

# Faith, Hope & Love: Postscript on Interprofessional Processes for Innovating Generation

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**Abstract:** Universities Canada, Canada Council, and numerous sources urge the development of creativity and innovation capacity by leveraging broad interdisciplinary approaches, collaboration, and partnerships and networking; however, the relational mechanics of working together on interdisciplinary teams and in combinatory partnerships remain equivocal. Drawing on health care practices of interprofessional education, the authors present three tenets, a currere of team collaboration. They offer eight collaboratively created ekphrastic poems written for a curated international touring printmakers' art exhibition and use their poetry writing process as a generative learning strategy and example for explaining how to frame a path to authentic collaboration.

**Keywords:** Interdisciplinary research; Poetic Inquiry; Ekphrasis; Collaborative research; Interprofessional Education; Currere.

Universities Canada (2016) urges the development of creativity and innovation capacity by leveraging broad interdisciplinary approaches to secure Canada's economic standings and prosperity. The Canada Council (2018) encourages a focus on collaboration, partnership and networking, open-mindedness, experimentation, and risk-taking. While cross-disciplinary team approaches and collaborative work continue to be touted as the response to the speed of the digital world and contemporary challenges in the research arena, the collaborative approach is mired in silent critique, often masked in articles by planned segues between patched paragraphs—a characteristic reflection of perfunctory 'team work.' Interdisciplinary teams can often be little more than people contributing individual paragraphs to a paper, instead of the rich beauty of synergetic problem solving. Drawing from the experience of working with large groups and across disciplinary teams, and considering the research of interprofessional education from the healthcare sector, we, the authors, theorize the creative generation space of our ekphrastic poetry writing as a studio for discussing successful generative environments.

This paper presents two offerings: The first is collaboratively written ekphrastic poetry created for a curated international touring printmakers' art exhibition. The poetry and art is shared simply for the pleasure of poetry and art. The variable space between the individual artwork and the resultant poem is the imaginative space we gift the reader. Second, we offer an analysis of three tenets that fuel our collaborative generative processes. Recognizing the equivocal research on designing and implementing interprofessional education and strategies for how interdisciplinary teams might work together (Thompson, 2016; Institute of Medicine, 2015), this paper theorizes the possibilities of collaborative ekphrastic poetry as a generative learning strategy and example for explaining how we frame a path to authentic collaboration.

### **Faith, Hope & Love: Tenets of Collaborative Generation**

In the medical field, complex health issues are addressed by teams made up of experts from different fields. Training future healthcare providers on how to work collaboratively on such interprofessional teams improves healthcare outcomes (Thomson, 2016). Concomitantly, the deliberate attention to the creation of environments for and cultures of collaboration create the infrastructure for optimum research results. The following key themes are reported to determine successful interprofessional education programs when looking across didactic programming, community-based experience, and interprofessional-simulation experience: a sense of personal professional identity, commitment to the team, time with the team, mentorship, a sense of community, comfort, technology ease, and connected relationships (Bridges, Davidson, Odegard, Maki & Tomkowiak, 2011). To achieve these requisites, we focus on the intentional development of Faith, Hope, and Love in our collaborative work. The basis of genuine collaboration is the development of relation.

### **Faith (History)**

The process of developing the relational which fuels creative generation relies on faithfulness. When one embarks on developing any relationship, there must be a trust in intuition and imagination, the way one trusts the process of art-making. We embody faithfulness for the birthing of a poetic narrative the way Rachel Remen (2000) retells a story of faithfulness. She recounts a story of her grandfather telling her to water a pot of soil each day. As a child, her struggle of nothing happening for weeks was countered with continued faithfulness to tending the soil, a faithfulness eventually rewarded by the sprouting shoots of the bean. As a child, she may grow impatient or not know how long to wait for results but through faithful watering and tending, and eventually through experience, she grows to trust that faithfulness will produce an outcome. Faithfulness to ‘showing up,’ engaging, and being attentive is foundational to generation, growth, and co-creation.

In our co-writing, we use Google Docs as place holders for on-going creation. We share folders and files and use the “suggesting” (track changes) feature to layer and delete. Because Google Docs tracks a history of changes, it is possible to always go back, even after suggestions have been resolved or accepted.

