

WEBVTT

00:00:19.000 --> 00:00:41.000

So my name is Stacy Sims. And I'm the founder and director of the Well. And this is our, gosh, I don't know even know. Maybe our 15th or so, I should counted for our gathering mindful poetry which is a program we do with the On Being Project and their wonderful project poetry

00:00:41.000 --> 00:00:50.000

unbound. And it's a pretty simple format. Simple powerful, and nourishing. We're going to begin with a meditation. We'll listen to a poem that's been selected for this event. We'll hear someone talk about the poem and folks I'm going to introduce in a second. We'll get

00:00:50.000 --> 00:01:07.000

a prompt. We'll spend about 10 minutes writing and then sharing and generous listening. So few other things.

00:01:07.000 --> 00:01:28.000

We have, as you might be able to see. We have Cindy doing closed-captioning. So if you look down at the bottom of your Zoom screen, you can either turn it on or off. So thank you, Cindy, for being here.

00:01:28.000 --> 00:01:54.000

Trying to think of what else. If I forget something, I will say it later. It's been a while since we gathered. I'll introduce you to a few more of our collaborators at the tail-end of our day. So without further ado, let's get to the reason we gather, which is the celebration

00:01:54.000 --> 00:01:58.000

of poetry to make meaning and find beauty and connection between and among us. So, today, we have two guests. Amy Tuttle who is an arts and healing powerhouse. Who's worked nationally and internationally for years. And also works with one of our collaborate later's workplace

00:01:58.000 --> 00:02:20.000

which is a wonderful youth literacy program.

00:02:20.000 --> 00:02:33.000

Amy is going to kick us off with a meditation. After that, we're going to send the Zoom focus over to Jhaleh Akhavan who is a community engagement associate at the beyond being project. Jhahleh will read the poem and talk about the poem and inspire us about the prompt.

00:02:33.000 --> 00:02:51.000

And after that, we'll come back, we'll invite anyone who wants to share to share, and then we'll do a little bit of housekeeping and instructions for further connection at the end.

00:02:51.000 --> 00:03:13.000

I am super-excited for today. It feels like way too many months since we gathered. Amy to you.

00:03:13.000 --> 00:03:42.000

>> Beautiful to see and so many people here today. We're going to take couple of moments to get into the experience of our bodies, and to connect also with each other. To open some space. To be able to receive the poem that we're chewing on and working with today.

00:03:42.000 --> 00:04:12.000

So first, welcome. Very good to see you. Take a moment and just look around at this family, this constellation of beautiful human beings. And you might even want to flip over to the screen 2 of 2. So you can really get a sense.

00:04:14.000 --> 00:04:25.000

As we're taking each other in, we're also remembering that each person is palpable, is fleshy, is breathing, is sitting in their fullness, has joined us like we have joined ourself here in this space today. 3-D, just like we're 3-D even in this 2D space. So a

00:04:25.000 --> 00:04:55.000

moment of add mischaracterization and let's hand over the heart. And sense of arrival.

00:05:06.000 --> 00:05:36.000

And sense of welcome. And if it feels good to you, you're welcome to close those eyes. And we'll just take some moments. You can keep your hand on the chest. You might even want your hand on the belly. Taking some moments to welcome our breathing into this space.

00:05:56.000 --> 00:06:26.000

Breathing in. We feel the movement of our bodies. And we feel it in our hands. Then exhaling. We feel a contraction. Just breathing in. Noticing the shape of our body shifting with our breath. Breathing out. Noticing the shape of our body shifting with our breath.

00:10:00.000 --> 00:10:26.000

Back to ourselves. Back to all those sweet boxes on the screen. The wonderful humans connected through the web of poetry.

00:10:26.000 --> 00:10:43.000

>> STACY SIMS: Beautiful. Thank you so much, Amy. I could feel the

wave as we're all on the scene Shore together. So I'm super-excited to turn it over to Jhahleh now for reading of the poem if conversation about the poem. Rowe, can you turn it over?

