This volume offers a novel collection of international works on the use of poetry in inquiry that transcends conventional disciplinary boundaries. The aim is to illustrate an 'aesthetic move' in social sciences and in particular in health and in education. The collection builds a bridge between the Arts and Health and Education by offering innovative exemplars of use of poetry in social science research and in the context of the many varied disciplinary contexts. An exploration of poetry within an international interdisciplinary collection in the context of education, research inquiry and health and social care with university-affiliated authors is offered. Writers include literary poets, academics and researchers in the arts, the humanities, and human and social sciences: an unusual interdisciplinary community. Authors contribute work illustrating how they are finding varied approaches to make use of the resonant power of words through poetry in their investigations. Writers’ aims span new ways to help readers resonate and connect with findings; new ways of revealing deep understandings of human experience; new ways of being in dialogue with research findings and new ways of working with people in vulnerable situations to name ‘what it is like’. As such, the collection offers examples of the foremost ways seen in the literature for poetry to appear in education, health and caring sciences, anthropology, sociology, psychology, social work and related fields.

Most qualitative research texts focus on one discipline; this text will be relevant for many postsecondary programs and courses including in education, health sciences, arts and humanities and social sciences.
Poetic Inquiry II – Seeing, Caring, Understanding
Poetic Inquiry II – Seeing, Caring, Understanding

Using Poetry as and for Inquiry

Edited by

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We are very grateful to all of the authors in this volume, who waited patiently as we underwent a number of significant challenges in seeing this collection into print.

We thank Jeanette Gilchrist for helping us co-ordinate administrative processes in preparing the text.

We are also grateful to Sense Publisher Peter de Liefde for offering this collection a home as a companion volume to Poetic Inquiry: Vibrant Voices in the Social Sciences (edited by Monica Prendergast, Carl Leggo & Pauline Sameshima, Sense, 2009).
INTRODUCTION

What is it that shines into me and pierces the heart without wounding?

Saint Augustine\(^1\) [\textit{Quid est illud interlucet mihi et percuitit cor meum sine laesione?}]

We offer herein a new international collection of works\(^2\) on the use of poetry in the social sciences that transcends conventional methodological and disciplinary boundaries. Building on Poetic Inquiry I – \textit{Poetic Inquiry: Vibrant Voices in the Social Sciences} (Prendergast, Leggo & Sameshima, 2009); \textit{The Art of Poetic Inquiry} (Thomas, Cole & Stewart, 2012) and other contributions to poetic inquiry (Faulkner, 2009; Leggo, 2008) our core purpose is to illustrate further a growing ‘aesthetic move’ in the human and social sciences. In this text in particular, we offer a specific focus upon poetic inquiry in the fields of healthcare and education.

Poetic Inquiry is a very young branch of the older tree of qualitative research, and a flourishing offshoot of the relatively established branch of arts-based research (Barone & Eisner, 1997, 2012; Knowles & Cole, 2008; Leavy, 2014; Rolling Jr., 2013). The mission of poetic inquiry strikes at the heart of a call for a turning in qualitative inquiry whereby a ‘crisis of representation’ (Denzin & Lincoln, 2011, p. 3) requires some mediation. Often the perspectives and voices of participants have been fragmented, rendered in analyses that could be considered as lacking depth, and characteristically ‘over summative’. In such representation the ‘scientific concern’ is necessarily attended to but as a consequence participants’ voices are at risk of being appropriated, over-shadowed or even silenced. Further, the researcher may also be absent in the account of the research, as if science was not a human endeavour with its own kinds of emotional labour that come with the demands inherent in the study of human worlds and human frailty. To jettison researchers’ own experiences of engaging with such demands is to risk losing the reflective and descriptive power that qualitative research offers. If qualitative inquiry is to succeed then it must be adequately descriptive, reflect the thickness of living and communicate its processes and findings in rich and in-depth ways. It is within this quest for a ‘communicative concern’ to offer rich and shared understandings, that poetry can offer its resonant power (Galvin & Todres, 2010) in hand with a ‘scientific concern’ to be faithful to a systematic, credible and transparent process.

And our heritage has deeper routes. Below the surface of this flourishing branch that is a response to representational crisis of qualitative research, there is an important
and longstanding philosophical heritage. This rich heritage points towards the nature of human Being, it is concerned with human existence, to how we are in and come to know the world. It spans for example, Wilhelm Dilthey’s (1833–1911) ‘Poetry and Experience’, his writings on aesthetics and understanding of poetry in the context of history and the human sciences; William James’s (1842–1910) ideas about sensation, emotion and perception; The 20th Century phenomenological philosophers, a whole phenomenological movement that attempted to bring philosophy away from the abstract metaphysical towards concrete lived experience: Brentano, Husserl, Heidegger, Gadamer, Arendt, Levinas, Sartre, Merleau-Ponty and Derrida (see Moran 2000); and it includes later contributions such as Gaston Bachelard’s (1958) ‘Poetics of Space’ and his (1971) ‘Poetics of Reverie’ and Roland Barthes’s (1975) ‘The pleasure of the text’; through to later seminal works, for example, that invite such diverse fields as creative writing, painting, drama and architecture, ‘through gates’ towards poetry (Hirschfield, 1997). Collectively this heritage, and the many strands of thought it has subsequently fertilised, is also concerned with an overarching imperative, that is, of understanding and productively responding to the shadow that has been cast through the splitting of art away from science. There remains a problem within the whole linear trajectory of science to the present day, something that Edmund Husserl pointed out in Crisis of The European Sciences over 100 years ago and something which Mary Midgley (2014) warns us about in her discussions of ever more narrowly defined views of human life when she says:

The myth to which I specially want to draw attention now is the one that credits science- physical science- with a rather odd central role in our lives. This myth pictures our world as a vast mass of physical objects that are being observed from a great distance by an anonymous observer through a huge array of telescopes. It is not by chance that the observer himself is anonymous, and indeed invisible, because he is not a proper object at all. Like the telescopes, he is simply a part of the apparatus that is needed to observe and record this endless range of facts. The whole process of observing and recording is called ‘Science’ and is seen as constituting a central purpose of human life. (p. 4)

Although human kind has successfully made use of science and technology for the mastery of many threats, something of our human selves is at risk of becoming ever more fragmented and even lost: our grounded living in the world. Here, poetic inquiry, we argue, is one endeavour that offers some recovery of ways of being faithful to the seamlessness of living and of holding onto ‘wholes’. The ‘need’ for resonant power given by poetry has to do with the culture of our age, the specialising nature of science, ‘what counts’ as evidence, and the developmental paths of our disciplines (sociology, psychology, anthropology, education, health sciences) within the technological spirit of our age.

