

Found Poetry in Phenomenological Research

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In this presentation:

- Some examples of how poetry has been used in phenomenological research.
- An example of a found poem created from the participant transcripts in my own Phd study.



Case



Found Poetry: Poetizing and the 'Art' of Phenomenological Inquiry

By: [Joseph A. Pate](#)

Product: Sage Research Methods Cases Part 1

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Abstract

Van Manen asserted that phenomenology is, ultimately, a poetizing project. In this article, poetic inquiry is leveraged as a methodological strategy within phenomenological inquiry. Accessing Vagle's Post-Intentional Phenomenological Research Approach, this arts-based orientation to data analysis and representation created an opportunity to reveal the tentative lived-experiences of a study's participants and researcher who expressed significant connections with music. Generated found poems, their motivation, practice and issues of quality, as well as their crafting, reveal potential occasions for poetry within phenomenological inquiry. Thus, alternative research approaches to analysis and representation of findings afford creative insights into individuals' lived-experiences.

Poetic Approaches to Qualitative Data Analysis

Qiana M. Cutts and M. Billye Sankofa Waters

<https://doi.org/10.1093/acrefore/9780190264093.013.993>

Published online: 28 August 2019

Summary

Poetic inquiry, an increasingly popularized form of arts-based research, is an expressive and evocative method and methodology, where the lines of responsibility and roles assumed of a researcher mandate that the researcher is a social science and expressive artist. It is defined broadly as a research process and research product. As a process, poetic inquiry is the foundation of or central component to research endeavors where poetry can be the data source, the analytical and interpretative lenses, and/or the presentation.



A phenomenological study of new doctors' transition to practice, utilising participant-voiced poetry

Megan E. L. Brown¹ · Amy Proudfoot¹ · Nabilah Y. Mayat² · Gabrielle M. Finn^{1,3}

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A Qualitative Space



Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn: poetic inquiry within health professions education

Megan E. L. Brown · Martina Kelly · Gabrielle M. Finn

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'From the Space Between Us'

The Use of Poetics as a Hermeneutic Phenomenological Tool within Qualitative Physiotherapy Research

Diane Tasker, Stephen Loftus, & Joy Higgs





Evidence-based poetry: using poetic representation of phenomenological research to create an educational tool for enhancing empathy in medical trainees in the management of depression

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ABSTRACT

Current medical education provides insufficient training in clinical empathy, which is important when caring for mentally ill patients. Reading and discussing poetry are promising methods for developing clinical empathy. This qualitative study aims to improve empathy in medical students and practitioners towards patients with depression, by creating poetry as a medical education intervention. Five patients with depression shared their lived experience of depression in focus groups. For each of the nine major symptoms of depression, three types of poems were created: found poems using poetic condensation of phenomenological data, thematic poems based on thematic analysis, and freestyle poems. Participants with depression evaluated the poems. 26 out of 30 poems were felt to capture the lived experience of depression, and all three types of poetry were effective. Incidentally, themes of stigmatization and lack of empathy also emerged. Further directions include publishing and studying whether these poems improve empathy in medical trainees.

