Poem: Wake up Wide

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Wake up Wide

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we are all sleepwalkers within us
human (beings) a (kind) of (species)
temporal // corporeal // bounded // blind
eyes asleep, veiled vision
do not naturally see
must be taught how to see
witness thyself
in the throes of all truths
how does the shadow dissipate?
from our pursuit of light
from the socket of muted darkness
what lies in wandering to wonder?
because sometimes
the road leads through dark places
because sometimes
the darkness is our true comrade
when // why // where did we stop?
stargazing in exalted spaces
sculpted by opposing climes
paradox // puzzle // contradiction
where inquiry // encounters // discovery dwells
why can’t we see what’s round the bend?
yes, we have a hunger for certitude
we want // we do // what we can

1 This found poem emerged from rigorous readings of texts on spirituality, education, and art. My practice of found poetry is an attempt to revise and repair the euthanized aspects of the past to make the present more meaningful. The freedom to remix, rearrange, and mesh the words and phrases read, heard, and overheard instills in me a sense of self-suspension from the black-and-white text to many shades of grey. This translucent mirroring of the renewed expansion of self with vocabularies I do not own comforts me, and I find myself in the found poems that I recreate.
to immediately transpose
fidelity into certitude
because fidelity is relational // variable
& certitude is a flat // settled
a mechanical // orderly category
we must acknowledge
our thirst for prediction
immersed in self-fulfilling prophecies
control, authority, license, expertise
if we had all the certitudes in the world
would it make the quality of our lives any better?
would it make all our problems go away?
this quest for mental certitude
itself a problem spawning
more peril than promise

what we must have is fidelity
loyalty, dependability, reliability
step on the familiar step into the threatening
verisimilitude in all things
to heal, reconcile, & restore
recognize // ponder // aspire//
kindred spirit that i am still sorting out
emotive, being present, staying alive
a divine coping ritual
to save life
we must lose it
to thrive in the new world
we must dissolve our old bodies
letting go is the only path
this urge to escape
the confines of certainty
cemented walls // skyscrapers
tiny // trapped existences // essences
the densities of dominance, power, control
fractured // manufactured minds
competing // conflicting impulses
collision of life
moving in(to) light
i, a manuscript of a divine letter
desired // required connectedness
to earth // water // wind // fire// trees
sound of sky // sunshine // stars //moonlight
nature whispers to me
the immortal secrets
of how to live long // deep // hard
gather in together
an expanded version of myself
leaning into my absent eyes
to connect the dots
of our destiny // humanity // being
healing // redeeming // gathering
my creaturely existence
from the sleaze of being
i hear myself
wake up wide
solemn night
ah,
a shooting star
i see the light
wide-awake
References


Author

Momina A. Khan received her Ph.D. in Education from the University of Saskatchewan in 2018. In life and scholarship, as a mother and woman of color, she engages in constructing counter-stories through interweaving narrative and poetry. Her work invites schools and educators to become leaders in eradicating barriers to racialized students’ sense of self, sense of hybridity, sense of belonging, and sense of citizenhood. She strives to re-conceptualize the dominant aspects of mandated curriculum by decentering the Eurocentric perspective, knowledge and content. She challenges curriculum makers, educators and teachers that there are alternative perspectives of knowing worthy of inclusion. Her poetry acknowledges the exalted space sculpted by the opposing poles of paradox, puzzle, and contradiction where encounters, and newness dwells.