In his book Technology as Symptom and Dream (1989) Robert Romanyshyn traces the European linear perspective developed from the 15th Century and how this radically transformed sense of world, body and self, analysing how we have ‘created
ourselves’ through the enactment of technology. He puts to use two metaphors to reflect upon technology, as powerful human creation that takes us further and further away from ‘imaginative life’, alienating us from our embodiment and our lived world: Technology is humanities dream of escaping death (see for example pp. 29–30) and technology as a symptom of the impossibility of this escape and the necessity of returning home to the embodied status of a full mortal humanity. We wish to say that perhaps the greatest promise of poetic inquiry is an offer of one way to mediate the shadows of our cultural dream and return home to our embodied, mortal human existence. Romanyshyn more recently says (2014), “My claim is that a poetic sensibility inclines us to a language of the soul and awakens us to the mystery, ambiguity, subtlety, and the strange and awesome elusive epiphanies of the multi-levelled layers of psychological life as they display themselves to the world” (p. 1). This is a call for the re-enchantment of knowledge, the honouring of reverie, and towards the possibility of a striking of the human heart.

This present text offers a ‘bridge building’ between the arts, health, caring science and education disciplines through illustrations that insist that the human endeavour of social research holds affective and aesthetic dimensions that are both valuable and deeply insightful. Developing understandings of this rich potential presents a challenge to conventional methodological approaches and, we argue, can yield new and practically useful insights in fields such as caring, education, social justice and gender studies to name a few. And here we draw on Mary Midgley (2014) once more:

The faculties by which all the sciences work are human faculties, continuous with the ones we use in everyday life. This continuity is plain when we notice, how prevalent, and how important, metaphors drawn from ordinary experience have always been in science. New thinking always needs to go back to its natural roots. And the aim of the whole effort is not to reach an alien world by getting outside the human sphere. It is to make the best sense we can of what human life can show us. (pp. 151–152)

What follows is an exploration of poetry for and as enquiry bringing forward illustrations of a convergence between epistemology, research methods and poetry. This includes the writing of poetry as inquiry in itself, and also the use of poetry in the service of research in the human world. Here, diverse applications of poetry writing and poetic expression have been used to render findings evocatively. Poetry has also been used to engage participants in aspects of a range of qualitative methods and analyses, to bear witness, and finally poetry has usefully enlivened professional and public engagement with research findings. In all these ways poetic inquiry offers a) the possibility of participation, participative writing and transcendence of disciplinary boundaries b) engagement in more aesthetic ways of knowing and c) opening up of an honouring of the ‘relational realities of the presence of a phenomenon’. Postmodern relativism has been extensively engaged with the first two moves, and phenomenological approaches go further being engaged with all three (Galvin & Todres, 2012).
K. GALVIN & M. PRENDERGAST

Many of the contributions in this book are based on presentations given at the 3rd biennial International Symposium on Poetic Inquiry, [ISPI] held in October, 2011, at Bournemouth University in the UK. The symposium aimed to bring health and educational researchers together to cross-fertilise poetic inquiry from diverse disciplinary perspectives, serving to enrich what we do as researchers in literary studies, education, health, caring sciences, anthropology, psychology, sociology social work and related fields. This event followed the ISPI at the University of Prince Edward Island in 2009, and was subsequently followed by the 4th ISPI, at McGill University in Montreal in October of 2013. Common threads drawing these contributions together span a) novel ways of making use the resonance of poetically expressed words as a way to help readers engage with findings, b) communicating human resonance in findings as a way to reveal understandings of human experience in all its complexity, via naming and articulating that experience in ways that others can humanly recognise and personally make sense of; c) new ways of being in dialogue with research findings and finally d) poetic inquiry as a movement that can offer new directions for productively participating with people in research in the context of challenging social and personal situations. Since 2009, four Special Edition peer reviewed journal collections have been devoted to Poetic Inquiry: Educational Insights (Prendergast, Leggo & Sameshima, 2009); Learning Landscapes (Butler-Kisber, 2010); Creative Approaches to Research (Galvin & Prendergast, 2012); and in education (Guiney Yallop, Wiebe & Faulkner, 2014).

While this is still quite a new branch of arts-based inquiry, it is not simply the case that ‘anything with poetry goes’. The field is developing its standing on some philosophical grounds to articulate a) what it is, b) what it is doing and c) what it is for. As part of our overall project we are keen that the poetic inquiry movement takes steps to revisit philosophical ideas about knowledge generation and poetry’s communicative tasks within varied communities and within culture. It is also valuable to point to foundational ideas in both the human and social sciences concerning the nature and purpose of creatively writing about and communicating human experience.

There have already been moves to develop criteria that can act as guiding characteristics for the evaluation of creative analytic practice – substantive contribution; aesthetic merit; reflexivity; impact; and expression of reality (Richardson, 2000). This has been followed by several contributions that unfold and problematise the purpose and craft of poetic inquiry, for example, Faulkner’s (2009) call for increasing attention to craft; Leggo’s (2011) contemplation upon the question ‘What is a good poem?’ with his turn towards a new question: ‘What is a poem good for?’ and works which point to numinous sources of knowledge, new forms of knowing (Leggo, 2008; Prendergast & Leggo, 2007) and to poetic inquiry as method (Faulkner, 2010; Leavy, 2014).

Already the Poetic Inquiry field has been bibliometrically scoped and systematised (Prendergast, 2009) according to the foremost ways that poetry appears in the social science literature. In 2009, Prendergast presented an analysis of the first bibliography...
INTRODUCTION

(182 entries from indexed and peer reviewed journals 1918 to 2007) in three primary voices: *Vox Autobiographia / Autoenthnographia*; (the personal reflective voice) *Vox Participare* (the voices of participants, usually presented as ‘found poems’ crafted from data) and *Vox Theoria* (the theoretical exploring poetic inquiry literature and drawing on philosophy). Her bibliography was updated in 2012 in partnership with a doctoral student (Clement & Prendergast 2012) and contains 129 sources, testament to a flourishing new branch of qualitative arts-based research that already offers a considerable body of work in both indexed peer reviewed sources and the grey literature. Further, this growth can be articulated as having emerged in the following forms:

- *Vox Theoria / Vox Poetica* – Poems about self, writing and poetry as method
- *Vox Justitia* – Poems on equity, equality, social justice, class, freedom
- *Vox Identitatis* – Poetry exploring, self/ participants’ gender, race, sexuality
- *Vox Custodia* – Poetry of caring, nursing, caregivers’/ patients’ experience
- *Vox Procreator* – Poems of parenting, family and/ or religion. (Prendergast, 2015, p. 6)

In all these ways, playfully named in Latin by Prendergast (2015, p. 6), poetic inquiry is contributing to the quest of engagement with concrete experiences and in ways that point to ‘more than words can say’, and in ways that open up participation. Poetry reveals, poetry has the power to open up the unexpected, to contribute to aesthetic depth, to bring us close to ambiguities with metaphor and image, it allows access to vulnerability, courage, and truth telling and playfully or poignantly forges new critical insight. This includes a *bearing witness* to diverse vicissitudes of life (Forché, 1993; Glassman, 1998; Churchill, 2006). The poetic inquiry movement offers a contribution to a developing body of evidence that is not merely a third person perspective, as in conventional evidence, but is also intimate with first and second person perspectives and is thus a fertile pathway to ethical, caring and empathic work. In reading or listening to a poem we are bearing witness to the other, to the person writing the poem, or to the situation that is the subject of the poem and this is a fundamental part of caring work. Such capacity to care is resourced through the empathic imagination, and this imagination is given by bodily and relational resonance (Galvin & Todres, 2010; 2012). Here understanding is never simply cognitive: thinking is never alone, feeling is also there – a personally recognisable connection or resonance that makes possible an experiential ‘to be struck by’ something. It is in this spirit that an aesthetic and poetic sensibility opens up the possibilities of relational engagement with poetic renderings and through which we can come to understand something freshly and deeply. We invite you to jump in and swim in the depths and to explore what grabs your attention.

