

2023

Outsiders in Sport

Empowering women, girls and non-binary people to explore belonging and not belonging in sport cultures and spaces through feminist poetry slam.

Griffith Workshop

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

Griffith University acknowledges the people who are the traditional custodians of the land and pays respect to the Elders, past and present, and extends that respect to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples.

The workshop was held at the Gold Coast campus which is situated on the land of the Yugambeh/Kombumerri peoples.



This workshop was possible thanks to funding from the Australian Research Council, Discovery Grant DP23010102, Engaging Outsiders in Sport: Transforming Sport Event Legacy Planning.



Australian Government
Australian Research Council

The participants were engaged and encouraged in a safe space so that each individual felt included, creative and had the opportunity to present their poetry through curious and honest accounts of their lived experience of sport.

The poetry that has been included within this book is the personal experience of each individual and all participants have given permission for the images, poetry and artwork to be published.

We would like to acknowledge the participants that have contributed to the making of this book. We also acknowledge the graphic designer Jacki Marie.

Adele Pavlidis

Millie Kennelly

AJ

Noeleen Ginnan

Ali Chauvenet

Sam Lilly

Erin Nichols

Simone Fullagar

Jacki Marie

Stephanie Green

Jasper Saint-Claire

Tanya Cowan



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Our Thanks



PROLOGUE

The image shows a piece of paper with handwritten musical notes and diagrams. The notes include:

- Kiki**
 - || 5
 - || 5
 - || 5
 - || 5
- Stephanie**
 - * Impact
 - A may-up & down
 - || A Bm
 - || Cn
 - || D
- Scale**
 - A
 - Bm
 - Cm
 - D
 - E
 - F
 - G
- Millie**
 - * Use to be Analytic
 - || C
 - CMAS
 - || Dm
- PLAYFUL** (circled)
- Sacato Sound**
 - ||
- Low Sound** (circled)
 - * Start with
 - E may - Any with

There are also several guitar diagrams showing fretboard positions for various chords and scales, including a scale diagram with notes A, Bm, Cm, D, E, F, G.

ABOUT THE WORKSHOP

In early 2023 we invited a small group of women, girls and non-binary people to a feminist slam poetry workshop. The purpose of the workshop was to explore the embodied tensions, desires and emotions related to experiences of belonging and not belonging in sport cultures and spaces. As you will read in this book, our participants' lived experiences are varied and rich, bringing unique perspectives to the question of 'belonging' in sport.

Facilitated by [Everybody NOW!](#), with support of producer Pru Wilson, the event supported people of all abilities to participate, with a series of writing workshops throughout the day, and a sharing event in the afternoon. The workshop was led by Angela Peita. Angela Peita is a spoken word performer, workshop facilitator and event producer. Angela was accompanied by instrumentalist Sarah Abella-Koppen.

The poems included in this collection were mostly written during the workshop (though some were finished afterwards).

The event and this book mark the beginning of our Australian Research Council Discovery Project on 'Outsiders in Sport' which aims to explore how sport event legacy planning for the upcoming 2032 Games can be informed by diverse voices and inclusive co-creation methods.



ABOUT THIS BOOK

Thank you for opening the pages of this text whether via a weblink or a paper copy.

We are [Dr Adele Pavlidis](#) and [Professor Simone Fullagar](#), interdisciplinary sociologists based at [Griffith University](#), living, working and playing on the unceded lands of the Kombumerri families of the Yugambeh Language Region.

We have been working together for over a decade, thinking about, writing about and talking about power and inequalities in sport and leisure contexts. Questions around voice, authority, governance and gendered embodiment have preoccupied our moments and we have read widely to try to think and write these things anew.

Through our various (and varying) research projects we have spoken to literally 100s of people about sport and inequalities, gathering data to inform our work. We have written thousands of pages of academic work about these issues, published in peer reviewed journals around the world.



And yet...

It's hard to communicate the affective and emotive experiences of people who are marginalised in sport. To articulate why someone who has so much to gain from sport might stay away.

With Australia set to host the Olympic and Paralympic Games in 2032 we need new ways to communicate the needs and desires of those traditionally thought of as 'outsiders' in sport.