00:10:43.000 --> 00:11:01.000

>> Thank you so much, Amy and Stacy and Rowe for hosting this. For inviting me to offer this poem up to the group. And it's good to drop into this afternoon with everybody. Thank you for everyone to taking your time out of the day to connect, with yourself, and with each

00:11:01.000 --> 00:11:30.000

other and a poem like this. It's really a pleasure to be here. So, yeah, I think we can hop in. Thank you, Rowe.

00:11:30.000 --> 00:11:44.000

So thanks, Stacy, for introducing me. My name is Jhahleh. I use she and they pronouns. I am joining thus from on behalf of on being where I work. And the poem that we have today is called "Reconciliation" it's by I don't know Nina Kirton. And I'll be offering couple of reflections

00:11:44.000 --> 00:12:14.000

that this brought up for me and a prompt as a doorway into the poem that we can explore in our own writing.

00:13:24.000 --> 00:13:54.000

Reconciliation by Jonina. How can I reconcile myself? The (reading the poem on the screen).

00:14:01.000 --> 00:14:18.000

>> Thank you, Rowe, for holding up the poem. Also, thank you to Jonina for offering up this poem. And little bit about the poet. Jonina Kirton is a Icelander poet and graduate of the University of Frazier and mentoring BIPOC students, Black, indigenous, and people of color students.

00:14:18.000 --> 00:14:42.000

In 2016, she received the City of Vancouver merit arts award for emerging arts category. And she also has books of poetry that has page as bone, ink as blood and honest women.

00:14:42.000 --> 00:14:50.000

And so in opening up this poem, and starting to sit down next to it, I was really drawn to the last line about a living root bridge. And noticing how the language that she's using in this poem goes from these material, these building materials, like cables, nails, planks. And

00:14:50.000 --> 00:15:17.000

turns towards this living root. And so I got curious about some of the roots that are represented in this poem.

00:15:17.000 --> 00:15:37.000

Looking also at the word mate and in the French language, it's been used to describe words of mixed ancestry. And Latin root word mix. And in Canada, this is referring to a didn't collective of culture and identity. Just thinking about a lot of the histories,

00:15:37.000 --> 00:15:58.000

a lot of the roots that are contained in language, and also looking at the word reconciliation. So reconcile or reconciliation from a Latin root word meaning "again." and concilare to make presentedly.

00:15:58.000 --> 00:16:11.000

Different definitions of reconciliation are restore to union if friendship. And after disagreement or enmity, and also harmonizing and making consistent. And that was interesting act of harmonizing or making consistent. Thinking about fragmentation,

00:16:11.000 --> 00:16:36.000

thinking about borders, thinking about identifying oneself as mixed. In terms of fractions, in terms of half of this and half of that, or part this and part that.

00:16:36.000 --> 00:16:54.000

And also the violence of colonization. And how this looking at myself and how I'm reading this poem, and recognizing myself having the ancestry of white European settlers in the United States. Iranian heritage. And also understanding these ongoing waves of displacement

00:16:54.000 --> 00:17:16.000

that happened in the land of settler colony. And when the land is legally recognized as a resource rather than a living and dynamic entity. So, in sitting with Jonina's poem and thinking about the materials she's referring to, this physical substance, and also the things that

00:17:16.000 --> 00:17:36.000

are traveling and moving through it. And I'm interested in how she's looking at "self" as a poem and what is alive inside this poem. And there's a line in here, "ally to myself." There's also a line about within my cables, too much tension.

00:17:36.000 --> 00:18:00.000

And so thinking about cables as like a suspension bridge, but also in terms of a channel of communication. Like sending a cable. And so there's a lot of evocative imagery and language that are getting at all these things that these things can carry.

00:18:00.000 --> 00:18:24.000

And something I take from this poem is not to diminish with fraction, but to illuminate through the multiple facets that are present in oneself. And so I will highlight couple of lines from the poem that stood out to me. And then we can go into some writing of our own using some

00:18:24.000 --> 00:18:45.000

of these lines, choosing some of these lines possibly if you would like to as a writing prompt or doorway into your own writing. And so, I think just before calling out specific ones, I wanted to add that this, something that really just stands out to me overall about

00:18:45.000 --> 00:19:15.000

the movement and the arc through this poem is going from some of the fears, some of the risks, some of the tensions, some of the separateness into what is alive, what is distinctly alive right now in relationship between those.