*Poetic form is both the ship and the anchor. It is at once a buoyancy and a holding, allowing for the simultaneous gratification of whatever is centrifugal and centripetal in mind and body. And it is by such means that Yeats’ work does what the necessary poetry always does, which is to touch the base of our sympathetic nature*
while taking in at the same time the unsympathetic reality of the world to which
that nature is constantly exposed. The form of the poem, in other words, is crucial
to poetry’s power to do the thing which always is will always be to poetry’s credit:
the power to persuade that vulnerable part of our consciousness of its rightness in
spite of the evidence of wrongness all around it, the power to remind us that we are
hunter and gatherers of values, that our very solitudes and distresses are creditable,
in so far as they, too, are an earnest of our veritable human being (Seamus Heaney,

NOTES
1 Translated by Nolan, P.E. (1990). Now through a glass darkly. Ann Arbor, MI: The University of
Michigan Press.
2 The collection offered in this text cannot be exhaustive of the many developments in poetic inquiry,
rather it aims to offer diverse illustrations to indicate poetic inquiry’s intentions and to highlight many
rich possibilities.
3 We cannot be exhaustive here but include branches of twentieth century thought concerned not with
material and physical sciences but with existence, social, cultural and psychological life and the
epistemological projects that serve these understandings.

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INTRODUCTION


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In this opening section, chapters collectively make an implicit case for the use of poetry in research as a method to see a phenomenon or event in a new way or in a new light with fresh perspective. Seeing a research site through poetry invites a deeper kind of observation, this is a thread that weaves itself through the contributions in this section. As in many poetic inquiries, in some cases there is an overlay of voices, with examples of participant voiced poems to illuminate a diverse kinds of studies with many complexities; in others contributions from literary poets illustrate poetry as an inquiry in itself.

Selected chapters are illustrations of the power of poetry to elicit an empathic response and several chapters offer examples of visual art responses layered with poetic responses.
ALEXANDRA FIDYK

1. SEEING WITH AN UNCONSCIOUS EYE

_The Poetic in the Work of Emily Carr_

EMILY CARR – WOMAN, ARTIST, INDIVIDUAL & VISIONARY

Any call to ways of seeing, understanding and caring through poetic inquiry as a creative approach to research would not be complete without the inclusion of the unconscious. That is the forgotten, repressed and denied aspects of one’s personal, familial, cultural, and collective unconscious. To illustrate the centrality of this autonomous element to the creative process, I highlight the work of Emily Carr and its capacity to reflect her ability to live more consciously through the urge of the art complex.

THE EARLY YEARS

Carr was a Canadian painter and author whose life was marked by loss, poverty, illness, and isolation (1871–1945). While she embodied a wild spirit, she was out of tune and time with the Victorian household of her parents as well as the racist and classist attitude of her society – Victoria, British Columbia. Indeed, it was only at the age of fifty-six that the long years of suffering and neglect ended when the *Group of Seven* discovered her work. This group of seven male landscape painters believed that a distinct Canadian art could be developed through direct contact with nature. While Carr’s technique and relationship to self was yet to mature, she was the only woman known to be seriously painting at this time who sought to express a soul connection with nature. It was among this small group of painters that Carr, as a woman, artist, and individual, was seen and her work was recognized. One could say that meeting these artists and encountering their art symbolized a pivotal turn in her life – the end of withdrawal, depression, and grief and the beginning of a time of discovery and a potential expansion of selfhood. It also marked the start of her Journals in which she wrote about her spiritual life, inner dialogues, and relationships, the creative process with the subjects painted, and of the decisive change in direction that her life took after seeing the work of the *Group of Seven*.

One might argue that her suffering _shaped_ her aesthetic attitude, indeed, shaped her for art to unfold. In her early years Emily lived in fear of her father who was “ultra English” (Carr, 1966b, p. 14); while her mother provided a buffer to the harshness of her family, she did not provide the love and acceptance that this extraordinary child
so deeply needed. Her stubborn and independent character challenged constantly her English upbringing and the norms of her society. She was dubbed “Small” by her older sisters, not only because she was the smallest, but also because she knew nothing of societal norms and Victorian prejudice.

In childhood she often escaped to her father’s open lily field when punished or lonely. Her closest friends, an imaginary small boy, and a luxurious horse, accompanied her there and became the “world of Small.” She dropped out of school when her mother died at 15. And two years later, her father died. Her life then became even more difficult when her eldest and sternest sister became head of the household.

Along with Carr’s sensitive and intuitive character, her marginalized position within her family and society, contributed to an identification with and understanding of others on the fringes, including Aboriginal and Asian peoples. Her passion for animals and nature further aided in dissolving her boundaries of perceived difference, thus enabling Carr to not only feel from their horizon but to love them and their difference.

At 18 years of age, Carr began to formally study painting, first in San Francisco, then in England and France. The subject that attracted her most during these early years was “Indian art” – their masks, totem poles, and long houses. However, her training had taught her to copy, to “carefully, and honestly, and correctly” record the characteristics and dimensions of her subject (Riley, n.d., part 1). Her art thus failed to pierce as West Coast First Nation art did for she had acquired the skills and processes to see outsides only. Their art, in contrast, captured the heart and mood of the land – the brooding coastal forests and majestic mountains with their mystery and beauty. In her autobiography, Growing Pains (1966b), she explains:

Indian art broadened my seeing, loosened the formal tightness I had learned in England’s schools. … The Indian caught first at the inner intensity of his subject, worked outward to the surfaces. His spiritual conception he buried deep in the wood he was about to carve. (pp. 211–212)

This understanding of ‘Indian art’ is not reflected in her painting until after 1927 when she strips the poles of excessive detail, wipes from them “distracting settings and concentrates on their sculptural strength and expressive energy” (Shadbolt, 1979, p. 30). Until then she imposes that of “other” onto them, either a straightforward, carefully observed and rendered watercolour style (as with her work of 1908–1910) or the French-derived manner she brought back with her from Europe in 1911 (Shadbolt, 1979). Neither style was suitable for the awe-inspiring numinosity that she experienced in the presence of the poles.

