Loving Language: Poetry, Curriculum, and Ted T. Aoki

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As a curriculum researcher and poet, I am committed to honouring complexity, asking questions, acknowledging tensions, and challenging answers. As curriculum theorists, scholars, and educators, we need to attend to language. Ted T. Aoki (2005a) reminds us to attend to “the voice of play in the midst of things—a playful singing in the midst of life” (p. 282). Poetry can invigorate our curriculum studies by helping us imagine new ways of attending to language, new ways of knowing and becoming, and new ways of inquiring about living experiences. In this paper, I offer a sequence of poems, anecdotes, and ruminations composed as responses to Ted T. Aoki's curriculum scholarship.

So prosaic are we that much of what we deeply experience, we know not how to say [emphasis added]. (Aoki, 2005j, p. 334)
What does it mean to dwell poetically? [emphasis added] (Aoki, 2005k, p. 375)
Earth, measure, temple, mouth, echoes, to speak/to say—these are the polyphonic strands of poetry [emphasis added]. (Aoki, 2005k, p. 375)

As a poet and curriculum researcher, I ask questions, acknowledge complexity, test tensions, and interrogate answers. In poetry I linger in the alphabet, diction, grammar, syntax, language, tropes, modes, and stories in order to inquire about identity, memory, and lived and living experiences. Like Ted T. Aoki, I am seeking “a clearer vision of a different research reality” (2005m, p. 110) informed by “critical competence” (2005b, p. 133), and “pedagogic attunement” (2005l, p. 164), and “indwelling dialectically” (2005l, p. 164) within “an open landscape of multiplicity” (2005h, p. 207), and “an architectonics of lines of movement” (2005h, p. 211), as I learn how to live poetically “in the dwelling place of mortals where one may hear the inspirited beat of earth’s measure” (2005k, p. 375).
While writing this paper, I was listening to Jim Byrnes, the Vancouver blues performer. He sang: “He Was a Friend of Mine.” It is a song on Jim Byrnes’ album *Everywhere West* (2010). This folk/blues song has been around a long time, at least since 1939; it has been performed by many singers including some of my favourites, Bob Dylan and Willie Nelson. While writing about Ted, I heard Jim Byrnes sing: “He was a friend of mine,” and I acknowledged with a simple sense of insight and delight that Ted was a friend of mine. He was my teacher, my sensei, my mentor. And he was my friend. I have written poems and essays connected to Ted, and while writing this essay, I realized that I will likely write about Ted for the rest of my life. I do not continue to write about Ted in order to lionize him like a VIP on a reality TV show called *Celebrity Curricularists of Canada*. I write about Ted because he is singular; he sings a song I seldom hear. As far as I know Ted did not write poetry, but he lived with a poet’s heart and imagination and longing for language.

In this essay I present a few fragments, a few moments. There is nothing comprehensive or conclusive in this essay. In a biography about Harlan Hubbard, the Kentucky painter and writer, Wendell Berry (1990) wrote that Harlan Hubbard “saw his life as a work of art which he was morally obligated to make as good as possible” (p. 56) because “Harlan Hubbard…was a painter intent not only upon the art of painting, but also upon the art of living” (p. 70). Harlan Hubbard and Wendell Berry, too, remind me of Ted. In writing about Harlan Hubbard, Berry recognized that “the effort to understand a long lifetime of work and thought is full of risks. The responsibility is intimidating, and the result is almost certain to be to some extent reductive and to some extent wrong” (p. 101). Berry acknowledged that Harlan Hubbard “will escape our classifications … and that his escape is exactly what we should hope for” (p. 101). So, I offer a few memories, poems, anecdotes, and quotations, not in order to re-present Ted T. Aoki, but to conjure Ted’s presence among us as an inspiriting living curriculum that we must not forget because his singularity sings with sustaining signification and significance.

When I began doctoral studies in the Department of Secondary Education at the University of Alberta in 1987, Ted had already retired as the Chair of the Department and moved to Vancouver. Ted was no longer present at U of A, but his presence suffused (or infused) the vitality of the Department. His name was mentioned often. I had chosen the Department of Secondary Education because it had a reputation for supporting creative scholarship. I had wanted to pursue a PhD in Creative Writing, but there were no such programs in Canada at the time, and I couldn’t afford to go to the United States. So, I went to the University of Alberta and studied with Jim Parsons, John Oster, Marg Iveson, Therese Craig, Terry Carson, Jan Jagodziński, Max van Manen, and others. U of A was a good place for me—a place where I pursued the kind of research I wanted to pursue—a place where Ted’s influence was abundant and abiding.

