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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

poem, poet, marie, heartache, heart, whimsy, spirit, gumption, hang, double agent, tirade, writers, begins, single motherhood, poetry, tenacity, punk, unpublished, life, lover

00:05

I'm poet Tina Chang filling in for Tracy k Smith. And this is the slow down.

00:22

I met poet Marie ponzo briefly in 1996 when she visited my graduate poetry workshop. She was one of the many illustrious poets who graced our classroom at Columbia University. She was in her 70s. Then, her eyes held urgency, but there was a sense of whimsy to her to when she spoke, everyone who had been furiously taking notes would put down their pens to listen. I remember her saying, claiming you're a poet, is like claiming your saint. No one knows what to do with this information. The class laughed. As a group of fledgling young writers, we desperately needed these bits of knowledge to hang on to, to make us feel singular, different, and maybe somewhat necessary. Our future story as writers was yet to be told, yet Marie seemed to possess a type of wisdom that told us Hang on tight. It's going to be a long ride, only the most persistent survive. One doesn't live to be 98 without her brand of wear with all tenacity, spirit, and gumption. Born in New York in 1921, Marie penso was the devoted single mother to seven children. She wrote homes of celebration, heartache, and she was also a grand lover of poetic forms. She passed away this year in July, and left behind seven collections of poems, and many books of translation. Examining the life upon so I view a journey of unexpected turns, divorce, single motherhood, and long lapses of time between each book. Her second book came 25 years after her first all along, she was taking notes, writing poems, and most of all, living after she passed away. Many unpublished poems were found in her drawer, as testament to an artist's life that was never on pause. It was proof that the creative spirit is more vital and urgent, in one's later years. Today's poem, one is one is a sonnet that focuses its attention on heartache is equal parts proclamation, and reprimand. The poem is filled with swagger and attitude. As it begins its journey through instruction and unfiltered accusations. Beginning with quote, heart. You Billy, you punk. It takes

stock of the power of love, while pushing back, dislocating its power. Here, the heart and a lover are one in the same. Just when I think the poem might fall into a tirade of disappointment. It surprises me and ends with complete joy. One is one by Marie ponzon heart. You Billy, you punk. I'm wrecked. I'm shocked stiff. You. You still try to rule the world though. I've got you identified starving, locked in a cage. You will not leave alive. No matter how you hate it. Pound its walls and thrill its corridors with messages. brute spy. I trusted you. Now you real and brawl in your cell. But I'm deaf to your rages your greed to go so low. Your eloquent threats of worse things you knowing me? Could do? You scare me? bragging you're a double agent since jailers, our prisoners prisoners to think reform. Make us one. Join the rest of us and joy may come and make its test of us. Slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.