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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

waking, dreams, lives, gazelle, sleet, trees, phylum, bach, thought, porridge, stared, warm, strange, flotsam, labyrinth, death, kiln, inverses, bed, embers

00:06

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

00:19

How strange. And how wonderful is it that so much of our lives are spent dreaming every night, a part of you goes somewhere, sees things become something stranger or more potent than your waking self. Today's poem, night work by Ed Bach Lee allows you and me to be travel companions on a waking ride through the unconscious mind. network by Ed Bach Lee. all summer, the city engines low roar capsizes our bodies into sleep. groans, evacuation lost to a watery Adam nesis so warm. It requires a raft that from death's flotsam to necklace at shore. I swim on calling your name. In my dreams, something is always deserving. But tonight, no fast shadows of birds. No oceanic flowers, disrobing, butterflies or bright beach have child's porridge and bones. Instead, someone weaving a net from fallen hair in and around our bed to catch the breath, blood and ritual motions that oil does as one candle in a cave.

01:53

In your dreams, someone is always resisting being saved. My teeth are on fire. You say I said don't fly for the labyrinth. Once I thought you were admonishing me to go away. I don't remember most others 1000 seasons photographed in through a wounded window. Everyone can't have a cactus. Just Okay, empty all the rice from my legs. Once I woke screaming paws red hot embers. You open my mouth and poured a night cold river and once you died, and my heart fished all winter. Once we were eating lunch inside a kiln once you thought you smelled death, but the lavender farm was too large to shave. On the fifth straight morning, I dropped of water. I stared at your face, its neck Reus lids and I swear I could see a glorious ghost shifting over your son warm waves.

Water my birth sign and one day my mother's death that protect fills my love with sadness. There in words to my co workers. It was still dripping in my nods over a galapagus of pages and forms. All love is immigrant that autumn apparently I mumbled your reply after days. Turn off the steam in the trees. Somewhere right now. Two Lovers are conversing without even knowing what their lives mean. one's heart, Gazelle quick to survey a mountain his dead father is always vandalizing the other frequently misplacing her hair, ears or self sabotaging a crime. One usually struggling to stay alive the other often untethering something or is it my mitochondria that powder sugars the moon and you calcifying a promise inside to inscribe there is a dimension where inverses invert until only terror love an imagination cling heavy on human branches. Enter your VISTA phylum on sequenced demur deeds. Can you hear it tonight? wind in iron jars buried inside the living grandmother's past spouses, cable men, priests. Now, I finally manage as our trains smokes out all the rats on their bed of leaves. All night I dive down to the soft structure Have some blue civilizations faith in this myth of life, I keep forgetting whose ideas and sensations I'm supposed to be. Come morning, rain, trees, silvery sleet and daily. This new fresh bounty we share side by side like angels coming home from work at a pearl factory. The slowdown is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.