A HOLY ENCOUNTER

Many years later, at age 56, upon seeing the work of the Group of Seven, she had a similar experience to standing in the presence of the totem poles; she had a holy
encounter – a profound numinous experience – a “feeling of the supersensual” (Otto cited in Stein, 2006, p. 41). She wrote of this meeting: “Oh, God, what have I seen? Where have I been? Something has spoken to the very soul of me, wonderful, mighty, not of this world. … Something has called out of somewhere” (Carr cited in Davis, 1992, p. 7). Jung proposed that one is conditioned not only by the past but also by the future, which gradually evolves out of us. This is especially the case in creative persons whose aptitude and skill are not seen until an unexpected reflection is turned back upon them. He describes this happening:

with a creative person who does not at first see the wealth of possibilities within [her], although they are all lying there already. So it may easily happen that one of these still unconscious aptitudes is called awake by a “chance” remark or by some other incident, without the conscious mind knowing exactly what has awakened. (Jung, 1946/1954, para. 110)

This “unseeing” of self is precisely what had happened to Emily Carr. Due to her isolation, difference, and the inability of significant others to mirror (see and acknowledge) her and her creative gifts, Carr doubted herself, her intuition, and skill, thereby further withdrawing from human relationships. When she encountered the art and artists forming the Group of Seven when she was invited to Ottawa for an art exhibition, the experience was so powerful that it utterly transformed the rest of her life. This ‘chance’ encounter activated a higher or deeper consciousness or what Jung and Otto (1923/1950) call the numinosum – described as “fascination, mysteriousness, and tremendousness” (cited in Rossi, n.d., p. 12). When Carr returned to Victoria (after the exhibition), she was already responding to this awakening.

For the next ten years, she painted the west coast in extraordinary beauty and further developed methods and a style that were aptly suited to a widening range of her maturing self. It was during this period that she released herself to the artistic drive. This creative surge reflected new elements of her personality that emerged unheralded, including being open once again to love.

THE CREATIVE SURGE

Considered psychologically, when the artist creates, it is not the manifestation of her need to communicate some “thing” to the world. Rather, it is an autonomous complex, an “art complex,” “gone wild which [has] to emerge, which [needs] to find full expression” (Spielrein cited in van den Berk, 2012, p. 22). The complex, while “fused with affect and bound to the individual” (van den Berk, 2012, p. 17), is however denied a personal element. The very “tendency towards dissolution (or transformation) of every individual complex is the motive for poetry, painting, for every sort of art” (Spielrein cited van den Berk, 2012, pp. 24–25, italics van den Berk’s). Like any complex, which autonomously takes charge, it gripped and directed her, and at times even possessed her. However, as her ego strengthened, she
was better able to “channel [its] energy” into her creative process without completely succumbing to it (p. 19). Indeed, “the creative process,” for Jung, “has a feminine quality, and the creative work arises from unconscious depths – [one] might … say from the realm of the Mothers” (1930/1978, para. 103), from the embodied, the relational, and the feminine.

What was most significant to Carr’s new creative approach was her ability to trust her feelings and to risk their expression. She was now able to go into the woods and tune to that thing that called to her rather than following the steps of others and copying their artistic expression of what called to them. Simply, she had learned to feel, trust and release to what arose, including old hurts and fears. She was then able to become the conduit for – a “vision” which had to emerge – one that “wishe[d] to incarnate itself with unyielding force … a symbol, without any concern for [her]” (van den Berk, 2012, p. 100).

Significantly, it was through her poverty that she discovered by thinning house paint with gasoline and using brown paper, that with great sweeps of her arm, her brush strokes became alive, unrestrained, embodying the movement of her natural world. Her brush “strokes became forms of energy themselves,” markers of direction, speed or strength, carrying whatever expressive value they released (Shadbolt, 1979, p. 185). “Working with the thin medium, the brush move[d] in easy waves across the paper,” back and forth, creating one “continuous flow,” uniting the sky with the rock and trees in “one fluid movement” (Shadbolt, 1979, p. 185). This technique suggests that Carr had come to rely on a kind of wisdom – an inner seeing simultaneously tuned to the creative outer eye of the cosmos. This reflexive act bridged vision, creative drive, practical demands, and the subject itself while releasing previous ego-driven habituations. It is important to note that Carr did not feel detached from nature when she was younger yet her earlier paintings and methods reveal an unconscious separation, one where she appears the unattached observer.

A NEW INTEGRATION

Carr’s late work bears witness to a new integration within her psyche, between unconscious and conscious elements, and between her self and nature. It becomes a meeting place for the ideal and the real, the numinous and the mundane. In a journal entry she beautifully describes the potential of art to develop the soul. She saw, for example, the plant’s struggle to reach the light was the same as her own:

look at the earth, crowded with growth, new and old bursting from their strong roots hidden in the silent live ground … so, artist, you too from the deeps of your soul, down among dark and silence, let your roots creep forth [and push, push towards the light]. (1993, p. 676)

One senses that she understands the creative process as “a living thing implanted in the human psyche” (Jung, 1922/1978, para. 75) – a breathing “thing that is
autonomous, unintentional, fused with affect and bound to the individual” (van den Berk, 2012, p. 17).

Her inner process respected the relationship with that which coursed through her and the cosmos, arriving via a different tempo and process than did the speed of her oil-on-papers. It required that she go far into the woods and upon finding something that beckoned her, she lit a smoke and sat to contemplate it. She absorbed it at length then asked, “Now what do I want to say about it?” She used a notebook for these “jottings” – a form of free association in relation to the subject – including what she felt in relation to it was of primary importance, not the measure or detail of what she saw. She also sketched in her journals. Rather than seeking to capture a representation of what she saw, she quietly allowed a pictorial image to “sort itself out of nature’s jumble” (Shadbolt, 1979, 193, emphasis mine). During this part of the process, “instead of trying to force our personality on to our subject,” she advised, “we should be quite quiet and unassertive and let the subject swallow us and absorb us into it” (1966, p. 123). Here the polarities of subjectivity and objectivity invert; here Carr becomes the object to the subjectivity of the thing holding her attention. Here the ego has a say and the unconscious has a say. For most it is crucial that the ego gently hold the lead for it is in danger of being overwhelmed by the unconscious. However in these notes, it can be argued that Carr had developed her relationship to the unconscious to such a degree that she could surrender to the lead of the unconscious and slowly slip back to ego consciousness when she had left the thing that had called to her. This process likewise resembles that of a scholar or researcher who must become aware of her predisposition and transference to the subject in order that her ego does not drown the other energies at play. It is a critical partnership, one that is often not recognized in the creative process, especially when many credit themselves (their egos) with artistic ability and insight rather than something arising from the objective psyche which needs to be negotiated. As Jung describes, “It is exactly as if a dialogue were taking place between two human beings with equal rights, each of whom gives the other credit for a valid [point]” (Jung cited in Miller, 2004, p. 26). Carr (1966) describes it thus:

I am always looking for the face of god, always listening for his voice in the woods. This I know – I shall not find it until it comes out of my inner self, until the God quality in me is in tune with the God quality in nature … until I have learned and fully realized my relationship to the Infinite. (1966, p. 29)

Such a dialogue between the conscious and the unconscious is fundamental for the emergence of the third, the transcendent function, seen here as an exchange between two equal entities. Of this exchange, what becomes crucial is the ability to be fully present, to be able to contemplate, and to hold the tension of what arises within the artist herself. Jung underscored the ability to listen; for to dialogue requires good listening skills and each is required with the other both intrapsychically (via the transcendent function) and interpersonally (in relationships). It also requires “courage, perseverance and effort” (Miller, 2004, p. 29) on the part of the individual
as the happening of the transcendent function can be affected by the person’s readiness. In terms of Carr’s own development, her ability to dialogue intimately about philosophical and spiritual ideas with Lawren Harris (the intellectual of the Group of Seven), for example, reflects her improved ability to relate to others. Her intrapsychic dialogues are notable in her Journals where she writes between (and from) the voice of her sensitive and imaginative inner child, Small, and her older self, Emily, reflecting her ability to converse with her inner figures. For Jung, “the capacity for inner dialogue is a touchstone for outer objectivity” (Jung cited in Miller, 2004, p. 27). This capacity becomes increasingly evident in Carr’s later work.

THE MATURE YEARS

When psychological maturity comes – it may or may not be accompanied by years – it is no longer the pains or joys of the individual that has import but rather the life of the collective. In arriving to this place, the artist has learnt to see poetically, a fusion of love, relationality, patience, empathy, continuity, and surrender. Some significant encounter (or series of minor ones) has shifted her centre of awareness to a more inclusive vantage point wherein creating art must reach beyond the personal while always grounded in it. In this way, one understands re-search in a new light. It is no longer an effort of the ego, seeking affirmation externally often in the form of accolades, status, or recognition. Rather, it becomes an inner directed task where coming to know is part of one’s very existence, undertaken for the in-dividuating self yet always through ongoing dialogue with one’s inner figures (subjectivity) and the creative principle or objective psyche of the cosmos. As such creating becomes a necessity, an unbidden urge, and the individual merely a vessel for its expression. The artist or researcher “writes, paints, or composes what [she] suffers” (Jung cited in van den Berk, 2012, p. 19). “Creativity exists by the grace of an ‘unrestrained’ spirit” (van den Berk, 2012, p. 1) wherein the artistic person has animal roots. It is “in and through the ‘artistic drive’ [that] the creative process is propelled ‘from below upwards’ and receives within the psyche a ‘radiating’ numinous aspect” (Jung cited in van den Berk, 2012, p. 16).

Carr’s Journals and the biographies and documentaries on her life suggest that she remained in close relation to the root matter of all things; she lived by an “instinctive animism” (Shadbolt, 1979, p. 142). She was of the earth so it was natural for her to endow rocks and roots with human life, “humans with animal life, nature with spirit life, or any other combination” (p. 142). With time, suffering and humility, she recognized the boundaries of her ego and the experience of the irrational greater forces that constitute the drives of the psyche. Her reclusion and exclusion from society, regardless of how painful, allowed her to maintain a kind of porosity that enabled her to be in feeling empathetic relation with nature, an ability to access the “perennial rhizome beneath the earth” (Jung, 1952/1956, para. xxiv). She did develop, of course, greater consciousness regarding the role of her ego in this process. As a whole her late work suggests a more consciously aware connection
between the conscious and the unconscious, reflecting the dialogue of her ego with
the other – both her personal and the collective unconscious. This relationship
is the aim of poetic inquiry, of re-search that serves the soul and of inquiry that
best expresses through performance, journaling, collage, painting, and poetry. The
researcher then resembles Carr as the artist who can touch the psychic depths in
which we all partake, and thus, influences us in a visionary way. This vision reveals
itself to our consciousness as a symbol that connects consciousness and appears in
aesthetic form – the tree for example can be noted predominantly in the paintings
and writings of Carr.

To illustrate Carr’s “seeing with an unconscious eye,” I close with a suite of
found poetry drawn from Carr’s Journal Hundreds & Thousands (1966). These
excerpts have been selected as reflective of her inner process and speak of her poetic
awareness and reverence for Mother Earth. They are offered as a felt sense of Carr’s
relationship with other – not as distinctly other but as an extension of her own breath
and body – a union made possible by surrendering her ego desires, and welcoming
the images and feelings that sought release through her. In this way, I offer a glimpse
of her unique way of seeing, understanding, and caring for the world.
This is perhaps the way
to find that thing
I long for:

Go into the woods alone
and look at the earth,
crowded with growth,
    new and old bursting
    from their strong roots
    hidden in the silent, live ground,
    each seed
    according to its own kind
    expanding, bursting,
    pushing its way
    upward
    towards the light and air,
    each one knowing
    what to do,
    each one demanding
    its own
    right on earth.

Feel this growth,
    the surging upward
this expansion,
    the pulsing life
all working with the same idea,
    the same urge to express
    the God in themselves.

So, artist, you too
from the deeps of your soul,
    down among dark and
silence,
let your roots creep forth,
gaining strength.
Crawl deeply from the
good nourishment of the earth
but rise into the glory
of the light
and air
and sunshine.
I am painting Sky.
A big tree
butts up into it
on one side
and there is a slope in the corner
with pines.
These are only to give
distance.

The subject is Sky,
big big Sky –
starting lavender beneath the trees
and rising,
rising into a smoother
hollow air space,
greenish in tone,
merging into laced clouds
and then into deep, deep,
bottomless blue,
not flat and smooth
like the centre part of Sky
but loose,
coming forward.

There is to be one,
one sweeping movement
through the whole air,
an ascending movement,
high and fathomless.
The movement
must connect with each
other –
taking great care
with its articulation.
A movement that floats up, up
floats up.

It is a study in movement,
designed movement –
something very subtle.
A. Fidyk

There is a torn and splintered ridge
across the stumps.
I call them screamers –
    the unsawn last bits
    the cry of the tree’s heart,
    wrenching and tearing apart
just before she gives that sway,
and that dreadful groan of falling,
    that dreadful pause
while her executioners step back
with their saws and axes resting –
    and watch.

It is a horrible sight.
It is a horrible sight
to see a tree felled
    even now
    though the stumps are grey and rotting.

As you pass among them
with their screamers sticking out –
    their own tombstones.

They are their own tombstones
    and their own mourners.