After I completed the PhD, I eventually found my way to Vancouver. I first met Ted at the University of British Columbia. I presented a paper titled *Living un/grammatically: A poet’s postmodern musings on language education* at the Canadian Association of Applied Linguistics Annual Conference in Vancouver on May 28, 1994. One of the poems I performed in that presentation was “Glossolalia”:

**Glossolalia**

I speak in tongues
in other words
other languages
I do not know

like the believer
who speaks in tongues
from the spirit
not the mind
my words are not mine

but unlike the believer
with anointed words
I am polyglot
with glossitis
my words flat without gloss

I am a babbling poet
a wanderer in the alphabet
seeking my glossographer

but I want no glossarist
who will define me

I call a glossator
who will charge into the dark places
where lines run skew

will you be my glosser?

don’t read my words only

read the margins where
the words begin and end

read the spaces in the words
where the unwritten is written

read beyond my words
to scribbled words
of others almost hidden
in my words

and speak in tongues
in other words
other languages
you do not know
Ted was in the audience and spoke kindly to me after the presentation. That was the beginning. I felt a kinship immediately. I liked the man. I liked his eyes and his smile. In hindsight, I now realize I fell in love with Ted. Have you ever had that amazing experience of meeting someone and feeling a sense of dizziness and sturdiness woven together? That is my experience of falling in love. You feel like you are falling, but you also know you have never felt more stable, even safe.

“The cosmos works by harmony of tensions, like the lyre and bow.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 37)

Two frequently used words in Ted’s writing were ambiguity and ambivalence: “And now I am drawn into the fold of a discursive imaginary that can entertain ‘both this and that,’ ‘neither this nor that’—a space of paradox, ambiguity and ambivalence” (2005f, p. 317). Ted also taught that “the tensioned space of both ‘and/not-and’ is a space of conjoining and disrupting, indeed a generative space of possibilities, a space wherein in tensioned ambiguity newness emerges” (2005f, p. 318). In The culture of speed: The coming of immediacy John Tomlinson (2007) wrote about “balance ... as taking positive control of life” (p. 158). According to Tomlinson, “balance-as-control is not about coming to rest. It’s more or less the opposite: a process of constant reflexive re-balancing in the face of contingency” (p. 158). As we seek balance in tension, Tomlinson claimed that we “apply effort to become nimble and graceful life-performers. The goal is balance. The reward is poise” (p. 159). The reward “is to experience ourselves as capably and sensitively attuned to our fast-moving environment and so as existentially flexible, responsive and resilient” (p. 159).

Ambling (with)
the inherent ambiguity of any word
[emphasis added] (Aoki, 2005g, p. 266)

with Ted I amble
leisurely languorously languishing languaging lounging

I am in no hurry to arrive
skeptical about destinations, not destined to destitution

with Ted I am ambitious
not for honours but for becoming in the earth and heart’s humility

I am not composing a CV
because I am living a circle of life

with Ted I am ambidextrous
right hand and left hand are dialogically dialectically dextrous

I am juggling words high in the air
full of trust they will return if they wish, sometime somewhere

with Ted I am ambiguous
with multiple meanings mixed with momentous magnanimity

I am not seeking denotation definition declaration
lost in the chaotic concord

with Ted I am ambivalent
valiantly lingering in the midst of flux

I am not searching for the whole,
enamoured with the hole to a vista faraway

with Ted I am ambient
moving, surrounding, ever present

I am not still, always in movement
like a carefully calibrated clock

with Ted I am ambulatory
as we walk paths both determined and indeterminate

I am not following a cartographer’s closed circuit
with GPS confident certainty

Ambling (with)
the inherent ambiguity of any word
[emphasis added] (Aoki, 2005g, p. 266)

“The harmony past knowing sounds
more deeply than the known.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 31)

According to Jean-Luc Nancy (2006), “poetry is at ease with the difficult, the absolutely difficult” (p. 4). Poetry is a kind of discourse that is always taking risks. Every poem is motivated by the possibility of new beginnings. A poem is like snowshoeing in new snow—there are paths but they are invisible, perhaps remembered, but definitely indecipherable. As curriculum theorists, scholars, and educators, we need to pay attention to language. Aoki (2005a) reminded us to listen to “the voice of play in the midst of things—a playful singing in the midst of life” (p. 282). Poetry can inspirit our curriculum studies by opening up innovative ways for paying attention to language, which, in turn, opens up new ways of knowing and becoming, and new ways of researching the experiences of daily, quotidian, human experiences. I read Ted’s writing long before I met him; I have been reading Ted’s writing for over thirty years. I recently returned to Curriculum in a new key: The collected works of Ted T. Aoki (2005), and re-read the familiar essays with a keen eye for sentences and phrases I especially liked, at least in this most recent
encounter with Ted’s words. I then selected my favourite ten quotations and shaped them into a found poem. I could write many found poems out of Ted’s poetic writing, but the following found poem is the one I found in my recent poetic research.