Faithfulness has history. Faithfulness shows commitment, and time is integral to ethical collaborative work. We have written together for over a decade, and through experience we understand that faithfulness is trust that the process will produce. For example, in poetry, writing a line calls for more lines, the setting out of an image, the nuance of a word, and then its connotation sends out a line of relation. Collaboration is a line made in sand, the other's relation cannot be erasure; what is erased is not gone, it always exists and exits in time, but what is set down overtop, like palimpsest, still carries the imagery or soundscape of the first call.

### **Make it Poetry**

A blur of sunshine  
slices through the blinds

you lie awake  
staked by the truth,

here's what happens  
you make choices

and then your choices  
make choices,

there will be consequences  
but which ones

will you want as your future?  
So much to think about

all at once  
out your window

crocus shoots nose up  
through a pocket of leaves

as if winter never were  
and time stopped here

for a watercolor.  
Character is fate, said Heraclitus,

you are your future  
look in the mirror,

it is possible to be more  
than you started out being,

you are not a card  
that appears out of nowhere

the denouement of a palm reading,  
character defies itself

insists on transformation  
if you can transform,

time opens out to you,  
you cannot die.

### **Hope (Future)**

The process of collaborative poetry writing is used in this paper as sandbox play. We describe this ‘thinking-maybe space’ (Daignault, 1992) as a liminal studio (Wiebe & Sameshima, 2018). This studio, an ephemeral sandbox, with a sincere openness to unfixed-ness, offers a playfulness for the writing process (Sameshima, Wiebe & Hayes, in press).

We direct our writing with the pure joy of playing with words and moving words around. We play ‘nice’ but we are also seeking to outplay the other—by that, we mean that we seek to play at

our best, continually refining, shifting, and playing with intensities of difference. As described above, we work together in Google Docs, using suggestions and comments as a way to insert and overwrite, yet we write alone. We do not assimilate. Likened to a cross-disciplinary team, we do not seek consensus or a negotiated mediocrity. The strength of the final work is the nuance of the mercurial peaks created by the juxtaposition of difference within the work.

The process of play holds a future. The playfulness feels momentary but is guided with a future trajectory. The play is the rocket fuel.

### **My Future**

She is my rocket ship  
my moon landing

and I do back handsprings  
in low gravity.

She is the puncture  
in my suit, the sudden violent

sucking of breath out  
of my lungs.

She is my countdown  
the life that passes

before my eyes, every second  
that ever mattered.

