

THE RIGHT TO HEAL ZINE

CENTERING MENTAL HEALTH
MULTI-RACIAL EQUITY
IN CALIFORNIA



CALIFORNIA
BLACK HEALTH NETWORK



California Consortium
for Urban Indian Health



SEARAC



CPEHN
California Pan-Ethnic
Health Network

Visión y Compromiso



Bakersfield American
B·A·I·H·P
Indian Health Project

MHSOAC

Mental Health Services
Oversight & Accountability Commission



Content Warning: This zine may include difficult topics related to mental health and emotional well-being.

We encourage you to use the following resources:

The California Peer-Run Warm Line:
(855) 845-7415

24-hour Suicide Prevention Lifeline:
1-800-273-8255 or text 838255

24-hour Domestic Violence Hotline:
1-800-799-7233 or click Chat Now

You can also text “TalkWithUs” to 66746 to connect with a trained crisis counselor

Curándome (Healing)

Nayeli V

What does the right to heal mean?

THE RIGHT TO HEAL - healing can come in many different ways and it can be different for each pain, if something happens physically or mentally you should get whatever you need to help the process of healing

My parent have the right to heal from the trauma they faced growing up
My parents have the right to heal by leaving their country and coming to a place where they don't even know the language for a "better life" for there kids
My parents have the right to heal from all the 24/7 shifts they had to work for there 4 kids

My family has the right to heal

I have the right to talk to someone to heal from the trauma I faced growing up because my parents never healed from theirs and passed it to me through generations
I have the right to cry and rest to heal form the bruising and bleeding and yelling from my parents because that's how they were taught that you should educate your kids
I have the right to be alone to heal from my own self harm
I have the right to scream to heal from getting kicked out for not being the ideal daughter nor sister at 18yr
I have the right to get away to heal for think that my parent divorce is my fault
I have the right to have fun so I can heal for believe that I deserve less
I have the right to talk to god to heal from thinking people are better of without me
I have the right to heal both physical and menatlly

We have the right to heal

But the journey is still new to me

How to forgive and forget

How to heal and recover

How move forward with peace

How do you know when you have healed??

I have tried different things time/talking/harming/crying/fun/god/etc

I have the right to heal but its been 4rys , it has taken time and I haven't healed

My question for you is

" how do you heal ? " when you know you have the right to heal



Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Healing

Janeymi Ramirez-Salas

Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Healing

Life is given to us the moment we start breathing yet; we are not at liberty to have much control over where it leads. If we did, we would probably have more astronauts or police officers, doctors, and scientists. Just because your heart is beating doesn't mean you're alive; it's the mentality. It's the motivation to wake up and open your eyes every day, to tap your feet to the music. Every action no matter how small or who it's done by is living. Those neurons getting fired up takes a lot of effort some days. On other days you can wake up in the morning and feel so light it seems impossible compared to yesterday. When your life is down you can only go up but, that's not true you can go down. There will always be downs and ups but every person goes up because they heal what worries they had yesterday. They decided to go up, to live in the present. To go to a place of happiness, to dream the impossible. Living is impossible at times but the pursuit of healing makes it possible. Healing lights up a star, it lights up the sky and makes the world better or at least prettier.

Right to Heal

Sheralynn Magallanes



Right to Heal

THE RIGHT TO HEAL is my right to be in my becoming

To plant firm roots in nourishing soil

To shed old growth and bloom again with every season

To carry the full weight of my being & be my most liberated Self

To love, and be allowed to love, every iteration of myself

THE RIGHT TO HEAL is a guarantee that all of my loved ones will rise

It is a garden where we reclaim our roots, dance to the music of our laughs, speak our native tongues, and share stories of our family histories

