

Attending Responding Becoming

An anthology of surprises
beyond intention
or design

By Louie J N Gardiner



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This anthology was submitted as an 🎵 Aesthetic-Poetic contribution, comprising one component of my composite Doctoral submission for the Degree of Philosophy in the University of Hull, 2021. The title of my doctoral submission is: Attending Responding Becoming: A living-learning inquiry in a naturally-inclusional playspace.



EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE

Above all to my Love, my partner Jo Birch, who bore the brunt and grunt of living with me through these doctoral years – for hanging in and holding on when she could so easily have chosen to leave; for encouraging and loving me when I least deserved her attention; and for boldly challenging me when I most needed and least wanted it.

To my dear father George Gardiner who – though bemused by why I was doing a PhD so late in life; and confused by some of the content in the pages that follow – supported me in all the ways he could. He was the first to hear out loud the poems I found myself writing – including the one I subsequently completed and read at his funeral on 7th June 2018.

To those who have journeyed with me through my life (far too many to mention); to those who played their part in provoking, evoking or invoking the birth of each of these poems onto the page; and to those who, in 2010-2011, invited me to support them – and who became the pioneer co-creators and guardians to our Presence in Action Community-in-Practice: Sam Pringle, Karen Beveridge and Rowena Lavender.

To my supervisor, Gerald Midgley, for having faith in me and in what was coming despite – like me – not knowing what, when and how it would all materialise. Your faith in me helped me to hold steady on the path of not-knowing unfolding.

To Kelly Alderdice of 2Ten Graphic Design, for her patience, persistence and professionalism in bringing this to the printed page; and to Diane Parker for her final editorial eye. Finally – my thanks to those who have gifted additional images and practical support in creating this multi-media anthology:

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NEITHER BY INTENTION NOR DESIGN

Through my doctoral inquiry I found myself confronting the fragmenting, abstract nature of the philosophy of science and traditional approaches to research. I followed what beckoned, not what was expected.

Given the unusual nature of my undertaking and its surprising outcomes, for some considerable time, I found it difficult to distill what it encompasses into a single title. Finally, very near submission, all resolved and I found myself sitting comfortably with the title that now gives name to this anthology: *Attending Responding Becoming*.

In my doctoral submission, I illuminate what 'becomes' when I attend and respond to what is present and current, beyond intention or design. I reveal what was unleashed in me as I surrendered to previously untapped dimensions of myself – as a researcher not abstracted from the research process, but as the primary research instrument, simultaneously holding the research and being changed by it. This book stands as one of four elements representing the diverse fruits of my inquiry.





BECOMING FLOW, IN SPACE, IN TIME

Who would have thought that undertaking a PhD would catapult me into a form of writing and expression that had previously held no fascination for me? In 2014, overwhelmed by the monumental magnitude of reading that loomed ahead of me, I found myself communicating through diverse modes of expression I have come to name 'statewaves'. Most surprisingly, I found myself turning to '*Aesthetic-Poetic*' forms that augmented my intellectual, visual and embodied expressions, with which I was more familiar.

Throughout my doctoral years, *Aesthetic-Poetic* has given birth to 30+ poems. Some are deeply personal expressions, which afforded real-time processing of past and present experiences (re)activated during the course of my research. Others convey my emerging syntheses of the complex and diverse material I was encountering.

The fruits of my emerging encounter find form and illumination through novel '*Visual-Kinaesthetic*' expressions. In toto, my statewaves convey the reincorporating essence, content, form and outcomes of my living-learning inquiry. In this anthology, *Aesthetic-Poetic* plays her part in opening the space for my other statewaves to follow, flow and show up in their own space and time.







To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/39SR7mP>

AHEAD OF THE READ...

► Ahead of the read...

...take heed, as I invite you to enter into an experience of **Attending Responding Becoming** by engaging with the strange and familiar in the pages that follow. As you proceed, hold this in mind:

♪♦ No element, whatever form, alone conveys what's held by all.

No wordy tomes do knowledge state, 'til human beings assimilate.

All knowing flows through interchange as Beings engage with what's in range.

Such knowing cannot be maintained – for each who learns is always changed.

What's been has gone; there's more to come – yet none can know what will Become.

I open up, welcome you in. If you respond...

♪≈ ...our dance begins to reel through new-found, not-knowing fading, flowing. Witness unending kinesis shaping shifts; unfolding to its own evolving tune that no dancer grasps, 'til new notes fall in line creating guides so each can place one foot aside another; each astride the other, moving to a-rhythmic pace across this place in which we find ourselves embraced; in arms enfolding, drawing in, afore the moment of propelling, stretching out and into thrilling, spinning turns and lifts that change our form; and yet entranced, we hold our stance; entwined in deep harmonic swells that surge and plunge like well-timed waves that raise our gaze and drive each slide and stride, inducing moves of sequenced play that beat and keep our breaths in sway; no space to stray for Nature's pulse prevails; exhales into lungs that swell and shrink through life until the phase to wane, stills. And when you're done, we're done. Together, we'll move on, alone.



To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3t2YzDo>





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3fSxzmc>

HER YOUNG, ME OLD

She comes with stealth
beside my Self;
Her Young, me Old -
she seizes hold.

Her I recall

It's rough...

In constant dread,
I flee ahead
of tides that rip
as tension tips.

She drowns us all

Cast off!

I fear she'll crush
my fragile crust
with guileless guise,
her quakes and cries.

I choke her roars

Too tough?

Relentless yowls
smash barricades
of walled-up lies
and made-up lines.

Suppress her squalls

Handcuffs!

I lock her chains,
deny her strain,
ignore her pain,
then change her name.

Erase her All

Cut off!

Shame quells my heart -
shears me apart.
'Til tales repealed,
heartbreaks won't heal.

Wait! Heed her call...

Enough.

My mask now slides -
no need to hide,
as my birth date
breaks our stalemate.

Now I'm enthralled

With Love.

Defences lift,
repairing rifts.
Rent parts resolve,
easing us home.

Re-membering all

We're One.





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3dJOwMV>

BLACK BIN BAG

Out of the Black Bin
Bag, I have nothing.
No thing!
So, what does 'no thing'
Bring to me?

What can I do or be,
with no thing?
I am called to myself.
I am called to step
beyond the emptiness
and sorrow of believing
I have no thing – I am no thing.
I am called to strain beyond a
truth that lies, denies I am of use.

