

# 20200930 Episode SD

 Tue, 9/29 7:47AM  5:00

## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

silhouette, surrounded, spins, shuttle, outstretched, summon, druggist, knelt, slowdown, mind, meditating, tincture, feel, attempt, wilting, kneel, arms, bleak, gif, glowing green



00:06

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



00:19

I am worried, I am stressed. I feel my perspective darkening. When I feel bleak as I do right now, I turn inward. It's an attempt to calm and center myself. But mostly, it's an attempt to touch base with something both within and beyond me.



00:43

Yesterday, meditating in my backyard, I saw the silhouette of a standing person walk forward and kneel, arms outstretched forehead to the ground. The action played itself in my mind over and over, like a GIF.



01:04

It occurred to me that this was a suggestion. So I got down from my chair, and did what the figure in my mind's eye did. I knelt on the ground, arms outstretched, forehead to grass.



01:22

I saw the darkness change into a ring of blue sky, surrounded by trees.



01:30

I saw a glowing green and blue light that spread through my body and filled me with peace. And thanks. I saw more silhouettes. This time, the head and shoulders of many, many figures, a crowd, I felt surrounded by goodwill and protection.



01:54

At a moment of great fear and isolation. This experience was ecstatic.



02:02

What will save us the answers a conundrum? We will save us but we will not do it alone.



02:14

Today's poem is dilruba Ahmed's bring now the angels to test your pulse as you sleep. Bring the healer, the healer, the listening ear.



02:28

bring an apothecary to mix the tincture. We need the self, the tablet, the capsule of the hour. Bring sword eaters and those who will swallow fire. Fetch the guardian to flatten the wheelchair to hoist it toward heaven. The public shuttle awaits the ceaseless trips to the clinic, to the bedside manner summon witness the medics disdain toward patients, the physicians dismissal of pain



03:06

and call the druggist again to drug us senseless, bringing Nomad to index our debts. Tuck each invoice into broken walls of regret. Call the cleric, the clerk the messengers divine summon someone collect the prayers buried or burnt, tied to stones sunk in seas dunked underwater until all dissolves.



03:38

The tickets rustle and a hat. The Carnival music slows a lottery ball spins, the carousel stops. The candy machine spins gold.



03:53

Bring now the scribe Let it be written. There is no Shepherd, no Sherpa, no moonlight guide for these the darkest journeys of our lives. Who will lift the shuttle above the outposts of the living? Who will watch it rise and rise? Who will clear a path among all the wreckage? Who will weave a nest for all the birds of passage? Who will bridge the gap between savage and salvage? Who will sing over wilting stocks rough husks silk still gleaming like hair in a dream.



04:40

The slowdown is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.



04:49

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