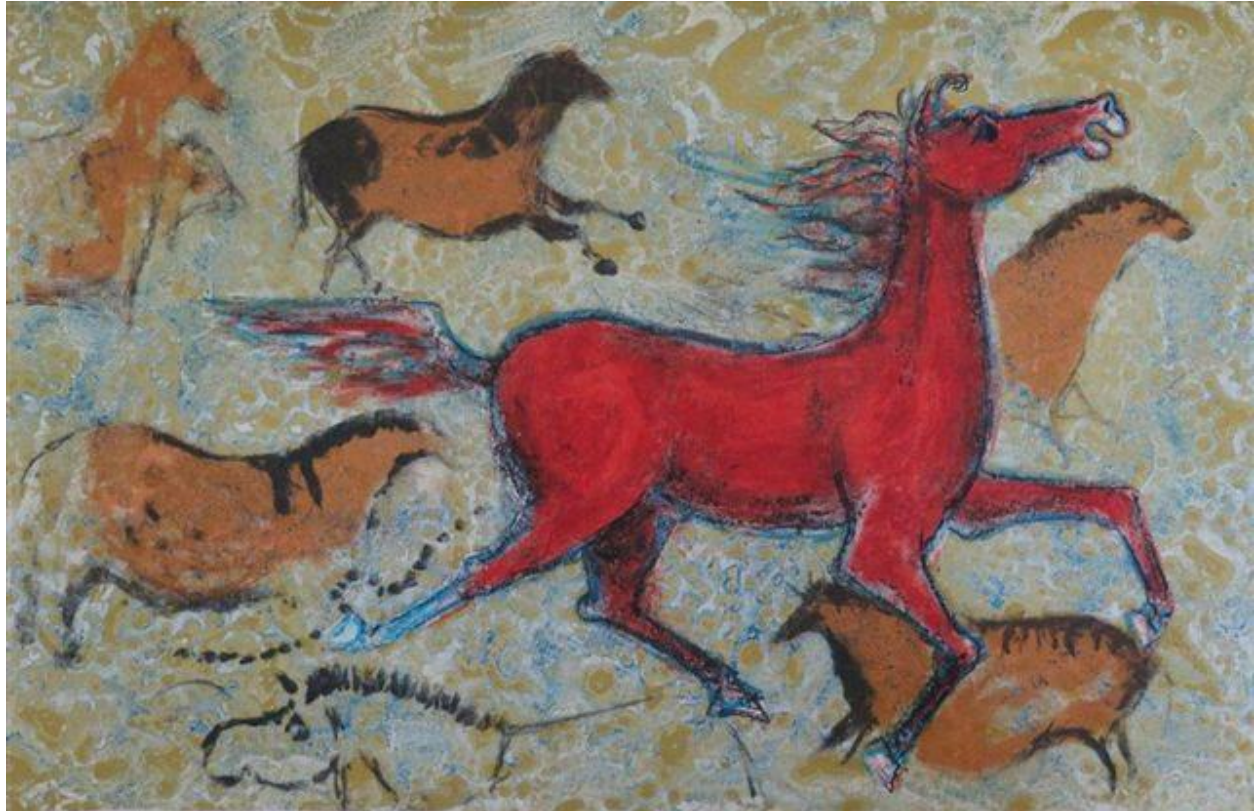
### **Love (Present)**

Our tenets for collaborative teams are based on the premise that “making” develops creativity. Unlike traditional teaching methods of breaking down complex ideas into simplified linear steps, our creative generation processes demand non-linear and non-systematic processes of creativity (see Turak, 2011; Wiebe, 2016). We agree with several others who believe that knowing *how* to be creative and that processes for developing creativity skills *can be learned* (also see Csikszentmihalyi, 1996; Kaufman & Sternberg, 2006; Pink, 2005; Robinson, 2018; Smith, 2012).

Love becomes present in creative collaborative work when members authentically engage with one another. A key reciprocal outcome of “making” together is the development of relational-building strategies. When thinking about a project, the way the project is held in relation to the researchers determines possibilities. The project must first be materially conceived as precious, and each researcher comes to the table with the responsibility of curating the project from their expertise. The etymological meaning of *curate* is, “one responsible for the care (of souls) . . . [and] to take care of” (Online Etymology Dictionary, 2018). As we engage with one another’s poetry and making, we select and curate the best parts. Curation is re-mixing and in the re-mixing of words and ideas, engagement occurs. Engagement is the making or the creation of love. As we create, we build connections between self and other. These insertions and “deconstruction[s are] always accompanied by love” (Derrida in Padgaonkar, 1997, p. 1). Derrida (Padgaonkar, 1997) says when we engage, we are saying “yes” to one another. He

describes Heidegger's use of the word "Zusage," as the German word for commitment, promise, assurance, and confirmation.

We offer an example of our collaborative practice using one of the poems created for this collection.



"My Guinness" Print by Nik Semenoff. Printed with permission.

### Cloud Herd

I am red, a Trojan horse  
inside me another horse  
and so on, it scares me to know  
that somewhere inside I am trapped  
the innermost piece of a nested set  
solid wood. Instead of my legs  
carved from relics, I'd rather  
be all flesh and blood.

Wantful of wings and wind  
I ride the currents of time  
descendant of Pegasus  
my heart made of open sky  
under these dimming stars

every burden thrown off  
sure of nothing.

*I'm drafting you in a red fantasy  
easier to fall in step with the crowd  
to follow you deeply into a cloud  
of moving together, in dust rising  
protected from the prehistoric to the virtual  
in virulent histories I am secure  
safe on all sides within the herd.  
Can you hear my heart ache?*

If only I could promise you green pastures  
and forever, each husk, each kernel  
unfolded as a wholeness  
no part of time unpurposed  
why do you not know?  
I hear you in my step  
always already yours.