Lingering Notes: Ten Tantalizing Tunes

i

I recall being blamed
for academic jargonese
for using the term paradigm ...

ii

critical competence is the way
we choose to act
to oppose inhumanity
in songs and acts of joy,
be they in the everyday
idiom of music, art, play,
poetry, pottery, or ...

iii

this tensionality calls on us
as pedagogues to make time
for meaningful striving and struggling,
time for letting things be,
time for question, time for singing,
time for crying, time for anger,
time for praying and hoping

iv

what seems urgent
is the recovery
of the fullness
of language

v

I am led to wonder if indeed
these are different ways
of understanding,
different linguistic worlds,
and different discourses
with different grammars

vi
each one of us
is a divided subject,
constituted by both
self and other

vii
on this bridge,
we are in no hurry
to cross over;
in fact, such bridges
lure us to linger

viii
what does it mean
to become a teacher?

ix
I know that what I see
and how I see is because
of who I am. I am what
I see. I am how I see

x
a lingering note, ...
hopefully, like
the ring of a temple bell,
echoes and re-echoes
as it fades into silence

“The rule that makes
its subject weary
is a sentence
of hard labor.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 53)

One of my favourite memories is the day I danced for Ted. A few weeks before my dancing
debut, Ted had participated in a doctoral exam. The chair of the exam was a scholar from the
Department of English. I have forgotten the scholar’s name so he will receive no citation in my
essay, but at least he will also never know I am still writing critically about him. I participated in the exam, too. The scholar from the Department of English was concerned (incensed is perhaps a more apt word) that the dissertation was creative, innovative, artful, and heartful. He held a strict fundamentalist view about what constituted a dissertation—prosaic, logical, linear, clear, coherent, expository, and argumentative. The scholar from the Department of English and Ted represented diverse approaches to scholarly writing. So, they were invited to present at a seminar in the Department of Language Education (LANE). I was invited to respond. Ted presented a vital and vibrant discussion of language as living and efficacious. The scholar from the Department of English presented a paper that sounded like many papers I have heard in Departments of English—bland, blonde, blunt, banal, blah! I was faced with a big challenge. How could I respond to two papers when I liked one vigorously and disliked one vehemently? I decided that my best strategy was dancing. When faced with a complex situation in the academy, it is always a good plan to dance! So, when I was called to respond, I asked everybody to put their hands over their eyes so they could only see partially through the gaps in their fingers. I also asked them to count to ten and then call out two orders: Right! Left! I then began to move with a slow robotic movement, and as participants called out “Right! Left! Right! Right! Left! Left!” I moved more quickly in efforts to obey the orders. I was an angular, stiff, earnest machine. Then, for my second response, I again asked everyone to put their hands over their eyes and look through their fingers. This time I asked them for no orders. I then began a loose-limbed frolic with arms and legs flexibly waving in the air like a scholar alone in his study after just reading an e-mail message that he’s reached a milestone on ResearchGate. At least that’s how I remember my second dance. I only know I was wild, my whole body shaking and grooving and responding to music that only I could hear. I was flexible, flowing, flamboyant, fiery, at least red-faced. I didn’t offer any interpretation of my dance. I just sat down. In “Narrative and narration in curricular spaces” Ted (2005i) remembered the seminar:

Early this year LANE held a departmental colloquium, a session given to a discussion under the title ‘Standard Academic Research and Postmodern Discourse.’ I was invited to participate in the departmental colloquium together with a scholar from the English Department…. Carl Leggo of LANE responded to the two talks. He performed by dancing a neat response. (pp. 404–405)

I love Ted’s observation that I danced “a neat response.” Ted rebutted binary oppositions. One of his favourite words was the conjunction and.