00:19:24.000 --> 00:19:47.000

What is distinctly alive within me? And what is distinctly alive in those sessions and coming together? Oh thanks, I see someone was asking is it possible to see the poem again, please? Thank you. Yeah, Rowe, do you mind bringing that up again? Thank you. So some ones that

00:19:47.000 --> 00:19:57.000

stood out to myself was early on an ally to myself. So this idea of allyship with different communities, with different aspects of ourselves, with different things. And also this idea of being an ally to myself. That was interesting to me what that means in bringing all of

00:19:57.000 --> 00:20:12.000

these different parts of ourselves together.

00:20:12.000 --> 00:20:22.000

And also in each other's step. There's a longer arc that we exist within that our steps are not only our own, that we're stepping into steps that have come before us. And that we're on a path that there will be people on our steps afterwards.

00:20:22.000 --> 00:20:43.000

And thanks so much, Rowe, for scrolling.

00:20:43.000 --> 00:21:06.000

And then this line today, I will rebuild. So I wanted to offer up couple of these lines. Feel free to choose your own if that speaks to you. But 3 lines I want to do offer up as potential prop. One is

the way across. And I'll drop these in the chat.

00:21:06.000 --> 00:21:25.000

Another one is "today I will rebuild." and another one is "in each other's steps." and so I'll drop those prompts into the chat. I will also drop, oh, thanks, Rowe, for dropping the link to the poem yourself. Rowe, you're so on top of it. Thank you. [Laughter] So feel free

00:21:25.000 --> 00:21:55.000

to open up that link if you want to look at the poem as a whole for yourself in the chat. And here are 3 prompts that you're welcome to use as a starting point or ending point. And we'll go ahead and take 10 minutes for your own writing. Feel free to turn your camera off if

00:31:26.000 --> 00:31:56.000

you want. Or feel free to leave it on. And then we'll come back together. And there's no pressure to share. But if you like to share, you can. All right. Thanks, everybody. Happy wr Jhaleh.

00:32:38.000 --> 00:32:57.000

>> So everyone, we have about one more minute of writing time. And then I'll call you back.

00:32:57.000 --> 00:33:05.000

>> So if you can find a good place to wrap-up, finish off that last line, we're all going to come back. And we'll hand it back over to Jhaleh who will facilitate our reading. So if you would like to facilitate what you wrote, you can write your name in the

00:33:05.000 --> 00:33:20.000

chat. And Jhaleh will call on you and I will unmute you.

00:33:20.000 --> 00:33:43.000

>> Thanks, Rowe. So, yeah, no pressure to share. And if you like to, we love to hear your writing. Thanks, Julie. Do you want to start us off?

00:33:43.000 --> 00:34:05.000

>> Sure. Thanks. I really enjoyed this prompt and loved the poem. Thank you so much for sharing. I titled this "reconciliation." Reconciliation is an honor that I dream not of, but sometimes some day when we have found a way to cross between what is true for you and what

00:34:05.000 --> 00:34:30.000

is true for me. Instead, sleeping, sometimes waking, icon injure as much absence the dark will hold, which is one galaxy swallowing another until we see the heaven run with spilled milk and stars. If

I set out in any direction in our town, I find we are traveling

00:34:30.000 --> 00:34:45.000

in each other's steps. There is no way forward that does not spiral back toward you, your turquoise room tucked in a small house I cannot enter. Today, I will rebuild something like home for the family I will keep. Young son. Husband still sleeping.

00:34:45.000 --> 00:35:05.000

Following the deep laying of his dreams to where, to whom. Thanks.

