

20200921 Episode SD

 Tue, 9/29 12:15PM  5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

handball courts, dance party, heavenly bodies, danceable, singed, homeschooling, lower lip, wednesdays, dorothy hamill, screen, eyeliner, atticus, huddled, mckibben, moxie, falsetto, harmony, slow, santa ana, bevy



00:05

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



00:19

Sometimes a dance party is the only means of conflict resolution in my house. The kids are beginning to feel restless, and cagey. We're all feeling that way. So when tempers flare, we crank lizzo David Bowie, James Brown, and a bevy of 1980s dance hits that take my husband and me back to an awkward and oddly comforting mental place. Everyone gets to shake their thing. And then magically, our household is restored to harmony, or semi harmony. The other morning, I woke up to the almost alarmingly adorable sight of all three kids eating breakfast, while singing along to Space Oddity. If Atticus had decided to dawn the rainbow colored wig he sometimes wears, I would have had to lie back down. It would have been too much cuteness to bear even for me.



01:24

I wonder if it might be a good idea. While homeschooling is in effect for most of us to delve still deeper into the archive of useful and danceable music. Monday's roll up to the school week with Grace Jones. If it's Tuesday, it must be Earth, Wind and Fire day. Wednesdays all prints all the time. You get the picture. More than just fun. It could be an empowering exercise and boundary busting and persona building.



01:59

Today's poem is Minneapolis lipstick by Rachel McKibben.



02:06

One Santa Ana, California 3am. In my cousin's basement, lights out, television volumes spun low. We are huddled around the screen, a small congregation of forgotten children, brown faces illuminated by a five foot two black man decked out in lace, eyeliner, spandex and the gutsiest high heeled boots big enough to fit only a mannequin. This Minnesota royalty freaks and splits his body biblical throat raw with screeching doves, he pirouettes with his truest love, a pale pawnshop guitar. We Daydream of buying some day with our lunch money.



02:57

To



02:59

1984 what planet is this? A third grade heartbreak apostle? I got a butch haircut my father calls a Dorothy Hamill na pops. Watch me pin the girls against the handball courts bold, answering their tongues with my tongue. My forbidden schoolyard Brides, my makeshift apollonius. Once they're in love, I pull away, bite my lower lip. Wink than walk away. I am not yet a king. But I got Moxie. And I move like I know I'll die young.



03:41

three boys will be boys unless they aren't.



03:48

Four. This is what it sounds like to praise our heavenly bodies in spite of the hell's that singed us into current form for the permission you granted in sweat, and swagger. For the mascara tears you shed on screen for the juicy curls that hung over your right eye like dangerous fruit. For the studded shoulder pad realness and how your falsetto gospel rang our young queer souls awake, we say. Amen.



04:34

The slow down is a production of American Public Media, in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.



04:44

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