



# "Do you hear me?"

A CREATIVE ANTHOLOGY  
OF POEMS IN EXILE

# FOREWORD

## Foreword

In August 2024, there were riots across the UK targeting racialised minorities, especially those seeking sanctuary. Homes were vandalised and people assaulted. Many sanctuary seeker services had to close down.

The government took credit for “cracking down on” and stopping the riots. In reality, it was the courage of sanctuary seekers and their communities that ended the violence. People protested, took up space and even showed kindness to the rioters.

In this anthology people seeking sanctuary tell the story of what happened during the riots, how it affected them and what needs to change. It is a story that doesn't begin in August 2024, but many decades and centuries ago.

With thanks to our incredible contributors, artists and supporters. As well as our charity partners Room to Heal, Doctors of the World, Maokwo and the Disrupt Foundation.

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Front cover illustration by Mona

## “Do you hear me?”

In this anthology you will find stories, poetry, and words from sanctuary seekers who were directly impacted by the riots.

It was important to facilitate the conversations from a point of **POWER** rather than a place of defeat. We used prompts that reminded everyone in the room of **WHO** they are despite the riot noise. We went through exercises of acknowledging the trauma, vulnerability, yet equally and boldly reclaiming our identities, remembering our roots, our history, our right to exist in this land despite the violent othering.

It was a gift to press pause and celebrate each other in the midst of the imposed trauma. Ultimately love, solidarity and peace wins. The voices in this anthology are a testament to this truth.

A deep and heartfelt thank you to all the authors who felt safe and brave enough to open up and confront this difficult conversation.

Most of the authors are anonymous, however, reader, I pray you tap in, and take a glimpse into the reality that sanctuary seekers are facing in their day to day lives.

Do you SEE them?

Do you HEAR them?...

Laura Nyahuye (Artist)  
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“DO YOU HEAR ME?”