00:35:05.000 --> 00:35:17.000

>> Thank you so much, Julie. I really love that imagery of one galaxy swallowing another. And like this Zooming way out and then coming to something really intimate, like someone you love sleeping in this line about circling back to you. Thank you so much for sharing.

00:35:17.000 --> 00:35:47.000

Let's see. Miriam butterfly you would also like to share? And am I pronouncing your name right? Nuria.

00:35:47.000 --> 00:35:54.000

>> Yes, hi, everyone. Yes. My name is Oxanana but Nuria is my middle name. I chose the phrase today I will rebuild. As one soul attached to my mother's bosom. The umbilical cord connected to my mother, mine has been cut, at birth, and Mongol

00:35:54.000 --> 00:36:03.000

an African land with broken pieces of ancestry.

00:36:03.000 --> 00:36:32.000

Heron, that pulled me to persist persevere in the most trivial moments.

00:36:32.000 --> 00:36:58.000

Warm bodies houses the sheltered, a stranger. Rebuilding doesn't look pretty. And its structure fabric of empty Canvas. Empty spaces, ripped old wounds healed, restored, and unlikely season time and place. Rebuilding soil, stones gather cement, tucked and places with border

00:36:58.000 --> 00:37:26.000

structure. It's reform active taken shape in the ceilings, walls, and base level of new beginnings. Still farther from motherland. What sutures me together, my mother's laughter and stern soft voice on the other end. On the other end of the line on the

00:37:26.000 --> 00:37:53.000

phone. Her unconditional love has been rebuilding colors of fuchsia,

Magenta, as green has mixed into my life. Replacing the dull unbearable pain of separation from two decades in separate lands. Rebuilding firm, strong, weekend, courageous to believe what has never been

00:37:53.000 --> 00:38:09.000

seen nor touched before. Thank you. Thank you so much for sharing. I love when you talked about what sutures me together and laughter and vibrant colors replacing what you've been feeling before, that was just, thank you. That was really moving

00:38:09.000 --> 00:38:19.000

and really grounding. I think Troy, Bronsink, am I saying your name correctly?

00:38:19.000 --> 00:38:42.000

>> Thank you. I followed the prompt around footsteps. And kind of unfinished. Here we go.

00:38:42.000 --> 00:39:07.000

As I walk around the retreat cabin with my love, I kept sighing, ah, at first felt like breathing out, then my body continued like a profit breathing inspiration into the rim of rest. And my spine moving with breath, my feet following, almost walking by feel or sound

00:39:07.000 --> 00:39:31.000

rather than sight. I did some simple tasks, cutting cheese, mixing a cocktail, sweeping, reading, putting on an extra sweater. And lo and behold, my body interrupting and testifying to something I've forgotten. (Sigh) somehow the living breath I'm given, a thimble

00:39:31.000 --> 00:39:56.000

at a time is taking on a life of its own. My partner asked what, as if expecting me to describe an ah-ha or name the burden laid aside like a kid discarding cards playing out the passenger window one at a time and eventually, we laughed or smiled or tear would arise. Somewhere

00:39:56.000 --> 00:40:09.000

deep in my past or in my foreparent's past, the cells that make up this body froze, still, here I confuse living with choosing to fight or to melt, confused awakening with that younging out. What does this have to do to teach me?

00:40:09.000 --> 00:40:29.000

Or what is this I'm living within? Thanks.

00:40:29.000 --> 00:40:47.000

>> Thank you, Troy. I'm really loving reading people calling

outlines in the chat if anyone finds this chat distracting no pressure to check it out. But it's beautiful seeing what is resonating with people and people dropping it in the chat. Cells

00:40:47.000 --> 00:40:59.000

that make up this body froze, confused awakening with thawing out. Emily Little, would you like to share?

00:40:59.000 --> 00:41:27.000

>> Yeah, I love Troy of being it not a finished poem. Really? 10 minutes. [Laughter] This is not finished either.