If these upcoming mega-sport events are to have lasting legacies for people in and around BrisbaneQueensland, the voices of people in these communities needs to be central. But first we need to hear these voices, as they are, not as we want them to be.

Creative methods are vital to tackling the biases and bluntness of traditional ways of collecting data in sport and policy contexts.

In the pages that follow you will read poems developed by women and non-binary people with varying experiences of inequality, violence and marginalisation. Our hope is that these poems might be enjoyed for their own sake and allow others to connect with their own experiences of desire in and through sport.

Our other hope is that perhaps someone working in sport (or even someone who may end up working in sport!) reads these poems and starts to think a bit differently about the promises we make and the legacies we help create.

This work is the start of a three-year process and we are very interested in connecting with people who are wanting to know more or be involved. Feel free to contact us at a.pavlidis@griffith.edu.au or s.fullagar@griffith.edu.au



POETRY



THE SOCCER BALL

I wanted you to kick me and to be part of your world, as you were mine albeit from a distance.

Some people said you couldn't, you were told you'll never be good enough.

But I never said that. I don't care what you look like, or how hard you kick me.

You treat me as part of the game and I'm sorry you were not treated equally.

The white lines, the green grass, the goals and I took you as part of our world and we're sorry some humans couldn't do the same.

Dont be scared to kick me when you please. But also, when people gather to kick me together, make sure you're there and joining in.

I'll be waiting.

Sam Lilly



WORKSHOP

Stephanie Green

A circle of eager faces sweet fear of the
unknown laughter filling the room a
flare of understanding that draws us
closer.

As the speaker begins
we rest elbows on knees lean back or
cross legs ready for words to flow.

We know there'll be tears if not now
then afterwards when we're done or
together, dreaming of something we've
found or something we thought all this
time we had lost.



IMPACT

Stephanie Green

I am the ball speeding towards you
I am the fizz of air making way
I am the ground spreading to greet you
I am the impact of nowhere else to go.

TENNIS WHITES

No one might have noticed
that little rose bouquet
those red hearts and kisses
peeking out from the place
where roses should never be
seen if you hadn't pointed it
out so sardonically
that nobody could resist
looking.

HARD BALL

Seeing you that day
for the first time
was just the same as the last
when breath refused me
and I fell, fish-like
to the ground
caught on the hook of failure
the grit of the court
pressing into my face.

FUNHOUSE MIRROR

The wind moves through the trees, breathing life into the most lively orchestra you've ever heard.

The tune inspires your whole body to lift as you realise you're now on the very tips of your toes. Now you move. It's as simple as that. You move and you feel. You feel how amazing it is to be this free, how the breeze dances with you against your youthful skin. This is childhood. This is limitless. This is the art that is beautifully unique to the perfect body you so gratefully

occupy. You ponder on what more there is to explore. Then you see it, glistening in front of you, reflecting the light of the entire sun before your eyes. Could anything be more beautiful than this funhouse mirror? With playful wonder you perform, beginning to unravel before the glass, showcasing your abilities to spin, twirl, and jump. You're enraptured

by the amusement you find in the way the mirror changes your shape, opening up a whole new world of possibilities. This is where you decide to stay forever.

Jasper Saint-Claire



stay forever.

PIECES

Mother, migrant,
w o m a n,
neurodivergent.
Is there room for
more?

Runner, crafter,
wife, broken
human. No fixed
identity, no
constant.

Once a scientist
and nothing else,
now pulled into so
many directions.
A star shaped
pattern or an
explosion?

Is it ok to change, adapt, or is it a sign
of dysfunction?

I like clear directions, make it happen
kind of person, move forward, clean
break. So why the confusion?

If I love me now, how can I love me
before, and if I don't love me before,
then who will?

A walking, talking, uncomfortable
contradiction.

Alone, yet no time to myself.

Failure, yet high achiever.

Shattered pieces or whole human?

*Time will tell is a cliché. I don't
have any to spare anyway.*

Ali Chauvenet



MILLIE'S POEM

I'm a middle aged mum of three from Logan,
daily workout of laundry, animal husbandry,
wiping yoghurt off cupboards
and picking up a confetti of shredded cheese
before it clogs the vacuum cleaner.

