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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

body, craig morgan, mind, thoughts, registering, slow, poem, days, legs, steadies, language, choreographer, sedan chair, embodiment, urn, musicians, carry, precious, embodied, denim pants

00:06

I am Tracy k Smith.

00:08

And this is the slow down.

00:23

I was talking the other day with a colleague who's a choreographer, she told me that her chief way of registering experience is through her body. The body is her way of moving through, marking and understanding the world. She's aware of herself initially, and perhaps primarily as a physical presence and embodied self. For me, it's different. First and foremost, a mind, my body is present to me, as an extension of my mind. My Spirit speaks to me in a language my mind receives and processes. My way of registering and making a mark upon the world is through ideas, which are the language of the mind. This is how I explained myself to myself. But of course, there are plenty of days when that view breaks down. days when my body gets in the way of the smooth function of my mind. Either because I feel wrong, I'm tired, I'm in pain, or because there's something about my physical body that conflicts with how I think of myself. I'm older than I used to be, I don't look like I used to. I can't keep pace with my younger self, and everything goes haywire from there, at least for a while. Mind people, body people. What about musicians? For whom music is not simply sound, but time and feeling space and order? How many ways of being in the world are there? And are we stuck with what we know? Or can we migrate from one sense of self to another? Today's poem is my embodiment by Craig Morgan tischer. It seems to track the thought process of a mind centered person as he considers his body. And it reminds me that the work of the body is unique, and that every body possesses a language and a logic all its own.

My embodiment by Craig Morgan tischer. Look down. Look at your body, how it falls from your head, like water dumped from a bucket. Is that you? What does that body have to do with your many, many thoughts? It carries your thoughts around with it. Have you ever had a thought in your leg? Yes, when you were running. When a thought was in your hand, you wrote it down or shaped an urn of clay. You never shaped an urn, an urn for ashes, the ashes of the dead. Your body never thinks of death, but it carries your thoughts of death like something wrapped and delicate. something precious. Death must be very precious or else why carry it all your life like an egg. Nothing will hatch. Why carry it? Describe your body to legs wear denim pants. Why? One arm holds a pen while the other steadies a notebook. And all of it supports your head, which rides your body like a prince held aloft in his sedan chair. There is also a torso in a blue shirt. It rests atop your legs. Why bother telling what everyone knows? Because these are your thoughts. They reach for your body and you want them to be more than it's invisible cargo because you recognize your thoughts. They are always before your eyes, but your body is still a surprise.

04:23

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