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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

defeat, poem, today, slow, film industry, joy, past disappointments, failed, doors, slowdown, reach, graves, aloneness, ripe fruit, humility, seas, phrases, catalogue, shunned, withering

00:06

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

00:23

Do you ever stop and think how lucky you are to have failed at certain things, not to have gotten the job that would have sent you further down that path you later realized was wrong. Not to have convinced that old flame to patch things up and make them work, not to have one. Win losing is what instilled in you the humility to see where you are coming up short, and the determination to grow into a better version of the person you are. It's awful to have to admit defeat, to submit to the taste of those phrases in your mouth. Things didn't work out. It wasn't in the cards. In the end, they went with someone else. But life is funny. What hurts today sometimes makes way for what is good? No. For what is amazing down the line. It may be a hard truth to accept in the moment. But looking back over your life can affirm how lucky we were that certain doors failed to open. So let me give things for the film industry doors. That would not part two, let me through back in 1994 and again in 2000 Let me praise the hard hearted man who raised from my arms to those of someone else. I'm grateful beyond words for every denial, rebuttal and refusal that have led me to the happiness I know today. There ought to be a holiday devoted to this particular type of gratitude. And maybe we need more words at the ready for naming the gift that hides within certain disappointments, blessings in disguise silver linings. How about this one? After a typhoon there are pairs together, or adversity comes with instructions in its hand. Today's poem is a catalogue of things for the past disappointments that have ended up paving the way for joy, defeat by Kahlil Gibran defeat my defeat my solitude and my aloofness you are dear to me than 1000 triumphs and sweeter to my heart than all world glory. Defeat, my defeat myself knowledge and my defiance through you. I know that I am yet young and swift afoot and not to be trapped by withering laurels. And in you, I have found aloneness and the joy of being shunned

and scorned defeat, my defeat my shining sword and shield. In your eyes, I have read that to be in throned is to be enslaved. And to be understood, is to be leveled down, and to be grasped as but to reach one's fullness, and like a ripe fruit to fall and be consumed. Defeat my defeat my bold companion, you shall hear my songs and my cries and my silences and none but you shall speak to me of the beating of wings and urging of seas and of mountains that burn in the night. And you alone shall climb my steep and rocky soul. Defeat my defeat my deathless courage. You and I shall laugh together with the storm. And together we shall dig graves for all that die in us. And we shall stand in the sun with a will and we shall be dangerous.

04:28

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