**YGT episode 187\_2**

you're listening to, you've got this episode one 87 welcome to, you've got this, a weekly podcast for higher education professionals looking to increase their confidence and capacity for juggling the day to day demands of an academic life. I'm your host, dr Katie Linder. On today's episode, I thought I would offer something a little bit different.

We're all sitting in a lot of emotion right now. And I know it's a very difficult time. And watching the news and seeing the numbers go up is really hard and there really just aren't any words for a situation like this. And I was trying to think about what to focus on in this episode. And I. Looked at my desk and there's this quote that I've kept for years, um, by Jane Kenyon.

And, uh, I kept it so long that it actually faded. And, um, I had to paint it in the sun and I had to write over it in pen so that I could actually read it still. And, um, I probably have had this on my desk for 10 years, and there's a simplicity to Jane Kenyon's poetry that I've always just really appreciated.

And I think it really comes out in this quote. So she says, be a good steward of your gifts, protect your time, feed your inner life. Avoid too much noise. Read good books, have good sentences in your ears. Be by yourself as often as you can. Walk. Take the phone off the hook. Work regular hours. And I've always just appreciated that list of kind of guidelines or rules.

So much of it ties in with my personality so well. Um, and so when I saw that quote, I just started, you know, looking around online. And sure enough, poets.org, uh, has some wonderful poems from Jean Kenyon. So I thought I would share a few of those in this episode. Link to them in the show notes so that you can follow up if you want to look at her work a little bit more.

Because sometimes when I don't have the words, I want to lean on the words of others that I trust and that I have found comfort in. And I hope you find some comfort in Jane Kenyon's words as well.

The first poem is called notes from the other side. I divested myself of despair and fear when I came here. Now, there is no more catching one's own eye in the mirror. There are no bad books, no plastic, no insurance premiums, and of course, no illness. Contrition does not exist nor gnashing of teeth. No one house as the first clot of earth hits the casket.

The poor. We no longer have with us. Our calm hearts strike only the hour, and God, as promised, proves to be mercy closed in light. The second poem is one called, otherwise I got out of bed on two strong legs. It might have been otherwise. I ate cereal, sweet milk, ripe, flawless, peach. It might have been otherwise.

I took the dog uphill to the Birchwood all morning. I did the work I love at noon. I lay down with my mate. It might have been otherwise. We ate dinner together at a table with silver candlesticks. It might have been otherwise. I slept in a bed in a room with paintings on the walls and planned another day.

Just like this day. But one day I know it will be otherwise. And the third poem is called happiness. There's just no accounting for happiness or the way it turns up like a prodigal who comes back to the dust at your feet, having squandered a fortune far away, and how can you not forgive? You make a feast in honor of what was lost and take from its place.

The finest garment. Which you saved for an occasion you could not imagine, and you weep night and day to know that you were not abandoned. That happiness saved its most extreme form for you alone. No happiness is the uncle you never knew about who flies a single engine plane onto the grassy landing strip hitchhikes into town and inquires at every door until he finds you asleep mid-afternoon.

As you so often are during the unmerciful hours of your despair, it comes to the monk in his cell. It comes to the woman sweeping the street with a Birch broom to the child whose mother has passed out from drink. It comes to the lover, to the dog chewing a sock to the pusher, to the basket maker, and to the clerk stacking cans of carrots in the night.

It even comes to the Boulder. In the perpetual shade of pine barons to rain falling on the open sea to the wine glass. Wary of holding wine.

Like many of you, I am struggling to sit with a range of emotions, many of which are very difficult. And, uh, I hope that this offers some comfort. I would love to trade poems with you. This takes me back to my undergrad days when I read a lot of poetry and I wrote a lot of poetry and I studied poetry. My undergrad was an English major, and I think sometimes in difficult moments, we can turn to those things that feel familiar and they feel comforting.

And right now that's language for me. I'm listening to a lot of audio books and hearing spoken word. Talking with family and friends and connecting with people in all of the ways. I know how, and tonight as I record this, it's the night before I released the podcast. This felt like one of the better ways to connect with all of you.

Please do reach out if you want to seek support in any way that I can offer. You can always email me@helloatdrkatielinder.com you can tweet to me or DM me on Twitter if you want to have a private conversation at Katie. Double underscore Linder. And you can also connect with me on Instagram at Katie underscore lender, or write me a letter at PO box 1973 in Manhattan, Kansas, six six five zero two any way you want to reach out, please do.

I know it's a difficult time for all of us and I'm here and I'm feeling all the feelings right along with you. Thanks for listening. Thanks for listening to this episode of you've got this show notes and a transcript for this episode can be found at Katie linder.work/podcasts if you found this episode helpful, please also consider rating and or reviewing the show in iTunes.

Thanks for listening.