CELEBRATING OUR HUMAN CENTEREDNESS

SOHAILA JAVED
University of British Columbia

MONIQUE GIARD
University of British Columbia

Academic communities not committed to creating a creative psalm of human belongingness are narcissistic states, not academic commUnities.

They support intellectual pursuit without celebrating the Sacred and our sacred relations. To research or teach or learn or live without this essence is to perpetuate self-knowledge that is non-culture, non-sense, non-spirit. Any community that refuses this Unity is community per se. A reavowal of the spirit/soul in the sacred sense by 'lumieres' for living com(e)passionate relationships will give a new 'live and learn' affirmation to education, and a largesse of context to academias. As educators, as learners of beingknowing, this is our responsibility and right.

My spirit dancer tells me to let go of old patterns about the mind and to release my grip on thoughts, feelings and concepts as if they were a solid ground. Not all representations of the world in which we live are accessible to consciousness, dividing the self into several basic selves such as the ego, superego, and alter ego. What then are the relations between cognition, consciousness, transcendental self, and the world? My spirit dancer tells me that I will find the answer in the experience of egolessness, but on what grounds? She replies that the I that dances I is the I that transcends the visible, physical momentary existence.

I that dances reaches another sphere of knowing always changing, evolving. The I disappears in a moment of Sunyata ('emptiness' in Sanskrit) experienced in the realization of our collective cosmic arising. There isn't really a self, after all.
I am losing ground in a grand-jeté, defying gravity, so high that I lose for a moment my connection to myself. I become a flying bird in a shift of consciousness. This unexpected sensation is so overwhelming that when I touch the ground, it tells me that knowledge is not found only on these grounds. How can I trust my inner ground? How can I trust my self?

Rolling through rain
one dour august eve
swan-like, i went wild
to touch off
the svelte tomorrow
before
my whole fabric
like dream,
leaves ground.

invisible
spheres
moving
through
the I
that
dances
around
the forms
on the edge
balancing
falling
over
in the holes
of imaginings
So let's return
before we're stunned away
from
pointless grey to no-return.
Earth's the right place to stay for love.
I know
where it's likely
to go better
with our unknowing
but to live-in-love
amidst resistance, that's very heaven.
So loving begins,
and in-forms life's aesthetics
in the uncosmetic academic continuum
when loving wins.
why ponder more
but for deep dips to the core
and set up again
after the sea-change.

I'm so enthused
and seem to like
the sea reeling
round and round
with me
in heart deeps-
this burns me,
finite heart
with infinite passion
for loving all
knowing all.

With the same pains, twill the heart
and fill the soul
up to the brim, and even above the brim
for once and again, once and again
till we wonderfully become