00:41:27.000 --> 00:41:51.000

Metallic blood on fingers, a willful tooth falling out of skinny fingers. It is somewhere there out of reach, out of site. Down the drain. But we both imagine it's still there. Water flows with tears over this tooth. The water, I think will slowly wear at it. This first baby

00:41:51.000 --> 00:42:08.000

tooth will wear into its many pieces as there are stars. Where will daughter be when it all wears away? Will she be leaning over a bridge tears again over heartbreak? Will she be trying to bring tears to her eyes? Cutting herself to feel something?

00:42:08.000 --> 00:42:15.000

Will she be laughing on skates, skimming over a frozen lake? Will lake still be freezing? Will we feel pain anymore after watching so many species go extinct?

00:42:15.000 --> 00:42:31.000

Will everything or nothing break our hearts when the climate refugees are all of us?

00:42:31.000 --> 00:42:55.000

Will she follow in my steps? Or will all our past steps be erased by water?

00:42:55.000 --> 00:43:00.000

>> Thank you so much, Emily. Yeah, that line about, first of all, this imagery of a willful tooth just dropped me right in and got my attention. And I really appreciate the questions that you asked. And like the power of asking questions in a poem. Thank you.

00:43:00.000 --> 00:43:25.000

Alexis, you mentioned that you would be willing to read. Will you still like to?

00:43:25.000 --> 00:43:35.000

>> Sure. All right. So today I will rebuild. So here's spent

building shining towers just to watch them crumble under the weight of simple mistakes. Faulty foundations, lost blueprints, were too weak to stand against mother nature. Down there come crashing down me standing

00:43:35.000 --> 00:43:42.000  
in the fallen pieces.

00:43:42.000 --> 00:43:54.000  
>> I love the line standing in the fall pieces. That ends on a really strong note.

00:43:54.000 --> 00:44:22.000  
Thank you so much, everyone, who is sharing. And feel free. I think we have little bit more time. And Alaina, would you still like to share?

00:44:22.000 --> 00:44:47.000  
>> Sure. I would, thank you. I'm loving being back here. It feels great. So, here's my little thing. The way across, across my heart are several fields, the one from childhood, a field of Daisies with land minds scattered about.

00:44:47.000 --> 00:45:13.000  
It took a long time to identify each ambush, but with grace I made it through. I am navigating the 65-year-old heart today. The way across is to let it flow. These waves of emotion will not engulf me. They will carry the compassion given me to the other

00:45:13.000 --> 00:45:38.000  
side. I will carry you if needed. The body is a map to your heart with its audible beating in time with forgiveness, the largest landscape of all. Thank you.

00:45:38.000 --> 00:45:53.000  
>> Wow. I need to collect myself after hearing that. Thank you. [Laughter] Oh, I love that. I also just really love hearing, I am navigating a 65-year-old heart today. And the line about the body is a map to your heart. That's such a beautiful way to understand the body.

00:45:53.000 --> 00:45:57.000  
I'm so moved. [Laughter] Let's see. I'm catching up in the chat. Was there anyone else who would also like to read before we --

00:45:57.000 --> 00:46:09.000  
>> Yeah, I saw Holly and Lauren.

00:46:09.000 --> 00:46:26.000  
>> Thanks. Am I skipping you, Lauren? Okay. Okay. Maybe we have

some time to go next to Holly if then to Lauren. Does that work?  
Okay.

00:46:26.000 --> 00:46:41.000

>> Thanks, everyone. Wow! It's like sacred space here. Thank you, all, for your incredible words. It's just beautiful to be here. Mine is called "the way away." and of course, it's unfinished as we all are.

00:46:41.000 --> 00:46:58.000

The way across is unseen, unforged, yet for a world of eyes and many billion feet. For it must be our own eyes seeing to believe our own feet fleeing to sense fear.

00:46:58.000 --> 00:47:20.000

Our own ways at odds with ourselves where it does not tread over safe ground, preferring the swells of our hearts and minds, revisiting returns to the ways once known we negotiate the detachment we allow.

00:47:20.000 --> 00:47:27.000

The path is shared and scawwandered and forcing us through the hurdle we laid in our ways. Yet leaving no trace or sign for our future selves. We eat the breadcrumbs. Feeding the explorers waiting to rise among us. To conquer us then.

