

ME & UK by Kelley Reece

It's an hour long symphony from Holborn to Marble Arch. Oxford Street is my oversized marimba that stretches for miles. I love the hollow percussive sound my shoes make on the loose pavement tiles. Each with its own unique pitch, it's own bony sound. I compose regularly; jumping from tile to tile just to see what the next will sound like.

I prefer to set the tempo; I walk fast to keep the crowd at my back. I am the director and the pedestrians are my orchestra. When I first arrived, my players struggled with their instrument; only able to emit muted thuds from tripping over the blocks. Now as I am leaving, my players are virtuosos.

They are old





and they are quirky.



They play solo



and often quickly



My players execute my compositions with a level of precision and dexterity that is indescribably entrancing.

The melody of Oxford Street lulls me into a state of meditation, where my feet move thoughtlessly. My legs carry me from the door of Faraday to the door of my flat. When I take off my boots, my marimba mallets, the tune still echoes in my ears. I am comforted by the traces of the song and the knowledge that my players are faithfully continuing on. They wait for my word to stop playing, but I am holding them in a formatta I have no intention of ending.