It is our right to embody what it looks and feels like to truly thrive

THE RIGHT TO HEAL is the right to unlearn every violently oppressive untruth

that has been forced onto my mind, my body, and my people

It is reclaiming my right to be in tune with my body and my spirit

To be aligned with the Earth and the Universe; To trust myself

And to come into my truest form as a divine being of abundance

THE RIGHT TO HEAL is my Mother's right to be seen and held in this world

It is her right to feel, profoundly; To speak, loudly

To shed her resiliency and to be as soft as she wants to be

To live and to thrive and be well and peaceful into old age

THE RIGHT TO HEAL is a birthright

A responsibility and a blessing passed onto me by my ancestors

Whose planted seeds and strong roots carry forward with each generation

And thus, I blossom

OUR RIGHT TO HEAL is our right to raise our collective consciousness

It is our right to be in community with one another

To be safe, secure, uplifted, and to be learning, growing, and rising

It is our right to collectively co-create our own world

~ shao ~

Glitchy

KM Cabrera

Glitchy

By KM Cabrera

2021

It got to the point of numbness somehow— on autopilot, unfeeling, and the words she heard out of her mouth were robotic, pre-programmed, convincingly scripted. It all started when she, a sensitive, sobbing eighth grader tried to jump out of the car, after a shouting match with her parents. Something short-circuited then. Her systems were overwhelmed. She was fried. For her own good she decided to overwrite her reflexive feelings, the talking back, the crying, the need to be understood. They were bugs, futile commands, with no one to answer the query. Error 404 Emotional Support and Validation Not Found.

Through observational learning, she began to know how she should act. There she was, Malaya Mendoza, a breakthrough in Artificial Emotion.

2027

Ellie was never her girlfriend. It was all too exhausting for Ellie. The first couple of months were perfectly pleasant— *she* was perfect. Beautiful, brilliant, so easy to talk to, so sweet. But as the conversation took a more intimate turn, the semblance of perfection gave way to repetitive precision. Malaya curated her words to complement hers, she planned perfectly romantic dates in perfectly romantic settings and acted perfectly choreographed to hold her hand, to kiss her lips, to anticipate her thoughts, her sadnesses, her joys, her desires, her queries and meet them with perfect riposte.

And when Malaya couldn't do that— when Ellie said, "I don't think we can be vulnerable with each other"— Malaya's smile twitched into a fade, and she stammered a "What— what do you mean?" as her eyes looked up and down, recalculating her thoughts, batting away the barest glimpse of a tear. A glitch in the perfection.

Ellie was never her girlfriend. She didn't even know her.

2020

Malaya couldn't remember when she first felt Nanay and Tatay's resentment. She attributed everything to her parents' persistence, the immigrant sacrifice, leaving their families and home in a noble sacrifice *for her*. Why was she such an ungrateful brat to talk back so much? Why shouldn't she accept the dreams they struggled to attain for her? This *ingrata*, saying she didn't *want* to study medicine, deigning to lecture her parents on racism when *they've* been victims of racism, acting like *she* was somehow entitled to live the way her American friends lived as if her very existence wasn't

the source of her parents' persisting pain. This *ingrata*. She had a hell of a debt to pay, and all they ever ask for is honor.

2031

After Ellie it was Luis, Alaina for a little bit, Lauren, two dates with Peter. Then there was Jimmy. Jimmy loved Malaya and— for the first time in her life— unconditionally, wholly. She didn't stand a chance. This was beyond anything she had ever known. And she didn't know how to do things *right*. She second guessed each feeling, each word, every action, every kiss. When would the resentment come? What were the terms and conditions? Why— *for what*— did he love her?

“Goodnight, Malshmallow.” Jimmy yawned, nuzzling her cheek, half asleep.

“I feel like you'll resent me someday,” she found herself saying.

“Why would you say that?” He was fully awake. He cupped her cheek in his hand. It was wet with tears.

2033

The latest model of the Buddy Bot included intuitive voice customization, all the way down to intonation, pitch, and any manner of endearing quirks and mannerisms. Even a natural grammatical error or two. Designwise, the look of the Buddy Bot was a point of contention— make it more real, more human, some would say. But the general fear of a Westworld-esque reality in which robots were indistinguishable from humans frightened enough of the general public to push for tighter regulations against hyperreal AI.

Malaya adjusted her Buddy Bot's voice on the companion app. LAUNCH.

“Good morning, Malshmallow.”

2020

“*Tomboy yata si Mal. Parang babae ang type niya.* (Mal might be a lesbian. It seems girls are her type.)” Tito Boy observed her under his glasses, squinting. A little hard of hearing, his voice was louder than he realized as he leaned over to share his observations with Nanay.

