



theslowdown_20200303_20200303_128

Wed, 9/30 8:09PM 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

gate, poem, passages, marathi, left, blinking lights, chosen, rattled, hod, entry, slow, reverberations, tempted, farewells, fissures, presidents, liminal space, shia, quarters, social security numbers

00:06

I'm poet Jenny Shia standing in for Tracy k Smith.

00:09

And this is a slow down

00:23

what is a gate? a portal of entry, a passage into new terrain, a barrier to keep the excluded out. A refuge, a means to access a rupture, beckoning, a liminal space that divides one state of being from another. Today's poem by the Afghan American writer is a hot Marathi offers a litany of gates passed through literal and metaphysical lines of the poem catalogue the myriad kinds of entrances, farewells, and returns that mark and make a life reading it. One feels the reverberations of countless of routings and fissures that results from migration. Who has the privilege of entering and leaving who gets to see a gate as protection, who can only see it as a divider, refusal to access who must labor to cross over borders and prove one's right of entry. Marathi his poem makes me take stock of all the passages we make the gates we exit and enter to get to where we are. It reminds me too, that a gate is a made thing. One we choose to erect and make visible to others.

01:50

Gates buys HOD marotti.

01:55

The one that belong to her

01:58

the one where the light hit for the first time.

02:02

The one between our houses.

02:05

The one I crawled through to sleep on his chest. And one the dog squeeze through the one at three over the candle and cake. The one at three at the checkpoint. The one between the earth and the sky. The refrigerator with wings, the one where he met us after one year and was a stranger. The one at the park, the one at a park, the one down Park, the one that pierced my face. And they pointed and laughed. The one that took them away from me in a tube and sent them back to me tired. The one he went through, hairs shooting out the one she went through blood turning up the one we all went through to get to the blinking lights with the cherries. The ones we put up when she was born. The ones we pass to leave for good ones we paid quarters to get through. They won they learned the names of presidents for the ones they needed social security numbers for the one I touched in the dark of my room. The ones we couldn't talk about ever. The one we have to close behind us to stay in to keep neat to not be tempted. The one we tried to jump and failed. And one he jumped and wasn't forgiven. The ones in the books that made animals of us the ones that told us who we weren't the ones that hurt. The swung and cut and rattled long after they left. The ones that kept flowers. The one I went through to go north to go abroad to go east to find my Cardinal ways. The one she went through to tire to find her way. The one they have chosen to give them purpose. The different one I have chosen, the one I haven't yet found. The one I'm looking through now with a narrow slots and passages unseen.

04:29

The slowdown is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.

04:41

To get a poem delivered to you daily, go to slowdownshow.org and sign up for our newsletter.

04:49

And follow the slow down on Instagram

04:51

and Twitter at slow down show