

**Preface to the Introduction:
Forest Floor**

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Being
Perfectly still
The forest floor shifts
Around me
Changing
With only light and degrees of shadow.
Like patches of thought
New and known
Together
With no thought at all.

Ephemeral.
Filtered
Movement.
On yet a still forest floor.

High above
Through a bent canopy
Sun and breeze
Engage
A cast of leaves.
Filtered
Through vivid greens
They transform and materialize
As monochrome dapple
On the skin of the earth.
Then the smallest current of air above
Changes the pattern
Below and
Under.
Over and over; again and again.

Ephemeral.
Filtered
Movement.
On yet a still forest floor.

As I sit here
Still on the forest floor, I wonder
If pedagogy too is
Grounded with/in
The ephemeral.
If teaching too is not
Filtered through the vibrancy of a forest
Of thought.
If research is but the
Movement and transformation
Of being
Connected moment after moment
To the deep inhale and exhale of change
Like a breath of air
Thick with trees, earth, colour, light, and, and, and . . .¹

¹ Deleuze, G., & Guattari, F. (1987). *A thousand plateaus: Capitalism and schizophrenia*. University of Minnesota Press.