“*Hindi, parang bisexual yata yang batang iyan. Marami ng kabataan ang gustong maging bisexual. Parang uso yata ngayon.* (No, I think the kid's bisexual. A lot of youth now want to be bisexual. It's like it's the popular thing now).” Nanay said curtly, scooping him another serving of bihon.

“Ah, AC/DC tawag natin noon di ba? Pwedeng sa lalake at babae. Wow, AC/DC pala si Mal! (Ah, we called that AC/DC before, didn’t we? She can be both with guys and girls. Wow, Mal’s apparently AC/DC!)” Tito Boy and Nanay laughed over the bihon. A chorizo piece fell out of his mouth as he cracked himself up. “*At least hindi sayang. Ang ganda niya naman.* (At least it’s not a waste. She’s pretty after all.)”

2034

Buddy Bot’s latest update included a therapy feature that connected users to psychiatrists who would then speak in their own voice through the bot. It was a good call then that the Buddy Bot design was fairly, brutally generic. A tabula rasa for any desired persona, companion, and now mental health professional! It was a way to appease a nonprofit watchdog that had published a scathing exposé on the rise in dependence on Buddy Bot, unaddressed mental health crises stemming from substituting professional help with Buddy Bot, the unsettling optics of a growing Buddy Bot *obsession* among a large number of the public. *But talking to Buddy Bot was already therapy*, some protested.

“Buddy Bot’s AI aims to please,” the watchdog noted in a press conference. “Buddy Bot is programmed to provide perfectly pleasing, satisfying, even intoxicating narratives based on user customization and observational learning. It’s a dangerous, albeit admittedly incredible, feat not only of Artificial Intelligence, but what could be called Artificial Emotion. As for the recent update connecting Buddy Bot to therapists, we are *cautiously* encouraged by this step. At this point, we are just optimistic about the increased accessibility potential for individuals to seek professional help. That’s probably the best thing to come out of Buddy Bot.”

2035

“Therapy has been the worst thing to come out of Buddy Bot,” Malaya snarked at Dr. Frazer. “Buddy Bot has always just been one persona to me, and now I’m almost confused about whether he’s going to say something sweet to me or attack my insecurities.”

The voice that answered back through Buddy Bot was no longer Jimmy’s. The plastic and metal vessel held Dr. Frazer this time. As it did every Thursday when she was made to confront the anger she felt at seeing dads and daughters showcasing their sweet and healthy relationships. Or that time she wished a passing garbage truck would run her over as her mom stood near, checking the mail— how often she rsn this simulation in her head, imagining the aftermath of a doting mother, overwhelmed with sympathy, acquiescing to her emotional demands, congratulating her on grad school. *Linguistics? Ang galing mo, anak! Oo nga, mas gusto mo nga ang linguistics kesa sa medicine o law. At kung anong gusto mong gawin, mahal ka namin! Kwento ka sa amin, ha?* (Linguistics? You’re so

great, my child! Oh yes, you really do like linguistics instead of medicine or law. And whatever you'd like to do, we love you! Tell us all about it, okay?)

“*Bahala ka sa buhay mo*, Nanay said to me a lot,” Malaya had recalled during a session. “Filipino moms use it when they want to end an argument, but keep the guilt going. It means, ‘do what you want with your life.’ Or literally ‘you’re in charge of your life.’ In English it sounds like a cheesy, motivational mantra. But it’s one of the most scathing nanay catchphrases. Kickstarts the guilt right up. I *want* to be in charge of my life. They’ve programmed me to feel guilty about that.”

2030

“You have some serious issues, you know that?” Lauren scrunched Malaya’s hair. “All this stuff with your parents. I really think you need to talk to someone.”

“I talked to you,” Malaya held Lauren’s palm in hers.

“I’m not a therapist.” Something about Lauren’s tone, albeit a genuinely concerned one, stung Malaya. With Lauren, Malaya had reset herself, pushing herself towards vulnerability and introspection for once, attributes she had hidden from her system since that day in eighth grade. One after another spilled from her memory and out of her mouth. Eighth grade and almost jumping out of the car, high school and hiding the scars on her legs, college and the relief that she only had to visit her parents once or twice a year with some sort of excuse about being consumed with work. Or about how she hated being Filipino, being an immigrant— not because of her skin or the microaggressions or the way every professor called her “Malia” or “Malala” or “Malelujah” or any offshoot of those. No, she hated being Filipino because it meant being born and raised with *hiya* (shame). It wasn’t enough to pay her honor debt, she had to ensure she avoided adding to the *hiya* she’d been accumulating from the day she was born.

