

100220 Episode SD

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00:06

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



00:23

We're all a little vain, aren't we? Please humor me and say that the answer is yes. That I'm not alone in liking some things about myself. and spending time wishing I could change others isn't some portion of vanity intrinsic to our human nature? The trick is owning up to your own vanity, and being able to laugh about it. And putting it into perspective, learning to tell yourself to stop obsessing over the appearance or disappearance of these physical markers that don't, that shouldn't define us. But it's hard. Everywhere you look, there are reminders of the impossible standards of beauty. We've all been taught to aspire to white teeth, dewy skin, long legs, an hour glass waste. The list goes on and on maddeningly, so it sends us chasing after a version of ourselves. That doesn't exist, that may not even be possible. What would it take to escape it? Is there anyone anywhere who doesn't harbor the wish to be someone or something that they're not? The first time I heard my daughter remark at her own weight, she was barely three years old. My heart stopped. Was it my fault, or the worlds that she had already learned to see a correlation between thin and beautiful. There's no way to erase that information from her brain. But I can try harder to temper it with alternatives to celebrate the many different forms of beauty that surround us. I do it for my daughter, but I am learning something along the way. The effect seems to be that I'm beginning to accept myself as the imperfect being that I am just a little more willingly. Today's poem is the bald truth by Bob Hickok. It speaker engages in a refreshing form of straight talk with himself. It makes me wonder what it would feel like to have a similar conversation with my own ego. Naming what it is I think I hate about my physical

self, what it is I believe myself to lack and then letting it go. Finding a way to say the words my daughter and sons have already learned how to sing, and hopefully believe for themselves. The bald truth by Bob Hickok my hair went on a diet of its own accord. Rogaine is the extent of my vanity. It didn't work, but it was fun treating my head with fertilizer, as if it were a phonologists lawn. They were onto something and believing the skull you have is the soul You are that the brain is involved in the sport of tectonics. my skull has a fault line like Californias, which makes sense given how the hemispheres of my brain collide. The right side wants to clean the house. While the left knows dancing is the best part of who we are. Or vice versa. I always have to look that up. They say baldness means energetic things about parts of me that aren't falling off. The real compensations having no choice meeting the mirror, but to accept that tomorrow will be different than today. And greeting my wife not wondering as pretty men must if I'm kissed for my soul or face to never doubt as I become invisible, that I'm seen by love.



04:38

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