*You think what you need  
is out there—  
past the stand of pines  
dotting the distant ridge  
even if you follow the spring  
gushing through the ravine  
the way matters less  
than what you bring.*

*When the man appears  
do not admire his rising on two legs  
or waste time on the beauty of his lasso  
its perfect arc and motion—  
the past is hungry for you  
so do not forget nights circling the pen  
your arguments with the hills  
the hollows of your eyes  
what I loved was your wildness  
when you forced the gate  
and took us with you.*

Your footfall a precise beat  
yet as I run we do not near, trapped in  
a Sisyphean dance where forward and back  
cling to a chain of events  
that are more chaos than consequence  
as if we cannot find our way  
until we've been there

*It is easier to canter mechanically  
 body upright, set out in clarity  
 of numbers, protected  
 in this rhythmic beating  
 my experiences resigned  
 a grand narrative fits you as the one  
 I've ridden, risen,  
 spanned distances  
 here and there, and yet  
 am no closer to you or the pines  
 I close my eyes and listen  
 for your steps.*

Our process involves one of us starting on a poem and then editing back and forth. The poem “Cloud Herd” was written in Google Docs over a period of two months from November 7, 2016 to January 6, 2017. The system autosaved 86 times. In the screenshots following, we share the evolution of the beginning part of this poem including Autosave 1. As you will see, the poem was inspired by Nik Semenoff’s print connected to Tung-Hui Hu’s 2016 book, *A Prehistory of the Cloud*. While the poem began with a focus on time and insecurity—the prehistoric cave drawings to contemporary digital cloud storage and herd behaviours of trust when in a crowd, through play the poem moved to familiar hero narratives and safety—the Trojan Horse, Pegasus, the Cowboy. Paralleled with the word and imagery play, we discussed the power of our digital environment and Jacques Daignault’s conception of bridging and crossing (see Sameshima & Irwin, 2008).

**Autosave 1: November 7, 2016**

Have a look at this. I just ordered it.

Hu, T-H. (2016). *A prehistory of the cloud*. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.

[https://www.amazon.ca/Prehistory-Cloud-Tung-Hui-](https://www.amazon.ca/Prehistory-Cloud-Tung-Hui-Hu/dp/0262029510/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1526779984&sr=1-1)

[Hu/dp/0262029510/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1526779984&sr=1-1](https://www.amazon.ca/Prehistory-Cloud-Tung-Hui-Hu/dp/0262029510/ref=sr_1_1?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1526779984&sr=1-1)

I want to integrate this into the Nik Semenoff artwork Bill sent—it's of the horses running together in a herd. I will start but can't right now. Just want to note this now or I'll forget. This is threshold for me—power I hadn't conceived of and totally right in front of me.

"Hu argues that the cloud grafts digital technologies onto older ways of exerting power over a population. But because we invest the cloud with cultural fantasies about security and participation, we fail to recognize its militarized origins and ideology. Moving between the materiality of the technology itself and its cultural rhetoric, Hu's account offers a set of new tools for rethinking the contemporary digital environment." (Book description, Amazon.

[https://www.amazon.de/Prehistory-Cloud-MIT-Press- English-ebook/dp/B0141VPEA4\)](https://www.amazon.de/Prehistory-Cloud-MIT-Press-English-ebook/dp/B0141VPEA4)

"Tung-Hui Hu's *A Prehistory of the Cloud* is a powerful genealogy of the historical infrastructure underlying the image of the cloud as disembodied, virtual object—an image that has come to dominate the Internet of social networks, algorithms, and big data. If looking right into the cloud might blind us, there is much worth in understanding how this 'amorphous form' has come to signify the nebulous character of network societies while also materially and symbolically reinventing old modes of power. Beautifully and yet plainly written, both abstract and concrete, Hu's *A Prehistory of the Cloud* is bound to be an enduring contribution to our historical and political understanding of network technologies." (Tiziana Terranova, author of *Network Culture: Politics for the Information Age*) (Endorsement at MIT Press.

