

20201020 Episode SD

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

language, gwendolyn brooks, captures, poetry, line, poets, work, ism, left, struggle, blood lust, south poles, own accord, keenly, speak, fraught, america, consolation, deciphering, enemy



00:06

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



00:18

There's a line in Imani Perry's book brief, a letter to my sons that has never left my mind. The line for me is a form of consolation in the face of loss, something that captures the many complex feelings that arise in grief. And it speaks to the complications of surviving in an unjust world. Here's the line. It was his time to rest. It is our time to struggle.



00:53

Even now, a version of this line helps me to make sense. If such a thing as possible, of the loss of my parents years ago, it was their time to rest. It is our time to struggle. Surely it captures the essence of life in this fraught century.



01:15

Today's poem by hockey, our motto booty pays tribute to Gwendolyn Brooks, honoring the great poets work of language and conscience. And it lays out a clear sense of the work that we the living must struggle to complete the work of justice, the work of healing, the work of staying awake, and telling the truth. It is our time to keep at it, to labor, to build, to resist, to speak and to preserve. If we do, perhaps then there might be time for rest and joy and communion and celebration in our lifetime. Gwendolyn Brooks, America in the winter

time by hockey, our motto booty in this moment of arang attends wolves and scavengers of high heat redesigning the north and south poles and the wanderings of new tribes in limousines with the confirmations of liars, thieves and get over artists in the wilderness of Pennsylvania Avenue.



02:32

Standing Rock misspelled executive orders on yellow paper with crooked signatures. Where are the kind language makers among us? at a time of extreme climate damage, deciphering fake news, alternative truths and me-ism. You saw the 21st century and left us not on your own accord or permission. You have fought and fought most of the 20th century, creating an army of poets who learned and loved language and stories of complicated rivers, seas and oceans. Where is the kind green nourishment of kale and wheat grass? You thought wrote and lived poetry knew that terror is also language based on denial. First-ism and rich cowards. You were honey and yes to us. never ran from black as in bones, Africa, blood and questioning yesterday's and tomorrow's. We never saw you dance. But you had rhythm. You were a warrior before the war, creating Earth language, uncommon signs and melodies, and did not sing the songs of career slaves. keenly aware of Tubman, Douglas wells, Barnett Dubois and the oversized consciousness and commitment have never quit people religiously taking note of the blood lust, enemies of kindness. We hear your last words, America. If you see me as your enemy, you have no friends.



04:40

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