

theslowdown_20191202_20191202_128

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

love, coffee, moving, poem, husband, dwelling, grind, quietly, lange, person, wake, passionate, room, raccoon, hours, godliness, bedroom door, dark, morning, venice

00:05

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

00:22

What does love look like? A hug, a passionate embrace a weekend in Venice with the person your heart races for. I like to say that my third date with my husband lasted three days, which sounds passionate. And it was. But really, it was just a feeling that said, I'm at home with you. I think love looks like many things. Sometimes it looks like an omelet, or a cup of coffee carried to your bedside. Love is silence and laughter and doing nothing at all. in the company of someone you're at ease with. For those of us with children, sometimes love is quick footsteps approaching your bedroom door, a frightened voice shouting your name hours before dawn. Love is starting a load of laundry in the middle of the night. Love is going to work with raccoon circles around your eyes. Love is surrender to a small person who feels safest beside you. When I think of what love has looked like over the span of my life, I see that for the longest time, it was only ever a dwelling for two. Then love became a dwelling for three, then five. Now sometimes one of the most meaningful gestures of love is when someone gives me the chance to be alone. However briefly, my husband taking the kids out for the morning so I can sleep a few hours longer. Such goodness, such godliness is a supreme act of love. Today's poem is after you get up early on Memorial Day by Susanna Lange. as tired as I often AM. This poem causes me to well up with gratitude, because it's lucky speaker is being taken care of so thoroughly by someone whose every gesture signals love. I imagined my husband moving through the poem doing all the things the speaker's partner does. But this morning, it is I who woke early and slipped quietly out of the bedroom to begin the work of the day. It is I who sat writing an hour in the dark and without coffee, not wanting to wake the children with the roar of beans grinding and it is I who intercepted the twins when they stormed out of their room on their way to wake their father. This morning. Love looks like me here

awake in pajamas. The mornings first cup of coffee. Now an urgent inevitability. Love his cartoons playing quietly in the next room and my cursor moving slowly across the page, tapping out these lines about love. After you get up early on Memorial Day by Susanna Lange. You take the cats out with you shut the door. I have the whole wide bed, all the covers to fall back asleep in while you cut up and sugar the strawberries. Grind the coffee. Leave the radio off, so I won't be disturbed. The room is still dark rain forecast for the entire day. Other people's family picnics canceled, barbecues moved into basements, parades, rerouted to avoid flooded viaducts. The Iris losing petals beside newly cleaned graves, their mason jars spilt into the saturated ground. But here is my holiday. This drift back beneath thought while I lie in the warm impression of your body. The slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.