The cedars are good.
I know that.
I ought to stick
    to nature
    because I love trees better than people.
I don’t know
    humans as deeply.
I am painting a
jungle,
a forest as jungle,
  that nobody visits
  because the loneliness repels them.
The density –
  the dark dark overhangs,
  the unsafe hidden footing,
  the dank smells,
    of slow rot and death,
  the great quiet,
  the mystery,
  the general mix up
    of tangle, bramble, entwine
    of growth and
  what might be hidden there – .
No one comes.
They are repelled
by the awful solemnity of the Old Ones,
  with the wisdom of all their years
  of growth
      looking down upon you,
making you feel perfectly in
  infinitesimal –
    their overpowering weight,
    their groanings and
    their creekings, mutterings, and
  sighings –
    the rot and decay of the age-old trees
    the toadstools and slugs
    among the upturned, rotting roots
      of those who have fallen,
reminding one
  of the perishableness of even those
    slow-maturing,
    much-enduring growths.
The sallal is tough and stubborn
rose and blackberry thorny.
A. Fidyk

There are the fallen logs
and mossy stumps,
    a thousand varieties of growth
and shapes and obstacles,
    the dips and hollows,
hillocks and mounds,
riverbeds,
forests of young pines and
spruce piercing up through
the tangle to get to the
quiet light
diluted
    through the overhanging branches
    of great overtopping trees.

Should one sit down –
    the great, dry, green sea
    would sweep over
    and engulf you.
Life is sweeping
    through the spaces.

Everything is alive –
    the air is alive;
    the silence is full of sound;
    the green is full of colour;
    light and dark chase each other.

Here is a picture –
    a complete thought
    and there another
    and there...

There are themes everywhere –
    something sublime,
    something ridiculous,
    something joyous,
    or calm,
    or wonderful,
    or mysterious.

Tender youthfulness
laughing at gnarled oldness.
Moss and ferns,
and leaves and twigs,
light and air,
depth and colour –
    chatting, singing, dancing,
    dancing
    a mad joy-dance,
but only, apparently tied up,
    in stillness and silence.

You must be still
    in order to hear and see.
How badly I wanted that nameless thing.

First there must be an idea,
    a feeling,
    or whatever you want to call it,
    the something that interested or inspired you
    to make you desire to express it.

Maybe an abstract idea that
    you must find a symbol for,
    or maybe it was a concrete form that
    you have to simplify
    or distort to meet your ends –
    but that starting point
    must pervade the whole.

Then you must discover the pervading direction,
    the pervading rhythm,
    the dominant, recurring forms,
    the dominant colour,
    but always the thing must be top in your thoughts.

Everything must lead up to it,
    clothe it,
    feed it,
    balance it,
    tenderly fold it,
    till it reveals itself –
    in all the beauty of its very being-ness.
Sometimes the soul
gets so lonely
that it tries to break
through its silence.

The tongue and ear
want to handle it,
to help it grow –
fertilise it.

Everything is for
the soul’s growth.

She calls
to all the physical and
material to help her,
    like these majestic forests that call you,
    the gravel pits that churn you up inside,
    the little creatures who ask nothing – .

And yet we act
as if its sole use was
for itself,
for its comfort and ease.
The beach was sublime
this morning –
    low, low tide
    that revealed things
    that are most times hidden,
    great boulders, and
    little round stones the size of heads,
    covered with a kind of dried sea moss,
    looking like the tops of human heads.

The sea urchins squirted
as you walked by
and crabs scuttled,
    and the air
    and the sea
    and the earth
were all on good terms,
and made little caressing sounds.

The sea kissed the pebbles
and the young breeze petted everything.

As for the earth –
    she is beside herself
    with sprouts and so happy.

The air
    and the earth
and the sea
    seemed to be holding some splendid
    wonderful secret,
    folding it up between them
    and saying to you –
    “Peep and guess.
    If you guess right, you can have it.”

And you’re almost scared –
    scared to guess
    for fear of being wrong
    and not getting it right.
I think perhaps this is the way in art.
The spirit of the thing
calls to your soul.

First it hails it
in passing
and your soul pauses
and shouts back – “Coming.”

But the soul dwells
in your innermost being
and it has a lot of
courts and rooms
and things to pass through,
doors and furniture
and clutter to go round
and through,
and she has to pass through
and round all this impedimenta
before she can get out
in the open and catch up
and sometimes she can’t go on
at all
but is all snarled up
in obstructions.

But sometimes
she does
go direct and clear and
and catches up
and goes along.

Sometimes
they can only go a bit of the way together
and sometimes
quite far,
but after a certain distance,
she always has to drop back.

But, oh, if you could only go
far enough to see
the beauty of the whole,
of the whole
complete thought
that has called out to you –.
REFERENCES


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INVITATION

Purpose: to understand methodology, where poetic inquiry may be understood primarily as “gaze.”

If, as Bachelard says, the poetic image is direct ontology, a phenomenology of the soul and if the gaze of poetry is courtesy (Lilburn, 1999), how might poetic inquiry—a courteous inquiry, courteous seeing—move us toward a deeper understanding? What images do we have to illuminate this gazing? Ancient, the image, that there is a window that opens in the heart. Imam Abu Hamid Al-Ghazali (1058–1111), poet, philosopher, and esteemed scholar, gives instruction for how to see (with the heart), how to take in the world, past the body’s hardest bone (eardrum), where in the act of listening we meet, are at once necessary witness, and at once [at our greatest depths within the image] may begin preparation to see.

The poetic image bears witness to a soul which is discovering its world, the world where it would like to live and where it deserves to live. (Bachelard, 1960, p. 15)

[Let’s place ourselves here:]

to understand poetic image:

Poetic image is whole (Al-Ghazali) and it is also trace. It may be a place or state: a space for radical meeting† (Forché) of self and other, a multi dimensional location (Zwicky, 2011) of potential and tension; a threshold/dihliz (Al-Ghazali). Where poetic image is motion, it may be vertical and verb. Poetic image is not equal to metaphor (Bachelard). Even as it may be like a butterfly in that it is not a thing to be enslaved, made into object or pinned down, it is not a butterfly in that, perhaps, it can never be only one thing at once. Yes, it exists in this sensory world—no—along with the five plus senses, a doorway into our perception and memory, as Kwasny says, “enabling us to locate and embody the invisible and the unknown.” (Kwasny, 2012, p. 2). It is generative, first of the creative imagination (Corbin; Ibn ‘Arabi) and exists possibly prior to thought (Al-Ghazali; Bachelard). Poetic image may be known, says Bachelard, as direct ontology, a phenomenology of the soul. Where both
the poetic image and phenomenology require active participation and deny passivity, there is not space for enslavement to object; in poetic image there may be liberation.

[And, specifically, we are here:]
Where dialogic, where “utterance” is a limitless continuum or whole (Bakhtin, 1986).

Where the gaze of poetry is courtesy The “gaze of poetry is courtesy.” (Lilburn)
We stand where there is necessity of witness; where we are the “necessary witness” (Al-Ghazali; Forché)

[And we are here]: within traditions of Sufi, Islamic scholars, specifically near teachings of Imam Abu Hamid Al-Ghazali, where the heart is understood as the seat of knowledge: where (not just in our imagination) we may listen, witness, see from the heart. Where there is an image (mithaal) of the whole world already placed within our very being: where poetic image exists within the heart.

