

theslowdown_20200722_20200722_128

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

praise, pandemic, spa, beauty, salon, execution, sleek, waxed, funny, tension, yank, trimmed, thread, revel, lie, forehead, love, fantasy, imparts, perceptible

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

00:19

a friend and I used to call them days of total beauty, or was it total days of beauty? Those afternoons spent at spas and salons, getting painted and waxed and letting a pair of firm hands, massage all the tension from our necks and backs. I love the predictability of it all. The small talk the soft music, the complimentary cups of jasmine tea. My last pre pandemic spa visit was during a hectic week in early March, I chose red polish, which mercifully lasted a good three weeks. Since then, I've thought longingly lovingly, of all the stylists and technicians to whom I've been trusted my own fantasies of beauty, fantasy, being the operative word, because the changes wrought by days of total beauty are minor shapelier, brows, smooth calves, most of it just barely perceptible. All of it temporary. That's fine with me, because it imparts a resounding private glory, a belief in the notion that not just our bodies, but our actual selves can be pampered into something finer, and fiercer in a few hours time. Funny, but it's only just now occurring to me how much like a doctor's examining table they are those massage tables, waxing tables, alters where we lie and a weight transformation. They're the same height, and they're draped in the same tissue paper. How funny that just like the doctor's office, we lie there awaiting the tentative knock on the door. Then someone walks in and attempts to heal us of our afflictions. I have a feeling my next spa day is still some distance away. It waits on the far shore of this ongoing pandemic. That's all the more reason to revel in today's poem in praise of my threaded eyebrows by Joshua when it's a joy as Ode to the rituals of becoming or maybe just feeling more beautiful. in praise of my threaded eyebrows by Joshua when after Amy knizia metatarsals in praise of my manicure in praise of thread doubled and twisted, a helix love affair between beauty and pain. Tension of pulled skin friction in the form of heat. Praise the two hands which grasp my hair's execution. Not far behind

beauty is pain. The tension of pulling rows of Caterpillar legs from the dirt, using the hands of gravity's heir to perfect execution, the monarch leaving its chrysalis behind farewell caterpillars resting below the acne of my forehead. Hello, shiny, sleek Queen's arched with a crown full of crystals behind the throne, a curtain made of nylon yank depart across my forehead. I fall in love with the yellow sleek queen. trimming the hedge above my nose. curtailing made from neon yank a part of my body on the edge of the salon stretched, trimmed and hedged and before I know it, there are parts of me that see again. The edge of the salon out stretches its arms doubled, twisted, helix love of praise and thread. The slowdown is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.