

# theslowdown\_20200824\_20200824\_128

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## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

body, rewilding, form, bush, poem, cast, indigo, carnivores, production, sticky tack, broke, separate entity, hear, intricate workings, systems, live, vertebrae, ovarian, mystery, clouds

00:06

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

00:22

Sometimes doesn't feel like your body has got a mind of its own. Like it's a separate entity from the person you are, or maybe even a cast of many separate players who have teamed up for this spectacular production of you. I have this strange habit of imagining my body's different systems. As a crew of workers, they know their jobs well, and they also know their rights. They're not going to let me take advantage of them in any way, shape, or form. I eat something that's bound to disagree with me. And before the food has even landed in my stomach. I hear the foreman down there shouting, lookout fellas, we've got to live one. We're talking time and a half, maybe double over time. Those guys have families places to be and I keep them very busy. My more finicky systems are fabulous. divas. I fear as much as I admire once during quarantine. When I struggled to zip a pair of jeans I hadn't worn in a while. I heard someone. Maybe it was my metabolism, dissing me under her breath. And that girl's been sitting up here eating cake for three weeks. And I'm supposed to just make it all go away. Hmm. She knows me. She knows that is not going to happen. The body is a mystery. as familiar as it is. Its intricate workings fill me with all and fascination. Today's poem takes a different view of the mysteries of the body. pelvic ultrasound by Anne barn Grover ovaries from Latin, ovarian, literally, egg. I've waited to see you for years now. But when you light up the black screen like night shining clouds, I become nervous and turn to the side. In static sound waves form you as sand does to shipwrecked glass. How is it that you and I always manage to live among radicals? spiders electric with poison cat who sachets indoors after a burglary? dirt clod that morphs into a cricket frog. A Gecko scurries pink as sticky tack along the bathroom wall. How it twirls to an embryo in my palm. It's expensive to get a good look at you, though you're not mine to interpret what's wrong. If anything, it's a hypnotic display, or a

book we hurled in the road. Once we broke a bush with a loaf of bread thrown once we broke a bush with a car's hood. The next day it's bumper was smeared with Indigo. Any woman knows how many colors can present themselves in blood. Something must have happened to make you go rogue. We used to connect fragments of ice crystals. We needed chaos and carnivores, even wolves can change the way a river runs. So what have we done to cast biology into anarchy and fade from our distinctive glow? Oh, you shells along my vertebrae and the vertebrae of my mother you have hidden from me and oceans depth. You have lunar ODEs and filament, gossamer and tendril. I can't see much in the dark. But I felt your whispered pole. We are all in need of rewilding. You don't have to do this alone.

04:41

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