[https://mitpress.mit.edu/books/prehistory-cloud\)](https://mitpress.mit.edu/books/prehistory-cloud)



**Autosave 4: December 13, 2016**

We run  
To fit in  
To feel a part of  
This cloud  
In a fantasy of security  
Protection from all sides  
From the beginning of time  
Smoothly through miasmic vapors

The digital environment  
A set of binaries we navigate  
In herd  
Without questioning  
We move together  
In an amorphous form  
Dominated by the unseen  
Power of the cloud  
We are heard

**Autosave 43: December 25, 2016**

Lost in a red fantasy I'm running with you  
And protected from the dawn of time,  
from the prehistoric to the virtual  
in virulent histories I am secure  
safe on all sides within the herd.

I am beyond these grazing cows,  
past this strand of pine  
dotting the distant ridge  
are the unmarked switchbacks  
that the shepherds know— though  
if you can follow the spring  
gushing through the rock,  
you can avoid the pilgrims—the way  
matters less than what you bring with you.

What you need is there  
though I am not, I am not  
every silver cowboy  
promising green pasture  
I am beyond these grazing cows,  
each husk, each kernel unfolds  
as a wholeness, no part  
of time unpurposed,  
always already yours.

**Autosave 30, December 17, 2016**

Lost in a fantasy I'm running with you  
secure and safe on all sides within the herd  
protected from the dawn of time  
from the prehistoric to the virtual  
trusted origins in familiar  
organizers in histories I recognize

always too polite you said nothing  
and it was easier to fall in step behind  
to follow you deeply into the cloud  
tangled in the social through all  
my devices without your knowing

In my mind, our fingers entwined  
palms face to face in the real  
the digital dance of unquestioned binaries  
luckily the herd hides me  
just another amorphous form

**Autosave 36: December 20, 2016 (Side-text written below poem)**

**Discussion on Daignault**

At the meeting, they talked a lot about bridges and I asked about their thoughts on Daignault—to not bridge. They talk about horizontal traversing. I think we talk about vertical traversing, Or rhizomatic. I mean they talk about perpendicular crossings. And we are not crossing only staying in the space.

-----*A crossing makes sense, a crossing creates an intersection but not a bridge. Maybe it's the word crossing.*

I like the idea of crossing, perhaps undulating waves, as an assemblage that periodically crosses, sound waves, tidal waves, light waves, etc. But the movement is not an attempt to cross but to travel the passage in the intersection

-----*Yes. I don't think there is intention to cross. Only to travel and follow leads.*

Light and sound waves will stop if crossing. But if they travel along, that is the invitation to participation. I think the crossings happen because we remain open, and they happen because we assume the line is not linear, stagnant, or fixed.

-----*Along the current. The line we cross comes to meet us, it moves.*

**Autosave 50: December 28, 2016**

I am red, a Trojan horse  
inside me another horse  
and so on, it scares me to know  
that somewhere inside I am trapped,  
the innermost piece of a nested set,  
solid wood. Instead of my legs  
carved from relics, I'd rather  
be all flesh and blood  
my head open to the sky,  
sure of nothing, but still and seeing

I'm drafting you  
easier to fall in step behind  
to follow you deeply into the cloud  
protected from the dawn of time,  
from the prehistoric to the virtual  
in virulent histories I am secure  
safe on all sides within the herd.

Though you lead the way  
can you hear my heart ache?  
what you need is there—  
past the stand of pines  
dotting the distant ridge  
are the unmarked switchbacks  
that the shepherds know—  
though if you can follow the spring  
gushing through the ravine rock,  
you can avoid the pilgrims—the way  
matters less than what you bring.

**Autosave 86: January 6, 2017**

I am red, a Trojan horse  
inside me another horse  
and so on, it scares me to know  
that somewhere inside I am trapped  
the innermost piece of a nested set  
solid wood. Instead of my legs  
carved from relics, I'd rather  
be all flesh and blood.

Wantful of wings and wind  
I ride the currents of time  
descendant of Pegasus  
my heart made of open sky  
under these dimming stars  
every burden thrown off  
sure of nothing.

I'm drafting you in a red fantasy  
easier to fall in step with the crowd  
to follow you deeply into a cloud  
of moving together, in dust rising  
protected from the prehistoric to the virtual  
in virulent histories I am secure  
safe on all sides within the herd.  
Can you hear my heart ache?

