

A Sense of Place

(A collaborative poem, gathered at LfSS Conference Nov 2013)

A chorus of gathered voices, welcoming an honoured guest;
A sense of place.

Looking back to see anew,
responding to grow forward.
Searching and searching for answers to the question
of imposing normality on a greener future.

We struggle upstream,
learning to learn;
success is not a certainty.

Exploration of open spaces lead to loch-side path pebbles
and scrambling hill breeze.
Can we find ourselves amongst treasures of bird skull and golden leaf?
Sharp cold air tingles, in nostrils and innards, make us feel more alive than ever,
and glad for the radical hope of sustainability.

With passion for life, brick by brick,
we can rebuild our communities into transformative practicing places ,
for all our futures. An ideal site for a town.

Power is held in untenable hands and we reflect on the illusions of conditioning.
We need attachment to investing in senses of place,
learning to be the deposit future generations will inherit;
The interest in safe and secure days of fresh air.

Education imbues the building centred around big ideas;
intergenerationally creative moments to challenge overwhelming identities.

Life is full of stories, celebrations of diversity,
opportunities for investment in *learning to live* with others.
Change conspicuous failure and uncertainty
with creativity and critical thinking.

Still centres ripple outwards,
take the time to notice what is there,
shine a light on it.
Learning to do.

Cracking the cultural code is not just about growing plants,
it's about growing people;
Meaning makers way beyond knowledge,

see the ideas written on faces, under all-day blue skies.

It's about fire in the belly, reborn in the heave, push and pull
of calm, happy love.

Learning is for life, a honey harvest for our mind.

Are we the tiramisu coffee sponge treasure within consensus of values?