

**Emlékek**  
Sarah Breckenridge  
Junior Poetry

I have seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by the madness of nations  
Screaming and writhing and screaming to be heard <sup>1</sup>  
Huddling in shacks while guns pull out their neighbours  
Bleeding and bribing in grassless fields  
Surrounded by branded letters again and again, ghosts rotting on tongues  
False cards holding their breath staring at glass screens  
Emptied of gold and cards and native tongues  
by guns and boots and civility  
Pressed into closets and haystacks and every dark and empty space, surrounded by the other  
vermin  
Wading upstream and somehow still sinking  
Hiding on rooftops smoking vanilla into the night  
Running endlessly and shoelessly  
playing guessing games with friends with shacks  
Marching and screaming and jeering back on the street and still praying not to be noticed  
looking up at bland words breath caught in throats and choking  
Choked on the street on your throat hands on throat boots on throat  
Blood mingling with dirt in the home you live in knife in her throat in your throat  
ocean of reeds brushing flat hips and fleeing from sharks  
  
And there are only shadowpuppets now of boots and bonfires and dancing and weeping and  
of those who remain underground with many others, cold on cold and rot on rot  
Glistening and blackening and mushening and  
feeding those worms.

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<sup>1</sup> Ginsberg, Allen, and William C. Williams. *Howl and Other Poems.* , 1959. Print.