Excerpt from “Howl”  
By Allen Ginsberg

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 Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated,

who passed through universities with radiant eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war

Excerpt from “Subterranean Homesick Blues”  
By Bob Dylan

Ah get born, keep warm  
Short pants, romance, learn to dance  
Get dressed, get blessed  
Try to be a success  
Please her, please him, buy gifts  
Don't steal, don't lift  
Twenty years of schoolin'  
And they put you on the day shift  
Look out kid  
They keep it all hid  
Better jump down a manhole  
Light yourself a candle  
Don't wear sandals  
Try to avoid the scandals  
Don't wanna be a bum  
You better chew gum  
The pump don't work  
'Cause the vandals took the handles.