*How did this happen?
When did this happen?*

If only I'd really appreciated those finite hours
callouses, sunburn, sore bits, heat rash.

head down

Sweat streaming off the bridge of my nose and
trailing onto the bituman below.

Wheeling my bike through cane fields
eucalypt forests along rivers
hugging the coast.

Pushing my body until things snapped

collapsed

broke

popped

ached

burnt out

and loving every minute of it.

Millie Kennelly

Erin Nichols

'UNBOUNDED'

ROUND 1

To go under, through or over the ropes?

Will I trip, will I fall? Will everyone Notice how sweaty I am? Will it hurt?

Will I rise? Will I fall? What should Throw first? Will I throw anything at all ?Or, will I throw it all? The quest for Excitement, the quest for answers Driving irrational desires, uncertainty Celebrated, I want to feel it all.

ROUND 2

Hit out with a straight 1, 2. Moving Knowing I am always more-than-one Trust in the training, trust in the Coaching. The hard part is done.

Shine One, represent. More familiar, welcoming.

The intensities, exertion , risk and reward.

To be cheered on rather than cheering for.

Now, inside the ring, moving More freely. Creative collaborations Enabled in proximity, chosen annihilation

Mutually assured.

ROUND 3

Professional debut. The art of eight limbs,

An art of (un)learning. Sealing the ropes,

Thinking, feeling, thresholds breached.

More-than myself, showing-telling Unbounded.

Different women seeing-feeling Themselves in these spaces through-with the intensities, exertions, risk and reward.

Learning to love failure, and its productive uncertainties.

Unbounded. Body as tool I throw it all.

A wrench,

This. Disruptive performance.

I feel it all.

Trust in our-selves. Faith through fear. Shares in a struggle. Pain as Kickback.

Together we rise. No answers at all. Unbounded, yet, mutually assured.

FIVE REASONS I LOVE THE SKATE PARK

1. You grab my hand and hold on tight, it is finally time to feel the connection, this moment can stay forever.
2. Finding this again means you found you again at the same time as you found me.
3. Want to be alone together? I see you over there, a role model without a role except for practicing that same trick over and over and over. Those young girls thinking 40 is so old and here we are starting all over again after a lifetime with someone who is not us.
4. Short shorts comes to mind but it's so much more than muscles and strength it's flexing your hand in a way that makes my skin prickle. The sound of your pads as they get strapped to your knee. The smell of our sweat combined. It's all so sensual but we aren't here for that.
5. Commitment is the key and now I get to witness your bravery first hand, the quick pause to check your wheel before dropping in. Little tells I can now see show your anxiety. But you ignore it and want me to as well. I do, then watch as you turn back to tell me the skatepark is your favourite place too.

AJ

RIDING, WAVES

When you swing your foot over my silky, bareback
And urged me into a gallop along that stretch of beach
I caught the glint in your eye
Gathering pace, you lean into my neck against the wind
Sand mirages and blue reflections merge together
With the curve of glistening waves

Carrying those surfer boys
Who have claimed that sea
Pushing you and other girls out
Dropping in, carving it up for themselves

They are ants in the distance, stepping onto the shore,
Hooves drumming on the wet sand, we close in
They look up, faster, nearer
We thunder past, so close you could see
In the whiteness of their eyes, a newfound respect

Simone Fullagar



How Not To: A Listicle of Brute Surrender

1. FEEL

The water is every
version of cool, cooling
me in all my versions.
s u b mersions and
conversions of me from
aversions, aspersions and
incursions of me to
immersions, in shifting
versions of me.

1 - YOUR

In this pool, the fires
shrieking from dungeons
in other's souls cannot
scorch me, the weight of
their issues, judgement,
expectations of 'a girl
from that kind of start'
cannot drawn me, here
where I rule by
breaststroke through
their self-loathing aimed
at me through their
parents' aimed at them.

