emergent

Jamie Renee Williams
& Tiny Tech Zines
Introduction  Jamie Renee Williams

COVID-19 in combination with increased visibility on anti-Black violence and white supremacy culture has created a rift in our community gathering spaces. We are all craving healing spaces that are communal, but what does that look like when we have to be apart? What does this mean in terms of how we get human connection when we are forced to do so through artificial interfaces? What needs to happen to ground ourselves, literally, into the present?

Art is a powerful healing mechanism and historically humans have come together around art to process pain and struggle. Poetry is healing art for Jamie Renee Williams and this collaboration with TTZ originates from that desire to metabolize the traumas of these moments we are in through the creation of this plantable zine embedded with wildflower seeds.

But, trauma healing depends on communal healing. This is the call. This collaboration is a call to heal. This collaboration is a call to creativity. This collaboration is a call to community gathering. You are invited to participate in this exploration of collective healing.
trees for your bullets
Jamie Renee Williams
shoot me
in the back
while
my eyes
are on the prize up ahead in the future where the relief
of the shade of the tree
branching up
from soft seeds
I planted in the flat shit of
your hate

waits
Spring

C.X. Hua

Look at all of the plants in the city
still trying to become themselves
when the odds are against them, when the scientists
say they have only so much time left
and we’re already ticking
The earth is still young.
It could still become anything.
We don’t know. Maybe some of us still will be.
waits
for my body
falling now,
at the weight
of those teeny, tiny, bullets
into the earth’s pillowy soft soil.
she/he/they drinking blood
like water filling empty
rivers, rushing in
A mute witness.
roots take up,
and over,
your hateful arrogance,
and ignorance
smug,
you think you’ve killed me
squelched me out

stones
the soil

Birth us liberation
Birth us liberation

swing low sweet chariot
nobody knows the trouble
Missing Soil
Shane Jones

screams escape unmarked cobble stones
the ancestors shout from beneath the soil

strangers singing on stolen soil
cried for me on stolen soil
prayed for me on stolen soil
stored stories in our sacred hymns

Birth us liberation
Birth us liberation

swing low sweet chariot
nobody knows the trouble
photographs don’t show
Beautiful Black and Brown pigmentation
gray is the only color I see
your speeches have been
dismembered
pieces are printed
somewhere in hidden archives
I wish I could ask you
what sat at the bottom of your Belly
as you marched through the streets
where do weary hearts find melodies that can carry the weight of our grit mixed with tears?

teach me how to plant in bloody soil
teach me how to make this dirt nourishment
i want words
that move
mountains
into policy
and
deserts
into healing circles
Grant me an incendiary pen
i dig into red broken clay    looking for buried clues
reach ing for roots                  under gray dust
              teach me                              teach us
but you
thrust me
dereper into
EARTH
into LOVE
into ABUNDANCE
I pray with seeds
Sarah Sao
Mai Habib
I pray with seeds.
I pray that we are guided, receiving and present to our soul: family, home, community, partners, loves, places that give us permission & blessing to root into nourishing ourselves, each other, the earth.
I pray with seeds.
I pray we come into a deeper relationship with the places in ourselves and on earth that allow us to create more possibility, that welcome us in a sustained & balanced devotion to creating an abundance that overflows.
I pray with seeds.
I pray we remain on the path of tending each other’s growth, healing, gratitude, reciprocity, joy, freedom. We affirm each other’s ancestral wisdom & calling. We affirm the sacredness of our descendants. We affirm our life, death, cycles in between from the time we are prayed for in the whispered ritual of our ancestors to buried seed to blooming flower to fruit, back to seed.
With clear hearts, with clear intentions, protected, we continue.
the tree survived 400 years, 400 million years.

it you are not carrying it alone.

Imagine that it is one node, the fum that you are grieving today.

We are forced to do it, it as a sign of weakness. Grief is a vessel for healing. Grief is a vessel for expressing our love, our hate, our joy, our sadness, to each other, and ultimately.

yet, our ancestors treated,...
Grief has always been with us.

Indeed, we inherit and carry the collective and historical grief of our ancestors. It is ancient and it is heavy. Yet, our ancestors treated grief not as a hidden or individual act, but something that must be nurtured and shared.

We are too often denied space to grieve. We are forced to do it privately, to be ashamed of it, to see it as a sign of weakness. But grief is deeply transformative and healing. Grief is a vessel for connection: to our history, to ourselves, to each other, and ultimately to our collective liberation.

In the space below, write down one thing that you are grieving today. Fold it up and plant it into the soil. Imagine that it is one node joining an ever growing network of others.

Honor your grief. Nurture it. Know that you are not carrying it alone.
what does your bullet know about that?
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
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