



theslowdown_20200504_20200504_128

Wed, 9/30 8:13PM 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

spring, life, perpetual, buds, tracy, badgered, whispers, flush, carp, wakes, snooze button, belief, clamor, ardor, gum tree, leaden, marvelous, tendrils, feeling, nests

00:06

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

00:22

spring, that marvelous time when cold air and dark afternoons are finally, truly behind us. When the first tendrils and buds and whispers of new life, peek out from the ground, and from the branches of trees, and from the very tips of every bush that wakes from the dream of winter, I was born in spring. And so that feeling of renewal is so real to me, even if it seems in March, that my life is so leaden and burdened that it could never feel like anything but never ending ardor. Then April rolls around April, with all its tiny white flowers. It's pink and baby green buds. And I'm bursting again with energy and belief, anything is possible. Life is only just beginning. Think of all the marvelous things we can touch and taste and make and do. I love the way all the animals and plants seem to snap to in spring, jumping on the task of building nests, and finding mates and doing their part to fill the earth with life.

01:43

There is work

01:44

Yes, yes, there are all the same inevitabilities that clamor into my head each day, tempting me to hit the snooze button. But there is also birdsong outside the window, and warm late afternoon sunlight to look forward to, and some foolishness deep inside me that wakes every year at the same time to announce I belong I needed. I am a vital part of the miracle of spring. Oh, but there

are shoes, and cars and offices and work things that while less off from the freshly alive, the rampantly beautiful, but there's also golden amber light filling my room. There's the ecstatic purple and fuchsia flush of evening falling. There are trees that seemed barren only a week ago, but that are now spectacularly flush with sound, and color and life. And whispering out from all of this, even if it's only a trick, or a fantasy is the feeling that it's still not too late for all the many things that have badgered and worried us all winter long to finally turn out okay. Today's poem is in perpetual spring by acre solar. gardens are also good places to soak. You pass beds of spiky Voodoo lilies, and trip over the roots of a sweet gum tree in search of medieval plants, whose leaves when they drop off, turn into birds if they fall on land, and colored carp if they plop into water. Suddenly, the archetypal human desire for peace with every other species, wells up in you, the lion and the lamb cuddling up the snake and the snail kissing.

03:50

Even the prick of the thistle,

03:52

Queen of the weeds, revives your secret belief in perpetual spraying your faith that for every hurt, there is a leaf to cure it.

04:10

The slow down is a production of American public

04:13

media in partnership with the Poetry

04:16

Foundation.

04:24

The slow down is written by me, Tracy K. Smith. It is produced by Jennifer Lai, with Tracy Mumford. Our music is by Alexis quadrado. Engineering by Corey strebel and Eric Romani. Additional production by Chrissy Pease production assistants by Brenda Everson Editing by

04:47

Phyllis Fletcher.