1 - WAY

In this cool I slice
through smooth relief of
my grief, brought to see.
we each are born through
blood-stained curtains,
must each find our own
peace and mind; mine
ripples in rages through
my body's girl-stages, in
my wake, trying to stay
in my own lane, to not
others unmake.

Z - So, you don't know

E - No, I don't, how people do

R - Love to live to harm to hate

O - I am fifteen

Negative 1 - Don't be invote-ee

'Noleen swims! All the time!' the kids chant
of my survival chant. And so I am chosen for
the carnival, to represent the school.

In the race.

Negative 2 - Beware snares/ other's stares
Cynthia's signed up', rumbles through the
halls, for weeks.

'She's in the state squad. Really think you
can beat her?'

I look at Cynthia, surrounded by what are
known as friends. I'd never thought of beating
her, not in anything. I only like to beat me,
my most challenged and challenging rival.

And some days I win, some.

Cynthia turns her snarl away and so, her
followers too. But Jane lingers, flicks pretty-
ribboned thorns over her shoulder. Reminds
me I will be BEATEN by Cynthia. Of the
state squad. In the carnival at the race,
representing the school.

Somewhereinbetween

*In the cool pool nobody's fool, buoyant free
just me, and what I be.*

Negative 3 - The Carnival

Cynthia looks at me from her lane. There are other bodies between us, but the whole school knows it's just her and me.

Seconds before the starter gun, I feel a spark. Cynthia's squinty eyes gave it to me, and the ugly she put into her face.

Negative 4 - The Race

I'm beating Cynthia! Didn't think it could be so easy! it feels GREAT! my body sure, powerful. Never knew I had such unhesitate! I'm way ahead, wildly driven. And I am driving me. I can drive me so hard, always have, 'til there's nothing left for others to grab.

The End.

Ten metres from, and I can see The End. Friends leaning in, like divers giddy with the bends and kids I don't know cheering for me (or at least I'd never seen, so couldn't have seen me). And teachers?

I see teachers. Barracking. Believing in.
Like as if me, like, I could win.

*Z - Again, It's too confusing. I gulp
water and stand.*

*E - They're not on my side, never been
not them.*

*R - So why do they pretend, cheer so
grand.. stand?*

*O - The faces, I don't recognise,
screaming, mad.*

I hear Cynthia whip the water behind, and in my peripheral, see her pass.

I watch her reach..
The End.

Choking, I get there, look up and see teachers shaking their heads, and turning from me.

From the steel ladder I haul my body back to land among my friends. But no joy, no grin. Only: 'Why did you let Cynthia WIN???'
WIN???'

“MOST- IMPROVED”

On the mantle at your dad’s house
Next to his best and fairest trophy
and his invitation to play in the AFL,
Is a golden girl holding a hockey stick.

*You tried so hard that year
You learnt to hit the ball
So strong and powerful...*

We loved seeing your confidence grow

Best on field by the end of that season
No one deserved it more.
The future was bright.
Smart, strong, happy

On the outside.
despite the chaos around you.
No one knew how things would quickly change.

All your things packed away.
Broken, bruised, wounded. Your things gone. You gone.
Almost everything
Gone
But I was still there. Somewhere

We didn’t know if you would make it back
But your dad kept me.
Though he let go of everything else.
So proud of you

Then and now, I hold pride of place. 30 years later
“Most improved”
Ha!

