

theslowdown_20200424_20200424_128

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

praise, give, spoon, kitchen, sink, narrow ledge, stove, hot skillet, songs, counter, slow, deliberate act, deliberate choice, sight, space, mind, husband, accept, simmer, plain

00:06

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

00:17

In our kitchen, the cooking range faces an island. You can move back and forth between stove and sink, rinsing mushrooms and then turning to plop them in a hot skillet, or stealing a taste from the pot and then spinning around to drop the telltale spoon in the sink. The island has surface enough to need bread, or layout pies while someone on the other side sits eating or doing homework. The space has been laid out with ease and efficiency in mind. But my husband has adopted the narrow ledge of counter at the edge of the sink as his workspace of choice. I'm talking about the little strip of counter that hits your belt when you stand washing pots and pans. It's his place to balance spatulas and spoons. And even once a perilous cutting board. When I see a knife, teetering there, glinting and bright kitchen light, or a wooden spoon stuck outside wise, like a train crossing gate. It baffles me, my husband going out of his way to make use of this non space is to my mind in a front to all of the thoughtfully appointed actual space in our home. Then I step back and ask, why should it bother me? Why should I simmer in frustration at the sight of a mislaid fork? I've given this question. Tremendous thought, my decision. My difficult deliberate choice is to accept it, to accept it with the hope that one day I might love it, because I love the person who does it. And so this episode, this tamped down rant is a praise song for the person I love and this peculiar thing he does, as I love what he cooks us in that kitchen, and the sight of his shoulders as he works with devotion at the stove, and that he'll offer to take a child to the store with him or two children or three, so that I can sit writing this episode about what I can now plainly see is worthy of praise. Today's poem is I will praise your plain songs. by Sarah rule. I think the praise song as a form serves two purposes. It helps us give voice to the joy and appreciation we already feel. And it also helps us to choose love as opposed to say tolerance as a mindful and

deliberate act. I will praise your plain songs by Sarah rule. I will praise your plain songs. I will praise your plant songs. You will give me weeds and distraught calendars. I will praise You for the things you choose the color of your shirts, I will praise You for unchosen things, the contour of your chin. You will give me subscriptions brevity towers of flats sweet grass, you will give me pointed flower arrangements. When summer flags and ships slow and I'm tired of waiting, tired of praising bits and pieces thumbs and drawers, anatomy, then I will praise you without purpose. Your empty hands your hollow ear when you're nothing things are incomplete. When your nothing is complete, the work of conspiring solitudes I will praise you or nothing best, and most of all, I will praise you in the smallest saddest words. So then to cop go.

04:45

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