

## Jamming

Since it started less than a block into the walk, I got to thinking about that time I told you that the reason I hated putting on music, and particularly songs, was because it got inside of me – and not in a good way, I had tried to say.

Because I'd needed to make you understand that all it took for this to happen to me was that sometime after I'd heard the song, which is to say anything from hours to days – and it was usually worst with the shittiest song – *I want you baaaaaye-beeeee* – just the chance rhythm and speed of my steps as I walked along would be enough to slot one gear into another – mine into its – and there would be nothing I could do to prevent my self from being cranked along in its teeth.

Except that now, since I've been trying to work out the gears idea, I've been writing this down on my phone as I walk – not even caring that I look like someone who's addicted to her phone – and I have only just noticed that the wheel's gone quiet, and that maybe it was the writing that jammed it.