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00:06

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

00:21

I love stories of UFO sightings and Alien Encounters. Maybe it's all those evenings from my childhood spent watching reruns of the original Star Trek, but I get giddy whenever the topic of alien sightings arises. Back in May, the New York Times published an article about Navy pilots who spotted a fleet of unidentified flying objects off the coast of Jacksonville, Florida. They appeared every day for almost a year from the summer of 2014 until March of 2015, whirling, whipping past at hypersonic speeds, these objects had no visible engines or exhaust plumes, and they sped around for 12 hours at a go. sightings captured on video are accompanied by the astonished voices of Navy pilots. In 2017, scientists tracked a cigar shaped object, estimated to be about a half a mile long that seemed to rocket through our solar system. They called it Omu moolah, and wondered whether it might be an alien probe of some sort. For days, I lived with a feeling of elation at the prospect of aliens in our general minced. But then I read in the New York Post that oh moolah, moolah had been deemed by researchers as quote, a planetary building block or a fragment of one formed in a faraway star system. Nevertheless, these wonders of the universe render me starstruck, what else might we Earthlings live to witness before our species number is up? new worlds life forms new to us, and intelligence that might set us on a different and better path. I hope there might be time for such chapters in our story, chapters that might offset us from the crash course our fear, hatred and greed have set us on for ages now. For the record, I'd be petrified to meet an alien. I'd be as stunned as if I were to happen upon an actual ghost or an angel in the flesh. Though, if I did cross paths with an alien, I pray it might speak in a voice like the one that drives today's poem. Using a hula hoop can get you abducted by aliens. By

matea. Harvey. We've never taken anyone buttoned up and trotting from point A to point B subway to Office office to lunch, fretting over the credit crunch, not the ones carefully maneuvering their watch McCall it's alongside broken white lines, not the leash holders, who take their furies to the park 3.5 times per day. If you are an integer, in that kind of equation, you belong with your far bits on the ground. We're seven star years past calculus. So it's the dreamy ones who want to go somewhere. They don't know how to get to that interest us. The ones who will stare all day at a blank piece of paper or square of Canvas, then pair searchingly into their herbal tea. It's true that hula hoops resemble the rings around first home and that when you spin, we chime softly remembering our summer, our spring and are 12 other seasons. But that's not the only reason. Do we like rhyme? Yes we do. And also your snow. Your moss, your tofu. Our sticky hands make it hard for us to put things down. Don't fret, dreamy spinning ones with water falling from your faces. It's us you're waiting for and we're coming. The slowdown is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.