

# Tikaseh

Illustration: 'An ode to my Father' by Amrin Ansari



**A zine about healing**

**A NEW  
DIRECTION**

We create **opportunity**

# Intro

Since COVID-19, the idea of healing and self-care has been explored by many, from doctors to influencers. We thought it would be interesting and important to find out what healing means to people and where they find this healing. COVID-19 reminded all of us about the importance of community and connection – and each of us have found our own way of doing that. Healing through poetry, art, photos, stories and spaces. Maybe this could inspire those who might be struggling to try out a new way to find healing.

The title of this zine is a colloquial Bengali phrase that can be loosely translated to mean “*it’s ok*”, a response many of us use because we aren’t yet ready to share that sometimes we’re not ok. Sometimes we need space, time and silence to heal and move forward. Our hope is that this zine is the beginning of a bigger conversation around what healing means to different people and how we can find ways to collectively heal.

# Behind the creation of this Zine

**Faaria and Kyley** were partnered together to work on a final project as part of their work with **Space for Change**. After some discussion, they agreed on a zine based around healing - it would be something tangible that can have a life outside the end of the programme; it could be a resource for others to turn to for advice/guidance.

To our networks, we posed two questions: “*What does healing mean to you?*” and “*Where do you go find healing?*”. We encouraged contributors to respond in any creative medium they felt suited them. We hope that this zine would work to inspire you to create your own artistic response in whichever form you desire to express yourself.

**Faaria Ahmad (she/her)** is the Head of an education organisation, Global Learning London working with teachers, students and school communities to develop their critical thinking skills, creativity and curiosity. Faaria loves learning about people, cultures and history, and is a massive Marvel fan.

**Kyley Winfield (he/him)** is passionate about making inclusive spaces which celebrate the diversity of its participants. He is an award-winning musician, RADA trained actor and Head of Accredited Programmes for The National Youth Theatre of Great Britain.

# Healing to Me Is...

Healing to me is...

Holding space for myself

Getting off that 'unworthy' shelf

And believing my true worth, that's been scrutinised since birth

One of my purposes on this earth, is to make

Insightful life discoveries

Like how setting boundaries, can actually, set you free

from the suffocation of learned behaviours and beliefs, that were

never my own

Other people's beliefs and behaviours that made me think, without

them

"I'm alone"

But that, was never the true gem

Healing showed me. That, cubic zirconia was them

Their fear, their desperation, projected onto me

Their control and resentment that I could be happy

Without the need

Of people, that drink from my cup and then get angry that it's

empty

And blame me, for being thirsty, rather than work out why, in

therapy...

And therapy is healing me and boy is it a journey

(A suggestion of theirs would you believe lol)

As is talking to friends, listening to books, silent time and sleep

And it's a promised set of habits, I'll continue to keep

Because the growth and understanding, is healing the trauma bonds

before me

And by me doing the work now, future generations will have the

space to breathe

And be themselves from day one and explore their needs from early

on

I've still got a way to go and I'll gladly walk so my bloodline can run

*By Dani Moseley*

*What healing means to me: rest and space to restore energy, action to fix systemic issues.*

Where I go to find healing: our cat is nicknamed “the doctor” because he knows when you’re sick or in need and administers healing purrs.

*by Kate Oliver*



# Day by day

Each day I attempt to unveil  
a new chapter,  
Hiding away from that night  
with a smile pressed against  
my face.

Washing away the scent of  
your hold that tainted the  
barriers holding me together.

I submerge the anxiety in a  
concoction of laughter,  
Wishing that each breath air  
will fill my lungs and swallow  
me in a freedom to shy  
away from the grip of your  
fingertips.

I blink and I see a shattered  
fragment of your mask,  
In a split second I saw your  
vulnerability  
The glimmer of doubt as you  
powered over,  
As you pushed through my  
barriers leaving me bear with  
nothing left to show

You chose an innocent and  
tainted her for life,  
Ripped at her skin, tearing her  
apart.

I wonder why you chose her,  
what you preyed on.  
A fixation on the specifics  
remains constant.  
I recalculate, analyse, and  
dissect each moment,  
To trace back to the exact  
junction where change sat  
waiting for me.

