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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

cricket, black, brush, teeth, dreamscape, kwan, resignation, ghostly apparition, repeat, feelings, puking, parental responsibility, poem, repulsion, recurrence, moon, shatters, cocked, posit, congress

00:06

I'm us Poet

00:06

Laureate Tracy k Smith. And this is the slow down.

00:17

I have kids, I repeat myself constantly, a phrase I have said nine times today is put on your socks. By the time I brush my own teeth tonight before bed, I will have reminded someone to brush his or her teeth at least 20 times. And so I don't really know if I agree that a thing becomes meaningless. Once it's been repeated more than a handful of times. I think some aspect of it becomes activated, spinning the word in many different directions at once, empowering it to mean what it has always meant. And then some brush your teeth by iteration. 18 does not mean nothing. It means hope and resignation, and parental responsibility and the acknowledgement of futility at once. It means I love you kids and you're driving me crazy. And I submit to that fact. And one day, perhaps this absurd ritual will be funny to all of us. And for now, I'm going to believe there's some short term reward waiting for me at say 9:30pm once the three of you are asleep, and I can become a woman in love or a woman with work to do or a woman who is going to brush her own teeth out of the accepted belief of the importance of doing so. Today's poem, black cricket in the doorway on the ceiling in by Kwan Berry, is built upon insistent repetition. The recurrence of black cricket as both a phrase and an image launches readers into a kind of dreamscape. familiar things appear in strange combinations, strange things become familiar and new feelings and expectations spring into motion. The cricket of the poem feels literal at first, and then turns haunting. totemic like a ghostly apparition. It grows large, large enough to anchor the speaker's

feelings of repulsion, fright, familiarity, or resignation, passion, and more. This is Kwan berries. Black cricket in the doorway on the ceiling in the air, black cricket on the lip of the honey jar. Black cricket like backwash up through the drains. Black cricket the longest length of a finger. The Pistons have its cocked legs, like stringed instruments bleeding black cricket there when I opened the window, black cricket on the high thread count sheets, like a mint, black cricket, like a fuse in the blood. Black cricket with all its ventricles pounding, the hard rain staccato and puking the fields tricky, and I am the hearts only note. Cricket dark and perpetual cricket that shatters the world. See, taste the sky fall. See, touch the moon rise. The moon as if smashed with a Whoa. Black cricket with its black cricket mate, their cricket a copulation caterwauling all through the night, far away from the human with its human oils, far away. What went on here? Which staircase is this? Black cricket? The only refrain in the dreamscape black cricket semma for black cricket punishment? Black cricket the proof of all this summer? Us? Black cricket ubiquitous. The sexual impulse black cricket don't leave black cricket Mangia Singh. As you enter. avi posit me in your arms. swarm the tunnel room with your black cricket love. Oh, black cricket on the lip of the honey jar. The slow down is a production of American Public Media, in partnership with the Library of Congress

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