ARTICLE HISTORY

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KEYWORDS

Depression; empathy;
evidence-based; medical
education;
phenomenological; and
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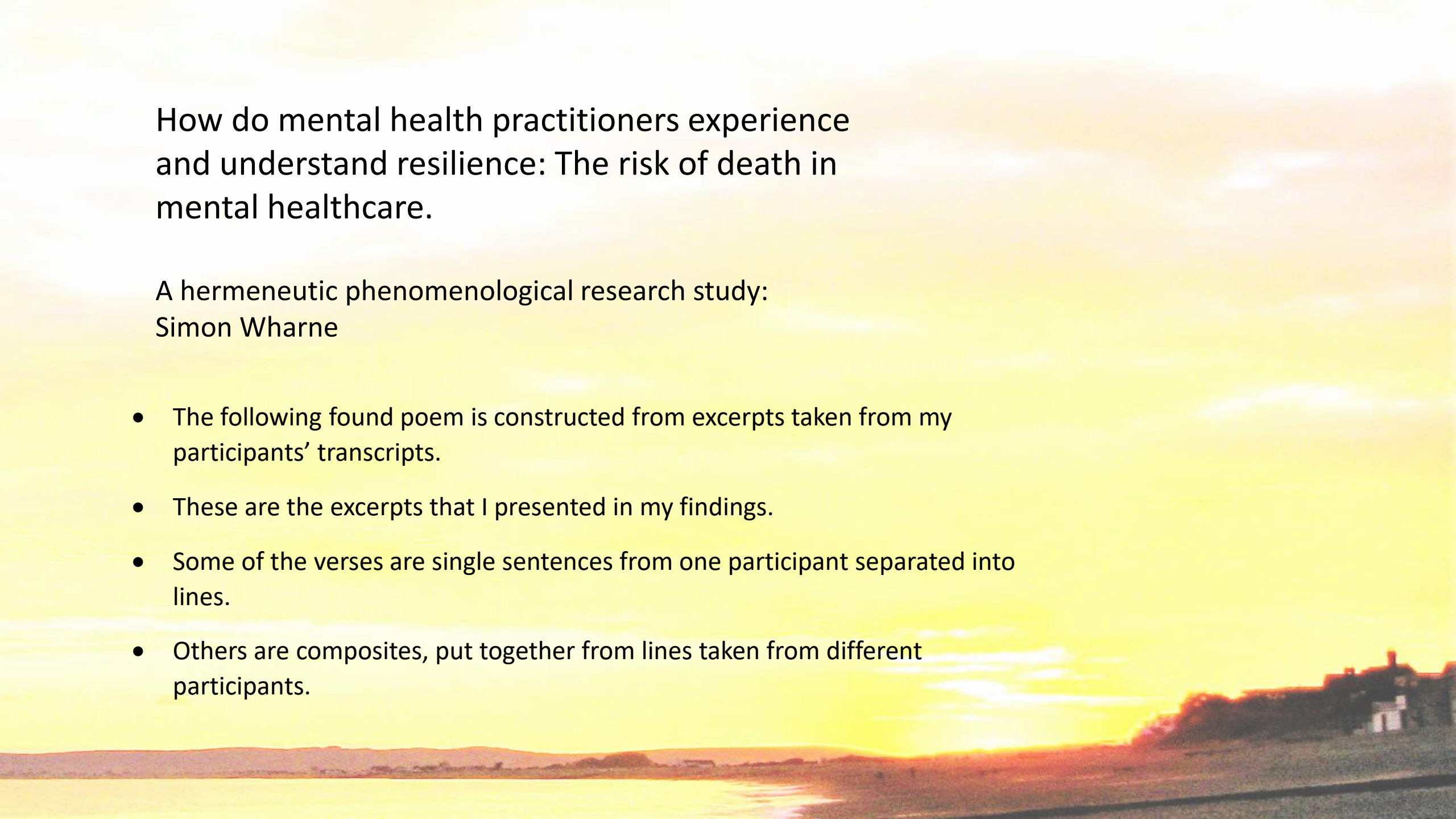
How is poetry used in qualitative research?

- Participants are invited to write freestyle poems to help them reflect on their experiences.
- Participants are invited to write poems based on the themes that emerge.
- The researcher writes poetry as an 'auto-ethnographic' process in their reflexivity.
- Found poetry: constructed from participant transcripts. It can also be constructed from material in the literature review.

How do mental health practitioners experience and understand resilience: The risk of death in mental healthcare.

A hermeneutic phenomenological research study:
Simon Wharne

- The following found poem is constructed from excerpts taken from my participants' transcripts.
- These are the excerpts that I presented in my findings.
- Some of the verses are single sentences from one participant separated into lines.
- Others are composites, put together from lines taken from different participants.



It became quite obvious, that he was very, very, suicidal.

He was desperate for some kind of help.

I started to feel quite panicky.

Gosh this is only a young man what a waste of life.