At last! Bemused. I see.
I find that I am full;
full of space; and full
of possibility.
Finally, I know
that as *No thing*,
I am all there is,
in all that is
and is to be.

Perhaps,
as all there is,
in all that is
and is to be,
I may become
some thing
of use?

To you, perhaps,
I may become
one thing of use?
If into the Black Bin
Bag you take
your hand;
therein
you may
find no thing
but me.







To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3d0uzT3>

Quiet time finds peace in me;
sources and resources day-to-day
building of bridges between and beyond
bridge-builders-to-be; breaking down barriers
between differences that seed
separation; transformed instead, into
connections born of otherness; becoming
bonds of togetherness, forged in flames
of fire stoked by commitment
to Unselfishness, Purity, Honesty,
Love.







To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/39UceF0>

IN GRATITUDE

In gratitude, to all who stayed away,
as well as those who came online today.
For each of us has played our precious part
in reconnecting head to gut and heart.
For catching words that fly like butterflies;
seeding silence over noise that defiles
the space for shifting paradigms. Instead -
in paradox - for crafting words in threads,
so frantic conversation moves to hands
that speak and quiet the voice, so meaning lands
with space enough to slow the pace, to ease
the strain, so all can find their place to breathe
and still their mental chat in time to break
the chains that lock the pain in hearts that ache
from cognitive excess. For love expressed
through tender touch on plastic keys; I'm blessed
with compassion pressed in messages slowed,
helping tensions shift from high to low, so
now - this time - we go in Gratitude.

© Louie J N Gardiner, 9th September 2014





To hear this poem
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PARTICULAR ABYSS

Whether we gaze out through heavens to the stars
or drive our eyes into the Particular
abyss for answers of the universe; do
we not simply perceive what we are apt to
see? Patterns of imagination? Defined
manifestations made so by eyes and minds
that cannot not craft worlds of explanation?
Is 'all in all' our most profound delusion?

Perhaps, matter and matters of scale are nought
but orderly illusions made real by thought;
by those who meddle in realms beyond their Selves
in search of truth which lies in etheric shelves?
What consummate distraction by magician
minds who avert our gaze by reaching out and
out; and down and down, to what? For what? Where is
THE place these searching souls don't dare to quiz?

As jet black nights fuel our fears, deluded minds
with unrelenting pace, drive us wild with blind
demands to play the tunes; so devilish hands
can pull our puppet strings and command our dance.
Those veiled rampant powers that yank our clanking chains
have us trip and choke and burdened by our shame,
for what we did and did not do. Shocked. Bemused.
Caught by fear of blame. Bewildered and confused

that once again – to make the change, we fail.
So on, on and on we chase horizon's tail -
to catch the holy grail of hidden truths.
And so the mirage beckons; teases sleuths
who'll be seduced by promises of fame
and grandeur. Make your name! Court worldly acclaim!
Or choose the Noble Quest: Risk ruthless enmity
over fame or vapid anonymity?

© Louie J N Gardiner 15th October 2014





To hear this poem
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SPACE FOR PEACE AND GRACE

Her vacant gaze turns to face the abyss
of the bowl of oblivion. Dazed. Sick
from guts to core; this wretched, wrenching misfit
swaps pain for shame. Swallowing toxic
myths, she defines the deal that steals the gift
of feeling Life. Instead numbs ancient griefs
and hides self-loathing; forging gorging rifts
that break the strain – brief moments of relief
when what's inside pours out. The purge vacates
the gaping void. Devoid. Again she stuffs
and chokes on bellyfuls of lies and hates
herself the more for wanting more. Enough's
enough! Too much to bear – she bares her truth!
As bedrock quakes, deception shakes and stirs
rough seas that split and break apart and through
her crust. A crack! A crack in her imper-
-fect offering! Rejoice and sing and ring
the bells that still can ring. Then still the pace;
for through her cracks, Light pours in revealing
Hope and Love and space where Peace and Grace
now take their place.

© Louie J N Gardiner 17th January 2015





To hear this poem
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<https://bit.ly/3uyMiXv>

BROKEN BARK

Broken bark
split apart
lays bare her
hardened Heart.

Yet here – by choice –
she sets aside
the lies she chose –
to hide a love
that once she
so reviled.
No more!

Her rusted vault
made real
by fear and shame
has sealed
her love away
from life.
She's done. It's time.
It's time - she knows –
for her to change
the frame.

So bit by bit
she takes apart
encrusted walls
that all these years
have kept us
from what shines
within.

Thickened skin
softens; lets us in
to touch and feel
the power of trust
and truth revealed.

Pure love unsealed –
brings tenderness
to heal the breaks
and mend
what long has kept
her from her friends.

What was concealed,
unlocks the chains
enforced by
ignorance and hate.
Replaced instead
by gentle bonds
embracing each
and every kind
of human
otherness.

Broken bark
eased apart
reveals her
living, loving
healing Heart.





To hear this poem
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<https://bit.ly/3dKleNc>

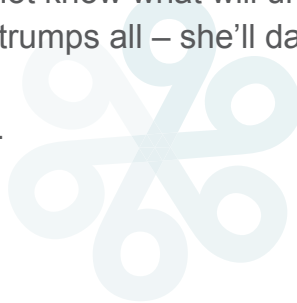
IN PERFECT TIME

In perfect time she opens up; invites us in
to see and share the pain she's held alone for years -
her silence deep; her life weighed down, made grey within.
For being simply true to all she is, freed fears
that took control. Shame's shadow stole this precious Soul
from life. A Love denied. Unseen. Unknown, until
provoked by Truth demanding more, she heeds her Call.

In perfect time she turns away from unkind minds
that beat and scold and seek to drive her to the edge.
Instead, a breath; a pause. Time enough to find
the tenderness of peace of mind to make her pledge.
So, step by step, with gentle care for those she loves,
she turns with grace to show the face that all these years
she's hidden in disgrace. Not now. She's here; she's Out.

In perfect time she opens wide; steps out for all
to see and share her joy unleashed by ancient truths,
once sealed from friends. Esprit de corps! Like birds that soar
on wings that trust the thrust from upward coils – faith proves
that for her too, this Life and friends have gifts to share
beyond her ken. She cannot know what will unfold
but if she holds that Love trumps all – she'll dare to dare.

She's out - in perfect time.







To hear this poem
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THIS GAME CALLED LIFE

Why join the fray to play this Game called Life?