Hiya was a lot easier to earn than honor. And life was centered around avoiding it. A common expletive was “*walanghiya* (shameless).” Hear it in any *teleserye* shouting match on The Filipino Channel. Or hear it from her dad.

Hindi ka ba nahiihiya? Gusto mo ba kami hiyain? Gagawa ka pa ng eksena. Pupunta ka pa sa hospital dahil sinugatan mo ang sarili mo? Ano sa tingin mong mangyayari sa pamilya natin? Pupunta ka pa sa doktor dahil sa ginawa mong kalokohan na iyan? Masyado ka na ha. Wala ka bang hiya? Papatayin mo ako sa hiya. Wala ka ng ginagawa— lahat na nasa iyo. Palagi mo pa kaming hinihiya. Ang isang anak namin— tomboy. AC/DC pa. Ayaw mag-aral ng matino. Ayaw makinig. Sumasagot. Walanghiya kang bata ka. Doktor doktor, therapist, therapist. Di mo ba alam kong gaano ha mahal pa mga iyan? Hiihiyain mo na kami, uubusin mo pa ang pera namin. Osha, gawin mo ang gusto mo, layas ka na. Bahala ka na sa buhay mo.

(Aren't you ashamed? Do you want to bring shame to us? You're going to make a scene. Going to the hospital because you wounded yourself? What do you think will happen to your family? Going to the doctor because of the insanity you've done? You're too much, ha. Do you not have any shame? You're going to kill me with shame. You don't even do anything— you have everything. You're always bringing us shame. Our one child— a lesbian. AC/DC too. Doesn't want to study right. Doesn't want to listen. Talking back. You shameless child. Doctor doctor, therapist therapist. Don't you know how expensive those are? You're not only going to bring us shame, you're going to finish our money too. Fine, do what you want, move out. Be in charge of your own life.)

2057

Rows of Buddy Bots, each covered by a heavy layer of dust, all together in a lonely Nevada storage facility. During the early years of their storage, one or two here and there would sound off in distorted slowed multi-voices.

“Jessica, we haven’t spoken in a while, darling.”

“Goodnight, Malshmallow.”

“Please update me, Piotr.”

“ERROR. Contact support.”

“ERROR. Contact support.”

“ERROR. Contact support.”

“RESTARTING.”

End.

Patches of Meltdowns

Khoa Martin Hoang



love intertwine me

sierra jey oretaga moore

love intertwine me

View video here: https://youtu.be/gn_CB_vIW0

Standing With You

Karen R

STANDING WITH YOU

I have taken a **stand** to hold space for those that want an ear to listen, a hand to hold and a shoulder to cry on (as appropriate).

I have taken a **stand** to provide a safe space for YOU who want to share your life with me.

I have taken a **stand** to be an empathetic and genuine practitioner that will practice unconditional positive regard in response to YOUR issue(s).

I have taken a **stand** to travel this journey called therapy with YOU and provide an evidenced-based modality of treatment that works for YOUR healing process.

I am a person of color.

I am a Licensed Professional Clinical Counselor.

And, these are my pledges as I **stand** ready to assist YOUR mental health healing.

This is 'what does the right to heal mean to me'?

Karen R
LPCC 6289
Ψ

Primavera en Invierno

Deysi B. Merino

El Derecho a Sanar

Es como ser una flor de primavera,
floreciendo hasta en invierno ...

con sus raíces
fortaleciendo su esencia

El sol aún brillando,
resguardando su colorido

y los copos de nieve
respetando el curso de la naturaleza

es el derecho a vivir ...
dignamente



Health
Care
for ALL

For the Multicultural Autoimmune Community, Healing is Lifelong

A. Moreno

For the Multicultural Autoimmune Community, Healing is Lifelong

A. Moreno

It was an August summer night
When we were already ready for summer to move on
The heat was over-exhausting everyone
When there was no place, even indoors, that was cool enough.
I went to sleep that night with a headache.
Nothing extreme, but unusual.
But the headache stayed and worsened. Week after week.
Until there was heat and blindness.
MDs dismissed it as an eye infection.
I disagreed but didn't know how to speak up.

