

20201029 Episode SD

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

fruit, cut, asian, eat, tonight, poetry, noi, brown, yali, revel, orange, feelings, plate, man, nectarines, sweet, table, bowl, parent, glistening



00:06

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



00:22

For the last two years, it has been my ritual to write these daily episodes, entering into dialogue with poets I admire and delving into my own trove of memories, feelings, associations, and convictions, all with the intention of sharing these things with you. It's hard work that has deepened my understanding of why poetry is important. And you're listening, along with your occasional emails, has reminded me that those of us who ponder and revel in all the many facets of life, make up a very special form of community.



01:07

Today's poem fills my heart with immense feelings of gratitude, devotion, thanks, and love. And I'm sharing it with you as a way of saying thank you for the tremendous offering of your presence, your attention, and your belief in the significance of small things.



01:31

This is Jennifer G. Lai's What the kids in subtle Asian traits know



01:38

is that cut up fruit is the ultimate Asian parent gesture of love. There are posts like that feel when your mom cuts fruit when you're up late at night, and you see her eating the leftover bits around the core, before putting the nicely cut apple slices in a bowl to bring to you and if your mom doesn't randomly bring you cut up fruit, is she even your mom and one meme in two frames. In the first a man reads a book and you can see only the cover Asian parents guide to apologizing in the second, the inside of the book, The response come eat. Now that I am older, I need to get the translation right. No, there were never any saris just cold plates of nectarines, bright pummelo ice raw star fruit, fragrant lead g sweet YALI pears without their papery brown skins glistening at Jinghong at Sam Whoo. At may some at garden the restaurants do this too. Tonight, the apron splattered man with grandfather hair carries a chipped plate to the register. The server counts the other tables change but jokes with me crowded enough for you on noi noi could mean girl or woman but it also means daughter. I have spent years making sure he places the oranges on my table. They do this for all the customers. But oh what a glitch in the matrix tonight. My mother saw me alone with my empty bowl and splintered face on a Wednesday and she is here. I know there is a math that measures time. But what about a math that accounts for logic? How should I explain the strangers who bring me fruit after she has gone? It has been 31 years of my mother bringing me cut up fruit without even saying anything. Sometimes she would put the fruit directly into my mouth. Tonight, I will eat all of the orange sweet or not. I will go home. I will call her I will buy an apple and cut it for myself. All she ever wanted was for me to hurry finish before it got brown. No worries if she did not get a taste.



04:34

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