



theslowdown_20200806_20200806_128

Wed, 9/30 8:32PM 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

donkey, mood, slow, poem, psychic, life, winder, state, live, managed, year, crumpled, doctors therapists, carry, dialog, describe, arthritic, toughest, registers, flock

00:06

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

00:23

There are so many ways to describe our different frames of mind. If neutral is indeed a state, some of us in habit, our various moods seem to carry us a long way from that in between zone. And the distance between one mood to another, can feel epic. You look up from one day to the next, or one moment to the next, and wonder how in the world you managed to cover so much ground so quickly. And it can be difficult believing that these states of feeling will eventually pass. Sometimes it seems that the forward momentum needed to carry you out of a particular state just won't come. That's where certain friends, doctors therapists come in. Other times, relief can come from strange places, a billboard slogan or strangers casual greeting which through some form of serendipity registers with you and just the right way to be helpful. Many years ago, during a chaotic phase of my life, a psychic stopped me on the street. I'm getting a message for you. I'm not asking for money, I just need to tell you. And what she told me turned out to be the absolute truth, life. Even a relatively fortunate life is hard. Why in the world should we imagine we ought to be managing the toughest parts on our own. Today's poem is mood ring by jazz winder Billina. I love the little dialog at dramatizes between the speaker and an inner companion. What better way to describe the many minds and many moods we all live with all the time. And what better way to remind us that once in a while the help we need the extra boost of faith or power our lives seem to require can come from within mood ring by jazz winder Billina. inside me, lived a small donkey. I didn't believe in magic, but the donkey was a sucker for this stuff. psychics, illusionists, arthritic who would predict the rainfall. That was the year I had trouble walking. I overthought it and couldn't get the rhythm, right? The donkey re taught me this foot, yes, then that one and swing your arms as if you're going to trial to be exonerated of a crime you've most definitely

committed. Next, trouble sleeping because I need to crank the generator in my chest so frequently. Seeing I was overworked. The donkey finally hauled it out. It looks shiny and new, a silver dollar and tossed it into a flock of birds who had to fly along way to find safety. I knew then I was a large and dangerous man. What with this donkey living inside me, but felt few dial one day during a final lesson on breathing. The donkey asked what kind of jeans I was wearing. I said the somber ones. Poor kid. So will you be staying on for a third year donkey? No. I think I should go and await your arrival beside the crumpled River. Yes, I suppose you have many important matters to attend to. But maybe one day I will come and join you for a drink or perhaps for a brief nap.

04:28

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