

20200925 Episode SD

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

song, remember, sing, feelings, love, forgotten, music, slow, national endowment, lyrics, medley, west side story, ghosted, lp, master blaster, stevie wonder, evoke, soundtracks, days, activating



00:06

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



00:19

I can tell you the story of my life with song titles, as if my living has been one long medley. Some songs make narrative sense. Others evoke simply the mood of a time and place central to who I am, or who I once was. Some work upon me mysteriously causing feeling to storm up within me for a reason I can't explain. Maybe music is similar to scent. As far as memory is concerned. It's capable of activating very specific feelings that might otherwise be forever lost. So, here's my Medley Stevie Wonder's Master Blaster. I used to catch it on a pocket sized am transistor radio with a white plastic earpiece. The other song on the airwaves that summer was Billy Joel's it's still rock and roll to me. Then, I'm inclined to step forward to double dutch bus. And the songs little girls maybe shouldn't have sung along to the radio, like Donna summers, Bad Girls, and Anita Ward's Ring my bell somewhere the cure enters in with love song, shot days diamond life LP is one particular rainy Friday when I was made to skip a slumber party because I'd come down with symptoms of a cold.



01:54

Roxy music's Avalon isn't so much my first relationship, as it is the fantasy I held for so long about what first love would feel like. By the time I finally had a boyfriend. Those feelings were like a form of nostalgia.



02:13

A song that's touched you is never forgotten. Maybe citizen should create soundtracks to accompany our nation's history.



02:24

Maybe we already do.



02:27

Today's poem is blues for almost forgotten music by Roxane Beth Johnson.



02:36

I am trying to remember the lyrics of old songs I've forgotten. Mostly. I'm trying to remember one hit wonders, hymns and musicals like West Side Story.



02:50

Singing over and over what I can recall, I hum remnants on buses and in the car.



02:58

I am so often alone these days with echoes of these old songs and my ghosted lovers. I am so often alone, that I can almost hear it can almost feel the half touch of others can almost taste the licked clean spine of the melody I've lost.



03:20

I remember the records rubbed with static and the needle gathering dust. I remember the taste of a mouth so sudden and still cold from wintry gusts. It seemed incredible then, a favorite song A love found. It wasn't after all.



03:42

days later, while vacuuming the lyrics come without thinking.



03:49

days later, I think I see my old lover and a cafe but don't how pleasing it was to think it was him to finally sing that song.



04:01

This is the way of all amplitude. We need the brightness to die some. This is the way of love and music. It plays like a god and then is done. Do I feel better remembering knowing for certain what's gone



04:26

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



04:38

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04:49

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