

theslowdown_20200826_20200826_128

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

poem, desire, slowdown, grew, lord, tyranny, speaker, power, admit, ceased, susceptibility, glimpse, deliver, boathouse, curve, grantor, disprove, twirl, sail, wet

00:06

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

00:19

One way that poems have been helpful to me, is in offering me new ways of thinking about who I am, and how I fit into the world. poems helped me to imagine myself as mythic, eternal, powerful, and they help me to admit that I am vulnerable, flawed, afraid. Whenever I am tempted to think of that as a small thing, I remind myself how much damage is routinely done by those who are unable to see and admit such simple things about themselves, the desire to be significant, to have a claim to power and the many kinds of fear that eat away at each of us how much violence and how much theft have been committed, and how much deception out of the desire to prove one's claim to power and disprove one's susceptibility to error. Today's poem, tyranny of the human face by Chase Burgeron, allows its speaker to come clean about all the fleeting grantor and the plaguing piddly Enos that are part of being alive in the world. It helps me to embrace that full spectrum, from power to bold need, as true not just for the poem speaker, but also for me, reading it, I'm absolved of the desire to hide or pretend or deny who I am. tyranny of the human face by Chase Bergeron after a line by Bode lair. I grew grew excellent. It was exhausting. And I said to myself, I am okay with this. At least I felt somewhat whole, blending into smile. I knew a few things, versions of reinterpretations or exercises in pain. In my sleeping state, I was an echo and I let out my own air over and over again gloriously deflated. Though I was frequently seen, it was rarely a positive experience. I kept my body covered up so that it ceased to exist. I built a cairn in Amherst, where I tried to die, where I found a few new words for skin. The winter, falling down, curve of water curve of wine, I set off in search of stable bedrock. I was the shining wet glass in the pitch black and the fans hum. I was a girl. I said to myself, I am a girl, a girl, and a wind punctured my sail. Full of dream of wreck and lack of rest. and twirl and twirl and twirl and twirl of hair.

shaken by a glimpse, a glimpse of the future irreverent or dangerous, or giddy, or too earnest in temperament. I grew excellent and careless, bending my branches toward an unforgiving sun. None can see my flesh though I am splendid. in your hands. Please take me Lord. Lord, Lord of the shimmering boathouse, Lord of Park and bench, Lord of the flask. I am here asking for guidance. Take me twist off my nudity. turn me into the dust I was born for. Slip a ring on my finger. Buy me a new dress. Deliver me from question. Deliver me from answer. The slowdown is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.