

20191129_theslowdown_20191129_128

Wed, 9/30 7:56PM 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

poem, describe, dog, comparison, paws, bone, mortise, truest, heart, gazelle, mandibles, atticus, sit, moon, leather, slow, nonchalant, pistons, perfume, silt

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I'm Tracy k Smith, and this is

00:10

the slow down.

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Where would we be

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without the ability to compare one thing

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to another? How would we describe a thing like wine? If we couldn't compare it to chocolate? Or cherries, or silt? tobacco and leather? Wait, leather? How would we describe things like paint color, or perfume? Perhaps we'd be left with no language but the technical, the inanely literal. The room was bluish, greenish, whitish, gray. He smelled of essential oil diluted in water and alcohol. Maybe that kind of information would fill our heads with data. But where would it leave our imaginations and our hearts? The right comparison cuts straight to the essence of a thing. It can set your mind, heart, and even maybe your skin tingling. I was looking at him like I was a Panther. And he was a gazelle. Her voices like honey, when we finally kissed, I felt like a tree whose birds have all at once taken flight. When my sons were toddlers, we flew to California to visit family

amid a group of aunts, uncles, cousins and family friends, advocates. Atticus got momentarily separated from his twin, panicked and disoriented. He said, Where's my husband? And perhaps that was actually the truest way of describing the bond he and his brother share. One night, when my daughter was three, she looked out her window and called to the bright full moon. Be careful, it's dangerous up there, you could fall down. I guess the comparison that had taken root in her mind, like in the moon to a little kid

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behaving recklessly

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on the playground. Perhaps she was excited to find herself in the position of being able to warn the Daredevil moon in the same way someone Let's face it, it was probably me had once warned her one of life's challenges. And one of its great joys is finding adequate ways of describing how you feel what you see what you have been made to notice. It's work we do constantly, sometimes without even realizing it. poems not just to think more vividly, more daringly great poems leave us with the feeling of having seen or felt or notice something for ourselves. And they leave us with a new vocabulary for our feelings. I find it especially exciting when what a poem teaches me to recognize in a new way, is a source of happiness and delight, like love. Today's poem is a mortise pedals by Angela and our Cisco Torres. Sometimes, I love you. The way my dog loves his all beef chew bone, worrying the knuckled corners from every angle, mandibles, working like pistons. His eyes glaze over with a far away look that says he won't quit till he reaches the soft marrow. his paws, prop the bone upright. It slips. He can't clutch it tight enough bite hard enough. A Dog's paws weren't meant for gripping. And sometimes I love you the way my dog brushes his flank nonchalant against my legs than flops on the floor beside me. While I read or watch TV, his heft warms. One of us is hungry, the other needs to pee. But we sit content as wild flowers. minutes pass hours.

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