And

no mere conjoining word but ... a place of difference


one of Ted’s favourite words
part of speech    conjunction
joins like a carpenter
connects like a matchmaker
glues logical consequence
with a philosopher’s penchant for functional supplementarity

Ted understands and
stands in the midst of and
an expansive space for play

Ted knows the magic of grammar
how and is more than a dove-like joint
for holding phrases and clauses

\[
\text{a polyphony of lines of movement}^{11}
\text{a space for both conjunction and disjunction}^{12}
\text{a place of lived tension}^{13}
\text{a generative space of possibilities}^{14}
\]

like the ampersand
and is pretzel twisted
intersecting interconnecting
looping with no beginning
turning with no ending
voluptuous with ample possibilities

if we ever exhaust the multiplicity of and
then we can focus on the mystery of not-and

“Applicants for wisdom
do what I have done:
inquire within.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 51)

Ted and I worked together with many graduate students. They all pursued research that was artful, bold, creative, delightful, efficacious, fecund, gregarious, hopeful, intriguing, jubilant, kinetic, loving, magnanimous, novel, open, passionate, questing, rowdy, sensual, tantalizing, urgent, vivacious, wonder/full, xylophonic, yearning, zealous. And none of them ever sounded like Ted. A big gift of Ted’s influence is that he called others to hear their voices—unique, idiosyncratic, embodied—voices that had often been silenced by fear of what was possible or impossible in graduate research. Ted taught us to sing out in our voices. And like all the performers who have sung the folk/blues classic “He Was a Friend of Mine,” each performance was new, certainly connected to the old, but adding to the familiar words and concepts and ideas with original voices that linger in the heart’s imagination.

Echo

the nymph Echo loved
to talk
and insisted on the last word

until Juno
searching for her wayward husband
among the nymphs
grew angry with Echo’s
chatter full of wile
(while the nymphs hid)
and cursed Echo
with the last word only,
always reply, never the first word,
never an original word,
and attracted to Narcissus,
Echo repeated his words only,
words Narcissus heard
as mimicry, words
that imitated his words only,
words with no promise or deferral,
only frustration,
and Narcissus rejected Echo
till Echo withered away,
gaunt and craggy,
a voice in mountain caves,
the last word only,
never an initiatory word,
the imitative word only

“Whoever cannot seek
the unforeseen sees nothing,
for the known way
is an impasse.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 7)

According to David Smith (2006),

loving the world, loving others, loving one’s students suggest standing in a relation to them that does
not determine in advance what they shall be for me, but rather accepting them in such a way as to
accept the limit of what we can be for each other and not just its imagined possibility. (p. 31)

I am always intrigued by David Smith’s scholarship which reminds me of Walter Brueggeman’s
(2001) “prophetic imagination,” whose task “is to nurture, nourish, and evoke a consciousness
and perception alternative to the consciousness and perception of the dominant culture around
us” (p. 3). Smith reminds me that love always seeks connection while acknowledging alterity. I
stand in relation to others in a story of communion and communication, distance and silence. The other will always be other. After sixty-four years of introspection, self-reflection, life writing, and confession, I know little about Carl Leggo. I hardly remember the person I was. I can’t explain most of my life. I can narrate a little of life, but most of my past will remain a montage of traces like faded film held in the dusk and twilight.

Last March, after almost twenty-six years, I moved from my old office at UBC to a new office. In clearing out my old office, I found an envelope of letters that Ted had sent me, mostly in the second half of the 1990s. My correspondence with Ted reminds me of many stories, still familiar even if the stories have been stored away for a long time. I lingered with Ted’s letters, and selected a few favourite lines like old photographs, twenty-six fragments. I then composed a poem. You can hear Ted in the poem, but, if you listen carefully, you can also hear me—smiling, laughing, nodding, crying, all with delight.

**Sorry for My Ramblings...**
*(fragments of letters from Ted Aoki, 1995 to 1999)*

a

I feel so good
about your presence
...
opening up space
within a department and faculty
that allow some of your colleagues
and all your grad students
to flourish a-new in their becomings

b

I admire
    your scholarly drive

your pedagogical enacting in dialogic spaces

c

just ongoing thoughts

d

the growing legitimation of live(d) curricula
has led to an opening up of ‘geo/graphic’
and ‘bio/graphic’ spaces between
curriculum plan and live(d) curricula

spaces of narrative writing of experiences
both earthly ‘geo-graphic’ and livingly ‘bio/graphic

e
how can we as curriculum narrators
dwell generatively and narratively
in ... spaces of ambivalence?