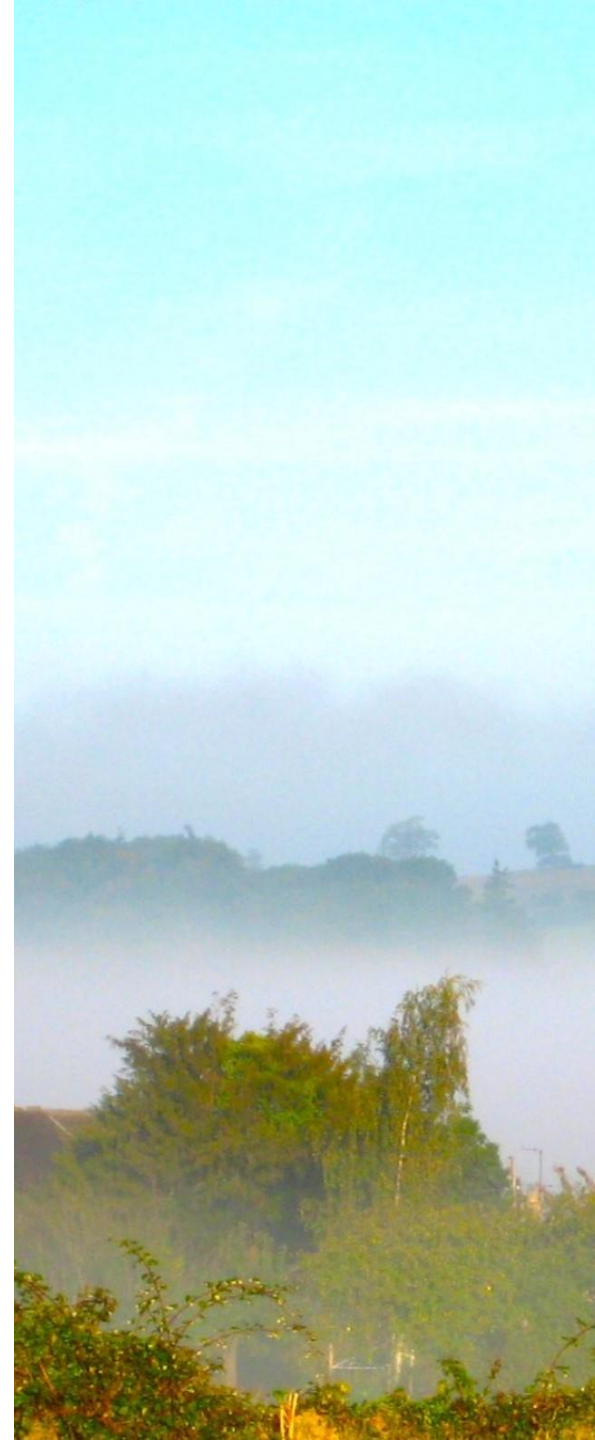
I felt like he was just some kind of thing being blown in the wind.

I couldn't trust the GP.

What the hell was he doing, letting this young man wander around.

You know, whatever, he sort of just washed his hands of it.

So, it was left with me.



Having conversations with senior managers.

Feeling that things were being discounted and minimised.

Being told to discharge them, um, and it felt, very uncomfortable.

My supervisors, I like even remember,

Once they said, 'Oh come on, she's just an old lady trying to get some attention.'

I see how quickly people can lose their way in the world.

