

# 20201006 Episode SD

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## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

timescale, feel, pandey, children, coming, part, love, desh, chin, gobbling, swallows, discreetly, hands, splendor, miracles, bravery, dream, plucked, strides, older



00:06

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



00:17

I've talked a lot about the NBI feel, watching parents whose jobs as parents appear easy at least from the outside,



00:28

I see them walking with



00:29

two or three well behaved children in tow, laughing earnestly together without making a commotion, discreetly enjoying one another's company. The older children display a sense of empathy toward the parents and help to look after the youngest. The younger ones have absorbed a sense of appropriate comportment from watching the oldest and hold themselves to a high standard. I call after my children as they scramble ahead of me down the street, gobbling up the sidewalk with their strides. One son, I noticed from this distance, has put on his pants backward.



01:14

Did I make these children? Were they formed in my image? Did this chaos that swallows us originate from me? I know. It's dangerous to compare yourself to others. Every child is different. Every family is different wonder and splendor and miracles live everywhere. When will I trust this? When will I get out of my own way and embrace the life I've been given? When will I accept that perhaps this is not the life I've been given so much as the life I have built, or the life that ages and ages ago and with great conviction I asked for today's poem is reports of the dream you're not likely to recover from by J. Desh Pandey the unrest it contains. Its longing and hoping and puzzling over love. All of that lands poignantly in the part of my heart, where I am most firmly a mother because what are children but manifestations of love so large, it is all consuming.



02:39

Reports of the dream you're not likely to recover from by Jay Desh Pandey you know how it goes. You love something dearly. Something that you make with your own two hands, lovingly molding the skull, the back of the neck, that heat only you can feel beneath the chin. But you don't ever give it a face. Maybe call it bravery. You remember the green stem gold, your hands around the neck, how you watched the sun come up drained of blood. You remember everything in a timescale of your own design. Every day your blind hands work on the same project, naming at different things as time goes by, to keep up the frenzied newness of the romance. Each body plucked out of the tree of night will be still and dead by morning. Then found in a well of light. But this parts Best of all, when you return to that warmth below the chin. You feel a new correctness. Not unlike stupor, showering you in hot sparks. You feel a Hitman's craving coming on, rounding corners, ready for awakening. Perhaps it seems a little odd to be so disrobed by night music. But you have found a new lover, her touch uncertain, her eyes and absence, her skin the braided violets only seen in sleep. She is coming for you, in a timescale of your own design. She is lifting her hands like an orchestra.



04:43

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