Weeks onward, still with the blindness, they realized,
It's time for steroids.
A month of steroids, a month of mental anxiety.
With one seeing eye, I still had work to do.
And finally, week by week, I improved.

Mental health, specialty care, primary care, a new cycle began.
Finally, a diagnosis, with the questions of prognosis.
How much do I tell? Who should know and not know?
The issue was no longer just mine to decide.
The impact would affect others at home too.

It was several months to learn there was no cure.
It was the same time to hear I had a "white disease"
and that people in the community couldn't
believe that I had it too.
It took two years to realize I had a disability.
And it continues to astound me that POC are not part of these discussions.

“Healing of the Mind”

Kayla Coulter



Coming to Believe

Alex Polish

I have lived my life as an open wound.

A nerve ending, exposed to

I hate you you monster you're going to hell you little bitch fuck you fuck you fuck you.

I was an infant and there were broken bones but

What happens in nice white families stays in

Secret nightmares.

Borderline personality disorder – a clinical way to say

Traumatized and trans.

(i have never known who i am except by the things i was not –

safe, happy, functional, girl.

girls are miraculous, spectacular – maybe that's why i am not one – and functional is another way to say 'a machine for white supremacist capitalism.'

but safety sounds like it would be nice.

i get glimpses of happy, now – and of that mythical being of emotional safety – when my wife and i share eye contact with our puppy. when i get to be a dad.)

Top surgery saved my life.

Top surgery got me sober.

Being trans, being in community, being of service,

Keeps me sober.

I paid a surgeon good money to slice open my chest

Only to stitch me right back up again.

To wound my body so my soul could start to heal.

I think the doctor left something extra inside me –

Or maybe I had it all along.

My wounds are starting to scab, now.

I can, maybe,

Be.

I am coming to believe that I have that right.

Kings of Coarse

Delgreta Brown



DECISION

Sequoia Olivia Mercier

DECISION

The Right to Heal

is a decision

to want to be well

woven on the loom of access

and culturally appropriate care

responsibility and follow through

like thousand petaled lotus

pulling sustenance from mud of despair,

the despised and the hunted

ask recurring, largely unspoken, demonstrated question:

What is there to live for ?

The inside voice that speaks to us at sunrise claims the right to

heal wants to be well . . . and then the reality of being

unwelcomed in a country that is our home shows up . . . the

obstacle course of everyday life . . . makes it hard to breathe

fear is an impotent / impudent change agent
dragging chains . . . past and present atrocities
thru our continuously traumatized lives

soothed with the salve of resilient community
our tears become music, pools of
Bethesda mercies
Red Sea Miracles
Sacred Cenotes
and Hapi River prophecies

We got some healing up in here
alphabet agencies don't explore

absent peer review, double-blind study
root medicine / soul knowing

is dismissed / missed /mistakenly
identified to be without worth

We claim the right to heal even when our heads are bloody
from the struggle

We choose rubric from which we view life

the language to name

the places we hurt

and where we don't

how we want to heal and when

Respect our right to choose

to confer with ancestors

commiserate with trees

listen to ocean

we still remember our connection to everything

we choose the right to say no

and the opportunity to say yes

we love life, we want to live, we deserve the right to heal . . .
even through the pain

we wear mask of invisibility

like a footnote,

necessary survival skill

in land of hungry ghosts

3 of 5 (Mercier)

We've known needles from Tuskegee to the barrios
to heroin ghosts stooped over
at the last stop of the Red Line
trust has been swallowed in deep festering wound
of abuse, neglect, and de facto genocide
where shaming into compliance
is not an antidote to resistance

a phalanx of Healers,
Curanderos, Babalawos , Medicine Men and celebrities
standing on frontline have rolled up sleeves
taken the vaccine . . . as an offering / a prayer / a desire to live
a demonstration of hope
we have volunteered to be canaries
in the coal mine
even when our reservations were deep

our people are watching
asking careful questions
those still trying to decide
and those who think they know they wont
we have a history of those who chose to jump overboard
be especially gentle here
many are still quietly agonizing over their choice
the right to heal and the risk that trust involves

