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On Resisting Rape Culture with Teachers-to-be: A Research Poem

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On Resisting Rape Culture with Teachers-to-be: A Research Poem

Cover Page Footnote

I am grateful to have my doctoral work supported by: The University of British Columbia's Faculty of Education and the Department of Language & Literacy Education, the Killam doctoral fellowship, the Joseph-Armand Bombardier Canada Graduate Scholarship, and several endowed awards: the Donald & Ellen Poulter Scholarship, the Dean of Education Scholarship, the LOMCIRA Harold Covell Memorial Scholarship, and the Mary Elizabeth Simpson Scholarship. As well, I am fortunate to be supported by my doctoral supervisors and committee members: Dr. Mary Bryson, Dr. Annette Henry, Dr. Elizabeth Marshall, and Dr. Theresa Rogers.

| **STUDIO** |

**On Resisting Rape Culture with Teachers-to-be:
A Research Poem**

Amber Moore
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This project is sputtering and splintering from fullness,
all swollen in the middle and
ripening through rot, pressing on.
If I am interpreting this correctly,
my participants have scarred ideas about privilege and violences. Permissions too.
Stretch marks snake under our waistbands, these sacred faded hieroglyphs full of strained
stories that thicken reciprocity as we
reckon with rape culture
anew.

They come to voice with lasik languages,
subversive and sobering,
sustaining above-ground discourses.
They can teach soft spots
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y,

pushing into anchored conversations with the young and
flying grateful ribbons half mast,
acknowledging losses.
Such gestures keep precious words that inch ahead
on tongues thick with jittering lacquers
warm and slick.

There are woo's and whoa's and woes
as we search for lightness between
blades of organic awful,
apologies run amuck,
and valid subgenres blooming roadside.
Our bodies are chatty too—buzzing with
readiness to wrangle with the real,
curtail conceptual critters who hug the walls here, staring.
But there's no need for fancy footwork in this lab
so sit on leather poufs
and broach hot precarity.

I note one's infectious posture as we dig into
the raw slips.
Another plays with frizzed curls that are calm at the center
and offers nuances that
can only be coaxed forward in November.
Such anxieties and appreciations break ground,
tenderized already, prepared to deliver
this
stormy pedagogy that drains the canon so that
the stopper burps,
awash in unlearning.

We have trench foot but
we laugh,
creating respite from needling
a flushed curriculum in need of
rewriting.
We retweet the tough bits to
followers immune to
critical chemistries.
Ours is another wagging cautionary tale
that educates.

Author

Amber Moore is a SSHRC-funded Ph.D. candidate and Killam Laureate at the University of British Columbia studying language and literacy education with the Faculty of Education. Her research interests include adolescent literacy, feminist pedagogies, teacher education, and trauma literature, particularly Young Adult sexual assault narratives. She also enjoys writing poetry and creative nonfiction.