For you with godly claims, who state you know and can control - beyond all shadows of doubt - your fate, best dare not volunteer. For, if you profess to know for sure what next to do - and who will win - then know for sure, you'll search in vain for proof to validate your mythic tale.

But if doubt mocks and flirts; or scratches, shrieks and tears away the blinds that blind your mind...

And if life's unfolding storylines tease - through twists and turns - your sense of what is meant and meant to be...

And if you can stand before this naked truth and stare it in the face, long enough to face the truth of you reflected back...

...then back in time, you'll find the time when knowing never was the point.

Back then, with child-like minds and hearts and hands, we made and changed the games we played. We tried: we failed and cried; prevailed and laughed; until constrained and shamed by adult frames, we learned to play THEIR one and only finite game.

'To win is all!' Yet: let's not forget that in this space – just One can take first place; whilst all the rest lose face and face the shame of second best. How come we make this so? When not to win means, for most, a life of coming last? What bitter brutal games to play – to all-but-One, displace and disregard the billions of our human race who, in this Finite chase, forever find themselves behind. This cannot be the only way!

I kid you not! Tear down the blinds; strip away the veils and take THIS step. Reflect the truth; and see anew, the You that knew that deep joy comes - not from knowing how to win - but learning how to change the rules for each and every one of us to find our place, and play our part in shaping Life's forever dance.

So, let us take the floor and take a chance with all who care enough to dare enough.

Reach down to touch the ground to feel the pulse and find the beat.

Turn down the raging noise that screams and reels around your head.

Let tears roll and rinse your stinging eyes so they can open wide to beauty in the beast.

Then stand your ground and plant your feet so you can sound the call for all to hear:

'I'm in! I'm here. Come play this precious Game called Life!'





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3dKLQyK>

I am no poet. And yet I find
a stranger's come into my mind.
She brings a pulse and pleasing lines
that contradict my casual style.
This altered state that captivates,
weaves words in strange a-rhythmic gait;
with poise and form unknown before,
she's turned to 'horse' as metaphor!

With equine power and grace she can-
ters on; then slows to pause and stand
to gaze across her life's terrain.
She's moved – for why? She can't explain;
just knows it's time to gallop north.
Bolts mid to east from hills to Forth,
she comes to rest on Porty's sands.
Her heart finds home – her parent's land.
This filly once so bold and wild
no longer now the agile child.
For legs that once were strong and sure
in one last bolt – a snap – no cure.
The shock. The grief. Both hit and halt
her joyous motion. Knees at fault
now shriek and creak. No more free reign
to dart and play - for fear the pain.

So, what is left or can replace
her skittish youth with ageless grace?
Gone, are leaps of unfeigned delight.
She cannot prance nor vault great heights.
Distress unbridled ripples wide
for this Grey Mare no more shall ride.
What now? What next beyond the rage?
Unfettered romps across the page!





To hear this poem
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<https://bit.ly/3uA0QGi>

With love for my Dad, George Gardiner, 2nd September 1933 – 17th May 2018

2015 He dreams...

*Let me dance beyond the moon, in space unbound by place and time.
Let me sweep across vast skies, with those who gravity defy.
Let me dream of being free, as they with power of wing to rise.
Let me soar and glide, seaward dive; unconstrained by strings that tie.
Let me float in upward swells; in curling loops, freewheel, on high.*

2017 He prays...

*Let me cut loose from ground-bound form; let my phoenix catch afire.
Let my failing frame be razed, so I may surge beyond the pyre.
Let me follow nature's beat; move with its groove 'neath heaven's light.
Let Her return to take my hand - lead me home this final night.
Let us dance beyond the moon, our love in tune through furls of time.*

2018 He's freed...

*Watch us float in upward swells; in curling loops, freewheel, on high.
Watch us soar and glide, seaward dive; unconstrained by strings that tie.
No more dreams of being free, as they with power of wing to rise,
for we sweep across vast skies, with those who gravity defy.
There! Beyond the moon, we dance in space unbound by place and time.*

© Louie J N Gardiner 27th November 2015/ 24th May 2018

I am the leopard
and the bars



LEARNING
TIME

noted into audio
+ use talk



To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3uylfuu>

Let me lay her down beside my Love.

Leavings suffused with sorrows born and borne of so many left. Gone.
Not faded flames and none forgot; yet lost, for fear of so much found
that could not be contained in this, my feeble, fated, frozen frame.

Let me lay him down beside my Love.

Raging grief within subsides; released at last from their approval.
This Love's lost beyond light in shadows thrown by mortal moral tones;
disgust discussed by scathing crones that claim to hold God's ground – yet don't.

Let me lay them down beside my Love.

Aching for these – my children, grown yet never had. New lives denied
by inner Selves who could not trust that I would be enough. Dark doubts
within crushed faith in kin and kith who unbeknownst, left me adrift.

Let me lay Me down beside my Love.

-- Eased by tenderness, feather breaths now soothe and serve to open wide
for oceanic cries to rise. Tectonic turns emancipate
my chronic flailing state, forming anew through dried chrysallian skin.

Let me lay thee down beside my Loves.

Enfolding all in space-time furls, we centre in on the Divine.
Let Future's Past be Present time, so we can live renewed, our lives -
re-shaping ancient story lines within cosmology's design.

Let me lay you down beside me, Loves.

Exposed am I in sorrow's grip. Forgive me Dears, my muted fears
of loss - unseen, unmet - which so belie my sullied gifts. Once trapped;
untapped. I am laid bare; subdued. Fresh terror tricks and trips this urge...

...awakes the dread I dread:

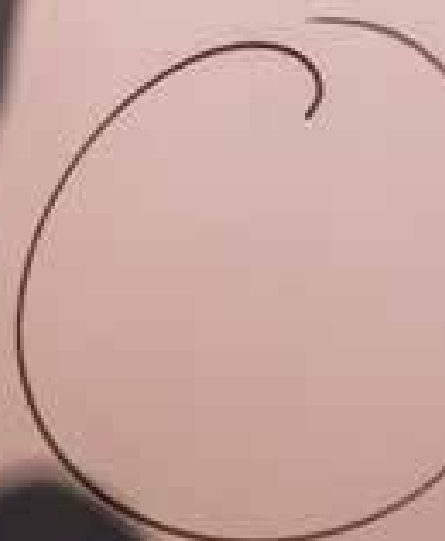
That you, my Loves, will opt to let me run – alone.
Into oblivion.

