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**Practicing Resurrection
Poems and Pleas for Public Education**

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Hey Teacher

Yes, you.
Don't walk away.

I know you are tired. I know
that the freedom that moved you
to take risks in your classroom
 is being subjugated
 to a process of standardization
 of formulas and models in relation
 to your evaluation.

But, I also know
if you were built for this journey, then you hear me.
If you are one in this tribe, you never had a choice but
to speak of what is and what can be
and the tender-rooted mystery
of maybe,
of making
the strange familiar
and the familiar strange.
Let us dwell here together in that possibility.

This is a song of myself
and an offering to you.
This is a prayer for what is unfinished,
what, together, we can do.

This poem assumes its own identity;
it takes on responsibility
for disrupting you.
Liberating a deliverance
into a new
wide awakesness –
a singular event
to shape the storied
narrative of our society.

This is a process of unmasking –
of stripping my soul
and of mending my soul,
and the awakenings
that have made up this becoming.

Let these signs and syntax stir your senses.
Lean into these confessions
and the contradictions of our profession.
To lie about what we have seen
would be to betray the truth of great things.
And humility is the only posture possible.

Lean into the margins of 'maybe,'
and the muses who lead the way
because teaching is more than technique:
It's a *diverse* space where we meet,
It's the *inclusive* call on our souls,
It's the peace and *equity* that we seek.

I will summon the courage to teach you
and learn from you in this closed form that
opens up the entire world to us
so that we can name it
and change it;
challenge power and rearrange it.

We are arriving here, and now,
in the middle of this difficulty
denouncing dehumanizing structures
and announcing our place in the family of things.
These words are my freedom –
and we are meeting here and now
in the middle of what is possible
with the language of hope.

The language of difference
does not have to be
The language of despair.