## 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

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