Writing Towards Healing: A Creative Space for Those Working Towards a Better World

Facilitator: Nanee Sajeev (they/she)

Wanna chat about anti-violence? Email me at nanee@endsexualviolencect.org

Wanna chat about art or anything else? Email me at nsajeev2285@gmail.com





Acknowledgment

This presentation was prepared for the New England MHTTC under a cooperative agreement from the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration (SAMHSA). All material appearing in this presentation, except that taken directly from copyrighted sources, is in the public domain and may be reproduced or copied without permission from SAMHSA or the authors. Citation of the source is appreciated. Do not reproduce or distribute this presentation for a fee without specific, written authorization from the New England MHTTC. This presentation will be recorded and posted on our website.

At the time of this presentation, Dr. Miriam E. Delphin-Rittmon served as SAMHSA Assistant Secretary. The opinions expressed herein are the views of the moderator and panelists and do not reflect the official position of the Department of Health and Human Services (DHHS), or SAMHSA. No official support or endorsement of DHHS, SAMHSA, for the opinions described in this presentation is intended or should be inferred.

This work is supported by grant #1H79SM081775 from the DHHS, SAMHSA.

The MHTTC Network uses affirming, respectful and recovery-oriented language in all activities. That language is:

STRENGTHS-BASED AND HOPEFUL

INCLUSIVE AND
ACCEPTING OF
DIVERSE CULTURES,
GENDERS,
PERSPECTIVES,
AND EXPERIENCES

HEALING-CENTERED AND TRAUMA-RESPONSIVE

INVITING TO INDIVIDUALS PARTICIPATING IN THEIR OWN JOURNEYS

PERSON-FIRST AND FREE OF LABELS

NON-JUDGMENTAL AND AVOIDING ASSUMPTIONS

RESPECTFUL, CLEAR AND UNDERSTANDABLE

CONSISTENT WITH OUR ACTIONS, POLICIES, AND PRODUCTS

Many of us are constantly engaging with difficult, if not outright violent circumstances in our work and yet have so little space to care for ourselves.

In this workshop, participants will have an opportunity to turn inwards and center their well-being. Participants will read, write, and maybe even share, their poetics of healing and community care.

Nanee Sajeev is Malayalee-American writer committed to learning and growing towards liberation. Nanee is a student of many artists and leaders, whether they have been in their physical classrooms or not: Safia Elhillo, Kaveh Akbar, Hanif Abdurraqib, Fatimah Asghar, Mariame Kaba and more.

In this workshop, and in any other spaces that Nanee facilitates, they hope to center patience, care, and growth.

The goal is to just write



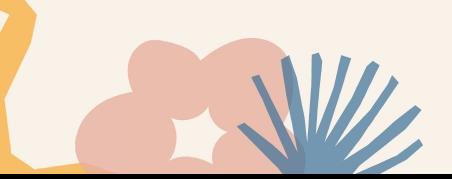
- You don't have to be an ~artist~ to write and explore your feelings
- Poems are not hidden puzzles! There is no right answer!
- No shame! There are few things more powerful than honest vulnerability



5 small comforts



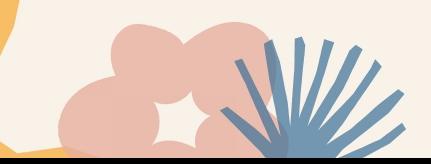
- 5 small comforts
- 5 of your people, your loved ones



- 5 small comforts
- 5 of your people, your loved ones
- Apathy looks like _____ (5)



- 5 small comforts
- 5 of your people, your loved ones
- Apathy looks like _____ (5)
- 5 things that belong in your home, no matter what



- 5 small comforts
- 5 of your people, your loved ones
- Apathy looks like _____ (5)
- 5 things that belong in your home, no matter what
- 5 things that would exist in a world without violence

Word Pool

As we read and discuss the next two poems, write down any word or phrase that catches you.

This is to get our writing brains warmed up, ready, and inspired.

<u>Calling A Wolf A Wolf (Inpatient)</u> <u>by Kaveh Akbar</u>

I've tried all the usual tricks like the sky I've been too quiet everyone's forgotten I'm here pretending I've just been made terrifying like a suddenly carnivorous horse like a rabid hissing the medical response has been clear sapphire sit patiently until invited to leave outside the lake dry blue like a galley proof a month ago they dragged up a drowned tourist is evaporating his bloatwhite belly was filled with radishes and lamb shank his entire digestive system was a tiny compared to him I am healthy and unremarkable here I am reading a museum of pleasure pharmaceutical brochure here I am dying at an average pace envy is the only deadly sin that's this makes sadness seem more like a tradition no fun for the sinner loyalty to a parent's past I try to find small comforts purple clover growing in the long grass a yellow spider on the windowsill I am less horrible than I could be I've never set a house on fire never thrown a firstborn off a bridge still my whole life I answered every cry for help with a pour with a turning I've given this coldness many names thinking if it had a name it would have a solution away thinking if I called a wolf a wolf I might dull its fangs I carried the coldness like a diamond for holding it close near as blood until one day I woke and it was fully inside me vears of us ruined and unrecognizable two coins on a train track the train crushed into one

If They Should Come For Us By Fatimah Asghar

these are my people & I find them on the street & shadow through any wild all wild my people my people a dance of strangers in my blood the old woman's sari dissolving to wind bindi a new moon on her forehead I claim her my kin & sew the star of her to my breast the toddler dangling from stroller hair a fountain of dandelion seed at the bakery I claim them too the sikh uncle at the airport who apologizes for the pat down the muslim man who abandons

his car at the traffic light drops to his knees at the call of the azan & the muslim man who sips good whiskey at the start of maghrib the lone khala at the park pairing her kurta with crocs my people my people I can't be lost when I see you my compass is brown & gold & blood my compass a muslim teenager snapback & high-tops gracing the subway platform mashallah I claim them all my country is made in my people's image

If they come for you they come for me too in the dead of winter a flock of aunties step out on the sand their dupattas turn to ocean a colony of uncles grind their palms & a thousand jasmines bell the air my people I follow you like constellations we hear the glass smashing the street & the nights opening their dark our names this country's wood for the fire my people my people the long years we've survived the long years yet to come I see you map my sky the light your lantern long ahead & I follow I follow

<u>little prayer</u> By Danez Smith

let ruin end here

let him find honey where there was once a slaughter

let him enter the lion's cage & find a field of lilacs

let this be the healing & if not let it be



Prompt:

Let this be the healing Let it be

2. How have you been made terrifying? How do you survive?

3. Live your best life.

Nanee Sajeev

Talk to me about sexual violence & the criminal legal system!

nanee@endsexualviolencect.org

Talk to me about doing healing art or anything else!

nsajeev2285@gmail.com





Questions and Comments







The purpose of the MHTTC Network is technology transfer - disseminating and implementing evidence-based practices for mental disorders into the field.

Funded by the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration (SAMHSA), the MHTTC Network includes 10 Regional Centers, a National American Indian and Alaska Native Center, a National Hispanic and Latino Center, and a Network Coordinating Office.

Our collaborative network supports resource development and dissemination, training and technical assistance, and workforce development for the mental health field. We work with systems, organizations, and treatment practitioners involved in the delivery of mental health services to strengthen their capacity to deliver effective evidence-based practices to individuals. Our services cover the full continuum spanning mental illness prevention, treatment, and recovery support.

CONNECT WITH US



MHTTCnetwork.org



Sign-Up for Newsletter



MTTC News

