

## A Curriculum of Beauty

By Celeste N. Snowber

### Linguistics of Creation

Run thick with amber  
spread burgundy red  
diatribe of leaves  
s c a t t e r e d  
random order  
color cut  
lavish autumn

A curriculum of beauty  
in natured spaces  
outside school  
morning walks  
jumping recess  
hanging outs  
gallery of hues  
museum of textures  
symphony of sounds  
waiting to be viewed  
announcing arrival

*A Curriculum of Beauty*

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What if we all left  
our classrooms -  
a 15 minutes i n t e r u d e?  
steep senses  
    in chorus of silence  
        wind breath  
            kaleidescope heart  
awake to art  
in school backyards

Be changed  
in the seeing  
in the hearing  
marginalized tones  
endangered images  
    glimpses of spider webs  
        birdsong echoes  
            linguistics of creation  
hover to ear  
soften to glance.

**Gull child**

They sit perched  
like royalty  
White opalescent  
Waiting with grace  
Edged in dusk light  
I sit opposite  
A gull child  
from long ago  
Learning to wait.

## Unstoppable Work

A body of work  
forming  
developing  
rising  
unstoppable  
in the midst of  
deadlines  
grants  
proposals  
marking.

Agendas of  
he(art)  
rule cell's vision  
the poetic  
a gravitational force  
pulling  
deep  
into the body  
write me  
draw me  
dance me.

I am wind  
who wants form  
chaos  
who wants pattern  
I demand  
to be  
birthed.

## **Moist Manna**

for Micah

You lay prostrate  
snow bound  
to ground  
under canopy  
of virgin flakes  
mouth wide-open  
catching moist manna.

Ten year-old son  
having snowday  
you should be at school  
but I let you stay home  
taking in a curriculum  
of slowed time  
noticing white beauty  
caressing shades of green  
cedars open branches  
a prayer of surrender.

Could there be  
an aesthetics of first  
fallen snow  
in a geography  
where rain  
is the main meal?

I revel in watching  
you watch  
snow f a l l  
you abandon  
full body and mind  
to snow's rhythm  
you invite me  
to lay down and watch  
you tell me of  
family of birds  
you saw fly above.

*Celeste N. Snowber*

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When I called  
the school, to tell them  
you'd be home  
they asked if you were  
sick  
I said –  
you were under the weather  
but I meant  
literally  
you needed to lie  
beneath the weather  
learn its texture  
first-hand  
body-absorbed  
perception through  
touch, taste, smell.  
You invited yourself  
into a body aesthetic.

I wonder why  
as adults, we forget  
to lie down  
in the textures of  
the natural world  
and behold the  
beauty of what  
falls in our arms.

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