Instead, hollow stares back.  
While no-one tells you of the  
distance you feel from yourself  
at that moment.  
Your soul afloat staring back at  
yourself.  
I just want to be free of this  
moment.

*By Eva Mannan*

# The conundrum of time



An ode to my father: 'The conundrum of time.'

Time is shapeless and has no form.  
It's all encompassing, invisible yet so visible. It's fast but slow, it pushes but pulls.  
Sometimes, time is healing and sometimes, time is anything but soothing.

Time is but an infinite journey...time is you.

Words and illustration Amrin Ansari

# ***I choose to heal***

This time I chose to heal.  
You sat with me watched me take a step back,  
Encouraging me to stumble with you off track,  
But this time I choose to heal.

This time I choose to heal,  
For I now know that  
Seeing you again was just like walking into the past,  
Absent, whilst self-assured but still lost in the vast  
Just a blank canvas with no colour left at the frame,  
Instead, tinted hues of ambiguity that just seems all the same,  
Unable to see the reflection that stares straight back at the sea,  
Resistant to take a step forward and still drowning in self-pity.

This time I chose to heal because I've seen this all before  
The pain that disperses into mesh of grey that just leaves one  
wanting the ineffableness of whatever more...  
From the time my one true lover let the violence take over  
When love turned to rage,  
that I used to chase to at a turn of a page,  
I'm reminded that with this there's nothing new to discover,  
As I flip from cover to cover.  
Remaining just an empty shadow of a past of a story  
That has seemed to have lost all its glory.

So, this time I choose to heal.  
Because this time it is all I want to feel.



# Breathing

I'm not sure that I breathe properly,  
I need to breathe deeply. A small  
collection of photos remind me that  
my healing comes in everyday life.

In those moments of focused prayer  
in a beautiful mosque in Istanbul, or  
on my soft blue prayer mat at home.

In walks through the English  
countryside or the woods - reflecting  
on the constant changing of seasons,  
maybe this hardship too will pass.

In a sip of delicious masala chai and  
a friend who is there to listen. In the  
embrace of a loved one - your little  
one, your mum or your partner.

In the deep belly breath - in for 4  
out for 8, in for 4 out for 8. "With  
every hardship there is ease".

Breathe.

*Words and images by Faaria Ahmad*



# *Yonder*

I look up to the stars,  
to cast a wish from afar  
Releasing the encapsulated  
body of me  
Allowing myself to  
rediscover its beauty.

For the glimmers of light  
To glisten amongst the sea  
breeze winds  
That resides in the nature of  
our mother's home,  
Embedded in the seeds  
that humanity has delicately  
sown.

For I know I know not yet  
For I know not how  
What nature's destiny holds  
Nor what is buried?  
In a cacophony of  
tomorrow's sorrow

So, I look up to the stars  
and see the clusters that  
guide.  
And shield me from the  
hailstone of whispers.  
That seep through man's  
consciousness  
Gasping for air

Let your wander lift my soul,  
Towards your vibrancy  
Sitting one by one,  
Enwrapped in each other's  
luminosity.