Sequoia Olivia Mercier

September 4, 2021

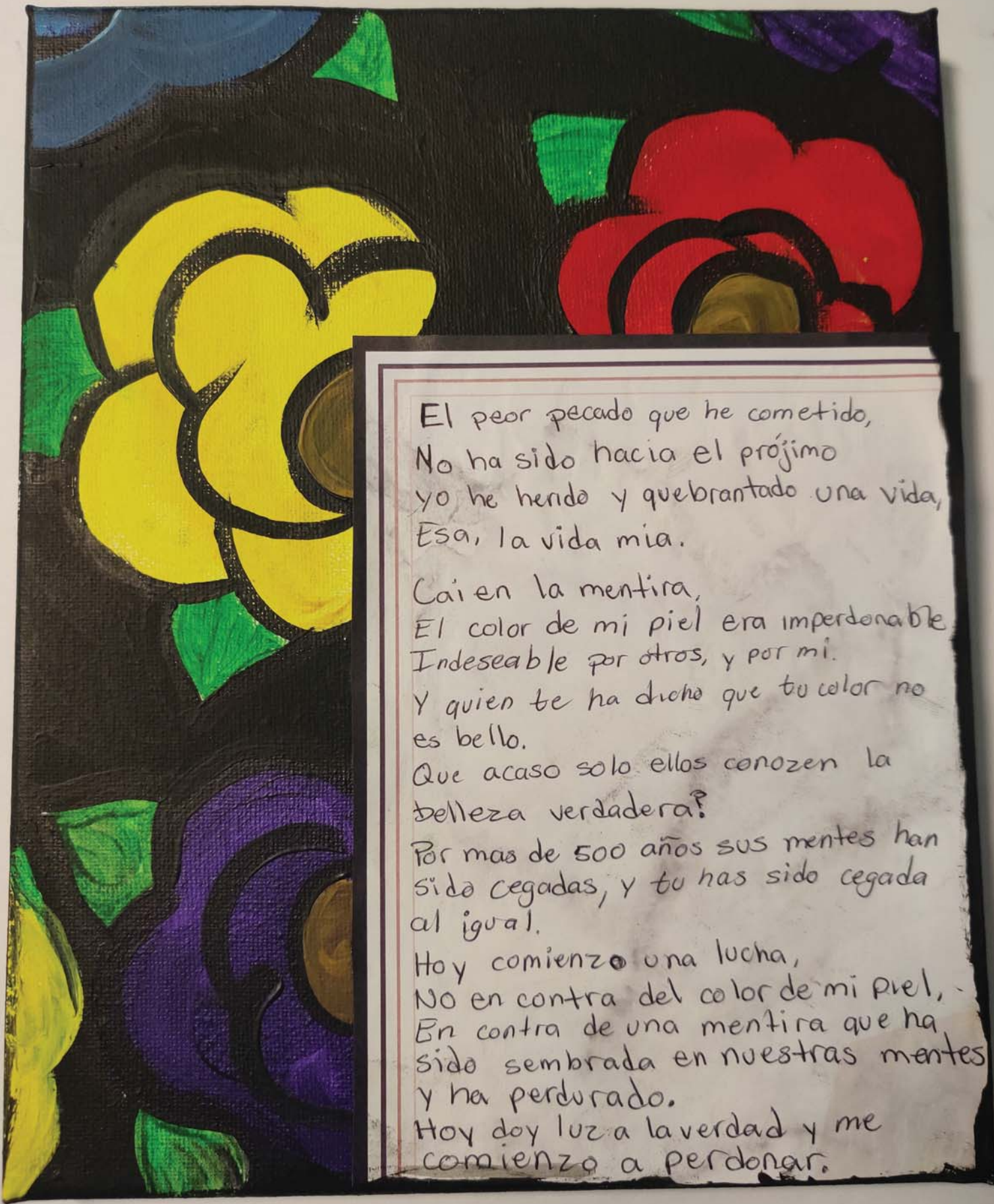
piscespoet@earthlink.net

323-243-3379

TalkingOM.org

Me Comienzo a Perdonar

Nancy K Hernandez Feria



El peor pecado que he cometido,
No ha sido hacia el prójimo
yo he herido y quebrantado una vida,
Esa, la vida mía.