[here]
Within a qualitative research methodology, where the research may cause itself to stammer. (Shidmehr, 2009)
Where we may or may not find the ground upon which we stand, moves.

[And, at last, we are here:]
in what we have called liminal space/dhiliz (Al-Ghazali) at the threshold, where, perhaps we will or will not leave; where we may or may not arrive.
Dihliz

Loosen the strap, leave sandal here
   (kiss too is a place of hover, or refuge)
   in architecture of connecting, entry

A small covered place to wait for rain
before the house or sanctuary
   between

Where place shoes, tie donkey, set the heavy basket you will not carry in

It is just stones, held up by each other
No, it is the space framed in stone, sometimes arched like rib cage

A vestibule in the ear too, named this
by any definition, where we gain or lose our balance
Image 1. Threshold
There is a *vestibular sense* and a threshold of pain.

a nerve for listening

timbre    twinge in each story necessary witness

The hardest bone of the body holds this labyrinth

what is fluid knows gravity, motion

we call this canal, duct, window

a rib cage is nothing of armour; birds with enough longing pass easily through

sometimes we cover our ears with our hands

listen then to your own heart’s pulse

this story—even of escaping—never left the palm

Some measure absolute threshold of hearing. Since the tone is always present,

“Yes” is the answer.

In reality a grey area exists where the listener is uncertain as to whether or not

they’ve actually heard.
We don’t even need to ask—what we hear when we already know the answer. So said Shams Tabriz:

> There were many things that could have been said but because the right quality of presence wasn’t there, they will never be seen (Helminski, 2011).

There’s the risk: “The ones doing the looking are giving themselves the power to define” (Mita, as cited in Smith, 1999, p. 58).

There is a kind of greedy stare that does not see, that threatens and diminishes. Research, as is often practiced, does this, or can.

“You cannot truly see this stone if you believe the world is yours to do with as you will. … You must lay no violent hands upon it!” (Lilburn, 1999, p. 35).

“The world seen deeply eludes all names; it is not like anything; it is not the sign of something else. It is itself. It is a towering strangeness” (Lilburn, 1999, p. 47).

Our task here is to hear: not name nor claim; it asks willingness to see that the [eye] be vulnerable [this world]
Data collection⁴

**Proof,** she said, you had an encounter: what proof that you went, were there? Before we used the word with yeast: what one does with a bit of warm water before milk before flour.

First thought: were the holes drilled in her brother’s body proof of anything, of any kind of life. Returned the corpse limp as she dragged it: could it testify to how before he cared for her, kept her safe?

(This question itself betrays.)

In the circle where the children sat, there was no need to explain. The youngest motioned to the angel on her shoulder: the angel there. Visible in a song of comfort that grew in pores of bread rose and in the wind left this leaving, taking nothing as evidence that even as bread enters and becomes the body song is a quick lover of breath

If one wanted to analyze this: discourse of proximity what the child spoke otherwise in perfect past tense said, “I live in Baghdad” how could we argue, though present street is all pine and seldom blood puddle and run

Take it as given that this child, introduced as having come from “the triangle of death” and though he has never seen the Tigris, is, as he says a river a river (from above it is not dry banks coursing canyon through map it is, (he is) as a he says, floating clear sweet a beautiful warm sea.

We all already know a bucket holds nothing of ocean though enough salt for a small loaf from wheat—
given do we reach dip in, drink?
Is it possible to write the world well? If, with intention to practice courteous gaze, research may serve as witness and resistance, what then, does this mean? How might we come to hear to see?

a gaze of courtesy (you say courage to) how might we here reconcile our practices as researchers as teachers with the soul’s desire to be fully, to be fully seen and to fully see?

To see the world whole it is

Is there a window in the heart? The heart itself is a window.

There are doors in the heart: one opens hinged to a world tethered to senses to the visible world here we know rough grain of plank and knock and wait know the feet sore sand and pebble prepare to take from waft of bread cushion, cool drink there is acquisition taking in knowledge in this body we understand –that is door one

two: open to ru’ya – spirit – here we already have already, the whole world – never made lesser – is present in the heart here, we see

open this door able to see
There is nothing like
better translated: nothing like his likeness laysa ka-mithleehi Sheea

[…] but a vision that calls for completion […] For what is known generates a
desire for what is not known. (Adonis, as cited in Kwasny, 2013, p. 40)
Frankincense, copal: Grogram wrapped cedar box?

I heard there was a weaver who stepped back from the loom and dropped the wool whenever her heart was heavy. Her work was light.

I heard another kind of weaver warn against poems that are all light and no plank. Something about birds trapped in a carpet of night.

In the stylized design can you recognize this easily as goat? Cedar as cluster of properties, only one of which may be basket or pole for door

What is permeated with resin
yarn clings to fingers of balsam
a whole poem could be written about this cricket in amber
a heart suspended in silent, flammable pitch

traveler carries a basket of feathers, robe that never once dragged through the brush
offering
textile bends to the body’s labour: curtain, veil, rope
even if she weaves the sun, such things absorb block
fragrance (yes) fragrance of light

Image 4. Pilot project (Harith, 2010)
LEAN IN AS THE STORY IS TOLD

What should I do with this bucket of water when the whole world is on fire?!

Is it true “The physical world cannot be known in the way poetry aspires to know it, intimately, ecstatically, in a way that heals the ache….”

Again, says Liburn (1999, p. 13).

this that is not naming not map no retreat he does say, “love the world”
taken in or out of context.

Cartography
danger to mapping the soul
only one route to get there and all along the way:
bandits, extortion,
satchel with broken lock paper and all those sketched birds scattered everywhere

orbis universalis
Coordinates for shells that were left (where beach where nest)
what this river flows over

is oil
mined land mine

there is a line in the sand step over
C. KRAMER

Pamphlet on estuary

Circle: the perfect shape for planetary orbits
Or, unabashedly wanted physical proof for motion and location of Earth

Inside the eyelid: teacher kneeling
Along this seawall: waft of grass and bay mud

You began this journey to image: you

Act: since everything that is desires its own being (Arendt)

The crucial point is not when the beginning is located but why and from where (Mignolo, 2000)³

So we shall say the map maker took plume next to inky index finger, drew on purpose, the crevasse of his own damp brow into a world already splayed and halved.

There is a small green plant in her bag
basil tucked between camisole and skin: immediate memory of home

miracle: return (another word for being born)

Against glass pane: two palms
Written on one: shorebirds, marsh and mollusc
The other stained green, blue

(Where did you imagine the glass: a division between two images pressing, or one being looking out, leaning in?)

Now, look directly into sun
Place your palms over your eyes

read estuary: tell me, where is the water salty, where drink

We see veiled mirrors that condemn us to a blindness that means that face is utterly unable to look upon the face that ‘Is’ before it. (Bree, 2009, pp. 117–118).
Bachelard assured us: “There’s no need of a gate, no need of an iron-trimmed door; people are afraid to come in” (Bachelard, 1964, p. 132).  

