



theslowdown_20200408_20200408_128

📅 Wed, 9/30 8:15PM ⌚ 5:00

SUMMARY KEYWORDS

children, poem, slow, forgiving, flaws, mid flight, heaved, self pity, arrow, gangly, thought, accept, spare, simultaneous, steely eyed, poetry, upward, felt, possess, inevitable

00:05

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

00:10

down.

00:19

Easy to doubt yourself. It's so hard to cut yourself a break to say, I'm fine, I'm good. I accept myself the way that I am. Sometimes, the urge to read or even write a poem comes from the wish to be kind to yourself, amid a day today filled with struggle, anxiety

00:44

and doubt.

00:45

But how do you do it? How do you let yourself truly love a self? That is by nature of being human, imperfect? How do you forgive yourself despite your inevitable failings and flaws?

01:00

Well,

01:01

I have the idea that talking honestly about who we are, and where we fall short, is a solid first step. not hiding our flaws, not apologizing for them, but putting them out there, and regarding them as facets of the complex and real people we are, I am not perfect. I love my children beyond my own capacity for description. But I do not possess a deep reserve of patience. I have trouble accepting the fact that logic does not often compel my children as it does me. Nor does shame. I battled feelings of self pity, when my adult plans are up ended by a child's demands. But I hope it is possible to do the simultaneous work of

01:59

forgiving myself

02:00

and trying harder to become a better mother. I hope it is possible for all of us to do the simultaneous work of forgiving ourselves while trying harder to become better people. Today's poem is talent. By layli long soldier. My first try, I made a hit. It dropped from morning gray, the smallest shadow. Both wings slipped in Word, mid flight. The man barked. Now I shot again and again a third time with each arrow through the target. I thought was it luck? Or was it skill, luck or skill as the last one fell? It's awkward shape made me run there pulsing on the ground. I was astounded by its size. A gangly white goose throbbed, heaved its head. My eyes dropped. Blood flowers opened in the snow of its neck behind my shoulder, stepping down from a yellow bus child made their way across the field. I shot once more to end it quickly. close range its death. Did I do this to spare the bird from suffering or to spare the children the site?

03:34

My motives and human cold?

03:37

Yes. my knuckles in the cold steamed bright red because on my stomach

03:44

in grass and rubber boots,

03:46

pockets and vests. I slid along with that Hunter. I did as he directed from quiver my draw my black lashes and steely eyed release. It felt good there. It felt strong. My breath in autumn was an animal there. I thought Did I really do this? Did I really? Yeah. What difference is muscle is an arrow powered upward or any flight to center when I did not hear it, though I clearly mouth Poor thing. Poor thing. Poor thing. The slow down is a production of American public media in partnership with the Poetry Foundation.

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