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