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shells, seed, patti anne, thrust, life, opus, frenzy, tansy, wing, indefatigable, breadcrumbs, american public, birth, prancing, sit, possum, warbler, clawing, hairless, slow

00:06

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

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Have you ever noticed the way life

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clings to life? babies and baby animals seem so happy. Everything around them is an occasion for all. going about the business of taking it all in seems, from the outside to be an irresistibly delightful game. They wriggle and toddle, they giggle even as they stumble. Everything they do seems to announce, I made it. I'm here. Life is a party, and I'm the guest of honor. Sometimes when my own children's Jawad Aviv reaches a frenzy, I think of the she lions I've seen sometimes on nature programs, the ones whose cubs are nipping, and clawing and prancing for no reason. Other than that they're so happy to be alive. And I understand why those mothers sometimes turn toward their offspring and let loose a terrifying roar. As if to say, You're alive. We get it. Now sit still, Mama just needs a moment of peace. One afternoon, sitting on a city bench in Dublin. My daughter called my attention to a pigeon, who was missing a claw. It gave me a faint feeling in the chest to think of how he might have suffered such a loss. But he made his way walking on the one good foot and the other stump. He was nearly as quick as the other birds at snatching up the breadcrumbs we dropped. Today's poem, his Opus from space, by Patti Anne Rogers, with linguistic vigor and music. It conveys the indefatigable zeal for life that fills the known universe. Opus from space by Patti Anne Rogers. Almost everything I know is glad to be born. Not only the desert orange tip on the twist flower, or Tansy shaking birth moisture from its wings, but also the naked warbler nesting head wavering towards sky and the honey possum. The pygmy possum,

blind, hairless thimbles of forward press, and part almost everything I've seen pushes toward the place of that state, as if there were no knowing any other the violent crack and seed propelling shot of the witch hazel pod. The philosophy implicit in the inside out seed thrust of the woods sorrow. All Harry salt cedar seeds are single minded in their grasping of wind and spinning for luck toward birth by water. And I'm fairly shocked to consider all the bludgeoning and battery things going on continually. The head ramblings wing fears and beat cracklings, fighting for release inside gelatinous shells, leather shells, calcium shells, or rough horny shells, legs and shoulders, knees and elbows flail likewise against their womb walls everywhere in pine forest niches, seepage banks and boggy prairies, among Savanna grasses on woven mats, and perfumed linen sheets, mad zealots everyone, even before beginning they are dark dust congealing of pure frenzy to come to light. Almost everything I know, rages to be born. The obsession founding itself explicitly in the coming bone harps and ladders, the heart thrusts, vessels and voices of all those speeding with clear and total fury toward this singular honor.

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