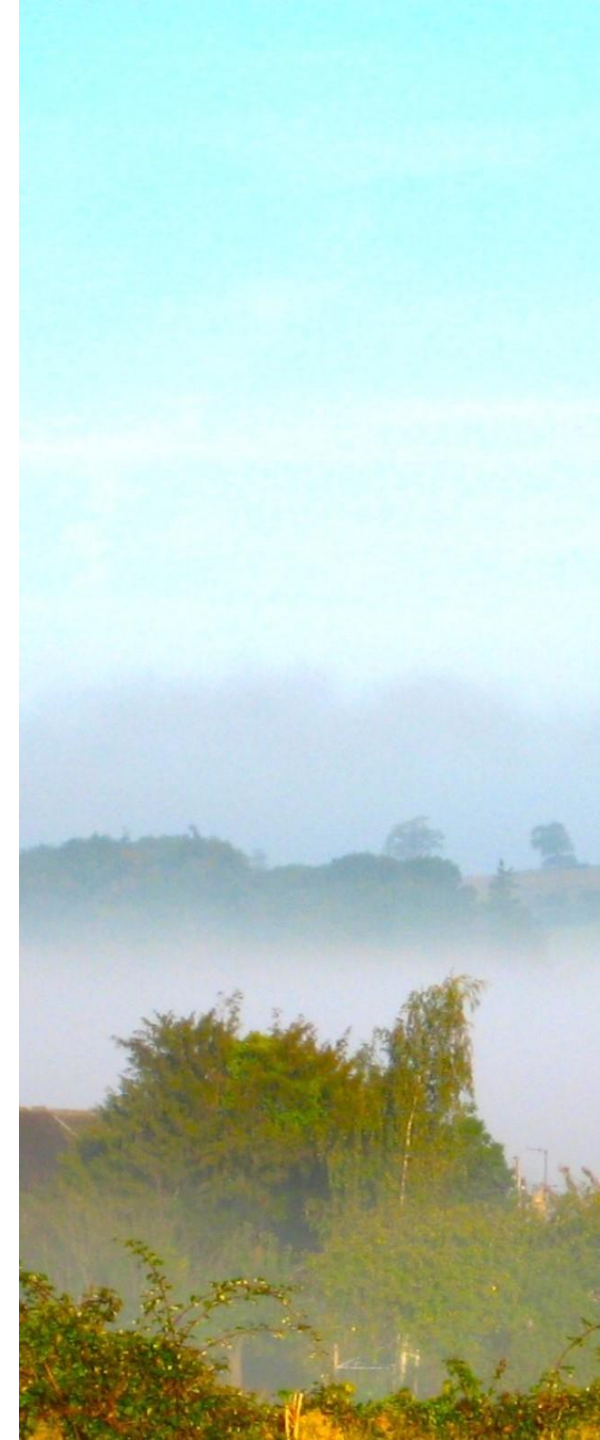
And then I think; 'Oh it could happen to one of my children.'

Oh my God, I'm not going to be able to deal with this

It's all going to be too much

What can I do, what shall I do?

What if they kill themselves?



*If they're going to, there is nothing I can do about it.
It's a reality, you've got to accept that.*

*I recognise that feeling of meaninglessness as well.
It's not like it doesn't touch me sometimes.
I do sort of understand,
How powerless this person may feel.*

*It just felt like, shit, this can happen any time.
Just so vulnerable and so, like in touch with what's really important, in this life.
And what's not.*



Well first of all, shocked.

Like with some clients maybe you think about it.

But I did not think she would do that.

It was a mix of a shock and deep sadness.

Well, half of it was, I really cared for her.

Tremendous sadness really and I did feel, well very sad.

Driving past that particular block of flats,

Well never a time goes by without sort of thinking about that person



It's powerful, a powerful experience and, upsetting.

But also somehow, yeah, somehow it just reminds me of being human.

Realising that death is really close.

In this moment it was so close.

Just the sadness of wasted life and um,

Could things have been different?

You can never control a situation.

