

theslowdown_20200115_20200115_128

📅 Wed, 9/30 8:03PM ⌚ 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

snow, feeling, poem, bosom, slow, cloudy, child, reveals, skied, air, shake, troubled, field, cloud, broomstick, winter, briefly, sledding, light dusting, stands

00:06

I'm Tracy K. Smith, and this is

00:09

the slow down. There was a

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children's book in rotation

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several years ago in our family called snow by PD Eastman. in it. Two little girls and their dog are playing in the snow sledding skiing, pouring a kettle of steaming water into a birdbath.

00:40

What is the snow?

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They ask at one point? The answer is a child's? We do not know. But snow is very fun. We know. I always found that passage hilarious. I mean, we pretty much do know what snow is, scientifically speaking. But then again, maybe those characters have a point

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because snow is so much more than

01:07

itself, isn't it?

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My first memory of snow is a light dusting that appeared briefly in Fairfield, California on Christmas Day in the early 1980s. an anomaly that felt like a happy gift. I remember the awful bite of wet snow through my soaked jeans and wool gloves. The first time I skied. It was a school trip. I walked down the mountain. While it was probably just a minor slope, feeling lonely and defeated. There's something about weather that refuses easy capture. Every winter. I try to recall the previous year's snow. Was it colder? heavier, did it fall earlier? What have I managed to forget? And what will I have to learn a new about snow? After a blizzard, I go out into the yard with a broomstick, I SWAT and he and shake bent Laurel branches of their burden. It's like struggling to wake a sleepy child. Then suddenly, it's like the feeling when a kite leaps into the air. We have an old picture of my daughter standing waist high for the first time in snow. Her look of apprehension is the exact same as in the photo where she stands barefoot for the first time on sand. Is there a committee of snow? Are there clouds whose job it is to send forth a million unique

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flakes?

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And is their inventory exhaustible, or like worry are they always making more? More than once recently, I've been stricken by the fear that perhaps one day

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snow

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will be a relic of a vanished epoch. Today, there is a dusting of snow on the roofs. I stumble on icy slick pavement. There's a chance each winter day that I will slip and fall just as there is the

temptation to lie down in the new snow and roll like a dog in grass. Today's poem is snowflakes by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Out of the bosom of the air out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken over the woodlands brown and bear over the harvest fields forsaken silent and soft

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and slow descends

03:55

the snow. Even as our cloudy fancies take sudden shape in some divine expression, even as the troubled heart make in the white countenance confession. The troubled sky reveals the grief it feels. This is the poem of the air slowly in silence syllables recorded. This is the secret of despair. Long and it's cloudy bosom hoarded, now whispered and revealed

04:31

to wood and field.

04:37

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