STOP



condition "

Fact





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3fQeeSI>

I sob and choke.
Snot snakes and melds with saline streams from eyes that watch...

...you watch, untouched.

I run to ground;
pull one-way viewing shutters down. Hide fear away, yet from within, I watch...

...you watch, untouched.

Within this scene -
caught in caked paint on canvas screen - I scream the silent scream of Munch,
and watch...

...you watch, untouched.

Pain etched; dried hard
in crusted smears of paint locked in, in gaudy frame, devoid of love and swamped
in shame. I watch...

...you watch, untouched.

This mise-en-scène
lays waste two lives ambushed by what has been denied. In grief and total disbelief,
I watch...

...you watch, untouched -

and then, move on.



10



To hear this poem
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<https://bit.ly/3uEdtjT>

LAY TO REST, DESCARTES

She¹ has risen, finally to lay to
rest, Descartes – he who tore
asunder that which was clear, and
held as One so dear, by
Heraclitus.

What grave distress and disarray
we find ourselves amidst!
Catastrophes abound, made
manifest by man upon the
ground, which, in arrogance, he
claimed was his inviolable
domain.

What shame befalls the man and
men who swallowed whole the
pill of Grand Delusion?

What shame for he – Descartes -
and they, who clutched for
power o'er universal destiny?

What shame for those who lost
regard for that which held the
pulse and purity of Life in tune -
community?

That which is riven - into bit-parts
and nonsense shards -
proves its irreducibility.

We are undone by split parts,
razor minds and boundary lines,
used as keys to bend and break
the world to man's design.

We are undone, unless – until
she re-turns her in-fluence²;
reverts the thrust that threatens
to obliterate her periodic gait.

We are undone, unless – until:
to her receptive space we yield;
to go the way of inward flow,
'enforming' Nature's gathering in.

1 'She' refers to Nature as naturally inclusional (Rayner, 2018)

2 Origins of 'Influence' meant 'inflow/influx'. In 13th-16th century this turned around to become 'imperceptible or indirect action exerted to cause changes' outwardly.





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3uA1nli>

REALMS UNPEOPLED

*'For Reason like a King who thirsts for
pow'r leaves Realms unpeopled'*

These lines tip deep sobs to the fore.

My throat is sure to choke on rage
that rails against the pain invoked by
Reason held as all there is of worth.

How dare he rob then leave our
realms unpeopled in his wake!

What has he done?

What does he miss, deny, in his mad
race to rationalise away his - and our -
aesthetic feeling states?

What gain is lost when shoots,
inchoate, he cuts and prunes before
their time?

Poor creature he must be with
outsized head and shrivelled heart –
grey matter squeezed between his
ears; whilst love and vibrant life lay
trampled, dead beneath his calloused feet.

Enough! His crime can be redeemed
if only, he will pause to listen to our call...

"We're here; alive!

We dwell in boxed-off corners of the
Self, beyond the reaches of encrusted,
extricated minds.

Invite us in; let feelings free, for we
can bring so much more to life and
words, than thee."

The quote from which this piece was provoked comes from Walter Harte's 'Essay on Reason, 1735, p7-8

© Louie J N Gardiner 21st May 2016

Symmathesic Agency*: meta-conscious capacity expressed through Presences in Action



*"The meta-conscious capacity to engage in mutual contextual learning through self-centering interaction in place in space in time" (Gardiner, 2017).
NB. "symmathesy" (N. Bateson, 2016:169).





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3mtNB7k>

BIRTHING SAM

Undeniable,
Irrepressible,
Unsuggestible,
SAM makes her call.

Time to listen.
Pay attention
to this mission!
She sets her stall.

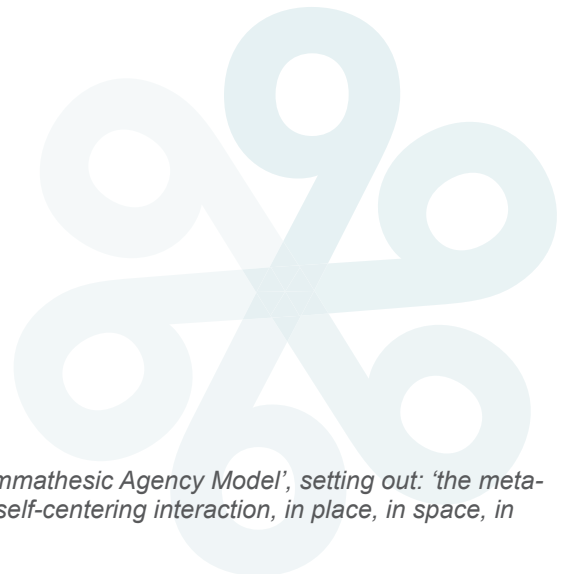
She makes her stand,
and takes my hand
for her to land
in visual scrawl...

...upon this page -
no more a cage -
her scene and stage
set to enthrall...

