

# theslowdown\_20200107\_20200107\_128

📅 Wed, 9/30 8:00PM ⌚ 5:00

## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

remember, poem, slow, trees, life, stories, sense, accounts, earth, ease, poet laureate, universe, ceases, inexhaustible, luminous, preceded, joes, metaphorical, joy, revived

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

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I have an inexhaustible fascination with accounts of near death experiences, you know, stories of people who flatline on the operating table, people who are revived from a temporary lack of all vital signs, whole websites and databases are devoted to this genre of narrative, books and videos. And I assume a lucrative industry have taken shape around this type of story,

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because they're fascinating.

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And because the best accounts of this kind, impart to the reader a sense of hope, compassion, and belief in the beauty and purpose of all life in the universe. Most near death experiences or nd ease, share certain features, a heart stops, breathing ceases, but the person is surprised to maintain a conscious sense of self. They move toward some kind of light, where they are greeted by a loved one who has preceded them in death, or by a luminous being who will serve

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as their guide.

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They enter a space where everything, trees, water, animals, even grass, all of it acknowledges them. All of it is manifest with intelligence and personality, and love. I binge on ease when I'm feeling down. And they urge me to look differently at the world around me to listen and try to sense the meaning and intention that surrounds me. I walk through the world, reminding myself that the trees are awake, and that they have something to say. I will myself into conversation with my surroundings and I feel an enormous elation. Today's poem is us Poet Laureate, Joy Harjo. Remember, there's a way of reading it as metaphorical, but I prefer to take it as a literal reminder of the actual nature of existence. Remember, by Joy Harjo remember the sky that you were born under, know each of the stars stories. Remember the moon know who she is? Remember the sun's birth at dawn. That is the strongest point of time. Remember sundown and the giving away tonight. Remember your birth, how your mother struggled to give you form and breath. You are evidence of her life and her mother's and hers. Remember your father, he is your life also. Remember the earth whose skin you are? Red Earth, black Earth, yellow Earth, White Earth, brown Earth, we are Earth. Remember the plants, trees, animal life who all have their tribes, their families, their histories to talk to them. Listen to them. They are alive poems. Remember the wind? remember her voice? She knows the origin of this universe? Remember, you are all people and all people are you. Remember you are this universe. And this universe is you. Remember all is in motion is growing is you. Remember language comes from this. Remember the dance language is that life is remember.

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The slow down

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