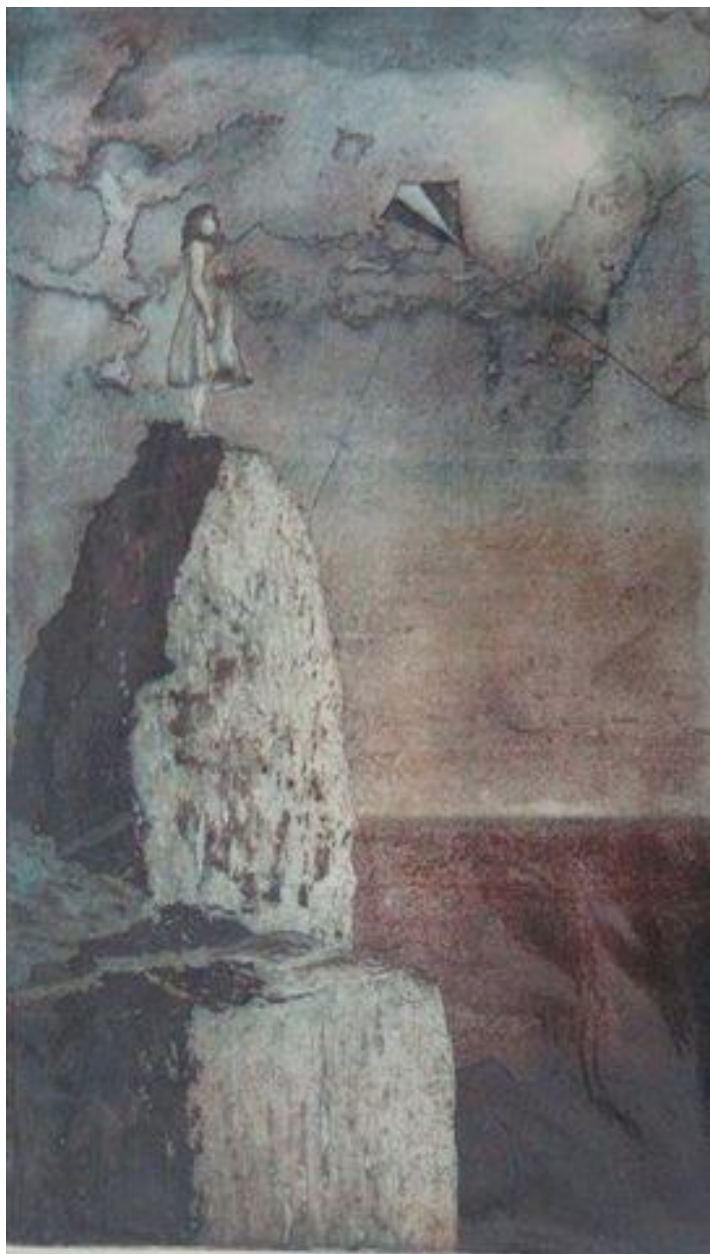
### **The Currere of Faith, Hope & Love: Building Authentic Collaborative Teams**

Developing a rich environment of faith, hope, and love for a research team to thrive in is not unlike growing the self through a practice of “currere, a living pedagogic inquiry—finding location of self in relation and iterating moments as knowledge construction along the path” (Sameshima, 2008, p. 32). Madeleine Grumet (1978) explains that currere “is knowledge gathered from our preconceptual dialogue with the world, knowledge that precedes our utterances and our stories” (p. 305). Currere, learning, collaboration, inquiry—this is all growth in the self in relation. The successful development of strong research teams is the attentive development of the self in faith, hope, and love.

William Pinar (1975) uses a four-step currere framework to enable self-reflective learning and growth. Pinar calls the first phase the Regressive Step. In this phase, the focus is on reflexive meditation on past experiences. Similarly, we suggest that having faith in the process represents a commitment to the team and the project. The Second Step of currere is the Progressive Step. In this step, the learner considers the future, imagining possibilities. Hope is the Progressive Step. The team plays with the knowledge that playing together propels the team toward potentialities. The Third Step is the Analytic Phase which is the present created space. It is the space of Love, which is a practice of generation in a suspended world. Pinar’s Fourth Step is the Synthetic Stage of becoming. In a research team framework this phase might be likened to the culmination of an output that enables a becoming or a transformation to occur.