f

thank you ten thousand times
for your generous and un-tiring efforts
in composing a conference that still lives in me

g
during the break (following the snowfall),
I slipped and fell flat on my back
(including my head)

my son and daughter-in-law took me
to Emergency at the UBC hospital
to see if the slip damaged or improved

the functioning of my medulla oblongata!

h
to show how a curriculum subject
is in the throes of decentering disciplinarity

a generative space of possibilities and hope

i

we’re looking forward to your vitalizing presence

j

may the turning of the last calendar page of 1997
be a turning of a new fold as you,
Lana and your children journey forth into 1998

k

just a note hoping to catch you in an un-busy moment!
enjoyed/inspired by your poetic performance

I value the warm and cordial friendship we have constituted here at UBC

let’s continue with our activities, particularly with our grads

whose hopes and visions call us to join hands

your thoughtful poem on teaching again you honour me

to enliven the ethicality in self-other

we’re all proud of you, Carl, and your committed leadership in opening up the texture of our wor(l)d

I felt good clicking with you ...

I am hoping that you are at this very moment experiencing a restful/vital turn

with your writing we lingered in the world of pedagogy and ethicality
end of gossip
beer-time
u
the students you have been working with
impress me much
v
I’m phasing out ... thanks for tuning in ...
w
marking an insight into language of ‘insight’
x
so what’s new?
y
sure like to hear what Carl says
z
sorry for my ramblings ...

“All people ought to know themselves and everyone be wholly mindful.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 71)

Hélène Cixous (1998) reminds me about the rare gift of Ted’s influence in my life when she wrote, “luckily there is a voice, that voice of poetry-philosophy, to think with or, in any case, to sing with; to inscribe, to play on, to strum the contradictions and the world as tragedy” (p. 37). Ted’s voice is the voice of poetry-philosophy. His curriculum studies are steeped in language. In his writing and teaching, he riffed on “contradictions,” but for all the challenges he lived in his life, including internment, racism, prejudice, hatred, grief, and heart-break, he did not strum “the world as tragedy.” In English literature studies, we often speak about the modes of literary narrative as tragedy, comedy, romance, and fantasy, but there is a fifth mode of literary narrative we call contemplation. In some ways, the other four modes of literary narrative have often outshone contemplation. We have the Greek dramatic masks of tragedy and comedy. Hollywood has certainly emphasized tragedy and comedy, as well as romance and fantasy. The
mode of contemplation is perhaps not as readily exciting or adventurous or emotional as the other modes, but it is the mode we find in much literature and many films, including the films of David Lynch and Terrence Malick, and even most recently in Martin Scorsese’s *Silence*. The mode of contemplation is what we need in this age of alternative facts, alt-right, fake news, post-truth. Ted’s voice is the “voice of poetry-philosophy” that strums “contradictions and the world” (Cixous, 1998, p. 37) as contemplation, that invites us to breathe, to meditate, ponder, question, ruminate, and wonder. Ted’s words slow us down. Ted’s words breathe into us and inspire us to call back in our voices. Ted’s voice is unique, his own, and he encourages us to speak and write in our voices, not his, not even an imitation of his voice. There can be no mimicry of the poet-philosopher’s voice. Ted’s work is Ted’s. Ultimately Ted’s work is the work of love. Cixous understood that “what words do between themselves—couplings, matings, hybridizations—is genius. An erotic and fertile genius. A law of life presides over their crossbreedings. Only words in love sow…. Clandestine semantics” (pp. 147-148). Ted’s words are “words in love,” generated in love, composed in love, and offered in love. Ted continues to inspire and infuse my poetry, my commitment to living poetically, my devotion to understanding curriculum as a way of being and becoming.

**Witness**

*a poem is the sun  
soft suffused  
in morning mist*

I witness what I know  
or remember  
or think I know  

my witness might be  
witless but I offer  
the witness as a gift  

never sure it  
can be received  
a hungry fire

*a poem is you and me  
an Argentinian tango  
on the polished page*

    in the garden  
the sparrow does not know  
where the worm is hiding  
and the worm does not know  
the sparrow does not know

not knowing writes
a hungry story, a thin
line between life and death

*I want a poem
voluptuously drawn
with rhythms of desire*

she stands still
like a heron stands
still on the edge
of the river
where faraway
I still walk the dike
and stop to say
oh, there’s a heron
here on the edge
where the heron
was still when
you left, still
there, so still

*a poem skates
the limits of the page
under a full moon*

as the earth drowned
in tsunamis of God’s wrath
what did Noah know?
what did Noah not know?