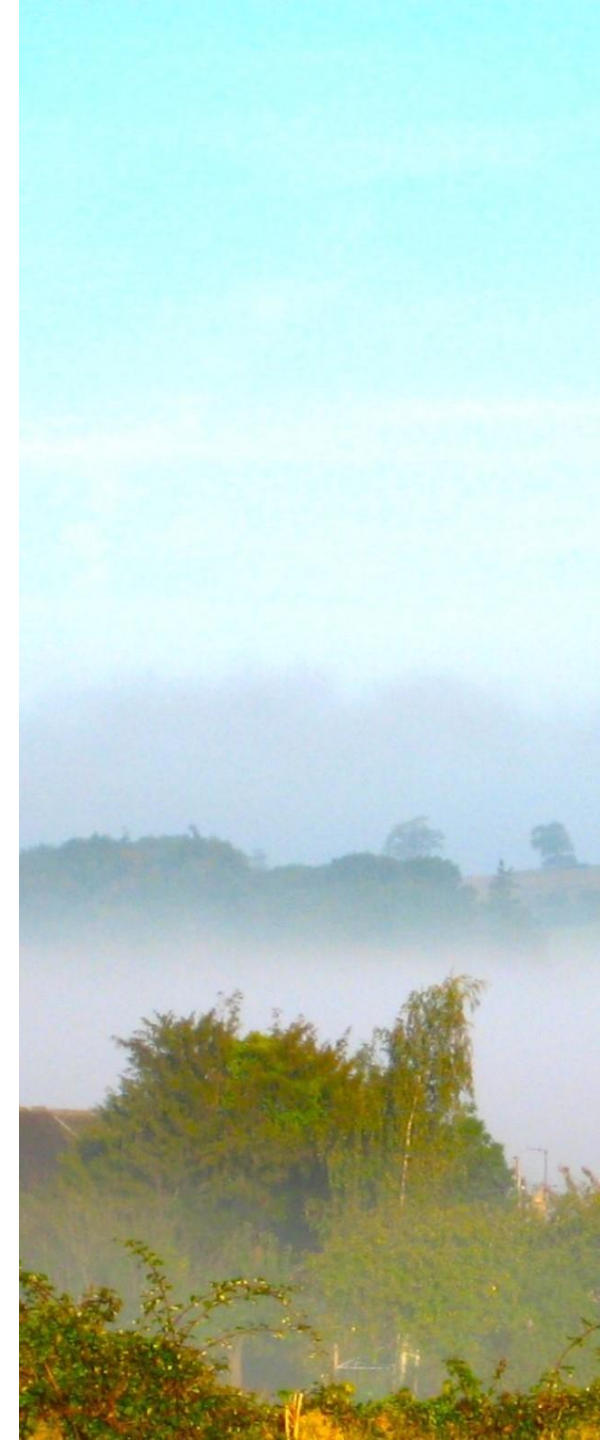
It is a false sense of control,

When you think you are in control, and it only works so far.

Then actually, the anxiety increases,

Because you are trying to control something.

You're not in control, so why pretend?



Might as well surrender yourself to the situation.

And see what happens.

And then, deal with things as they happen.

There are times now when I will wake up in the middle of the night.

Not necessarily thinking about a client, but just the stress of the role.

I used to go home, and I would be worrying all weekend.

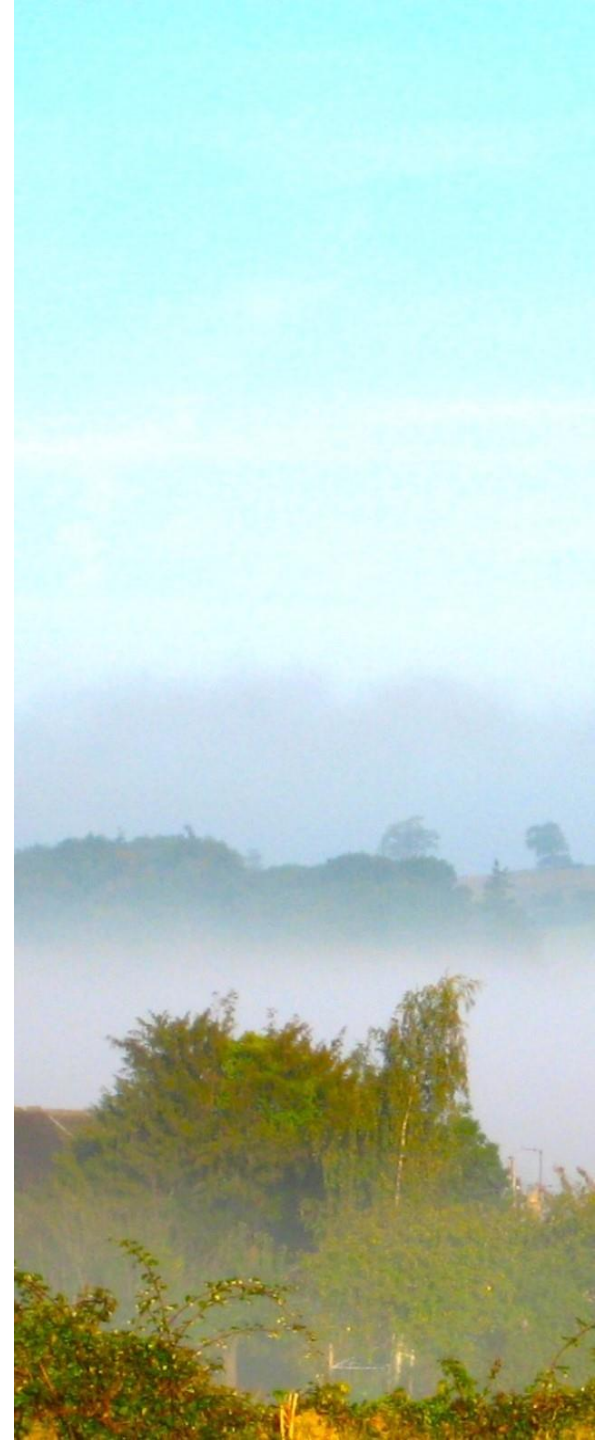
If anything happens it's going to be my fault.