# ZOEY

I remember the sound, all the elements composing  
a theme song

Maybe we should have listened

I remember the rest, its almost like I was there, I remember

I can taste the waves of what we are missing

I perceive the confusion, we are victims

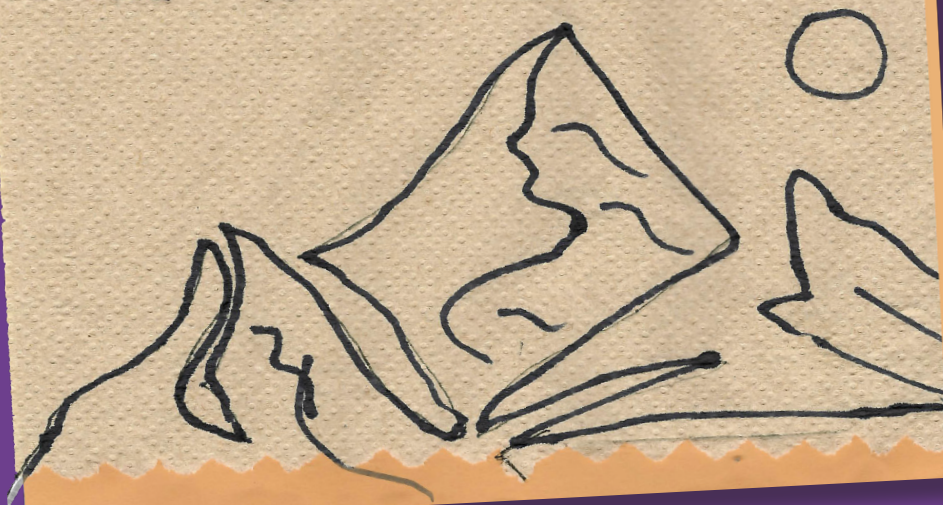
You say this is the way

But all that's left of everything

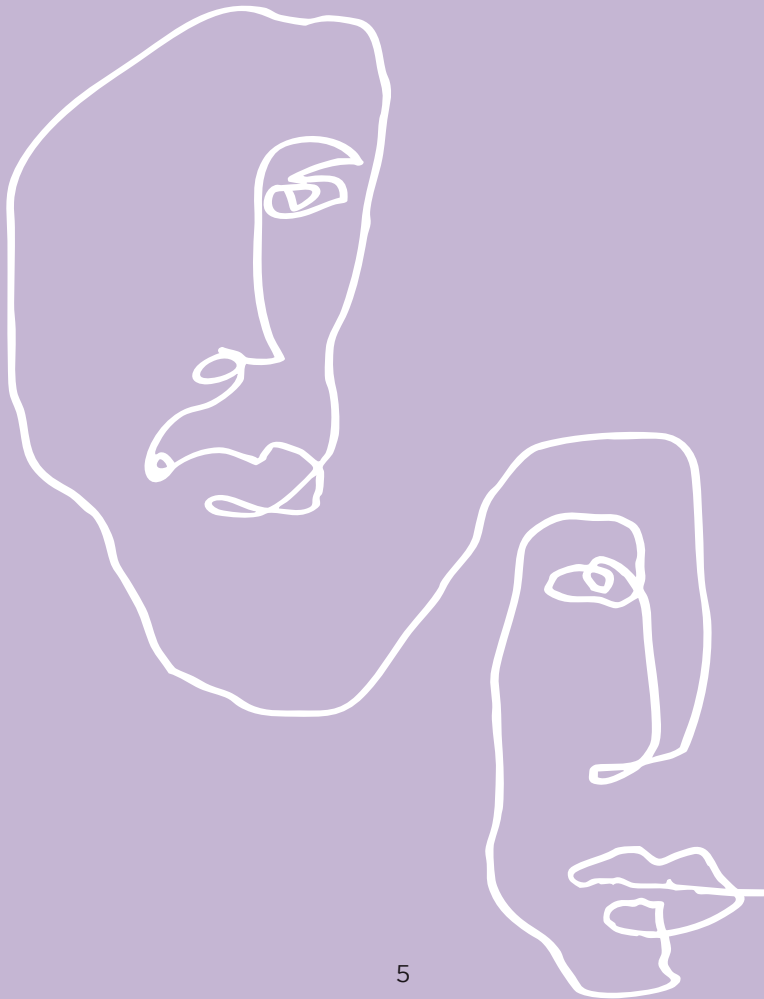
They said its too late.

I remember when there was more time, there is still time

Obedience is better than sacrifice.



I remember the sound, all the elements compressing  
a theme song  
Maybe we should have listened  
I remember the rest, it's almost like I was there, I remember  
I can taste the waves of what we are missing  
I perceive the confusion, we are victims  
You say this is the way  
But all that's left is everything  
They said it's too late,  
I remember when there was mere time, there is still times  
Obedience is better than sacrifice.



# CHRISSIE

I come from black British culture that was created out of pain, bloodshed and sore hands.

I come from immigrant parents and I am their hope for a better future

Chrissie Okorie

## They Said

They said we are the cause of their problems  
We!  
Are the reasons why they have no jobs!  
That we came in numbers and invaded their great  
precious land!  
And.....  
Now!  
They want it back  
Want to make Britain white again!

But!  
You!  
Came in ships full of guns and stole, stole, stole!  
Captured our land, people and resources  
Tortured, Tormented and starved us  
Leaving us high and dry.

Now we are here!  
Because of you!  
We are here because  
you continue to own, torture and dehumanise us.

So next time they say,  
'go back to your country'  
remind them of their involvement  
in our displacement.

Chrissie Okorie

# FELICIA

more antse ale teng heo

Basadi, Banna, Borre, Bomme  
re godiseng ka lerato  
sele bogiseng ka ntlo ya maiketlo  
a long.

Nevertheless gone gale monale re  
gole kenna kaha tlae g sethane  
for a home cooked meal.

The two wives kene ke utlwana  
mathata se ele roe bana.



## Woman of Power

I am a lady of dignity  
I am a God fearing woman  
Ke kgaiejwana ya marata golejwa  
Ngwana wa mmala wa sebilo  
Ke mmina kaena phologob e mokwatla makokoma  
Segagaba ka mpa  
Kaena naadiba

Ke kgaiejwana yako molepolole a Botswana aga  
kgusi kgan a Sechele wa boran  
Mosetsana atswa mo kgutley yo Goo Tshsa ko  
boothong. Motho arata bana le bagolo  
I don't discriminate regardless of the colour.  
I was raised under a polygamy family my mum being  
the young one.  
Kegoletse mo leratong la mne notedi  
Hago bonob go golela mo extended family, you miss  
motherly love mne antes al teng hoo

Basadi, Banna, Borre, Bomme  
Re godiseng ka lerato  
See bogiseng ka nthā ya maikatlo a lona

Nevertheless gone gole monate le gola lenna kaha  
tlase g setlhale for a home cooked meal.  
The two wives bane ba utlwana  
mathata sie ele nona bana.

Felicia

I remember when I was five years old  
I remember I was sexually molested  
I remember I could not share it with my mum  
I remember I kept it for myself for years.