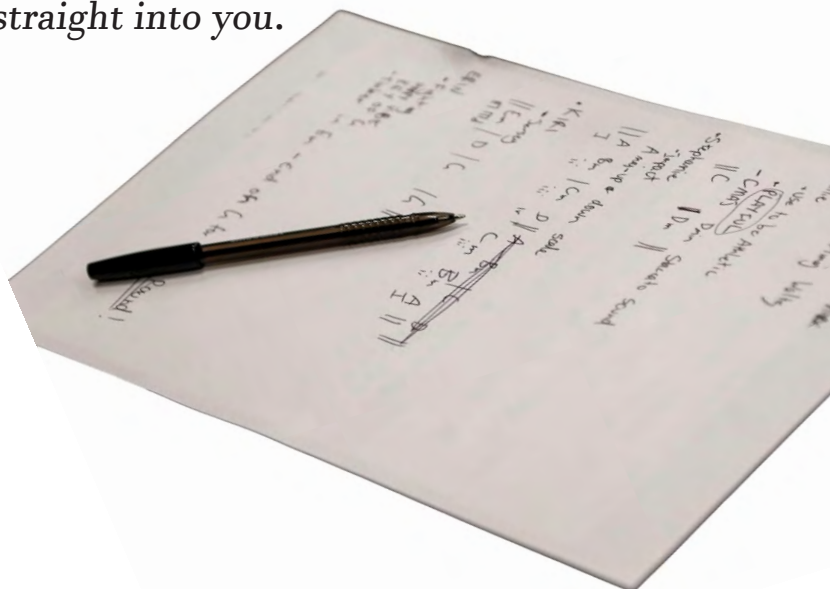
*It has been exciting seeing you try again after all
these years,
Stepping back onto the field
Stepping back into that power, that strength
This time, maybe things won’t turn bad.*

Regardless, I’ll still be here. You can come back anytime.



Year's
on
not a day
goes by

Where I found my trust wasn't askew.
The track, the mat to the concrete ground.
You should have never been around.
Equality?
Where was that?
I was young, you altered that.
Innocence.
That was taken.
I found myself mistaken, abandoned, degraded.
Looking for safety.
Safety in a place for others who were just like me.
Running.
Running from myself.
Looking.
Looking for answers.
One foot in front of the other
but *I ran straight into you.*



THE RULES OF THE JESERY

1. The jersey is to be respected
2. The jersey is to be admired
3. *The jersey is to be celebrated **
4. The jersey must be worn with pride
5. The jersey must be worn with confidence
6. The jersey must be worn for the player standing next to you
7. *The jersey must never touch the ground **
8. *At the conclusion of the game, the jersey is to be returned*, right side out, on the table.**
9. The jersey is never owned but received from the player before* and passed on to the player after.
10. The jersey is the epitome
11. *The jersey is the achievement**
12. Your jersey will be loved
13. Your jersey will be hated
14. *Your jersey will sit on your cupboard floor**
15. Your jersey will be stained from painted lines and grass
16. Your jersey will smell like laundry detergent and filing stadiums
17. Your jersey will be dug out from the cupboard floor
18. Your jersey will be framed and hung for everyone to see
19. Your jersey will be one of your greatest achievements
20. You will own your jersey

WWC WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO AUSTRALIA?

The biggest football festival ever seen in this country is coming,
And it is not about the men.

For weeks the sporting gaze will turn

Towards the bodies of women and non-binary athletes,

Performing football as mothers, black, brown, and queer bodies

Teams of different shapes and sizes,

Between teams, the struggle of resource disparity

Playing on Indigenous lands with a referendum looming

Capturing public imaginations, thrilling crowds with skillful moves

That reconfigure what football looks like

What will happen to Australia?

Weeks of not seeing, not hearing sportsmen as the main game

With their natural brilliance captured from multiple angles

Bodies held still for all to admire

Held up as *THE* norm

Celebrated, revered, inspiring national pride

Achievements amplified in endless sport media chatter

With the proliferation of privilege in journalistic clichés,

'We gave it everything we had',

Post-match interviews, binaries of success or failure,

Winners or losers

What will happen to Australia when women and non-binary players step onto the pitch?

A new chapter writing the history of sport
Pride, love, passion, joy and possibility amplified
Interwoven with threads of misogyny on and offline
Microaggressions, gas lighting, flames of disrespect
Threaten the narrative of women's sporting success

In the heady swirl of cascading tweets, tiktoks, insta images and text
Where crowds chant amidst a colourful sea of shirts, placards waving
#Equal Play for Equal Pay

Umberto Ecco's 'sport cubed' manifests as cultural saturation.

That gathers pace, a feminist assemblage erupting and disrupting
Athletic bodies smashing stereotypes of feminine fragility
Awesome goals, flowing passes, pay deals, sponsors, media rights
Legacy plans to grow the game, FIFA hypocrisy in stark relief
Learning to play football, a new sport for girls 43 years ago
This moment previously unimaginable, now all consuming

What will happen to Australia?

