

# 20190927\_theslowdown\_20190927\_128

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## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

poet, star, poem, slow, sang, bigger picture, shrine, altar, bright, shaughnessy, mirrored, poetry, dreamer, sky, swallower, lit, transform, jerked, glimpse, moon

00:06

I'm poet Brenda Shaughnessy filling in for Tracy k Smith. And this is the slow down.

00:23

Sometimes I wonder where I put my own despair and grief, without poetry. When I read a poem in which a poet put her pain, I choose to feel it, wondering what she did with it, how she transformed it. From this I get a real burst of heartfelt connection, a glimpse into another way to live.

Sometimes I have to try to see far past what the light years will let me see, in order to see the most intimate of personal truths. Sometimes, I imagine life in relation to the planets and the stars. Reading a poem isn't the same as reading a horoscope. It's more like trying to interpret the night sky without constellation charts, relying on memory, and imagination, to make the stars into a story we can understand. Sometimes a poet has to bend the laws of physics a bit to press out her complicated truth. Today's poet, lo Kwame and gathers everything, what she will never have, as well as what's at her fingertips and makes it all sing. As she says, I needed something so I sang it. The poet reaches way past her grasp, indeed, way past her body and self, where private realities take new shape. They become something that other folks can see and feel with new perspective. It's like the way crop circles appear to be just a strip of dead grass if you're standing on the ground, but from above, you can see the clear patterns and the bigger picture. In this poem, through a glass through which we cannot see a temple, a shrine and an altar are conduits to a far invisible dimension that connects the poet with a planet a star, a moon. That way she can transform her suffering, her anguish becoming something alien and beautiful, but still hers. In this poem, she can wear a storm like a red dress, turn the sky into a skin and she can draw back from it to reincorporate the bigger picture. The dead star still bright. This is low quality may and through a glass through which we cannot see ourselves. A dead star is the only luminary around for years. We see it a temple then saket I needed something so I sang it. Oh, my Jupiter magnetic

war dreamer who still swings by and low. I couldn't wear my red red storm on the bright outside for 500 years. I was apart all surface madly mirrored across the world just to stare and kissing back a false dreamer. In the basement shrine, the sofa would make no amends for being an altar. The moon two had to be hauled up from there. Once now a needle she tattooed the sweeping rib of sky with the shape of a young woman's bark. Once I saw the alarming and cooled heart of myself, the swallower an expert of damage but not of repair in myself, and found new ways to give it all away. Made a gun of two fingers and a thumb jerked to the throat, hunting and hunting and turning in the dark. And oh bright star of disaster I have been lit.

04:26

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