Even, even if speaking of the scarf  
the one abandoned in branches after youth snuck out over the wall  
was it to see his love  
of course  
and love has many forms  
recited in whisper the one we intend here is *The Scarf* read into cups of broth or water from what is sacred, a well  
there is fine etching on the wall and like on many other walls (some bar entry and break, some bless) 
we may also read the trace of fingers into stone mullion, and even near floor 
someone (or many) may have pressed their brow pursed lips to push [prayer] safely beneath lowest rail hear 
there is an impression made  

if *songe* is all that’s left to give witness (quite, be still) you may find that squeak of what’s hinged [heart] moving open  

from what was said you may find yourself draped and well  
In lyric’s idea of the world, language would be light. (Zwicky, 2011, p. 230)
Etched, framing this door: the words of *Qasidah Burdah (The Poem of the Scarf)* by Al Busari
LEAN IN AS THE STORY IS TOLD

Awe is the entrance

It was a mistake they said, of the map, when one country accidently
invaded another,
    set up camp.

    Anasheed he sings: it is the same sea

Or this is euphemism for refugees fled.
Number is not name not face not what each person walking away sings
    a ccapella: the ocean in a single beat

Or the soldier breathes out
    Or the child in the hedge by the door breathes in

35
Why does it matter? This imagining, this baring, this seeing – this soul’s desire for the world where it would like to live and where it deserves to live.

Do you hear that: deserves to live …

There is no longer beauty or consolation except in the gaze falling on horror, withstanding it, and in unalleviated consciousness of negativity holding fast to the possibility of what is better. (Adorno, as cited in Forché, 1993, p. 41)
Lean in as the story is told

What does the look of shock do to the story?
Poor teller crouched remembering; listener, even poorer, fails to breathe.
The body holds a certain pose in wonder, another in grief.

When the horror from her story shoots out from the hearer’s face
The story itself forgets to breathe, balloons up and carries away
floats to another countryside or city, over burned palm, parched lake,
far away
floats over green, by every name and thing, green valley, green pasture,
   green mossy hills,
   away.

(Remember the body crouching)
Floats over the wedding (of justice and peace): you may kiss, floats the story
floats over banquet, musicians, rose sash on dress.
Or the story draws a circle for their dancing, for their grief.
Dance: story in lung and face and liver and feet.
Dance: fire, breath, recognition,
   face.

NOTES

1 The notion of radical meeting of self and other, and the possibility and necessity of this kind of meeting within the poetic image, grows, in part, from contemplation around this passage by Carolyn Forché:
   We are submerged, as all humans are, in what is politically understood as ideology and what is humanely called culture; these constitute “world” for us – our versions of world, invisibly walled and roofed. …By this means we are able to calculate true cost (of economic and political oppression, institutional violence, warfare, environmental destruction) and alter the way our lives are understood at the deepest levels, so as not to allow any possible future to be foreclosed by our unjust and violent past and present. …I would argue that such radical meeting of the other, in various prosodies and forms, is the way poems constellate meaning, and the way poems transmit the life form of language. (Forché as cited in Chang, Handal, & Shankar, 2008, p. xxx)

2 “To move in sympathetic resonance is not to point, to grasp, or to refer. /In lyric experience, we are open to the world. Resonance does not originate with us, but proceeds through us, from the world” (Zwicky, 2011, p. 219).

3 The two photos of the child, Zaen, near the text, “see,” were taken in writing/arts circles with Iraqi children living in Harrisonburg, VA, 2010. The writing circles were part of a pilot project for doctoral research titled, Poetics of Return: Poetic Inquiry Toward the Poetic Imagination and Peacebuilding, completed within the Department of Language and Literacy Education at the University of British
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Columbia, 2009–2014. The photo of the text titled, River, authored by Harith, is from this same pilot project.

I acknowledge that the images in the poem, Data Collection, especially without greater contextualization, run the risk of sensationalizing or appearing to name, describe, or document. That is not my intent. Toward the vulnerability I request in this study, I offer the poem with a knowledge, secret to myself. When I was able to listen to what I heard in this poem, there was a pivot: a return, a reminder to attend carefully to my own deep desire first for something like courtesy. The poem brought about revision of my research as proposed. The poem emerged out of a place of grief, written during the pilot study. What the poem may “evidence” is my struggle, in effort to better understand and act in witness; my troubled relationship with the activity of research, and potentials within poetic inquiry itself.

“Yet the thing itself, the natural image seen not as object but as being in living relationship to ourselves as other living beings on this planet, as subject with its own claims, is something poetry—and humanity—is still trying to accomplish.” …. “If one believes, as I do, that poetry teaches us how to live, not just how to write, in what ways can the image help to solve or salve or satisfy the conundrum of both being and seeing?” (Kwasny, 2013, p. 3).

“Poems that are shaped with the kind of remembering that passes back through the heart, always with a desire to return, always a realization that there can be no return to the places of childhood, except in writing and telling stories that record, store, and resonate, so that none of us is totally forgotten, so that the future continues to hold promises” (Leggo, 2009, p. 60).

The crucial point is not when the beginning is located but why and from where (Mignolo, 2000).

Also see (Arendt, 1998, p. 312).

Thinking of voice, vision, vocation and how poetic imagination may relate to gaze, this inquiry is concerned deeply with the work of Lederach (2005), where he describes “the moral imagination,” moving from theologian Brueggemann’s (2001) notion of “prophetic imagination,” which links moral vocation and the artist or poet’s voice, to the observation that “the genesis of the moral imagination is found in creation itself.” Lederach, 2005, p. 24–26). “The moral imagination develops a capacity to perceive things beyond and at a deeper level than what initially meets the eye.” Citing Guroian, Lederach continues to describe “this quality of imagination as ‘a power of perception, a light that illuminates the mystery that is hidden beneath a visible reality: It is the power to ‘see’ into the very nature of things.’” (Lederach, 2005, p. 27) Giving emphasis to “the necessity of the creative act,” he characterizes moral imagination as “the capacity to give birth to something new that in its very birthing changes our world and the way we see things” (Lederach, 2005, p. 27).

“The Scarf” in this Introduction is in reference to Al Busairi’s poem, Qasidah Burdah, and alludes to the stories of the emergence of this poem. The poet, ailing, paralyzed and full of despair, wrote this poem. In complete devotion and sincerity he recited the poem until, exhausted, he slept, guarded by
MESSAGERS. When the poet woke, he found himself cured and his body draped in a scarf. The story ripples; that night, dervishes far away heard the poem recited in their dreams.

_Songe_, in this poem, refers to Bachelard’s notion of _reverie_, which he stresses is something other than _songe_ or _dream_. “In order to know ourselves doubly as a real being and as an idealized being, we must _listen to our reveries_” (Bachelard, 1960, p. 58).

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