

20201009 Episode SD

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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

life, happiness, sunlight, sketch, love, poem, slow, fadi, national endowment, joy, silkworm, pow, unnoticed, shone, mahmoud, quietly, faraway, conflagration, harvest, glinting



00:06

I'm Tracy k Smith. And this is



00:10

the slow down.



00:20

Sometimes happiness comes up and shocks you pow, like a fight scene in a comic book, something wonderful arrives and makes you stand up or sit down and say yes



00:34

or Wow.



00:36

Or Thank you. That's one kind of happiness. But happiness also exists sometimes quietly in the background. So quietly, we don't always realize it's there. contentment, there in the middle distance, a quiet hum beneath the volume of the day's racket, a bright spot unnoticed in the corner of an otherwise ordinary perspective. The other afternoon, sitting at my desk, I looked out at the bushes in the yard. Many of the leaves I know to be green, actually shone bright white from reflected sunlight. Scanning the distance I saw this was

true sunlight glinting high in trees and low down upon every other blade of grass, sunlight, leaping off from the lid of a grill, from a bobbing wind chime, sunlight everywhere, not static, but moving, dancing, like an exclamation or conflagration of joy. But most of the time, I'm looking the wrong way. News of the World has me worried or I'm in a rush, saying only that I've not yet done what I still must do. And so I miss all the happiness scattered before me. I missed the focus on my daughter's brow as she sketches. I miss the mischief whirring behind my son's eyes, the smile just now stirring under his cheeks



02:22

surface.



02:25

Life is many things. Sometimes it is work, sometimes worry. Other times the rewards life offers feel effortless and unending. Today's poem is and we love life by Mahmoud Darwish, translated by Fadi Judah. The love of life. The love of all the miraculous offerings that surround us isn't always a given. But deliberately seeking out the joy, pleasure and affirmation in what is available can be a heart filling enterprise. And we love life by Mahmoud Darwish. And we love life. If we find a way to do it, we dance in between martyrs and raise a minaret for violet or palm trees. We love life if we find a way to it, and we steal from the silkworm a thread to build the sky



03:35

and fence. In this departure.



03:38

We open the garden gate for the jasmine to go out as a beautiful day on the streets. We love life if we find a way to it, and we plant where we settle some fast growing plants and harvest the dead. We played the flute like the color of the faraway sketch over the dirt corridor a



04:02

nay



04:04

we write our names one stone at a time. Oh lightning make the night a bit clearer. We love life if we find a way to it.



04:26

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04:45

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04:48

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