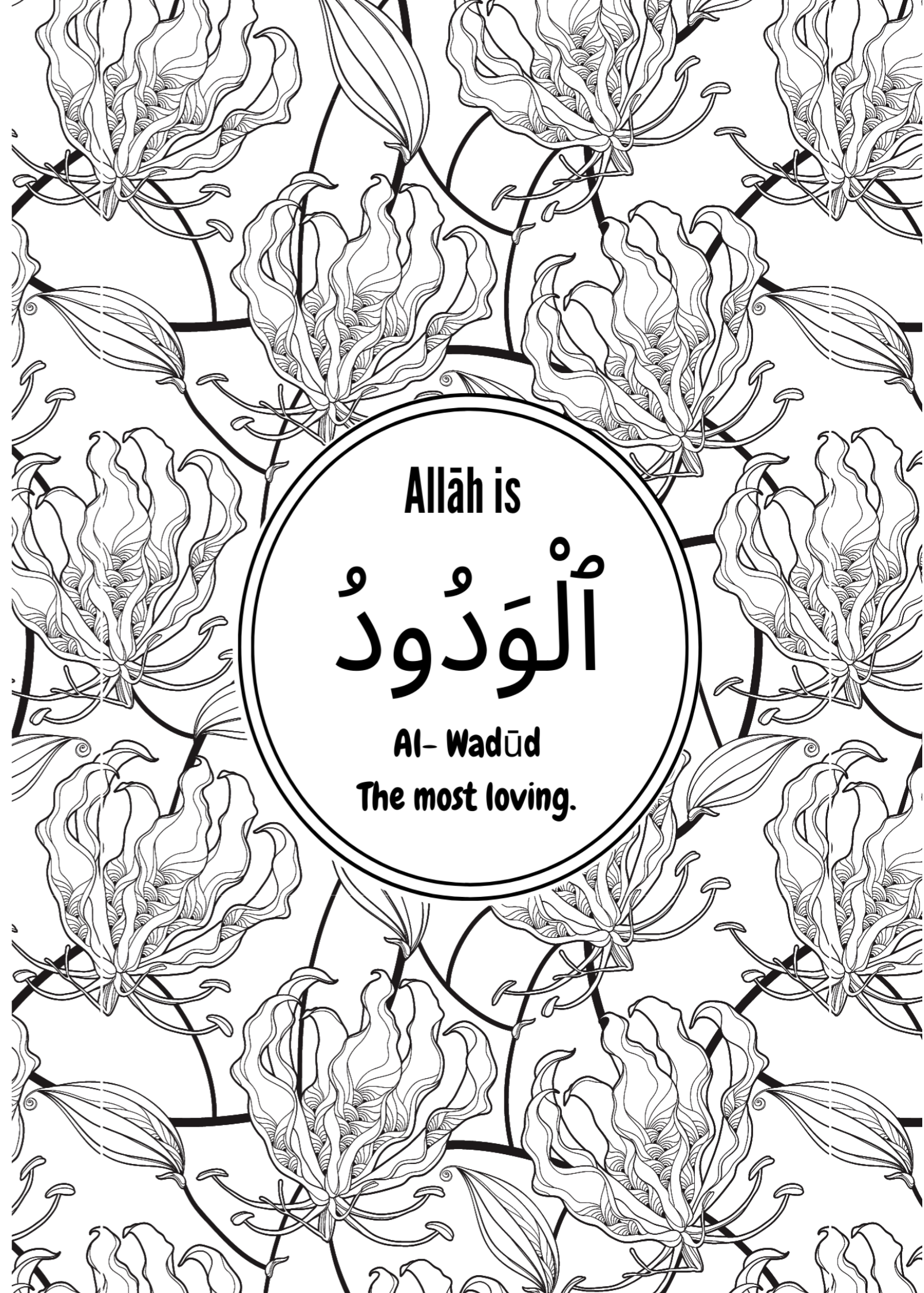
*By Eva Mannan*

Healing for me is introspection. It is searching into the deep crevices of my own mind with courage and determination to either embrace or confront what I might find. Healing for me is willingly being vulnerable so I can alleviate the burden of pain in my soul, so I can breathe with ease. So I can feel free.

As I draw, I can feel my thoughts travel through my fingertips and lock my memories in to place... So every time I look back I can be reminded of who I was and I who I have come to be.

While I was drowning in grief there were moments where I'd be so lost that I couldn't connect to Allāh. (My god) There is no pain I've felt equivalent to grief (losing my dad) emptiness and distancing from Allāh. I felt so isolated. I turned to mindfulness activities like colouring books to channel my emotions through a creative outlet.

I searched for Islamic themed mindfulness activities but I found that the options were limited. I knew then that I would create a mindfulness colouring book which caters to my community and way of life.'



# About

# Space for Change

**A New Direction** is an award-winning not-for-profit organisation generating opportunities for children and young people to develop their creativity.

**Space for Change** is a peer learning group focused on sharing and developing practice and addressing current challenges facing the sector. The programme is designed for leaders in the field of creative learning who want to do things differently, improve their work, and seek inspiration from their peers. The group has been exploring how to make inclusive, equitable and sustainable work.

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