00:47:27.000 --> 00:47:46.000

Thank you.

00:47:46.000 --> 00:47:53.000

>> Thanks, Holly. That line about we negotiate the attachment we allow is intriguing. I was like, let me sit with that. [Laughter] Thank you. And then Lauren, would you like to go?

00:47:53.000 --> 00:48:13.000

>> All right. Heart beating fast. Now I'm starting. No nails necessary.

00:48:13.000 --> 00:48:38.000

I will use only bare hands and a hard heart to understand our land hard on the places I'm supposed to look. The way across is extra back scratches, dimmed night lights, endless receipt less laundry when she wets the bed again.

00:48:38.000 --> 00:48:46.000

Today, I will rebuild the frame around myself. The care I give without noticing. The kindness reserved for others. Redirect and press into my feet on to the floor four flights up still going down. In each other's steps walking mirrors. Showing our true self in broad daylight

00:48:46.000 --> 00:49:11.000

whispering same, same.

00:49:11.000 --> 00:49:22.000

>> Ooh. In each other's steps we're walking mirrors. The tenderness and power in the poems you all are sharing is really going to carry me through this day and week. Thank you, all, who shared. Let's see. I know we're coming up on time. And we're reading the poem again before

00:49:22.000 --> 00:49:46.000

we close. Do we have time? I'm looking at you Rowe and Stacy for further sharing? Or should we wrap-up the session?

00:49:46.000 --> 00:50:05.000

>> So what I love to do is just say a couple of words before we finish with the reading of the poem again. So, I think I speak on behalf of every single one of us to say wow, wow, wow! What a powerful poem, opening meditation, conversation about the poem, and then it just

00:50:05.000 --> 00:50:26.000

kept, the rebuilding happened live in front of our eyes. It was just so Potent and powerful the capacity we all have for this conversation. This important conversation.

00:50:26.000 --> 00:50:27.000

So thank you so much. Couple of things. First of all, Rowe will send out an email to everyone. We love to receive any version of your poem so we can put it on our website along with the video of this particular event that lives as a record of our gathering. So you'll all get

00:50:27.000 --> 00:50:51.000

an email from Rowe.

00:50:51.000 --> 00:51:19.000

We certainly hope you will join us again next month. We have Madeleine coming to talk about a fantastic poem. Also I just wanted to say thanks to Troy who read, who's one of our collaborators at the hive and Amy was here from the mercantile library, and of course, our fantastic

00:51:19.000 --> 00:51:32.000

Amy Tuttle from word play. And Eddie, and Jhahleh on being. It's been a spectacular day. Thank you, all. And let us know if you have any needs question or idea for set any time. And I'm going to turn it back over to you for a final reading of the poem.

00:51:32.000 --> 00:51:51.000

>> Thank you, Stacy. And I really, Stacy, I just align with what you said, when you said the capacity we all have. I think that is what one of my primary takeaways from this poem is.

00:51:51.000 --> 00:52:09.000

And I'm just really feeling moved by the power and everyone's writing who did share. And if you didn't share, thank you so much for your presence and listening, and for your own writing. And I'm happy to read, but if there's somebody who would like to close us out by reading

00:52:09.000 --> 00:52:26.000

the poem, can you drop your name in the chat, and I'd be happy to pass that to someone else as well. Great.

00:52:26.000 --> 00:52:27.000

I don't yet see anyone, so I think I'll go ahead and read. Emily, would you like to go ahead? All right. Thank you.

00:52:27.000 --> 00:52:57.000

>> There we go.

00:54:23.000 --> 00:54:40.000

(Reading poem in screen. Reconciliation by Jonina Kirton.

00:54:40.000 --> 00:55:09.000

>> Beautiful, beautiful, everyone! Also, I could not -- I forgot to mention Rowe, without Rowe, we wouldn't be -- Rowe is the ultimate space holder for our gathering. So thank you, Rowe, for making everything flow so easily.