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00:06

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

00:18

Love isn't always polite. It doesn't come when called or wished for, or even demanded, tries, you might you can't make someone love you who doesn't. Just as it's hard to muster feelings of your own. For someone who doesn't spark your interest, it doesn't work. By the same token, sometimes love can turn up in the most inconvenient of places. We've all been warned against falling for someone who's already spoken for. We've all seen what kind of damage can arise when two people give in to a clandestine passion that leaves a third unsuspecting person in the dark. It's the stuff of soap operas and pot boilers and great literature. And let's face it, it's also the stuff of life. Once a stranger on a beach confided her story of forbidden love to me. Only now am I realizing it was a story she could only tell to strangers. Today's poem is the lovers by Timothy Lew. By turns angry, wistful, seductive and hopeful. It bears witness to the UPS downs and complications of loving in secret.

01:47

The lovers by Timothy Lu,

01:51

you are the angry Valentine and the envelope I cut my tongue across while sealing its flap shot. You are the bumpy rash spreading across my shoulder at 4am and the tab of Claritin, dissolving in my blood, a forgotten dream that nags at me off and on throughout the day. A pyramid of

crystal goblets stacked on top of one another downstairs at the Crate and Barrel, a stone's throw from where you work, because you needed to get away. If only I had a magnum of dome pairing, yo, I'd pour a Boolean waterfall to rival the fountains at Versailles. You won't be going home to your wife tonight. Not while an elephant charges across the floor with gleaming tusks, where herds of panicked post holiday shoppers duck behind those see through plastic curtains with mermaids undulating through them while you crouch low in some out of the way corner with a blackberry at your ear, listening to my voice you who never much liked talking without being able to see my face. Oh my shivali A my hillside of flat stones piled high on the outskirts of Chateau neuf to pop my hot plate of used corks glued together from all the meals we've shared. The tea pot whistling whenever you found your way to my table. I have such little faith in your love for me in love with me. While spinsters plumped up she'll bed with the plucked feathers of outsized swans, pillows I'll never get the chance to lay my head upon or dream upon. Won't you forgive me of my greed, my wayward imaginings of a life other than the one we're given only once your voice pounding in my ear, in concert with my heart, as if we were post-coital lovers conversing in the dark, while shadows flit about the honeymoon suite. It's air perfumed with roses and a cut glass vase, identical to the one my mother kept in her childhood home. Dragons swirling on a silk drawstring bag drawn shot with tassels made of gold 19 beads of Lapis lazily dangling on her wrist her man never asked about not once and all their years of marriage, such passions fully spent.

04:44

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