

theslowdown_20200831_20200831_128

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

child, black, worm, defiance, prayers, hoof, kids, grub worm, hysterical laughter, burn, fire, social distancing, fill, rabbit, laugh, national unrest, plagues, anvil, tongue, master

00:06

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

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I'm writing this episode at home, while the voice of my son screams

00:27

No,

00:28

no, in defiance of some reasonable demand his father has made. No, he won't wash his hands. No, he won't pick up his toys. No, he's not a toddler. He's a child exhausted from shelter in place, and social distancing, a child sensing the stress and worry, filling the atmosphere during a time of national unrest. He's also just himself naturally defiant, like his brother and his sister. kids who don't fear authority, the way kids did in my day, kids who know how to test and sometimes overwhelm their parents authority. Sometimes I think with envy of the way my mom used to be able to tame me with just a glance. But I know that this time My children are living in is different from the time of my childhood, the world is different. And maybe kids born into this time 21st century kids require grit and defiance in order to prevail. There is not a day in my life, during which I have not looked at my black children, and worried there is not a day in my life, when I have not made actual prayers on their behalf. Simple prayers for their safety, simple prayers for their survival. Today's poem is more than a prayer for black children. It is a conjuration meant to fill them with magic, power and original fire for black children at the end of the world, and the

beginning by Roger Reeves. You are in the black car burning beneath the highway and rising above it. Not as smoke, but what causes it to rise. A black child You are the fire at the end of your elders weeping fire against the blur of horse hoof stick stone several plagues including time, chrysalis hanging on the bow of this night, and the burning world. Burn Baby Burn, Anvil and iron be thy name. Yea, though you may walk among the harnessed heat, and the Huntsman who bear their masters hunger for paradise in your rabbit death in the beheading of your ghost. You are the healing snake in the Heather bursting forth from your humps of sleep. In the morning, your tongue moves along the earth naming Hawk sky rabbit run your tongue poison to the filthy democracy to the gold domed capitals or the guard in their grub worm colored uniforms. cling to the blades of grass worm on the leaf worm in the dust worm worm made of rust. sing it with me Dragon of insurmountable beauty black child laugh at the men with their hoofs, and borrowed muscle. They're long and short guns. The worm of their faces their casket assembling of the afternoon. Leftover leaves from last year's autumn scraping against their boots, laugh, laugh at their assassins on the roofs. For the time of the assassin is also the time of hysterical laughter. black child, you are the walking on of water without the need of an approving master. You are in a beautiful language. You are what lies beyond this kingdom and the next and the next and fire fire black child.

04:48

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