

Throughout her career but especially in the final two decades of her life, Anzaldúa often explored issues related to wounding and healing. This previously unpublished poem, last revised in August 2002, provides a glance into her exploration of the relationship between the two.

Healing Wounds

I have been ripped wide open
by a word, a look, a gesture—
from self, kin, and stranger.
My soul jumps out
scurries into hiding
i hobble here and there
seeking solace
trying to coax it back home
but the me that's home
has become alien without it.
Wailing, i pull my hair
suck snot back and swallow it
place both hands over the wound
but after all these years
it still bleeds
never realizing that to heal
there must be wounds
to repair there must be damage
for light there must be darkness.