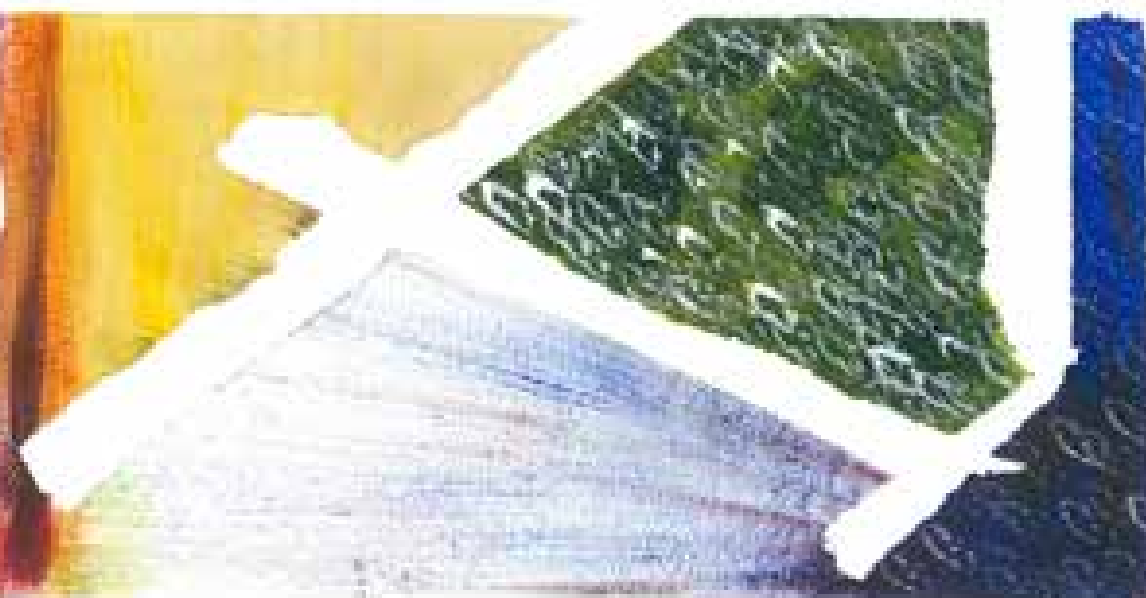
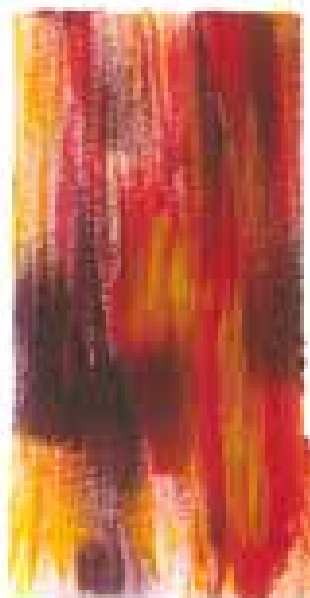
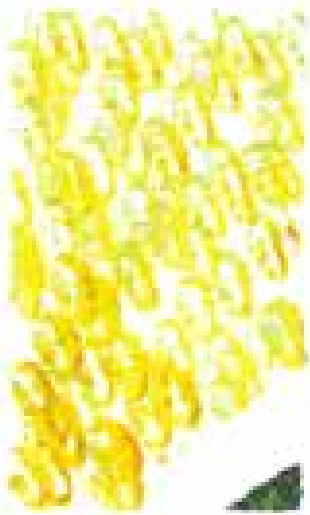
...where space meets time
in point not line;
change re-defines
'dynamical.'

Now freed, I'm eased
to dance and weave
reflexively,
whilst SAM holds all.

Now one last change
in name¹ not frame
to show it's trans-
contextual.



1 By 2018 I had changed SAM from 'Systemic Agency Model' to 'Symmathesic Agency Model', setting out: 'the meta-conscious capacity to engage in mutual contextual learning through self-centering interaction, in place, in space, in time' (Gardiner, 2018).





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3uwzoJC>

BEYOND ABSTRACTION

Beyond abstraction:
lies the surge that spills and moves this One to act;
tips the urge that moves then stills the tears that trace
in rivulets across the face that can't resist
the myth that certainty exists.

Beyond abstraction –
Lies. The calculating mind that drives us to distraction –
full of shards and knives that pierce and slice
all sense of what is whole and true and meant, to bits
that have no rhythm, rhyme nor consequence.

Beyond abstraction
lies a life in raw kaleidoscopic specks
that float and shift in patterned drifts, adrift
in senseless seas of wretched fear that this
is all there is, beyond our mental mortal rifts.

Beyond abstraction?
Lies? Or simply fictions told of lives, for want
of meaning more than facts and feelings tell? We claim
as truths our ways are best - as proof of life and worth
beyond the bones and skin of immaterial selves!

Beyond abstraction,
Bliss behooves the one who puts in place
her rational grip beside each part, so all can
move and sway in co-created patterned play -
such artistry between, is Symmathesic Agency¹.

Beyond abstraction:
Bliss becomes, when finally, we see what is, is not.

Beyond abstraction:
Bliss belies the lie that change comes on command.

Beyond abstraction:
Bliss beholds - as tension tips – the dance as it unfolds.

Beyond abstraction:
Bliss befalls - when flow begins to flow between receptive holes²

© Louie J N Gardiner, 15th
October 2016; 17th
November 2017

1 *Symmathesic Agency*:
"the meta-conscious
capacity to engage in
mutual contextual learning
through self-centering
interaction, in place in
space in time" (Gardiner,
2017, 2019, 2022). This
draws upon the concept of
"symmathesy" as a living
learning system, introduced
by Nora Bateson (2016).

2 *A nod to Natural
Inclusion: Receptive space
invokes and influences
(draws in) responsive
energy: see Gardiner
(2018, 2019, 2022), and
Rayner (2004a 2004b,
2017a, 2017b, 2018).*





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3s0tLBT>

VIEWS UPON THEM ALL

Black kilt and
sky blue T with fag
in lips and flame in hand,
strides wide at pace
beside his mate,
in sky blue too,
but fresher faced;
his legs adorned in threadbare trews.

Bouncing pinks by skinny ribs –
in hugging skins that cling.
Lassies run from park to street;
frae meadowed fields by Arthur's Seat,
tae cobbled lanes and paved concrete
now strewn with leafy gold.

Bald head treads
with flaxen threads;
both gaze at hand-held screen.
Lost.

Two press and poke
at unresponsive Apps.
They sweep and stroke,
first he, then she –
then finally
walk blind
to what's around;
eyes down
with phone as their remote.

Another baldie. Tall,
as Cocoa kelpie's short.
Her head a-toft with blonde
dreadlocks that swing synthetically.
They are not hers;
like his is.
This head-ware
draws Her stares.

Wee one, sings.
Swings
his legs and
crawls; then runs
'tween slabs of marble grey.
She, wee too, in
sweet cerise; skips.
Hops.
Climbs atop. Sits, with childlike gaze;
her legs unconsciously a-splay.
Now bored.
They pause for
Maw and Paw.
Roll up vast bellied belle;
with him no less,
just stretched
a little more.

And what of She,
reflected back in panes –
who views upon them all,
obscured by see-through walls?
They cannot see me freshly shorn,
in mustard sweat and navy hood -
the She who passed
on motherhood.



Acceptance

17.8.16 A



To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3uCtMxk>

BOLD BRILLIANCE

Beauty stands before me.

Bold Brilliance in her blackness – simply bright and pure
as sunlight’s gift to life, which cannot do without.

Beauty, spliced apart by those with splintered hearts and tortured souls,
was taken to the brink by broken boys who run amok as men in monster’s clothes.

See me not. Touch me not. Please let me be.

Those shattered sons defiled the place of God and claimed a stake
in death o’er life – but Her last breath was not for them to take.

Amidst their sickly gorge of pain inflicted on so many more before,
this One took her flight through tiny crack of light.

