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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

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00:06

I'm Tracy K. Smith, and this is the slow down.

00:23

As someone who came of age, in the pre internet era, I remember what privacy felt like living free of the pressure to manage, and even in some cases, monetize your own image. I didn't know it then. But being allowed to make my daily allotment of triumphs and mistakes without generating a permanent digital archive was a profound luxury. I could experience life, I could just be confident of the fact that no one was watching. Why would they? I was nobody. Sometimes, I think the Internet has lured us into thinking that we are not nobody. I worry that that deception in the long run will prove costly. Today's poem is privacy by Lee Upton. I like a private life. It's true. Sometimes, it's so private. If I say something that's even a little bit arguably private, I feel disdain for myself. I remember how cruel people were to my mother, when she was going blind. How even one of her doctors lied, disdainfully, keeping part of her diagnosis, private. Privacy is the kind of power that must be obvious. Who cares? One of my friends said, I tell everyone everything about myself, she said. And that's when I knew she was the one who told my secret. I am bearing to you my privacy, not by admitting all the shameful things I've done. Especially those when I thought I was being moral. uncompromising. Right. The one man I heard speak about the power of transparency caused so much suffering. I shudder when I hear his name. Right now, by talking about privacy. I'm giving up the secret of my great weakness, how much privacy means to me, although apparently, it must not mean much. Given that I'm not being private about it. A woman moved closer to us, because she found my nephew attractive. I've substituted other nouns and pronouns for the correct ones in the above statement. Today, I'm wearing a big, confidential sign around my neck. I've lived long enough to know enough to keep my mouth shut. I wrote down those words years ago, so that I would forget them. In the gallery, the man said, I look at that

painting of a barn and I can just about smell the hay. And those strawberries and the lemons, the rind on that lemons stripped the curl of it. I see that and I can just about smell the gin. I'm thinking about light at dusk, last light that brings on thoughts I battle with. If I were more romantic, I'd say demons except their body less. The spread of sunshine inside that onion, or the turrets inside the lemon do not dim although hidden. I put on a rind myself. a still life is not still it is bearing itself.

04:03

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