

# 20190926\_theslowdown\_20190926\_128

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## SUMMARY KEYWORDS

cd, poem, packed lunch, slow, line, light, fortify, pimento cheese, personals, poetry, poet, shaughnessy, gas tank, smallest detail, man, arkansas, little known fact, giggles, multi dimensional, yvonne

00:05

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

00:25

the poet CD right found joy in skipping faults like stones across the lake surface of the page. Still too, there was the sky, the great out there. The mystery of our consciousness and connectedness, depths, heights at eye level. She was fluent, musical and magical in all of it. Being with CD in person, I'd occasionally catch a glimpse of this multi dimensional language she could speak so well. Being in her presence often meant bursting out into helpless giggles and then being brought quickly to a sobering sad fact. And then laughing again. How could someone so serious be so funny? I think it's because she could see and experience the smallest detail and the big picture at the same time. Sometimes a line for poetry comes to me in my regular life out of the blue, with the power to fortify me enough to get through the next little hurdle. One day this summer, for instance, I spent the morning chauffeuring my kids around to their various activities and taking care of their various needs. The packed lunch, the water bottle, the T shirt to decorate for camp. In the car, I realized too late that I forgot to have coffee, and that the gas tank is about empty. When I remember a line from CDs, beautiful book, deep step comm shining. The line is everyone in their car needs love. CD right didn't get a chance to become old. She'll never be old. She's always new. Whenever I read her, she's new. As much as I mourn that she's not here on this plane with us writing new poems. I know there's a lifetime worth in which to discover new worlds new ways of seeing new thoughts. newness itself. Today's poem is personals by CD right? Some nights I sleep with my dress on my teeth are small and even. I don't get headaches. Since 1971 or before. I have hunted a bench where I could eat my pimento cheese in peace. If this were Tennessee, and across that river, Arkansas, I'd meet you in West Memphis tonight. We could have a big time. Danger

shoulder soft. Do not lie or lean on me. I'm still trying to find a job for which a simple machine isn't better suited. I've seen people die of money. Look at Admiral Benbow. I wish like certain fishes we came equipped with light organs. Which reminds me of a little known fact. If we were going the speed of light, this dome would be shrinking while we were gaining weight. Isn't the road crooked and steep? In this humidity I make repairs by night. I'm not one among millions who saw Monroe's base in the moon. I go blank looking at that face. If I could afford it. I live in hotels. I won awards and spelling and the Australian crawl long long ago, grandmother married a man named Yvonne the men called an Eve stranger to tell the truth. in dog years I am up there.

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