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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

rain, peony, poem, gratitude, barbara, resolve, mouth, snow covered, slow, leaves, worrying, house, violins, listen, learn, laurels, perfected, roof, sound, droplets

00:06

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

00:23

Rain hammers down onto my roof. As I write, it's one of my favorite sounds like the night is throwing its thousand fingers onto my house. How can there be so many raindrops? How have they not been exhausted? If I listen discerningly I can hear the difference between the droplets hitting my house and those landing in the trees. Persistent a blanket of sound covering everything. Tomorrow, the ground will turn to mud. More leaves will litter the slick Street. But the pines the laurels and whatever else has held on to its green will look happy. Come morning, well rested. My son's piano teacher told me the other day that worrying helps nothing. Does she know me already that well? or was she talking perhaps to herself. There's time to resolve once more about what to become. When I feel the urge to cower. I want instead to choose to rejoice when I feel pitiful, pointless, lost and afraid. I want to remember tonight's rain racing from however far it's traveled to reach my house, hurling itself onto my roof, calling to me at the top of its voice. Today's poem is listen by Barbara crooker. Its message of calm and gratitude is one I want to learn to offer myself, especially on days when peace feels far away. Are there people out there who live always with that gratitude? That sense of the world with its simple gifts being all the plenty they seek. I'd like to be one of them for more than just an hour at a time. Can I get there by resolve by practice by force. Maybe they are simply people like me, who have perfected the work of trying who've learned to hang on a little longer each day to the thrill of waking. Worrying helps nothing. The rain falls, then, as a matter of course, it leaps back into the sky. Listen, by Barbara crooker. I want to tell you something this morning is bright. After all the steady rain and every Iris peony rose opens its mouth rejoicing. I want to say wake up, open your eyes. There's a snow covered road ahead a field of blankness a sheet of paper, an empty screen. Even the smallest insects are

singing, vibrating their entire bodies. Tiny Violins of longing and desire. We were made for song. I can't tell you what prayer is. But I can take the breath of the meadow into my mouth and I can release it for the leaves green need. I want to tell you, your life is a blue coal. A slice of orange in the mouth. Cut hay in the nostrils. The Cardinals red song dances in your blood look every month. The moon blossoms into a peony then shrinks to a sliver of garlic and then it blooms again.

04:41

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