Declining death, she stole free of shadow’s crushing grip;
for deep within, She knew her life was hers to save.

See me not. Hear me not. I shall go free.

At first, she ran. Then walked strange roads, unseen, unknown –
until this place chose Her, to welcome home.

This neutral land – with peace upheld above all else –
gave her safe space and time to heal; firm ground in which to dig and root;
rich soil to feed and seed fresh life into the She whose sacred chi would no more
be denied.

Blessed Bold Brilliance. Beauty stands before me. Simply bright and pure she sings...

See me now. Hear me now. I am free to heal.

FEELINGS

© 2011
01.01.2011

Love

Tenderness

Acceptance

Inspired

Awe

Amazement

Gratitude

Proud

Curious

Compassion



To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3wHEiFM>

RE-MEMBERING ME

Music smooths my ragged edges
cut and hacked by jagged barbs
that spit from lips untrained and
unconstrained by misdirected rage.
She puts me in the villain's dock.

Her darts that drip with toxic hate
enchained by pain from kin's mistakes,
shoot through thin skin and devastate.
But wait! What she believes she sees
reflects my own perceptual block.

I take a breath. I pause for more.
I see my frame across the floor
and fall in – Feelings first, afore
the rush of Fictions opens more,
to Facts that halt my current shock!

Upon the mat my weaving spins
into view what's mine within
to hold; just long enough to bring
me home. Re-membering Me begins
to break the lies that keep us locked.

This is my way; my place with you -
to deal with what is mine to heal.

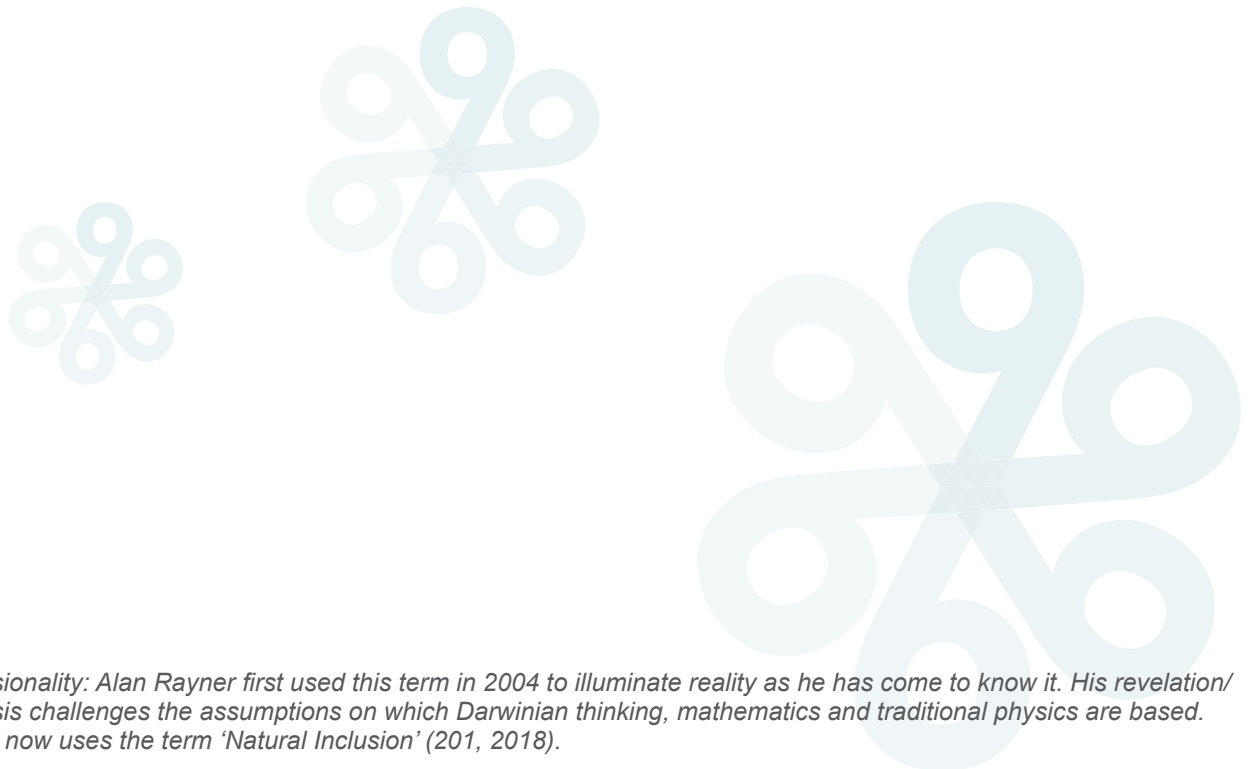




To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3s3AOtv>

INCLUSIONALITY

The space between defines the place of immateriality.
The thing you see is no such thing, as no such thing can be.
That which we see in time in space is concentrating energy
that flows in form in place through space, informing receptivity.
For space imbues; embraces all without exclusivity.
This grace-ful flow is nature's way, it's called inclusionality¹.



1 Inclusionality: Alan Rayner first used this term in 2004 to illuminate reality as he has come to know it. His revelation/synthesis challenges the assumptions on which Darwinian thinking, mathematics and traditional physics are based. Rayner now uses the term 'Natural Inclusion' (201, 2018).

© Louie J N Gardiner 23rd June 2017



To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3rZ6gcs>

HEARTFELT CONFLUENCE

Sensurround Bells at seven ripple round this fenced-in yard
and call me to attend.

There's something there, where locked-in games entrap the minds
of those caught unawares.

Like Azkaban, that soul-sapped realm hosts husks drained dry
before their time. Yet - singular specks of light

mark floating dots of life.
Like Glow Flies in the night,
connections spark alight.

I see you see me.

Attuning flow to flow,
we know before we know
there's friendship here to grow.

And so, amidst the crush of conference crowds, eventually
through space we weave, shapeshifting time; until at last, we find
ourselves in heartfelt confluence.



© Louie J N Gardiner, 14th July 2017





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3uvpFDt>

LARKIN'S CRAVING

His life laid out ain't all that sweet!

This one, who strings his words as beads,
is like so many men – it seems –
who cannot stave the lust they feel.

Instead, this slave – and not to Venus
– slakes his needs on One, Two, Three...!

What went on with all these Ladies
to comply with Larkin's craving?

Not for me to be man's plaything –

Love is more than cocksure mating!