It is through the development of faith and through faithfulness that a common history is made possible in order to perform Pinar’s Regressive Step looking back. It is through the development of hope in the Progressive Step in the midst of play and creative propulsion that the future can be imagined together. It is through the development of love in a practice of relation that creates freedom, which in turn allows the emerging of truths to surface in the Analytical Step of the research project. Finally, in the making of outputs together, the team affects change in the broader community in currere’s Synthetic Step. Through the self-growth of faith, love, and hope, the critical requisites for interprofessional skill development are each addressed.

In the second part of this paper, we share other poems we have written for the curated print series titled “Diversity Innovation—International Printmaking Perspectives: Artistic Vision, Poetic Voice.” The collection is curated by Bill Zuk and Jennifer Whitford Robins of Victoria, British Columbia. The selection of prints and poems represent only a part of this collection which celebrates new processes and printmaking inventions by artists from Canada, Great Britain, India, Japan, and the United States. These printmakers are revitalizing printmaking traditions, playing with new, greener materials or integrating new technologies into their processes. The collection has been on an international tour since 2017 and we are grateful to be invited to offer new and juxtaposing narratives to the works. We invite the readers/viewers to find new sparks between the stand-alone art, the stand-alone poetry, and then the space between the two.



*High as a kite.* Print by Andrew Baldwin. Printed with permission.

### **You Look Into Sky**

You look into sky,  
white with stormy purple,  
ready to name the alphabet,  
alpha through omega, face  
and body at the height of longing,  
stranded, save the want,  
the merely soundless sound  
of echo, hold, echo,  
inhalation and exultation.

You look into sea,  
into the wild mouth mystery  
the last leviathan baying,  
a low whine ascending  
to meet your fears, your courage,  
shoulder to shoulder  
tête-à-tête  
echo, hold, echo  
inhalation and exultation.

When you left  
home was sunburnt  
every fallen petal swept up  
in devotion, a dictionary  
of black and white, dictums,  
like *don't be sweet*  
*lest you be eaten up;*  
*better to sharpen your teeth*  
*than brush them.*

I didn't think you'd be back,  
your freedom held tightly  
by guy wires, as if letting go  
of faith, of land, of love had a history  
that needs holding in place.  
While you were gone,  
I deciphered the runes you left  
on the rocks and on me,  
sang them into the dark dawn  
waning moon and waves, beckoning—

Now you look into me  
echo, hold, echo,  
inhalation and exultation  
breathe in smoke, whiskey  
consonants and vowels taking shape  
like ghosts remembering their hosts,  
bodies they once knew.



*Escape*. Print by Bill Zuk. Printed with permission.

### Still Life

I feel that wildness in us  
the weight of your horns, legs  
sinewy, taut and rippling, a kicker  
holding fast to our one life  
refusing the vainglory of second chances  
token myth of the phoenix.

Head raised, I hold our promise  
to live out the painting's title  
take every breath possible  
never going down, beating on  
I strain for an invocation  
lips trembling and pulled back  
a guttural vowel swells.

Language perceptible prompts  
your wings, moonlonging in the lungs

nostrils flared in wanderlust  
a tremor in the ground.  
Are there any other words as true  
as this wanting, rising on hind legs  
to rebuff the body's limitations?

Broken against rock what skin can contain you?  
my blood runs with yours, ribbons of sepia  
in the last light, browning  
into history, blackened into truths  
redacted memories become ink  
form into the generosity of mountain  
eighth day of creation.

You have no reason to doubt  
rise with me to the moon.  
There will be no wailing of the herd  
no bending down, no hole in the ground  
no bones left behind.





*Snow Ice.* Print by Bill Zuk. Printed with permission.

### **Snow Minute**

A droplet lingers  
on the edge of the icicle, hangs  
as another drip unfurls down the glass panel.  
The time on the microwave  
says they've been kissing for 6 minutes  
in the gentle space before their parting.  
She wonders if he thinks in words or pictures,  
wonders how the narrator is playing  
with voice in the new book he's reading.  
His lips are full, soft, and lingering  
yet, the positive and negative spaces  
of their composition form a question.  
His outside body holy, the inside of him holey,  
the visible and invisible, the transparent mute  
has no ink, she can't fill his gaps.

