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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

beer guzzling, secular, lay, goat, preach, gospel, sundays, man, hominy, famished, seminarians, little crevices, choir robe, facelifts, person, preacher, emphatically, slow, nags, wyman

00:06

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

00:22

Whether or not you possess religious faith, you know what it means to preach. preaching is speaking a truth, a way of professing What's what? And it's a performance and occasion when words take on and almost physical presence as vehicles for some kind of urgent news. One person can preach the gospel just as emphatically as another can sermonize on secular matters, like love, or money. In today's poem, The preacher addresses the seminarians by Christian Wyman, we get both the sacred and the secular and passionate, acrobatic language. The preacher addresses the seminarians by Christian Wyman. I tell you, it's a bitch existence some Sundays, and it's no good pretending you don't have to pretend don't have to hitch up those glue future nags, hope and help and whip the sorry chariot of yourself toward whatever hell your Heaven is on days like these. I tell you, it takes some hunger heaven itself won't slake to be so touchingly intent on the pretty organists pedaling. So lizard Lee alert to the curve lessness of her choir robe. Here it comes brothers and sisters, the confession of sins. hominy hominy dipstick doxology one more church curdled him. We don't so much sing as haunt grounded altos gear grinding tenors to score and 10 gently bewildered men lip synching along your up pastor bring on the on thunder, some trickle piss tangent to reality, some bit of the gospel grueling out of you. I tell you, sometimes mercy means nothing but release from this homiletic hologram. A little flesh step sideways as it were setting passion on autopilot, as if it weren't to gaze out in peace at your piece lists parishioners, booze, glazes and facelifts bad mortgages, board marriages, a masonry of faces at once specific and generic and here and there that wrapped famished look that leaps from person to person year to year, like a holy flu. All these little crevices into which you've crawled like a chubby plumber with useless tools. Here. Have a verse for your wife, staff here have a death for

your life's curse. I tell you some Sundays, even the children's sermon maybe especially this shark's your gut like a bite of 10 some beer guzzling goat, either drunkenly or mistakenly decides to sample. I know what you're thinking. Christ's in this, he'll get to it. The old Connor somewhere somehow there's the miracle meet the aurora borealis blood, every last atom compacted to a grave, and the one thing that every man must lose, to save. Well, friends, I'm here to tell you two things today. First, though, this is not for me one of those bilious abrading days, though In fact, I stand before you in a rage of faith, and have all good hope that you will all go help untold souls back into their bodies is the annihilating No, above which they float. The truth is our only Savior is failure. Which brings me to the second thing, that goat it was real. It is, as is usually the case, the displacement of agency. That is the lie. It was long ago, Mexico, my Demon Days. It was a wager whose stakes I failed to appreciate. He tottered, a flowered. He arrived time to a fraught quiet and kicked occasionally and lay there twitching, watching me die. The slow down is a production of American Public Media, in partnership with the Library of Congress and the Poetry Foundation.