Simone Fullagar



MEMORIES

I see the anxiety in your
breath.
Short inhale, slow shallow
exhale.

Trying to stay relaxed.

Heart racing trying to keep it from pumping out of your chest.
I can *almost smell the fear* scented sweat that trickles down
your face. I hear the loud tunes playing, trying to drown out the
negative thoughts.

Blood sweat and fucking tears, all memories come flooding into
your mind. About to lace up your boots to take the field and
give it your all just one more time. You start stretching out the
muscles and limber up the joints, preparing for the battlefield.

I see the *colour of your face* change as the fear becomes
overwhelming. You start running for the bathroom door.
Unleashing all anxiety all over the toilet and the floor.

Picking yourself up, dusting vomit off your shirt.
Returning with some clarity and some internal calm.

You hear the crowd chanting in the distance.
"Let's go" your captain screams and you feel your energy rise.
It's time to meet the maker,
It's time to *bring home* the prize.

5 THINGS YOU PROBABLY ALREADY KNEW/MAYBE HAD NO IDEA ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SPORT AND FEMINISM

1. It's transformative, explosive, exciting. It can (and does!) blow apart what you thought you knew about bodies, where they start, where they end, what they can do.

2. It is always at the margins. Considered inconsequential and much misunderstood. By feminists as well as athletes and sports managers.

3. It is about the multiple. About diverse bodies, abilities, ages, geographies, affects. It cannot be understood without history, biology, physics, culture, art, politics.

4. It is not all about netball or gymnastics

5. It is, in almost all ways, an antithesis, an oxymoron. That sport – white, male, able bodies, heterosexual – can be diffracted through feminism and made into something else!

Adele Pavlidis

OUR PARTICIPANTS



Adele Pavlidis

Adele Pavlidis is a mother, academic, partner, survivor, writer, hockey player, skater and more. Her writing practice seeks to disrupt gendered binaries and open up spaces for becoming. Hopeful, optimistic, but also deeply serious, Adele uses feminist theory to think (and write) sport and leisure and new ways. She doesn't always succeed, but she keeps trying. Adele teaches sociology at Griffith University on the Gold Coast.

AJ

Neurodivergent Non-Binary Artist.

Founder of feelgoodbyronbay.com Currently resides on the Gold Coast, making art and trying to find what makes us all feel good.

Ali Chauvenet

Dr Ali Chauvenet is self-confessed data and programming nerd who is obsessed with understanding the benefits of protecting nature for biodiversity and people. When she is not hunched over a computer keyboard, trying to figure out how to protect the planet for a sustainable future, she likes to go for a run and crochet. She is still figuring out who she is, and how to remain herself while being a mother and a partner, and pretending she has it all. Writing poetry is the perfect vehicle for her deep-seated need to overshare about herself, her trauma, and états d'âme.



Erin Nichols

Erin Nichols is a PhD candidate in the Department of Tourism, Sport, and Hotel Management at Griffith University. Her research focuses on embodiment, feminist theory, and the mediation of sportswomen, with a specific focus on contact and combat sports. A keen soccer player, Muay Thai Boxing enthusiast and coach, she is also interested in visual and participatory methodologies in exploring these movement practices.

Jacki Marie

Jacki Marie is an Australian artist born in Camperdown, NSW (1994). She is an emerging visual artist, community arts worker, and graphic designer. Her practice is about her connection to her heritage and being a queer woman of colour within a predominantly westernised culture. She explores these boundaries through her work using dystopian and grunge themes incorporating a majority of different mediums like aerosol, acrylic and digital illustrations. As a queer Mauritian, she utilises the arts to facilitate self-expression and identity. Her work is punchy and is described as statement pieces whilst portraying a punk message. Her creative practice is genuinely a reflection of her life experience and societal perceptions.

Jasper Saint-Claire

My name is Jasper Saint-Claire. I am a genderfluid person raised on the Gold Coast, upon the land belonging to the Kombumerri people of the Bundjalung Nation. My interests and passions include all things writing, film, self improvement, mental health and spirituality. I love spending my time reading, learning and being creative.