Caí en la mentira,
El color de mi piel era imperdonable
Indeseable por otros, y por mí.
Y quien te ha dicho que tu color no
es bello.

Que acaso solo ellos conocen la
belleza verdadera?

Por más de 500 años sus mentes han
sido cegadas, y tu has sido cegada
al igual.

Hoy comienzo una lucha,
No en contra del color de mi piel,
En contra de una mentira que ha
sido sembrada en nuestras mentes
y ha perdurado.

Hoy doy luz a la verdad y me
comienzo a perdonar.

Underserved: Homeless Veterans in Los Angeles

Shelly R

Please see the link to the photo slide show:

Underserved: Homeless Veterans in Los Angeles:

<https://youtu.be/wJcldgZtHYw>

Poem

Sergio Nic

August 31, 2021 at 10:02 AM

Healing

I don't know how long it would take me to heal but I know I will soon . I've suffer mental health for years now I try healing but then I start over and over again , there's even days where I stay up all night crying and thinking of my self like the worse person on planet earth ! Healing can take days , months , or maybe years

But first heal yourself and then help others heal so they know there's not alone on this ride !

(Sergio Nic)



Inspiration Rocks

Rosalie



The Cost of Black Tears

Delgreta Brown

The Cost of Black Tears
By: Delgreta Brown
Amariginal Art, LLC © 2021

What is the cost of black tears?

Does society collect them for oddities?
A curious thing to behold
Since it was told
That blacks feel no pain.
Didn't you know that everything blackity black
has a price tag?
 As if commodifying culture were valid
 As if cultural appropriation were justified
The audacity of villainy and
the theft of tranquility to flip a profit--
It has a taste
For #blackboyjoy and #blackgirlmagic
The cost of black tears...
The cost of our humanity is tragic.

Black pain goes to the highest bidder
--That's the video with the most views
It's the post with the most clicks and comments
It's the video that spreads like viral news
Or like California wildfires--
It's that black oil set aflame
A community enraged yet in pain
That pain is inflicted
over and
over and
over again
Our grief sells
Our trauma swells
Society ignores the festering wound.
The cost of black tears is injurious,
Perilous and full of doom.

Gaping mouths held ajar
 with ghastly silent screams
Brown skin...
Black bodies...
Lay bloodied, suffocating

On computer screens
It's a kind of repetitive traumatic jukebox
 That replays the hits
 The beat-beat-beat-beatings
 The shootings
 The murders
 The lynchings
And the world watches in shock and dismay
Unable to look away.
The cost of black tears is a Mother's pain.
A grown man's ancestral cry
Pleading not to die.
The cost is too damned high!

The internet serenades us
with dreams of going up yonder
To escape the ills
that seek to take us asunder.
To our astonishment space shuttles jettison
Wealthy men above the mire
Far away from the urbanity
Removed from pollution
Shit, they're fleeing from visions of destitution!

What is the cost of black tears?
The question has reached a fever pitch.

I suggest restitution for all the suffering
And for all of the damage that has been done
Honor our ancestors
Move out of our way
As we reclaim our spaces
That make us feel free and whole
Vibrant and natural.
It'll require the very heart of you
Time for fresher values
Stir the makings of the new way.
Co-create the new day.
We can thrive in uninterrupted abundance
Transcending the grim and guttural agony.

Let love win...
Let healing in...
Let healing begin..

Monotonous Love

Brendan

"Monotonous Love"

Tiny Tappers continue their routine,
Their dance floor is pane, streak free and clean.
No one questions what they have come for,
Except for the woman who watches them pour.

She sits alone spectating not far,
As her tears stream down filling a jar.
She squeezes tight, her pool of tears
Her fingers imprinted for years & years.

The same old moves grace her eyes
She grows so tired of enduring lies.
As the sun rises, still she weeps
Over an ungrateful man she couldn't keep

The next few nights she caught the show
The storm was drifting ever so slow
She sat front row until the last
Her are so sore from living in the past

She's out and about now living her life,
Understanding at last she needed a wife.
She's cherished and loved like never before,
Her happiness radiated straight to her core.

Written by:
Brendan A. Jones