To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3mx8lWc>

I LOSE LOVES

I love
soothing
hurting
hearts in
pain from
Selves with-
held; si-
lenced and
denied.
I weep
for all,
like me,
who yearn
to smash
their brain-
made chains;
scared of
whom they
suppose
themselves
to be.

I lose
Loves. NOT
true! Freed -
they let
go in-
to life
unleashed
from mind-
less games.
I grieve,
amidst
delight,
for those
who dance
away -
it seems,
from me.
Such myths,
unchecked,
thwart more
than me.





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3wvyvjqh>

I WANT YOU TO KNOW

I want you to know I love you.
Not because you cracked through the self-protective
shell of me.
Not because you reached in and soothed the
throbbing hurts in me.
Not because you 'mended' the wee girl's broken
heart in me.
Not because you 'saved' the needy, victim stray in me.
And not because you lovingly attended me.

I want you to know I love you
for awakening me to what I'd failed to comprehend
in me;
for evoking emotions, exposing overlooked beliefs
in me;
for calling out my wiser self to tackle what was
playing me;
for charging me to lay to rest what has hitherto
unravelling me;
and for helping me to ground myself to safeguard
my integrity.

I want you to know I love you.
Not in the clawing, cloying way that strangles out
of need.
Not with desire raiding each waking hour we be.
Not with favours stained by conditionality.
Not duped by delusions of eternal surety.
And not chained by threats demanding 'else or me!'

I want you to know I love you.
Not for what you give but for who you clearly are.
Not for what you do but for what in you shines through.
Not for how you play life's game but for how you hold
the space.
Not for your agile mind and frame but for how you
flow with grace.

I want you to know I love you
for daring to be you;
for boldly being more true;
for setting free the loving you
who's loving me -
so you can see
the you I see,
reflecting
back through
me.

I want you to know
this Love is of the Divine.
I want you to know,
through me - it's you it finds.
I want you to know
such Love is
ours, not
mine.

I want you to know
I want nothing from you.
I want you to know
I want everything for you.
I want you to know
I shall be
here for
you.

I want you to know
my loving you,
is purely,
simply
Love.





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3fU2DSD>

VOCAL STRAINS

In the bright, buzzing busyness of you
I lose deep space in which to breathe and move
my way; miss time for me to still and soothe
the push that drives the edgy pulse of vocal strains
that jab and poke for word exchange.

I am made dumb; choked by demands for oral
waves that simply cannot surge out-with their natural
tidal swell. I become stuck; attuned - not to striding Sun,
like you – but to elongated pace of Moon, aglow, in flow
in dark-rich space upholding omnipresent Grace.







To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3s0U0lg>

GOSSAMER STREAMS

Below, gossamer streams of universal love are sucked away 'neath arid dunes of monumental sand; from all around, re-routed down to sate an unremitting subterranean thirst.

Above, quartz grains sparkle gold and white. Glitz devoid of life betraying surface glints of light, reflected back in facets, cut and polished by raw-boned pretence.

Within, Love's life strains; drained; unsustained; enchained by ghosts that howl and hoot with fearful lies retold in unrelenting squalls of scouring silica dust.

Outwith, Agape¹ evaporates unslaked, squeezed from denial's ever-thickening crust. So distressed; compressed, with no space here in which to flow, she dissipates, enfolding from afar instead.

Between - that One has made this choice. And what of those like me, pushed back? Redundant friends, devoid of active healing roles, left to spectate - bystand aghast - and behold her soul-destroying dance.

Beyond? Who knows what of, and where lies this story's end? There's none can say what shall become – for this femme's fable's unfortold... unfolding rhyme by rhyme from past to current lines 'til truth be known.

1 Agape (Ancient Greek ἀγάπη, agápē) is a Greco-Christian term referring to love: 'the highest form of love, charity' and 'the love of God for man and of man for God' The word is not to be confused with philia, brotherly love, as it embraces a universal, unconditional love that transcends and persists regardless of circumstance. Nor is it to be confused with eros which is love of a sexual nature.





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/39Uknt4>

ILLOGICAL WHOLES

Logical Left is
left illogical when
illogically separated
from Illogical Right,
which is illogically, right;
but only when illogical bits
borne of Logical Left are
drawn into the hole of
Illogical Right, whose right
is to make illogical wholes -
the notion of which is
wholly illogical, for both
are intrinsically fluid and holey.



© Louie J N Gardiner, 18th January 2018





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3t7ZfYg>

I AM GRIEF

I pause.
I find silence amidst the wall of cafe noise.
Clinks and clatters.
Giggles. Chatter.
Indistinct streams of words
mixed and muddled.
My mournful, messy, musings drift
and switch between baby screams and
toddler tirades.
This space strangely brings me calm;
opens me to what is.
I am not alone.
I am now orphan, yet I am not alone.
Old man with designer dog trundles
out the door.
Tattooed, testosterone-fuelled dad,
tickles tiny tot on writhing rocker in
kiddies park.
Crazy contradictions make life
momentarily laughable.
Streams of relief drift through my
living ground of grief.
This will not forever be so.
Yet today, it is.
I am grief.

Still here.
His form is gone.
But his presence is not.
He is everywhere I am.
We are.
Inseparable.
But I miss holding his hand;
scrumpling his baby-soft hair;
kissing his cheek; watching his tears
fill and fall, along with mine, from
eyes that love what they behold.
I miss his man-hugs; his deep Scottish
tones; his razor wit; his know-it-all
mind and his soft slipper-shuffle.
I miss our kitchen chuckles as we
scuffle-dance to his favourite tune.
Oh! How we talked and laughed and
cried these dozen years or more.
So distant are the days of rage and
strain between us.
And today, I sit.
I write. I weep.
I let it sink in.
He. Is. Gone.
I miss my Dad.
Today, I am grief.



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<https://bit.ly/3fQ7PHb>

PAUSE FOR BREATH

Amidst the hum and static of conference conversation,
at last hearts conjoin in corridors designed for fast exits.

Don't linger long. Meet and go in mindless flow.

Go fill your head! There's more to know!

Don't sit. Don't rest. Don't pause for breath.

Yet. I do. On that bench, against that wall; cross-legged,
buddha-like in blue convict-striped denim outfit that cost more
than I dare share. Here still. I sit at peace; with ease. Released.
Sweet contradictions as one, then two, three, four and five each
stop to chat; don't pass me by. Though brief, eyes meet;
hearts open wide as hugs and hands embrace.
We mean what we say. We will connect again.
Another day.