Millie Kennelly

Millie Kennelly is a sport management academic who used to participate in, watch, live and breathe sport. Then she had three children. Now, firmly on the side-line she is a distant observer, waiting impatiently for an opportunity to sub in. Being relegated to the side-line has provided a first-hand experience of gendered dimensions of access to sport participation opportunities in Australia. This has prompted a research interest on how to welcome outsiders into (or back into) sport and how to make future sport a safe place which can accommodate for people who have traditionally been marginalised by the system.

Noeleen Ginnanne

Wayward child in adult garb, and writer, Noeleen Ginnane wakes one day to find she's alive.

'You may emotionally give up,' Noeleen says, patting Shakes, 'but you must not ever fully.'

Sam Lilly

Hi, my name is Sam, but I'm often referred to as Sammy. I'm a traveller, researcher, Ugg boot fanatic and connoisseur of croissants. I'm also an athlete. I have represented (and medalled for) my country in sport, but have also experienced feeling like an outsider. I am passionate about equity and inclusion in sport at the grassroots level and enjoy interrogating intersects in my research work, and revealing my white line fever when playing sport. I live in Melbourne and feel incredibly privileged to have been part of the recent poetry workshop.

Simone Fullager

Simone is a feminist sociologist, professor and writer who has published widely on gender equity in sport, mental health, active communities and social well-being. With an interest in social and organisational change her work contributes to thinking differently about inequalities, especially gender, disability and sexuality.

Simone enjoys thinking at the more than human intersections of creative writing, theory and embodied movement – from riding, football, walking, body surfing to pickleball.

Twitter @simonefullagar

Stephanie Green

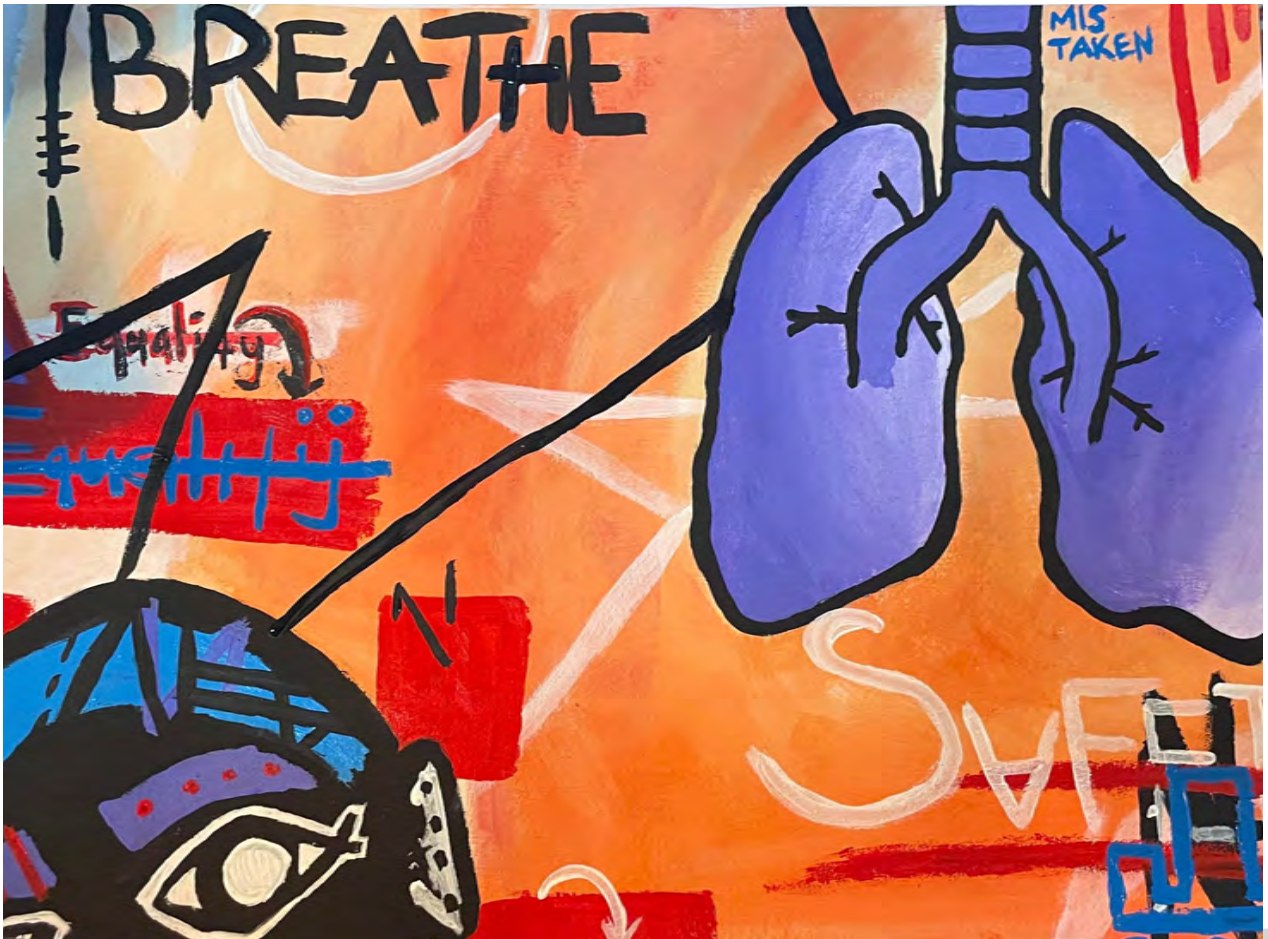
Stephanie Green likes to eat, cook, read, write and sleep. She avoids most kinds of exercise except for walking, swimming and dreaming. Her creative writing has been published in literary magazines and anthologies including StylusLit, Axon, Text, Meniscus, Not Very Quiet, Burrow and Queensland Review. She has a volume of collected prose poems, *Breathing in Stormy Seasons* (Recent Work Press, 2019), a selection of short stories, *Too Much too Soon* (Pandanus 2006) and a chapbook of poems forthcoming with Calanthe Press (2023). She also studies stories about vampires, werewolves, ghosts, murderers, women, and other disruptive beings, including feminists.