They don't do it to upset me, they're not doing it to attack me.

It's more because they just feel that they're trapped.

And can't find a different way out.

It does, you know, it does bring a little lump in your throat.



People resist understanding.

They really don't want to look at it.

It's almost like they've built a whole life on looking the other way.

And the last thing they want,

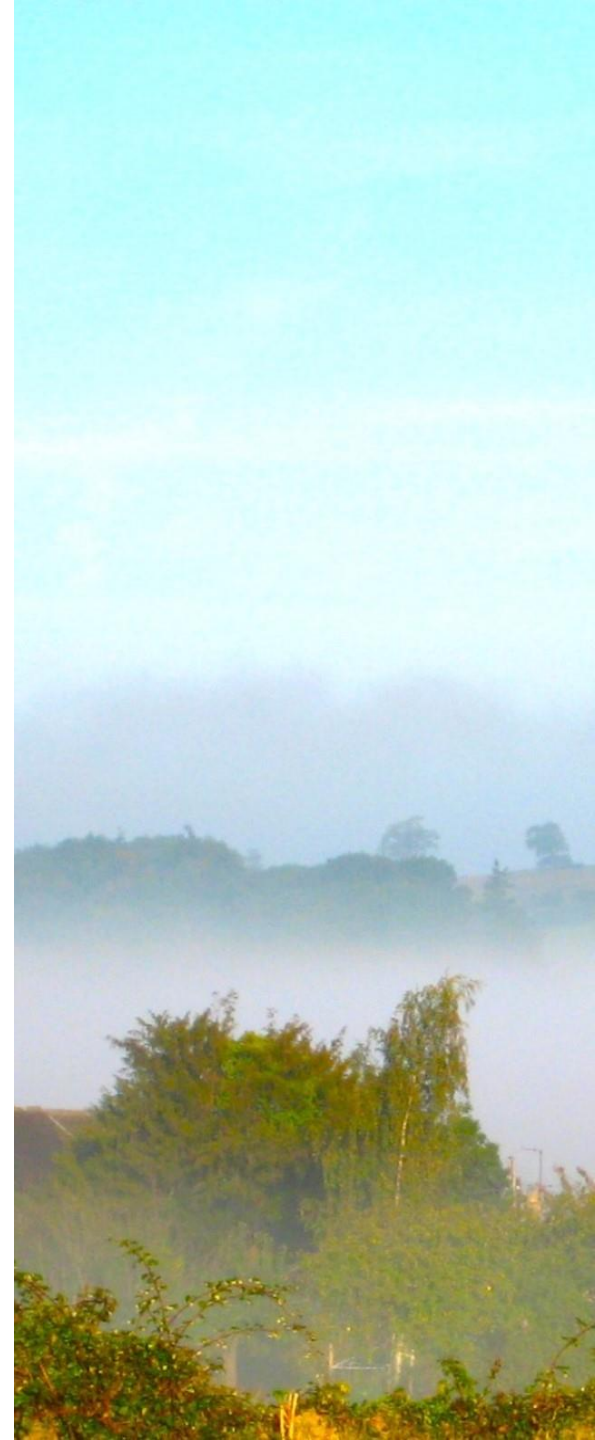
Is to suddenly see what is there for them.

