

Haibun 11-3-1-12

Rereading our conversations allowed a second hearing of ideas that were perhaps new and wondrous at the time of their speaking, ideas that pushed us forward, took us back or deepened our reason for listening, talking and being---teachers, learners and researchers.

Rereading our conversations raised more questions as I wondered aloud about the paths we took down each new rabbit hole to follow a thread back to its origin--or forward to its potential end. Sometimes the thread simply broke.

Wandering through our words, sifting our collective thoughts, voices began to emerge taking on individual roles and personalities. One often offers quotes, another is ready with resources. Another wonders, "Is it okay to toot my own horn and share my reality?"

Rereading our dialogues, bio-logues, our collective multi-facted-various-logues, our tapestry of wonderings, our preludes to our findings, in awe I whisper aloud , " I want to meet these teachers."

**The cloud of unknowing
Breaks open and rains on us
As we bathe in a sea of words.**