Tanya Cowan

I was born in Ipswich, Queensland (don't judge me 2 fast tho) when I was younger I grew up in Denmark until I was about 3 years old (my dad was danish). I have done some extraordinary things in my lifetime. Played soccer at an international level and also competed in world championships for a video game called Age of Kings. I am a chef by trade and absolutely love my job. I have an amazing 25 year old son who is my world.

ARTWORK





Jacki Marie
Artist



AJ
Artist

FINAL WORDS

• AJ
- Love Story - SKATE P
MAJOK
E MAJ - Amej Waltz



This book of poems is the continuation of our feminist writing began as a collaboration back in 2010 when Adele started her PhD on roller derby. In our co-authored monograph we explained our writing as a form of feminist poetics (*Sport, Gender and Power: The Rise of Roller Derby*, 2014/6, Routledge). This project has experimented with how feminist writing can contribute to understanding, knowing and embodying sport through a focus on voicing diverse sport experiences related to community representation and provision, including mega-sport event planning.

As a form of sport feminist poetics, this work ‘is directed more toward disclosing meaning and enhancing understanding rather than toward determining the truth and arriving at discursive explanation’ (Phelan & Garrison, 1994, p. 262). Rather than view research ‘data’ as primarily about numbers, we understand research practices as ‘creative’ productions of different ways of knowing and doing sport. Creative expression draws out the important and often overlooked complexities about (non)belonging in sport and creates something new to think with.

Deleuze and Guattari, along with feminists such as Karen Barad, Rosi Braidotti, and Akemi Nishida (to name a few) acknowledge that simplicity, security and control are not the answer, and seek other ways of knowing. Barad (2007) asks, ‘how to disrupt patterns of thinking that see the past as finished and the future as not ours or only ours?’ (p. x). Creative renderings, such as we have presented here in this collection of poems is perhaps one way. Poetry and other creative methods can disrupt patterns of thinking through affect, with the power to move us to think and engage differently in ways that challenge the unseen (and unsaid) normativity of sport.

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