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mom, ghost, dad, family, word, slow, filling, shaughnessy, intrigued, feel, flinch, smell, sop, meta, adjective, poetry, ghostly, real, mothered, psychological

00:05

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

00:26

Some words are so emotionally loaded they can shape shift and become anything. a noun a verb, an adjective a form for all occasions. The word mom is such a word. It can be used pejoratively or affectionately as in, look at you rocking those mom jeans or don't go all mom on me. The word mom is awfully flexible, capable of shape shifting and filling many roles just like real mothers so often do. Even if your mom isn't with you, you can still feel mothered. And even if she is with you, she somehow much more than herself a meta mom, kind of ghostly double to herself to you. I find myself momming my kids, even when I'm not with them, and find my own mother inside my head when she's nowhere near. I'm intrigued by the ways family is both literal, real, actual people. And simultaneously an idea of family, a notion, a belief system. I am both part of a family and I have an understanding of family which is bigger, more elastic more metaphysical, psychological and spiritual. Anyone who's ever sat down at a family dinner and felt the weight of the world either fall away, or land right on her shoulders knows what I'm talking about.

01:55

enough food and a mom

01:59

by Francine J. Harris. The dad body has just enough gravy on his plate to sop up one piece of bread. So enough for one supper says the mom. She comes back to him says don't argue with

mom. You're a ghost. There's enough water around to drown a cob in its husk in a dad. He puts up weather stripping all night to keep out the mom. He says I should have cooked for you more. She thinks she could make her own insulin to keep from going into dad. She says I should have married a ghost says you have a little raised on your lip a little. The mom says stop all that quiet. It's foolish. Come on now dad come to ghost, says the ghost. I won't even warn the mom. I won't even flinch if the ghost tries to hold her mom. After all, a good seance starts with enough food and a mom. The ghost with a biscuit in meet the mom with the smell of cracked dad sucked out of oxygen. The mom is a smell of wrecked wines. You the dad with no teeth. And no. The mom is a garden full of ghost. No. Says the dad lost and ashes. No city is complete its own worst ghost. Who can't remember the ghost now that ghost says all yourselves know now. They ghost like the bushel of a Snow Flower. Everyone is dead. Now, says the ghost. The mom is a yard of blackening pedals at night. I have really long dads. Without the ghosts. I wake in a puddle of ghost. But you'll be mom one day to know I am alive. We are all sappy dad aren't we tell the ghost It's okay. Let the bodies like ghost for a while. I mama view I mom Have you a lot.

04:24

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