*I seek a poem
that cannot remember
all the alphabet*

in Alejandro Jodorowsky’s
*Endless Poetry*
the Chilean daimonion
sings the joke with joy
and aesthetic arrest

I lived with romantic bravado
ignoring everything
like nothing mattered
like something would emerge
like anything could happen
like a breathing plaything
could translate writhing into soothing writing

after a busy day of meetings
I seek the poetic in the midst of the seemingly prosaic
sure poetry is everywhere

where is everywhere?
where is ever? whenever?
where is anywhere?
where is where?
where is here?
where is there?

there are no wholes without holes

returning from ice fishing in a Newfoundland pond

everywhere black and white like a newspaper or zebra

rendering visible the invisible surrendering to wonder

knowing almost everything is missed still refusing to miss the mystery

learning with every careful decision about brush colour stroke

how all artful knowledge is only enough to trust intuition and hope

“The river where you set your foot just now is gone—those waters giving way to this, now this.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 27)

In 2000 Erika Hasebe-Ludt and I joined Ted at the University of Lethbridge to teach a three-week graduate institute titled “Writing Teachers’ Lives.” Ted participated in the middle week.
During that week I was Ted’s student. Ted whirled a piece of chalk like a conductor’s baton or a magician’s wand. He wrote on the blackboard and in the air—much of his writing swirled here and there with imaginative efficacy. Ted conjured ideas and concepts with mesmerizing flourishes. Like a cartographer he composed rhizomean paths in an intricate network of connections that mapped the landscape while always acknowledging how no single cartographer’s specific narrative could ever exhaust all the possibilities of curricular flowing and flexibility and fecundity.

**Complex Curricular Cacophony**

- curriculum exploration
- curriculum implementation
- curriculum inquiry
- curricular landscape
- curriculum orientations
- curriculum research
- curriculum researchers
- curriculum scholarship
- curriculum talk
- curriculum theorists
- curriculum worlds
- curricular signifiers
- curricular spaces
- curricular turn
- curriculum as planned
- curriculum as lived
- polyphonic curriculum
- understanding curriculum

“The beginning is the end.”
(Heraclitus, 2001, p. 45)

While I resonate with Heraclitus’ (2001) wisdom that “the beginning is the end” (p. 45), I also know the end is the beginning. I last saw Ted in the assisted care home where he and his wife June lived at the end of their lives. I knew in that last visit that Ted was not well; he died a couple weeks later. But, of course, Ted lives on. From diverse spiritual and religious perspectives we could expound on how a human being lives on after death, but I will simply state that Ted lives on in memory, in his writing, in the writing of others who remember him, and in the curriculum research that many scholars pursue. Ted once wrote that “we need to seek out new orientations that allow us to free ourselves of the tunnel vision effect of mono-dimensionality” (2005m, p. 94). That is sturdy wisdom for living. Ted always understood how one dimension such as length, width, depth, or height is not sufficient to explain the complexity of human life. Mono-dimensionality gives us a line which is more than no dimension represented by a point, but the significant point is that neither a point nor a line can, on their own, demarcate a plane or
surface with its two dimensions. Even a figure with three dimensions that represent volume is not adequate to understand the hard work of transcending tunnel vision so we can see with multiple new orientations.

**Curricular Kaleidoscope**  
*(for Ted Aoki)*

with renewed configurations,
the more I look, the more I see,
the more I see, the more I look spellbound, a whirlpool,
captured in confused movement,  
turbulent tumultuous turmoil,
no order in the disorder. If only I could learn to surrender
to the kaleidoscope, swirling maelstrom, lovely whirlwind

like the unseen spirit of breath in the alphabet's necromancy

**References**


Aoki, T. T. (2005g). In the midst of slippery theme-words: Living as designers of Japanese Canadian curriculum. In W. F. Pinar & R. L. Irwin (Eds.), *Curriculum in a new key: The collected works of Ted

Notes
1 Aoki, 2005c, p. 112.
2 Aoki, 2005b, p. 133.
3 Aoki, 2005l, p. 164.
4 Aoki, 2005d, p. 238.
5 Aoki, 2005g, p. 265.
6 Aoki, 2005a, p. 289.
7 Aoki, 2005f, p. 316.
8 Aoki, 2005j, p. 337.
9 Aoki, 2005i, p. 348.
10 Aoki, 2005k, p. 376.
11 Aoki, 2005g, p. 271.
12 Aoki, 2005f, p. 318.
13 Aoki, 2005e, p. 300.
14 Aoki, 2005f, p. 318.
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