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00:06

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



00:23

I love the pleasure of new things, shoes, clothes, cars, friendships, the way an object can feel like a manifestation of something in you something already present or something you hope one day to embody grace, glamour, efficiency. I have a complicated relationship with a moment a new thing becomes just a thing. The first little scratch on a leather bag, the instant a pair of pristine shoes begin to bear visible witness to the imperfections of my actual feet, the neck in the paint of a new car, no less disappointing for the fact that it's noticeable only to you. The instant when a perfect thing becomes marred, marked by use marked by you.



01:24

Of course, sometimes unexpected joy comes from finding an old possession that bears the signs of your use, like notebooks with your handwriting from years ago. Recently, I spent an evening looking through a sketchbook I kept when I was in high school. My daughter who is a far better artist than I ever was flipped through the pages with me. It was so fascinating to realize that visible there was my young self. glimmers of the me that remains. And I don't think I'm forcing this some flicker of my daughter's presence to



02:07

today's poem is red wine spills by L ash Williams.



02:15

I am hovering over this rug with a hairdryer on hi in my hand, I have finally inevitably spilled red wine on this impractically white house warming hand me down from my cousin, who clearly and incorrectly thought this was a good idea. With the help of a little panic, sparkling water, and a washcloth, I am stunned by how quickly the wine washes out how I was sure this mistake would find me every day with its gaping mouth, reminding me of my own propensity for failure. And yet, here I am with this clean slate. The rug is made for which means it died to be here. It reminds me of my own survival. And everyone who has taught me to shake loose the shadow of death. I think of inheritance, how this rug was passed on to me through blood, how this animal gave its blood, so that I may receive the gift of its death and be grateful for it. I think of our inability to control stories of origin, how history does not wash away with water and a good scrub. I think of evolution, what it means to make it through this world with your skin intact. How flesh is fragile, but makes a needle and thread of itself when necessary. I think of all that I have inherited all the bodies buried for me to be here and stay here how I was born with grief and gratitude in my bones. And I think of legacy. How I come from a long line of sorcerers who make good work of building joy from absolutely nothing. And what can I do with that but pour another glass. Thank the stars for this sorceress blood and keep pressing forward.



04:31

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