

20201021 Episode SD

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

notebooks, candy bars, poem, wander, ziggurat, semiotics, tropes, call, cent, slow, national endowment, tunisian, batteries, neel, cellophane tape, aisles, hegemonic, slow down, tug, moonless



00:06

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



00:18

retro telephone, a Tunisian bowl, cotton balls, notebooks, a stapler. A disappointing shower curtain photo albums, nail clippers that broke an okay iron, sports bras, wine, deodorant, baby wipes, Vaseline, hair oil, watery lotion, candy bars, off brand double A batteries.



00:49

What else have I bought at 99 cent stores, tiny mud colored plastic soldiers, tennis balls, soccer balls, cellophane tape, nail polish remover, callus scrapers, maybe a jump rope.



01:07

It's been years since I let myself wander in the splendor of these places. spaces where the notion that anything, let alone everything costs 99 cents is an abstract concept, a nod to nostalgia combing the aisles more out of curiosity than necessity.



01:30

Sometimes wandering those aisles. You meet eyes with someone and your shared search for whatever the object or concept might be. you form an instant, fleeting community. I like it when that happens. When a stranger trusts me with a question, which of these do you like better? We are living in a time when it feels hard to be human. little moments of trust, even over something meaningless. bolster us for the harder stuff.



02:07

Today's poem is owed to the 99 cent store by Joshua Bennett. You are a kind of utopia. You know, God's garage counter hegemonic magic, how you tug on \$1 bill until it becomes an open field. How you mark semiotics offering products which often belie your professed mission, your wonderous intentions, all these too expensive toasters, fragile dishes, ironing boards that make mom appeal to American Express as backup, her escape route from unplanned shame. You ain't have to do us like that. But I peep game. I know you just like everyone else, hoping to hustle your way off the ziggurat block. All these poor folks stacked on top of one another, like tropes.



03:08

Your true currency is the cheer of children, the love of learners under duress, black and white notebooks I still call upon in hopes that these my most harried dreams might have rest shelter when smartphones give in fading to moonless won like everything else around here. You persist you tenacious meditation on excess you candy bars and batteries when pilot lights kissed us no more and Swedish Fish were the best hi we knew or could afford you smorgasbord you sweet ecology, you philosophy of boys that have not yet learned the wiring of value, you neon name you anti Neel ism you clarion call to the righteous singing come fill and be filled.



04:14

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