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I Never Realized “Violence” Rhymed with “Silence” Until Scott Jarvie

recently. I sat in the back of a conference session
on curriculum theory and psychoanalysis
and the Other and other ephemera,
feet propped up (feeling slightly self-
conscious about it, actually,
with impressions to make), listening:
the connections, the rumblings, the communing
at the intersection of literacy and pedagogy and
language can and does get it wrong and
our inner world as we know it
greatly strained and fuck if I know
what my words do—
these things I’ve come to love
even as they fail me, inevitably—
like students do—
and then I write about it,
name it Failure or Critique,
rather than let it lie lost,
as I like to think it—they—
would prefer to do.

The Sacred Backwards

Scott Jarvie

I have trouble imagining
my personal relationship
with curious lines of poetry
and school administrators:

how *when* I was first taught
could be an encounter with value;
how the human in the machine
(and humans in machines)
are the problem;
how *blurring genres* is beloved
and blurring authenticity
may be a performance assessment,
but literacy is not unit design
or a story being told.

Why *do* certain stories get told?
Between classes once, I checked
my phone: there, among the reeds,
was a name I'd come to know.
It didn't matter what it said,
it was the saying:
words like a collection
of lost and lovely dogs.



Scott Jarvie is a doctoral student in Curriculum, Instruction, & Teacher Education at Michigan State University. A former high school English teacher, his scholarly interests include the poetics of teaching, religion and education, and teacher-student relationality in the English classroom.