

# 20191114\_theslowdown\_20191114\_128

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## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

happiness, poem, hold, naomi, unhappy, hillside, boiled, self consciousness, feel, jinxing, wracked, happy, ticket stubs, soiled, fear, partnership, unburdened, long, treehouse, coffee cake

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I am Tracy k Smith, and this is

00:09

the slow down.

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When I'm unhappy, I seem to carry worry around in my head, like a mantra. I feel awful. I look awful. Everyone else seems so together, so content, no one else struggles. The way I struggle. No one seems to drag so sad a train behind them as mine. Once riding to the doctor's office on a day when I ached and my temperature boiled, I looked out the car window at a herd of cows on a hillside. They seemed so content, so healthy and whole, some stood grazing, others lounged in the grass, some moved peacefully from one spot to another. I was wracked with envy, I'd have given anything just then to be one of them. But when I'm happy, I don't always notice. Perhaps happiness pulls me so far out of my own head, that I forget to take stock of my feelings. I'm unburdened by my usual self consciousness. Though. Once in a while, the thought occurs to me. I feel great. I feel grateful. There's nothing I believe myself to lack.

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Even then,

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I try not to dwell too long on the fact of my satisfaction, because I'm afraid of jinxing myself. I fear attracting the gods mischief, fear, tempting, some long forgotten other shoe to drop. What a waste. Happiness should be an occasion for praise, not something to tiptoe around, fearing it might suddenly be snatched away. I want to learn to trust in happiness whenever it arrives, and for however briefly, or long it intends to stay. Today's poem, so much happiness by Naomi she has NIH

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is a good first step

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on the path to embracing happiness. Reading nice poem, I feel I am learning to see happiness to recognize and take delight in its various forms. This poem offers terrific guidance on taking happiness as it comes, giving things when it happens to land in your lap, and holding on to it with a gentle touch. So much happiness by Naomi she have nigh. It is difficult to know what to do with so much happiness. with sadness, there is something to rub against a wound to tend with lotion and cloth. When the world falls in around you, you have pieces to pick up something to hold in your hands, like ticket stubs, or change. But happiness floats. It doesn't need you to hold it down. It doesn't need anything. Happiness lands on the roof of the next house singing and disappears when it wants to. You are happy either way. Even the fact that you once lived in a peaceful treehouse, and now live over a quarry of noise and dust cannot make you unhappy. Everything has a life of its own. It too could wake up filled with possibilities of coffee cake and write peaches and love even the floor which needs to be swept the soiled linens and scratched records. Since there is no place large enough to contain so much happiness, you shrug you raise your hands and it flows out of you into everything you touch. You are not responsible. You take no credit as the night sky takes no credit for the moon, but continues to hold it and share it and in that way, be known.

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Slow down is a

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