

Wandering the Streets of Fitzrovia

by Jerry Ratch

I'm deathly afraid of the pub crawls
of my ancestors, through Bohemia and Fitzrovia
because of the ghosts of alcohol already
etched inside my veins

and the headlong loss of oxygen and thought
down the winding escalator of generations
who've been drunken there
and had their heads knocked about

longing for extinction
after the heavy crawl up from the slime
and watering hole of the imagination
before time and the beginning of time even began

