

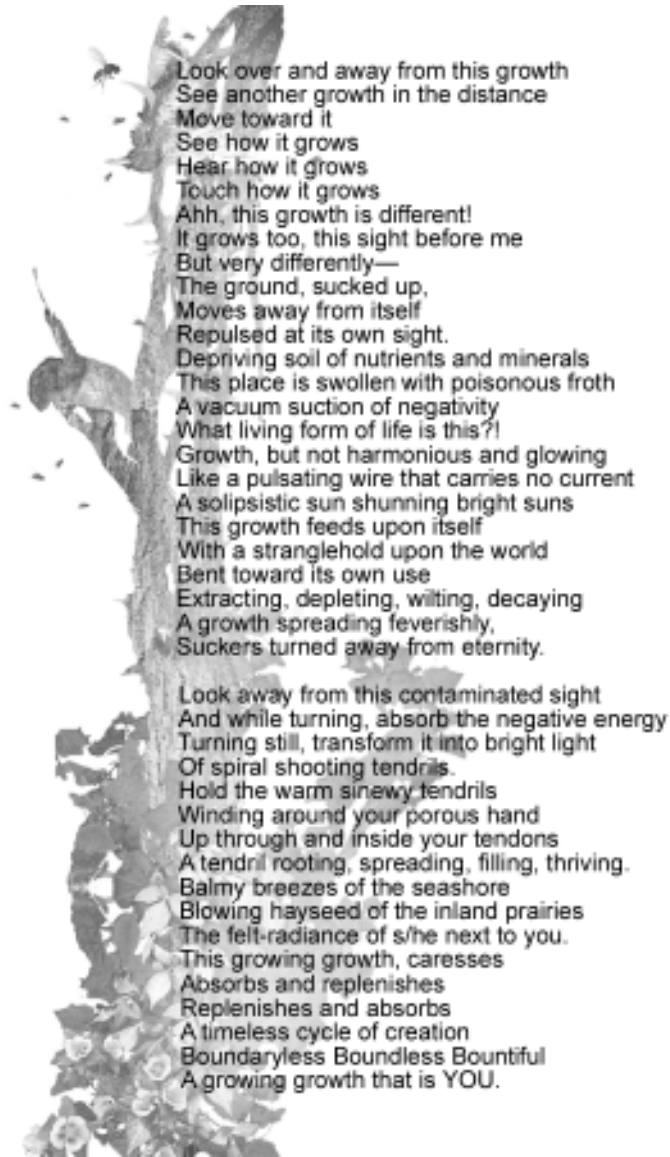
A Pedagogue's Poetic Meditation

By Carol A. Mullen

Creates an arts meditative space that draws upon Dewey's philosophy of growth



Imagine yourself in a place
Where everything is growing
You can see everything growing
You can hear everything growing
You can feel everything growing
See Hear Feel the growth
Move toward this growth
Get closer to that which is growing
Kneel down
Look closely
Reach and touch
REACH
TOUCH
STRETCH with all your might
What's so special about this growth?
Look again more closely
Notice that the growth is growing
How is it growing, this growth?
Up and down and around
A moving force.
Follow the pattern of the growth
Notice its texture, density, depth
Can growth enable conditions for more growth?
See how the growth makes the ground fertile
How it cultivates a life system
And depends on that which exists.
Just look at this spectacular growth!
A momentum energized by its own force
Stimulated by external stimulants to grow.
Watch how this persevering force moves
Over the ground
Under the soil
Through the land
Working the ground with its muscles
Winding Seamless Patterned
Activity without beginning or end
Notice how entangled and plush
Is this thick brush of growth
Thickened from plasmatic juices of creativity,
It lives, this intoxicating growth of leaf green.



Look over and away from this growth
See another growth in the distance
Move toward it
See how it grows
Hear how it grows
Touch how it grows
Ahh, this growth is different!
It grows too, this sight before me
But very differently—
The ground, sucked up,
Moves away from itself
Repulsed at its own sight.
Depriving soil of nutrients and minerals
This place is swollen with poisonous froth
A vacuum suction of negativity
What living form of life is this?!
Growth, but not harmonious and glowing
Like a pulsating wire that carries no current
A solipsistic sun shunning bright suns
This growth feeds upon itself
With a stranglehold upon the world
Bent toward its own use
Extracting, depleting, wilting, decaying
A growth spreading feverishly,
Suckers turned away from eternity.

Look away from this contaminated sight
And while turning, absorb the negative energy
Turning still, transform it into bright light
Of spiral shooting tendrils.
Hold the warm sinewy tendrils
Winding around your porous hand
Up through and inside your tendons
A tendril rooting, spreading, filling, thriving.
Balmy breezes of the seashore
Blowing hayseed of the inland prairies
The felt-radiance of s/he next to you.
This growing growth, caresses
Absorbs and replenishes
Replenishes and absorbs
A timeless cycle of creation
Boundaryless Boundless Bountiful
A growing growth that is YOU.