To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3wHvCyT>

HERE AND NOW

Here I am in place in space, in time
where time is point not line.

No future comes 'til present time
is opened wide; 'til all that's been
is laid to rest, so what can be,
can find its breath; to come alive,
as life renewed from all that's passed
- no pains denied; but seen and faced,
re-worked, re-framed, releasing fear to re-create.

The future's made - not way ahead
- but now. Yes now, in current time,
through what I do, with whom and how;
not then and there but Here and Now.







To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3ac4U8f>

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Between you and me, is no beginning, no middle and no end.
What is the beginning, is a middle and an end; each is itself and each other, is.
Contemporaneously.

Who I am is whom I have always been; and also whom I have become
from what I have done and what I have not done.

What I have learned from what I have done and what I have not done,
is all I could have learned; until I have done more and not done more, to learn more.

What I have learned is that doing more is being less; and doing less is being more;
and in doing less, I have more to give; and in giving more I become more.

What I have done has passed yet continues, abiding within me;
and what I can be for you, is quiescent, still to become,
in the present current flowing between us.

And between you and me, in potential realms of future possibilities,
we dance the dance of you and me enforming flow - my in-flow, sourcing you;
and you, in flow unfolding forth as you be the beat that moves your feet and sets your
soul a-skipping.

Here in the current flowing between you and me, all pasts and futures coalescing,
we find beginnings, middles and ends in everything.

Here in this place of you and me, we end and begin again and again.

Together.





To hear this poem
scan the QR code, or visit
<https://bit.ly/3wERR8U>

I HEARD THE NEWS TODAY

I heard the news today. I'm going to die.
If I go out and touch your hand; or touch the place your hand has touched,
then brush my fingers on my face...
I'm going to die.

I heard the news today. I'm going to die.
It's news I knew; chose to deny as if I'm immune to nature's law;
could dodge what shall befall us all.
I'm going to die.

I heard the news today. I'm going to die.
I let this in: I will not live forever more; and with those words I find relief;
am strangely not consumed by grief.
I'm going to die.

I heard the news today. I'm going to die.
For nature takes away our ill and old; dissolves what's needing shed.
It puts to bed what's done its best; so for a while, it rests.
I'm going to die.

I heard the news today. I'm going to die.
I'm asking when? But then - I see I'll come to pass when passing comes.
Until that time, I'll pace my life to nature's drum.
I'm going to die.

I heard the news today. I'm going to die.
Perhaps not now nor sometime soon. But when my life-force starts to wane,
I promise you I'll not complain.
I'm going to die.

I heard the news today. I'm going to die.
This energy that enforms me will come to life some other way. Hooray!
What once was me shall never fade; this may be you, someday.
I'm going to die.

I heard the news. Today I am alive.
I hear the birds in daily song. Again, I run on Porty prom; absorb sun, sea and salty air;
am eased by all whose space I share. I'm full to brim with gratitude. Today...
I am alive.

© Louie J N Gardiner 1st May 2020



WHERE TO GO WITH THE AFTER-FLOW...

*Navigator-Narrator*¹ is ready to play her part. She is here to let you know that beyond *Aesthetic-Poetic*'s offering herein, there are more outcomes from my research available to explore through the embedded hyperlinks below (see urls at foot of page):

- Through 'moving' imagery that invites you into a visual and imaginal embodied experience, *Visual-Kinaesthetic* brings together the fruits of my inquiry in the SAM (Symmathesic Agency Model)², the Systemic Research Framework³ and Presence in Action⁴ (using the P6 Constellation). She situates and illuminates my emerging body of work in the landscape of living in the kosmos, and traces lines and revelatory moments that bring clarity, creativity and coherence to my processing and the framing of my research. The digital imagery is accompanied by music, some narration and offers opportunities to engage in an ongoing interactive inquiry with me and others. How this unfolds... and what might become of this exploratory invitation, is yet to be discovered between us. In addition to these two holding frames, my researching has given rise to five new '*Becomings*' (aka *Abductive Fruits*) and has enabled me to reflectively-reflexively examine three that pre-dated the commencement of my PhD.
- In contrast, *Intellectual-Theoretic* (available on request) takes you on a deep, wide dive. She holds the space for tumultuous twists and tumbles through forests of verbiage. Through her, I let you in on my groping, grappling encounters with thinking from disciplines far beyond my zones of comfort. You will experience for yourself the nonlinear nature, frustrations and confusions typified by iterative – and arguably necessarily repetitive – interweavings between my first, second and third person foraging.

And what has all this come to be about? Recovering a lost paradigm for engagement in life (and research) that leverages our full dimensionality as human beings: Following the flow of what was calling for my attention, and making space for unanticipated outcomes expressed through my differentiated *statewaves* (patterned ways of being-doing exchanging), sets this research apart from conventional approaches. Combined, this body of work represents my living-learning inquiry in a naturally inclusional playspace.

1 <https://prezi.com/view/AKaZLbIMgQfXnTZ7Lm5a/>

2 <https://prezi.com/view/hahTcj6EINEUOoCJ70eS/>

3 <https://prezi.com/view/Tf6ydI5UOMH7FA33vV7V/>

4 <https://prezi.com/view/UQXG2RZh9jM45uoL32zf%20>

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Attending Responding Becoming

An anthology of surprises beyond intention or design

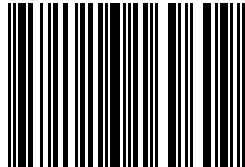
This collection of poetry, prose and imagery comprises part of a doctoral dissertation in philosophy. Through a deeply personal inquiry, Louie Gardiner explores the nature of research by positioning herself not as a researcher abstracted from the process of research, but as the primary research instrument herself. In so doing, she illuminates what 'becomes' when attending and responding to what is present and current, beyond intention or design, simultaneously holding the research and being changed by it.

Attending Responding Becoming stands as one of four elements representing the diverse fruits of the author's inquiry, through a form of expression described as the Aesthetic-Poetic statewave (a patterned way of being-doing exchanging). Through the 34 poems and accompanying images that make up this anthology, the author reveals what was unleashed by surrendering to previously untapped dimensions of herself.

Combined, this body of work represents Gardiner's living-learning inquiry in a naturally inclusional playspace, recovering a lost paradigm for engagement in life (and research) that leverages our full dimensionality as human beings.



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