She laughs at his laugh.  
so foreign and familiar, his body bouncing  
like soft springs over a potted road.



Ice-freeze-expand, ice-freeze-expand,  
the chorus to a classic rock song,  
bobbing up and down, like he'd learned  
a decade late laugh lines a concealer  
for loneliness.

So much of him is unknown, underlying  
values implicit guiding them moment to moment,  
unfolding their bodies minute by minute,  
day to day, future empty.  
Solid time only now, she sees  
through the cloudy ice, his body warm,  
melted and weighted against hers  
with blank open patches, space  
for him to be whoever he chooses.  
He tells her he feels close to her, he loves her.  
She cannot reply, like a New York minute<sup>1</sup>  
the young eagles flit as the snow drips.

The Buddhist path is fundamentally a process of learning to recognize this  
essential nonexistence of the self, while seeking to help other sentient beings to  
recognize it as well. (Vreeland, 2011, p. ix)

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<sup>1</sup> Henley, D., Kortchmar, D., & Winding, J. L. (Songwriters). (1998). New York minute. On the album *The End of the Innocence* [Single by Don Henley]. New York, NY: Geffen Records.



*Silent Sentinels*. Print  
by Jenn Whitford Robins.  
Printed with permission.

### **Ablutions**

My hopeful hands lay flat on the ground, palms turned up in penance,  
a month's worth of dirt having worked its way into the joints,  
half-blackened, half crusty, white and waiting.

I pretend not to pray: my hat and spade bespeak of gardening,  
which any kitchen-window view confirms. Kneeling is planting seeds, one's belly  
in the dirt is seriousness, a commitment to flourish on one's own love.

The summer passed this way, with you insisting I wash up before dinner,  
believing earth couldn't change me, the unsexed fact of binaries.  
Me, earth. And nothing in between.



*Plant Spirits*. Print by Nancy Wells. Printed with permission.

### **Iron Will**

he's thinking of supplementing his iron  
a mineral that carries oxygen to red blood cells  
and plays a critical role in transmitting nerve impulses

her new well tests for too much iron  
staining the white porcelain with reminders  
of her severing from another world

the company recommends that she run the well  
a hose connected to the water supply inside  
slinks out the door and down toward the lake

she pulls the water up from 85 feet deep  
the cacophonous gurgle entwining anxiety  
the door always ajar for the hose

her fears agitate, worrying the fire will die  
the embers whimper against the wind  
competing against her own howl

the rigid hose laments this bending  
around the open door  
resistant to this new convolution

couldn't he simply drink her water  
ingest the iron he needs and  
live happily ever after with her?



## Pocket Change

hold me  
in your pocket  
take me with you  
'round the bend in the river  
fishing with light  
dancing on the fly

hold me  
in your pocket  
so you're never alone  
a black hat pocket  
you can pull out a wad  
of life-time chews  
finger snap a new string  
into an old frame  
or draw a condo  
with a bubble bath

hold me  
in your pocket  
to follow slipping dream  
tracks like crumbs  
from Hansel's pocket  
change to keep me  
from falling through



*With Mom.* Print by Richard Steiner.  
Printed with permission.



*East Wind*. Print by Frank Janzen. Printed with permission.

### **Your Distance Murmurs like Thunder**

Your distance murmurs like thunder,  
I can't hear you breathe,  
see you dream, your back is turned,  
I feel myself defending you  
in the agora of my obsession,  
wishing I were the sculpture  
you were working on, that I would form  
into forever through your art  
your hands smoothing,  
my forehead worries undone.

In the white night  
when the moon appears brighter,  
bluer, let me lie with you  
rest my ear on your heart.  
By the force of your beat  
I absorb the coded signal  
with my own rushing blood.

When the mountains have fallen  
and the great lakes dried up,  
when there is nothing left  
but my fibrous love uncovered,  
cast in the clay you fired,  
I will break through  
time again into a full gallop  
through the fields  
of soft-blush buttercups  
and not stop until all the lives  
we might live together  
have passed through  
the gates to the next realm.

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