

# theslowdown\_20200716\_20200716\_128

Wed, 9/30 8:35PM 5:00

## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

cheese, season, puff, resemble, page turner, window, berber carpet, beached, remember, scoured, overload, physical realm, binge, bicycles, fresh baked, today, pinball, shouldered, handprints, descended

00:06

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

00:23

I wonder what my children will remember about this long season of Coronavirus. The way friends and family just all of the sudden vanished from the physical realm, only to appear smiling and waving than freezing on two dimensional screens. How suddenly Our house was descended upon by dust bunnies, and our windows filled with handprints and smudges, doing math at the little school table by a window, while birds scoured our front lawn for seeds, trying to ride bicycles while wearing a facemask. I hope they also remember this period as a time of plenty of spending all day every day as a family, board games and books, playing in the yard. hot breakfast, fresh baked cakes and homemade breads and trays of cookies, and beans and rice and hand washing and skipping showers and not wearing socks. Maybe one day when they're older. They'll swap stories of this time with friends. I hope they'll Forgive me when they realize how much I let slide. How much my own exhaustion caused me to ignore or forget. Season of excess overload. Maybe by then they'll be old enough to put all of this together and come away with a clear sense of the astonishing pressure and anxiety we all want shouldered today's poem is Benjamin Garcia's bliss point, or what can best be achieved by cheese. AKA the other gold. Now that's the stuff shredded or melted or powdered or canned. Behold the pinnacle of man in a Cheeto puff. Now that's the stuff you've been primed for. Fatty and salty and crunchy, and poof, gone. There's the proof. Though your grandmother never even had one. You can't have just one. you inhale them puff. After puff. After puff. You're a chain smoker, tongue coated and coaxed, but not saturated or satiated. It's like pure flavor. But sadder. Each pink ping in your pinball mouth, expertly played by the makers who have studied you, the human animal and cold from the rind your Eve in the shape

of a cheese curl. Girl come curl in the dim light of the TV vege out on the verge of no urge of anything. Long ago, we beached ourselves climbed up the trees, then down the trees, knuckled across the dirt and grasses and thorns and berber carpet. Now is the age of sitting. So sit and I must say crouched on the couch like that. You resemble no animal smug in your Snuggie and snug in your sloths. You look nothing like a sloth and you are not an anteater. an anteater eats ants without fear of diabetes, though breathing, one could say resembles a chronic disease. what's real cheese? And what is cheese product? It's difficult to say. But being alive today is real. Real, really like a book. You can't put down a stone that plummets from a great height. Life's a page turner All right. But don't worry if you miss the finale of your favorite show. You can catch it on cue. Make room for me. And I'll binge on this. The final season with you.

04:45

The slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.