter in the river! They saw it all! the

wild eyes! the holy yells! They bade farewell!

They jumped off the roof! to solitude! waving!

carrying flowers! Down to the river! into the

street!

III

Carl Solomon! I'm with you in Rockland

where you're madder than I am

I'm with you in Rockland

where you must feel very strange

I'm with you in Rockland

where you imitate the shade of my mother

I'm with you in Rockland

where you've murdered your twelve secretaries

I'm with you in Rockland

where you laugh at this invisible humor

I'm with you in Rockland

where we are great writers on the same dreadful

typewriter

I'm with you in Rockland

where your condition has become serious and

is reported on the radio

I'm with you in Rockland

where the faculties of the skull no longer admit

the worms of the senses

I'm with you in Rockland

where you drink the tea of the breasts of the

spinsters of Utica

I'm with you in Rockland

where you pun on the bodies of your nurses the

harpies of the Bronx

I'm with you in Rockland

where you scream in a straightjacket that you're

losing the game of the actual pingpong of the

abyss

I'm with you in Rockland

where you bang on the catatonic piano the soul

is innocent and immortal it should never die

ungodly in an armed madhouse

I'm with you in Rockland

where fifty more shocks will never return your

soul to its body again from its pilgrimage to a

cross in the void

I'm with you in Rockland

where you accuse your doctors of insanity and

plot the Hebrew socialist revolution against the

fascist national Golgotha

I'm with you in Rockland

where you will split the heavens of Long Island

and resurrect your living human Jesus from the

superhuman tomb

I'm with you in Rockland

where there are twenty-five-thousand mad com-

rades all together singing the final stanzas of the Internationale

I'm with you in Rockland

where we hug and kiss the United States under

our bedsheets the United States that coughs all

night and won't let us sleep

I'm with you in Rockland

where we wake up electrified out of the coma

by our own souls' airplanes roaring over the

roof they've come to drop angelic bombs the

hospital illuminates itself imaginary walls col-

lapse O skinny legions run outside O starry

spangled shock of mercy the eternal war is

here O victory forget your underwear we're

free

I'm with you in Rockland

in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-

journey on the highway across America in tears

to the door of my cottage in the Western night