

20200910 Episode SD

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

lemon, remember, lived, dusty, roses, today, childhood memory, hold, cherry trees, rip, visceral feeling, recall, american public, flower, disposable camera, circle, friend, devoured, self harm, slow



00:06

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



00:16

This past week I attempted to follow along to a guided meditation recording. Actually, it wasn't exactly meditation, but rather a hypnotherapy session. I was trying to tap into my deep unconscious for clues to my past lives. Well, the short version of the story is that I got interrupted, but I was able to wander briefly through an all but forgotten childhood memory of visiting a friend's house one winter afternoon. It was just me, my friend and her older sister, and we spent part of that day roasting marshmallows in their fireplace. I recalled the visceral feeling of burning the tip of my left ring finger on a hot wire coat hanger. It took a while to recall my old friend's name, but I remembered that her sister like me, was named Tracy. I never made it to the lives I might have lived before this one. But for a time, I lay there in deep relaxation, feeling a whirling gratitude for one rainy winter day, nearly 40 years ago.



01:31

Just a heads up. Today's poem refers to self harm. dusty lemons by Maya Luke, ah, I was as blank today, as you can imagine, lost the way to circle back to the beginning or even last summer. I remember those days we were matching lemon flower dresses. I remember the morbid anatomy of lemons and suburban front yards. we posed for photographs in our lemon dresses. We were little girls on film, locked in a disposable camera. They

couldn't shake us out. Our 90s faces came into view, pale as a circle of dead peonies floating in ice water. Today, I've positioned myself against starting, but again stopping two days and days repeat in superfluous museums of routine. September slowly becomes the sun behind dusty squares of autumn glass. The wind carries rarities with scissors and thin and remote streets hold adjacent together, like masked sisters, existing for no reason other than remembering minerals and footsteps and how light once was on my face. A story I've heard before. When my mother was little she lived in a house of women on a lane of cherry trees. She was a lemon and held one in her open palm. They were poor. The lemons were expensive, devoured in secret. She was punished for eating it but loved the bitter wave across her mouth. A dusty lemon. This morning, fall bloomed and summer died all at once, like a person shedding blond hair faster than anyone predicted. But as blank as you could imagine. Roses crumbled to the sky. And I remembered we lived in a cottage of roses once there were wrong ways to hold a rose. So I learned by pain to be correct. Lemons were luxury, and it was wartime everywhere and elsewhere. But I lived in a deathless garden of flowers and infinite spring rare to feel something other than autumn. A non specific blankness Can you imagine? I carry lemon acid with me scrape a serrated knife across the back of my hand, squeeze lemon over it. Still remembering those thorns on which I ripped my child's skin. I rip and rip again.



04:27

If you or someone you know is hurting themselves, there's free, confidential help at the Crisis Text Line. text the word home to 7417 for



04:42

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