Stick with that despair and discomfort, that anxiety.

We all think we know ourselves.

I thought I knew myself really well.

Then I realised, I wasn't indestructible.



*It took me two or three days to recover,
From the young man's experiences.*

*The experience didn't leave me.
But eventually it did, it did leave me.
I suppose that is resilience as well.*

*It puts me in a place of shared humanity.
That we're all in this together.
That somehow just in sharing that, it's quite strengthening.
You need to come across as a human,
And you need to have a human, human element to the work.*



It's a paradox, you know, in sharing it.

I'm being strengthened and perhaps the other person is too,

By that real sort of mutuality of feeling something, about human, being human

Perhaps yeah, I got a little bit too involved,

But isn't that how..., you know I'm a human being.

A lot of life is done on automatic pilot.

And we have a sort of façade.

And everybody is pretending that everything's OK.

And that can be a little bit samey and probably meaningless.

Whereas, when, when some of those moments with clients,

And you really feel, that sort of, what human beings feel, together.

It, it, it, I don't know if it re-centres me, or, I don't know.

I get something from it.



The BPS Code of Ethics and Conduct: A Found Poem

This poem is constructed by selecting lines from the document.

Members value the dignity and worth of all persons

Respect, Competence, Responsibility, Integrity

Members must accept appropriate responsibility

Professional accountability

Members value honesty, probity, accuracy, clarity

With sensitivity to dynamics of perceived authority



Members should be aware

Members should not

Members need to familiarise themselves

Members may need to make decisions

Members should consider it good practice

Decisions may have to be made

Collective duty for the welfare of human and non-human beings

Caution in making knowledge claims

All human beings are worthy of equal moral consideration

Maintaining personal and professional boundaries



The heart's reasons
seen clearly,
even the hardest
will carry
its whip-marks and sadness
and must be forgiven.

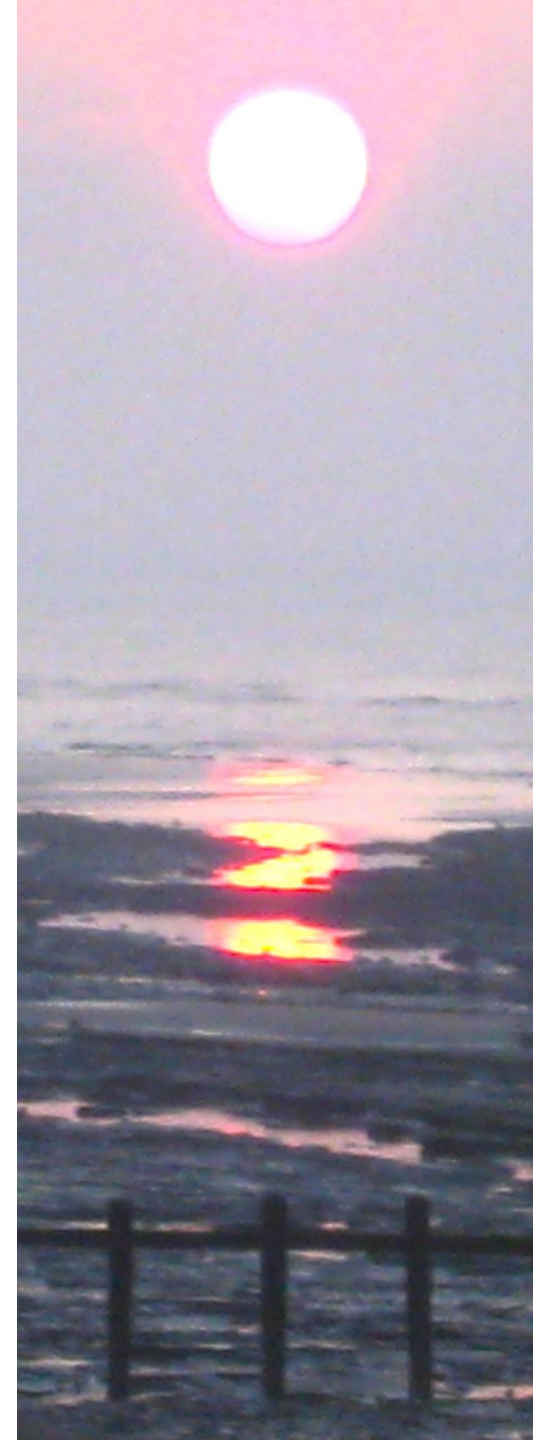
As the drought-starved
eland forgives
the drought-starved lion
who finally takes her,
enters willingly then
the life she cannot refuse,
and is lion, is fed,
and does not remember the other.

