

# 20200918 Episode SD

Tue, 9/29 12:14PM 5:00

## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

funk, rhythm, blackness, praise, love, bigger, primordial soup, resounds, morsels, black, wellspring, blare, rhapsody, national endowment, jabari, sparrows, electrically, throb, conjuring, ablaze



00:06

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



00:17

Love, Peace, passion, communion with others and with everything, freedom, Grace, praise, play, song, surprise, escape, transcendence, digging in deep. Why are we here? What do you believe in? Right now, my conscious thought and a tremendous wellspring of feeling are focused upon celebrating and protecting blackness, the blackness that I know and the blackness is I have yet to discover. I love being able to say, that is so black. And to know that what I mean is, Let us praise this exchanging beautiful morsels of blackness, between friends. I love that hearing this, you may know what I mean, or you may not. I want you to know that there must be all in that unknowing. I read today's poem, as rooted in the holiness, wonder and wild surprise of being black and alive.



01:34

Some call it God by Jabari a seam.



01:39

I choose rhythm, the beginning as motion, black funk shaping itself in the time before time, dark, glorious and nimble as berms sparkling its way into the greatest of grooves, conjuring worlds from dust and storm and primordial soup. I accept the funk as my holy

Savior, funk so high, you can't get over it so wide, you can't get around it. ubiquitous funk that envelops all creatures, great and small, quickens nerve endings, and the white hot hearts of stars. I believe in rhythm rippling each feather on a sparrows back and glittering in every grain of sand. I am faithful to funk as irresistible Twitch, heart skip, and backbone slip, the whole funk and nothing but the funk sliding electrically into exuberant noise. I hear the cosmos swinging in the startled wines of newborns. The Husky blare of tenor horns, lambs bleeding, and lions roaring, a fanfare of tambourines and glory. This is what I know. Rhythm resounds as a blessing of the body, the wonder and hurt of being the wet delight of a tongue on a thigh. Fear inching icily along a spine, the sudden surging urge to holler the twinge that tells your knees it's going to rain, the throb of centuries behind and before us. I embrace rhythm as color and chorus, the bright orange bloom of connection, the mahogany lure of succulent loins, the black and tan Rhapsody of our clasping hands, I Horrell to the beat of the omnipotent hum diastole Lee Stoli automatic borderless bigger and bigger still bigger than love, bigger than desire or adoration, bigger than begging and contemplation, bigger than wailing and chanting and the slit throats of roosters, for which praise is useless, for which gratitude might as well be whispered for which motion is meaning enough. Funk lives in us be getting light as bright as music unfolding into deer lovely day and bushes ablaze in rhythm until it begins again.



04:41

The slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.



04:50

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