

# theslowdown\_20200120\_20200120\_128

Wed, 9/30 8:05PM  5:00

## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

metaphor, miracles, mary, poem, ordinary, slow, cervix, holy, shotty, miraculous, imagine, fronds, tracy, moment, bible, poetry, indignant, sit, confession, veins

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00:05

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

00:23

I grew up in Sunday school, I grew up believing in the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. I suspect that part of my love of poetry has something to do with my early fascination with those Bible stories. In fact, the older I get, the more willing I am to believe that all literature, the Bible included, has at its root, the aim of teaching us to recognize the miraculous, as it exists in the every day. metaphor gives us recourse to feelings, and perceptions that sit beyond the ordinary, isn't that in itself, a variety of miracle. When I'm feeling most vulnerable, metaphor allows me to imagine myself a sapling lashed by wind and rain. When I'm impassioned. metaphor allows me to see myself as a storm, or a beast, or a giant wrecking ball, metaphors, or miracles of speech, and imagination. They help us to better process all the many states that make up the feeling of being alive. equally interesting to me, are moments when a poem takes something miraculous or extraordinary, and re posits it as familiar and consequently human. Transforming something larger than life to human scale, is another of metaphors transformative feats. Today's poem is confession by Laila shotty. It takes a moment to imagine the Holy Mother Mary, not as a saint, but as a pregnant teen, sitting in a doctor's office waiting room, experiencing some of the ordinary discomforts of pregnancy and frightened of all that lies ahead.

02:25

Confession by Laila shotty.

02:30

Oh, I wish I had died before this. And was in Oblivion, forgotten. Mary, giving birth, the Holy Quran. Truth be told, I like Mary a little better. When I imagine her like this. crouched and cursing, a boy God pushing on her cervix. I like remembering she had a cervix, her body ordinary, and so like mine, girls sweat lacing. rivulet like veins in the sand. Her small hands on her knees, not doves, but hands gripping a palm press to her spine. fronds whispering like voyeurs overhead. Oh, Mary, like a god. I too, take pleasure in knowing you. We're not all holy, that ache could undo you like a knot, and suffering. I admire this girl who cared for a moment not about God, or his plans, but her own distinct life, this fiercer Mary who disappear if it saved her, who towel to hell with salvation, if it meant this pain, the blessing of adolescent who squatted indignant in a desert, burying his child, like a secret she never wanted to hear.

04:02

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The slow down is written by me, Tracy K. Smith. It is produced by Jennifer Lai, with Tracy Mumford. Our music is by Alexis quadrado. Engineering by Veronica Rodriguez and Cory streb. Production assistance by Brenna Everson.