



theslowdown_20200702_20200702_128

Wed, 9/30 8:30PM 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

poem, tasia, minute, fragments, struck, snowflakes, rasp, wrangle, slow, lives, chuckles, whispers, work, meetings, feeling, meow, silverman, eraser, homeschool, transform

00:06

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

00:23

This morning, after homeschool with my kids. I had to video meetings for work. Later in the afternoon, I had to wrangle two separate phone meetings, both of which started at 5pm. I know it's nothing new. This feeling of shock and exhaustion at how our work lives and our home lives have suddenly converged. But every day, I feel the double whammy a new Finally, a few minutes before seven I was off the clock. I played four games of dots and boxes with my daughter. After dinner, the boys passed an old Halloween mask back and forth, pretending to be vampire pirate wolves. Sometimes, I'm so tired that I watch all of this as if through dirty glass. But tonight, everything struck me as crystalline hilarious. The perfect antidote to a day of dry responsibility. Do you know that feeling when it seems like laughter still ringing through your body? Like your spirit has been massaged by chuckles and chortles and he hiding at the top of your lungs. That's how I feel right now. Like a struck Bell sounding out along happy note. No matter what else happens tomorrow. I hope the same feeling is waiting for me at the end of the day. Today's poem is meble by tasia. Silverman. It celebrates the joys of life with children, the quiet playful delight, the loud raucous levity, and the contagious freedom from logics tyranny that children spread wherever they go. If you live with children, maybe this poem will tickle you. If you don't have kids in your midst. Maybe this poem will make you feel closer to childhoods magic. Maybe it will bring you in touch with your own inner child meble by tasia silvermine. Then, happiness became an egg that broke across our table fragments of shell through which yolk pooled to placemats bright goopy gold that filled loose napkin folds, as if all I could wish for from luck. My three year old, pulls himself up alongside to mash peas on his tray and meow at my hand and command time to follow and stay. Can I have that for a minute, is what he asks now about my wallet, or a ball or an

eraser, so he can bring them like a word between his lips. Will you stay with me for a minute, is what he whispers every evening and then whispers one more minute, while he stares at the bar on his crib till his eyelids collapse. The minute is a smell of smoke, a texture of leaves and a barrel of flame, the rasp of a match in late sun, just one a minutes the sound of the egg as it breaks. But its fragments still cleave to the origin shape. That's a meble says my son about everything. We sit at the table and count out the ways our three lucky stars, our 10 lucky stars. We add them to how many snowflakes it takes to transform the backyard to a Shall we wanted the metal. The metal was over the metal was all we now had.

04:31

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