

# 20191119\_theslowdown\_20191119\_128

Wed, 9/30 7:50PM 5:00

## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

feel, persimmon, contagion, trees, love, joy, sky, person, burst, jar, tracy, frozen, passion, besotted, mischievous, ant, mumford, kim, tremor, sense

00:06

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

00:23

Isn't passion wonderful? That wild rush of feeling you get when you're in the presence of someone you're just crazy about? I'm not saying it's always sensible. Sometimes the attraction you feel draws you towards someone who's Well, not ideal. Maybe they're selfish, or only in it for the short term. Maybe they'll never commit, at least not to you. But still, the thrill, that white hot feeling coursing through your veins, the way you hunger for the sight, or the smell, or the touch of whoever it is, you're besotted with. There's nothing like it. Have you ever felt passion detached from another person, just a roving ambient sense of joy, an appetite for something you can't put your finger on. The first spring day feels that way to me sometimes, as if I'm alive and bursting out of my skin. Maybe it's the sheer beauty of the world. The flowers, the birds, the trees and bud, the very sunlight in the sky. All of it so exuberantly, so passionately alive, that you fall in love with everything at once. Or perhaps it's that you want to fall in love with everything. Maybe on days like that desire is the thing you crave that secret joy, that fresh tremor in the chest. It would be painful to live that way always. But to feel this way, even just once or twice in a lifetime, is a form of bliss. Today's poem is arrows the contagion by Annie Kim, it teaches me to see the potential for passionate attachment to things like the evening sky, an ant frozen and a jar of honey, or the sight of another person in Thrall to a beautiful idea. It makes me want to take better stock of the world around me. It makes me want to send more love and more joy into the world for others to sense it fills me with a mischievous excitement. To think that love is something we can contract from others. Something we can choose not to inoculate ourselves against. arrows. The contagion by any Kim soft is a cloud painting the yellow sky tonight. trees in the parking lot still thick, though the air yes has an edge. The honey was solid in the jar when I opened it this morning.

Found a single ant frozen in the dunes stunned by sweetness. Can you really die of sweetness?  
Hard to say yes. though. I want to looking up at these clouds that make my heart jump. Oh joy  
and seeing though I can't touch like the girl repeating persimmon. As the waitress in the diner tells  
her about a tree at the top of the hill. She used to see how beautiful that vivid orange fruit was all  
at once. Can't touch them. But I see them in her eyes as she remembers persimmons. Maybe that  
was my mistake. Thinking every love was different. A fruit inside its own clear mason jar, my love.  
Her love is all separate as the trees they fell from. Maybe love is more contagion. bubbles in a  
bathtub slowly swelling, all the little circles drifting gliding gently into each other until they burst  
until nothing's left but foam the sound of rushing water. The slowdown is a production of  
American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation. 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 Veronica Rodriguez. Production assistance by Brenna Everson.