So few grains of happiness
measured against all the dark
and still the scales balance.

The world asks of us
only the strength we have and we give it.
Then it asks more, and we give it.

Jane Hirshfield

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Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

By [Robert Frost](#)

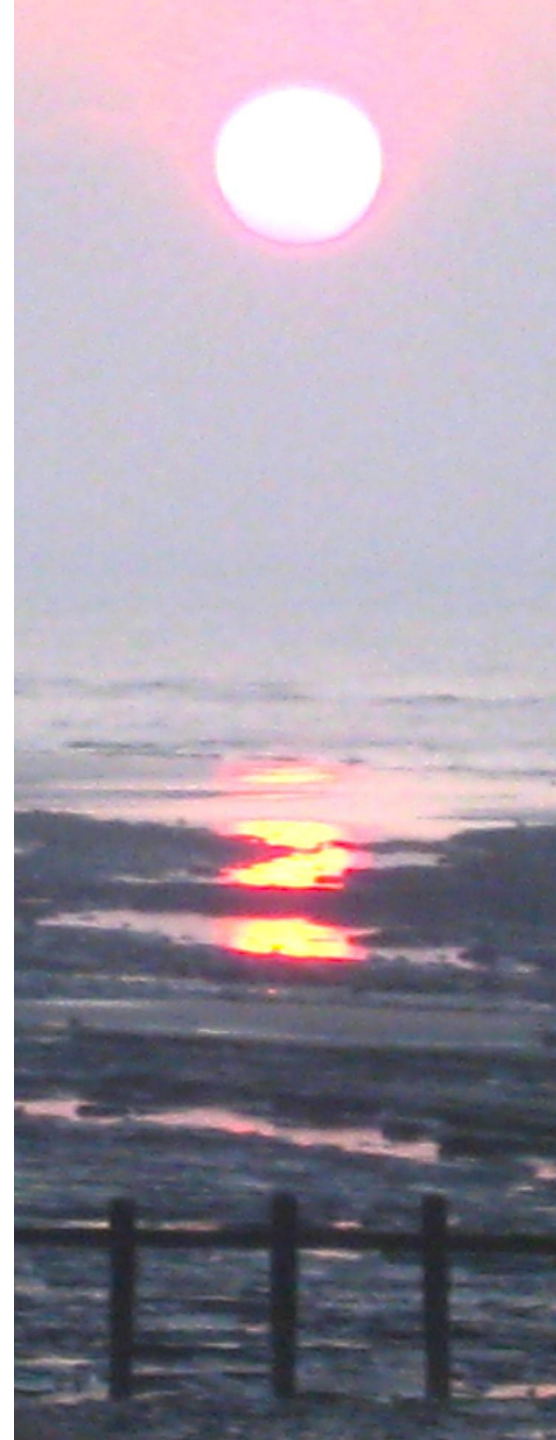
Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

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edited by Edward Connery Lathem.
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taking part



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