

# theslowdown\_20200416\_20200416\_128

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## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

poem, blink, maryland, hacker, collar, word, psychic phenomenon, moments, thought, air, bristling, pimentel, clutching, season, forefinger, hot, shift, comet, soles, watching

00:06

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

00:23

time as a physical law moves only forward. But time as a psychic phenomenon is flexible, we can leap back years in the blink of an eye to revisit moments that feel so vivid as to be still unfolding. The speaker in today's poem goes about her life in the present, while also feeling deeply immersed in moments from her own past. Maybe that's not just a state of mind, but an actual miracle of space and time. Leaving the university gym by Sasha Pimentel not understanding how we celebrate our bodies. Every day, we separate Maryland hacker September and the great stillness of moonless night and cooling air, the city in blue pockets in the hills, and just under your hands, the current of what's forgotten. All week long while you were running, or reading your forefinger blurring the type one season was slipping into another. As lovers weave themselves across a bad odor of yeast from the beer bread lifting through the oven. A Dog's pad cracked. And in class, you were watching one student blink at another there's a time to believe in love. You thought watching her rub her arm hair and him shift in his shirt. But then you believe all things and and you tried so carefully to explain what Maryland hacker meant. How we wake to ourselves exhausted in the late before you thought better about it, staring down the rows and cited the fused limbs and raised unlettered power instead, the poems words, comet's tails on Blackboard. Now, you are finally leaving campus content this time, your heart has better the howl for sugar, your body hot from the work of itself when you push through the glass door into fall. And do you remember a draft which was just like this once, when pass the dorm curfew, Tim was clutching your elbows beside a lake, the air cricket thick Cassio Paya and crusted in her collar. There is no loneliness as knowing. Years later, when you were drunk yet again, at Lido swimming the booth, the waiter, cloudy and his Captain suit, sat with you. The gold enamel dancer was still mounting

her white horse. He poured the champagne, you sipped it softly their muscles erupted into the shivering other as they strutted circles against the stage, animal and woman and you are grateful No one said a word. How could you have named the chill of her breasts? The terrible hot for it was that gift of silence which happens between strangers out of country. Then you'd walk home tall cathedrals bristling in the bubbles of their unrunng bells. You turned your collar up against the coming cold as you turn up your jacket now surprised by the suddenness of the season, or your own and attention to the small shifts your breath crystal in air and each stripe marking separation down the asphalt is lapped and glistening, eerie as snow soles to certain as a short drive ahead to when you must walk up to your dark, quiet house. sink your key into the lock. The slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.