**“Here is Healing” a collective poem**

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In honor of "Healing and Resiliency Summit: In Memory of the Oikos University Tragedy" co-organized by Community Health for Asian Americans. Convened on December 8, 2012. Through a process of collective “kimchi” poetry creating, participants wrote their verses and expression in response to the prompt “What is healing to you?” *What does it look like? Feel like? Taste like?* By centering our own definitions, questions, and stories of healing, we hoped to begin our conversation, in order to heal.

Yoga and Creative writing workshop facilitated by: Rona Luo and Margaret Rhee

Collaged by: Margaret Rhee

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Healing is a hand on my chest

Healing is an outlaw

A collective cry, a collective poem

Being with loving, caring people who got my back

Healing is owning up to how I’ve been harmed others, how my people have harmed others.

May our communities blossom together

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Healing is the smell of mugwart in every crevice of our house.

Chilled envelopment from the mist and the salt air

The postman would wink at my parents, thinking they were potheads.

What we want is closer to each other than we can see.

Memories of my late sister’s laughter is healing

Pungent aroma from humid kitchen mother’s callous hands squeezing my arches squeezing my toes scratching my back with open palms

Here is healing.

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Healing is red on the walls, red streamers in a jar, red chillis in a motar on the ground

Kimchi is healing.

Healing is connecting with others and the universe.

Healing is listening to inner voice and having an awareness to its physical manifestation, in the body.

Sharing what I hold inside is healing.

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I can’t breathe I’m going to vomit and this is when they want to jump on my stomach and make me run

I begin to cry. It’s a wail from my belly. Don’t cry, said my mother. But how else can I begin to heal. Ever occurring deaths and loss has no language, only cry.

So that’s what I want to tell you what I want and to pursue what I want and you support me and I support you with what you want and what you want will help me and what I want will help you.

So let me go after what I want and I give you a blessing from my heart that you will know and find what you want what we both want has a lot in common although at first they look so far apart.

We can heal our wounds with friends, family, and even strangers, we can use our wounds to heal the world.

Healing is having the courage to live in the present.

Healing is so different, outlawed

Healing is a fierce action of self care.

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A good song that lets me feel it in my core. As I drive stuck in traffic and crying while singing along to it.

Being alone and taking time to reflect and talk to myself

Feeling free, happy, and content

Let us not forget we radiate!!

I’m not sure what healing looks like or feels like… but I think as long as I can smirk, laugh, dance, be with caring people, it helps me escape hurtful experiences.

Ear to ear grin outstretched arms symphony like sound as he beats my back with joy one day or one year, this is my homecoming

Knowing each day is another fresh day is healing.

“Our hearts are our shields” quote from my friend, artist Zara Thurstra

Healing is multiplicities, it can happen with art, song, movement, thought, tears, shared stories, support, alone or in a group of many.

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Listening to the common threads in our individual and collective experiences of pain, suffering and trauma was healing.

Listening to the ways in which our collective communities are speaking about ways to work through our traumas (ind and collective) is healing.

Hearing others’ ways of coping with trauma is healing.

Being in the company of my API sisters and brothers is healing.

Writing is healing.

Writing this is healing.