

Sheila Chukwulozie

Small Hours Between Me and John Martyn

I've been thinking about John Martyn (originally known as Iain David McGeachy) I don't even know if I can pronounce his full name. But luckily, I can pronounce his lyrics. I watched a live rendition of his song small Hours and one of the YouTube comments was "If I could come back reincarnated as just his leg I would be the happiest leg!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" I tweeted about this earlier but it feels funnier between you and I, here and now. There's something really special about the absence of everything that becomes everything else when it's two people communicating/sharing. British John Martyn has been saving my ass out here in formerly British owned Nigeria. I've been bonding with folk musicians this entire time. It's so weird that these children of the British midlands have something profound to say to me who grew up in this trash infested, colorful electric urban Lagos jungle. I take Small Hours to the toilet with me even. By extension I take Iain David McGeachy to the toilet with me. I don't even like listening to music when I go but recently, it's been keeping me company. He has been keeping me company. If his voice is a Synecdoche, or is it metonymy? I want to sleep to it/him. Drink tea to it/him. Talk through it/him. Cry because of it/him. Smile because of it/him. Be okay within and because of it/him. Me, Sheila Chiamaka Chukwulozie, is being so thoroughly catered for by Iain David McGeachy. It's funny to think that there's a part of me that he probably knows better than my parents who made me and birthed me and bred me. This Iain guy that may reincarnate with the happiest leg!!!!!!!!!!!!. Lol