Abstract

Skyward illustrates the embodiment of creation-centred research (St. Georges, 2018; 2019; 2022b/c; 2023; St. Georges & Bickel, 2022), which relies on creative-experiential-engagement and interaction. Creation-centred research is uniquely rooted in métissage (Hasebe-Ludt et al, 2009), poetic inquiry (Fidyk & St. Georges, 2022; inpress) and storying (Archibald, 2009; 2019), and leans into arts-based practices (Leavy 2015; 2018; Sinner et al., 2018). The term “creation-centred” reflects the ontological and cyclical nature of artistic practices and supports its creative intention and integrity. Situated in an aesthetic and creation-centred paradigm, it resists privileged discourse while generating and weaving threads of our stories through the mystery that unfolds within moments of creative insight, somatic knowledge, intuition, memory, dreams, visions, and ancestral connections.

Skyward is in-process. It is a creation story in the making that is emerging through an assemblage of memories, experiences, dreams, and visions, gaps, and silences, what is lost and found. It is a story of living and surviving, of evolving with, though, and as a result of trauma. It is creation-centred métissage that weaves my experiences, my sense of un)belonging and dis)connection, my longing and wonderment, my dreams and my visions of existing in a relational pluriverse.

By symbolically manifesting complexity of being, in being, multi-texturally, creation-centred research offers a way for researchers and those that encounter an aesthetic creation like Skyward, to reclaim and recognize the centrality of agency in transforming the personal, and political, by reclaiming and performing our unique stories, our intra-connected subjectivity—to remember our Self into the world.

Bio

Darlene St Georges is Assistant Professor of Art Education at the University of Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. As a creation-centred artist|scholar much of her scholarship demonstrates her rootedness in emergent and generative knowledge and knowing that honours the inward and creative spirit of being. Her practice-based and theoretical research invites innovation in learning and an unfolding metamorphosis of scholarship in provocative, creative, and intellectual ways. Contact: darlene.stgeorges@uleth.ca | www.darlenestgeorges.com
Reaching Distances on Winds

I remember

I used to dream
that I could fly
down the street
to the corner store

above the trees

I noticed people
walking down
the street below
eating ice cream
pushing baby carriages
sleeping on lawns
in front of the liquor store
waiting for it to open
locked in by grass

and shards of class

when I woke
in the morning
to the spectacle
of words
spewed out
on my bed
the night before
to recount
the events

I witnessed

the radio
was playing
a melody
about a guy
who lost his dog
and was dreaming
about dying

because
he was
his only friend

It was a lovely
high-pitched
romanticized
love song

leaving me to

wonder
why

someone would
want to die
on a sunny
summer day?

I guessed
it was a parable
about liminality

living and not living

or what was worth living for
if you were alone
separated from
your people

in my experience

as I flew
down my street
I was shouting out
to my friends
but
they didn't hear me
or see me

alone on this journey,
seeing like Hawk
what everyone was doing

I would recount
to my friends
in the following days
to see about

the truth

of my
experience(s)
only to have
them look
at me

queerly

and then
after long
moments
of silence outlasting doubt
they'd ask
if I could teach them

...to fly too

so, we took out
our Ouija boards
called on the spirits
together
like a bunch of girls
in a remote
northern town
would do

by the time
our parents
came around
we had already freaked
each other out
and by the time
we reached
high school
they were
past that stage
    as I continued to dream

I lost my friends
to the reality of living
as wives and mothers
before
or just after
finishing
high school

I converted myself
from christianity
after sitting
week after week
on polished church pews
searching
for something
I felt I had lost
something

    deeper inside of me

It wasn't too long
before I realized
it was not there
had never been there
will never be there
in those goblets and hosts
stained-glass windows

    expected silences

leaving it all behind
I returned to my trails and tales

    trees    woods    ponds    rocks

reminding me
that

    losing things and getting lost

invites strangeness
in
that expands the parameters of being|becoming
dismantling lies
in bits and pieces

telling truths
Skyward

Boston streaming from car stereos
thinking about my grandmothers
over boys and beers
at Morgan “lake”
the only watering hole
in five miles

skyward
down gravel roads
lit up by Orion’s arrow
where we gathered
to fulfill
some kind of urgent fantasy
of escaping
our homes
our families
our selves
where I was

fire keeper
gathering twigs and branches
carefully traversing brushes
filled with lovers
caught in the chase
of whiskey and wine

winds pick up
chimes
only I could hear
faint murmurations
of meticulous sustaining
clear chords
weaving my
dreams
attention
elements
and
understandings of my heterogeneity
with crimson root

    pearls of light

and breath of memory
into something

    enduring

\angle a s t


References


Note

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Image 1 — *Kiyam* [photo-digital collage]

Image 2 — *Raven* [photo-digital collage]