

Walk, Listen, Repeat

My feet had lost the vibe since they last pounded London streets and pavements, over two years before. Their beat dropped when they went country, back in Devon. They ambled like a tractor, blocking the winding lanes. They trundled to the local shop, over the bridge and dawdled to the post office. They squelched in mud and adapted their pace to a local drawl, to gossip about the weather and village scandals. They followed a coffin in the hearse's wake and heard echoes from past times. They shuffled to their car on winter mornings and idled on the brake, still half asleep. They were suffocated in plastic booties during ward lockdown, to slide over shiny floors. They stomped through twelve hour shifts like Godzilla and heard their nerve-ends tingle when they sat down. They heard the rasp of their calloused skin and the wince of bunions, as they bivouacked in their trainer-trenches. They heard their sigh of relief as they trudged up stairs home to bed. They listened to the scuffle of their rubber soles as they walked up the road to the shops, scraping through leaves. They felt the pulse of London and heard the hip-hop of their heart-beat as they swagged old ends; reclaiming their two-step rhythm.