

theslowdown_20191211_20191211_128

Wed, 9/30 7:53PM 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

begets, begat, knowing, ring, sad, poem, bathroom mirror, slow, outcome, hurt, seth, shingle, thoughts, actions, daughters, enters, adam, sons, enos, lived

00:06

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

00:23

I grew up going to Sunday school. And I remember sometimes puzzling over the begat passage in the book of Genesis. That's where the Bible's genealogy is laid out. And Adam lived 130 years, and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image, and called his name Seth. And the days of Adam after he had gotten Seth were 800 years, and he begat sons and daughters. And all the days that Adam lived were 930 years, and he died. And Seth lived and hundred and five years, and begat Enos and Seth lived after he began Enos 807 years, and begat sons and daughters. You get the gist. I always thought that if it were possible to keep going, perhaps I'd find my grandparents and parents and me somewhere in that list of generations. We are all somehow be gotten. And even those of us who don't have offspring are in the business of begetting. Our thoughts beget feelings, our feelings beget actions, and our actions have outcomes. Can you take a moment to ponder that your thoughts reach others as action, even before you do anything, what you think sets off on its course, eventually setting some palpable outcome into motion, that outcome will have an effect upon other people, both people you know, and people you may never see or meet or realize exist. I like the ways that today's poem what begets what begets by Rio Cortez, helps me to contemplate this daunting fact. What begets what B gets by Rio Cortez, everything is a ring. I am working on a belief that starts like that. Everything is a ring, not symmetrical. It has the illusion of progress. I woke up sad. So all day long, I tried to make the world sad around me. I heard in a movie once that hurt people hurt people. Now, I always say that when I am comforting, sad friends. I curve the ring. So not even I can see it. How it winds right back to itself. loops right around me when I think it must be going. I say to myself, look at this sad fool. I'm always explaining myself to my lover, I say to him, there are two kinds of knowing some knowing is as

close as my own poem. I don't even know I know it. I love my mother. And my mother loves me. Other knowing gets pushed beneath. Beauty always strikes me when I consider it's going. And I'm hurt by it. How now light enters through the curtains at dusk. And I find it beautiful, because it is about to change. one layer of that knowing I mentioned is of the self. Isn't it like that for everyone. Sometimes the ring comes around and I feel I don't deserve a thing. Then I do the work of knowing. I see myself reflected in the bathroom mirror. It's been a long day, and I am alone. My hair pulled into a tight shingle. And I know better by looking at me next to nothing compared to nothing. And I say thanks to someone out there. The slow down is a production of American Public Media, in partnership with the Poetry Foundation. To get a poem delivered to you daily, go to slowdown.show.org and sign up for our newsletter.