

# 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