I remember I grew up with a lot of anger  
always on my low moods  
loss of confidence that I think people  
may pick what I'm going through  
I felt ashamed of myself  
I remember all the flashbacks I'm going through,  
they make me always have panic attacks.

I remember I sometimes used to isolate myself  
from others  
because I felt they were making noise for me  
I remember the trauma I've been through  
the difficulties of life thinking I'm a failure  
I'm a failure, I failed myself  
I failed to speak out what I was going through  
back then.

I remember when I wanted to give up on dating  
because things were rough for me  
depression, killing me inside  
loneliness, boredom kill me inside.

I remember the first time I went  
to open up about this  
I learned I should forgive myself  
It was difficult  
even now it is still difficult.

My mental health has never been okay since,  
I'm full of anger  
I should forgive myself  
it's not the end of the world  
forgive and let it go  
Yes! Forgive and let it go  
God give me strength to live with this.

Rise mother rise  
Where is the friendship with the girl child  
make them your friends  
open up to them  
to ease them to open up to you  
ask them if they are okay  
for them to be easy to express themselves to you.

Felicia

## Keywords

**ANGER**

**FAILURE**

**DEPRESSION**

LOW ON MOOD

**FORGIVENESS**



To every woman who has felt unworthy. To every woman  
who has listened to the negative chatter in her brain  
*Eliminate the voices, break every chain!*

Adornment by: Laura Nyahuye  
Written By: Laura Nyahuye  
Modelled by: Tamaira Hensson  
Photography: @Taskin Capar

## Break every chain

Brought into the world for a purpose.  
I have an assignment  
An assignment to impact the world  
A positive impact  
Borders cannot stop this  
Geographical locations cannot stop this  
No limits  
No boundaries

Challenges come  
Challenges go  
Dream snatchers come  
Dream snatchers go  
No limits  
No boundaries

Voices coming in left right and centre  
*'You will never amount to anything'*  
*'You are not good enough'*  
*'Your English is not good enough'*  
*'Without me you are nothing'*  
No limits  
No boundaries

Woman arise and shine, today is a new day a new dawn.  
You are woman... it's not a crime  
Your colour is not a crime  
You migrated... it's not a crime  
Like a lion you shall roar,  
Breaking every chain  
Chains of past NO's  
Chains of Chaos  
Chains of Hopelessness  
Chains of Low self esteem  
Chains broken! Let loose! Let go!

Laura Nyahuye

## I see black bodies

I see black bodies  
Piling one atop another  
Grey, ashy, dusty.  
A good bleaching perhaps?...  
burnt to the bone like over fuelled barbecued charcoal

I see black bodies  
Dull, lifeless, no shine  
Deadened skin, rubbing against deadened skin  
I see black bodies  
A pile of them

Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle  
Weathered hands  
Weathered feet  
I see black bodies  
Glazed looks,  
Hunched backs,  
Corny...

Yes...  
I see Piles and piles of black skin  
One atop another, lifeless  
Glazed looks  
Bent knees  
Singing the national anthem perhaps?  
Black bodies...  
Black skin

Cars going back and forth  
London Bridge is falling down.  
I see black bodies.

Laura Nyahuye

Image page 15: illustration by Mona



# MEKAHAKO

You were in Fear

You could not even want to go  
outside. You started getting  
Panic attack. You was  
thing thinking of your kids

and the anxiety came  
back and the Trauma too  
a lot of time you didn't  
know what to do.

Mara nanguari ove ngo  
Mokondjo !!

Ritonena Omake

ALL  
WE  
NEED  
IS  
ONE  
LOVE

IN  
THE  
WORLD

Mekahako Tjilto



## I Come from My Mother

I come from my mother  
a beautiful woman  
Onjoze onene maje  
aruhe ngumatja unatje  
undjee undjee katiti.

I come from a place  
very broken  
but just trying to survive.

I come from God  
my healer who protects me.

I come from my grandparents  
who showered me with unconditional love.

I have found peace and freedom.

I am still that beautiful girl  
trying to come out of the closet  
and have fun.

I am still that beautiful girl  
who wants you to stop everything  
and you listen.

I am still that beautiful girl  
who wants to go out and play.


Mekahako Tjiho

# MOSES

I come from a community with lots of cultures, we have for over 300 years lived with these beautiful cultures. Matoohi is our staple food, kanzu is our traditional attire nze ndi musajja mugudg and this is defined by stages which follow ordu from first to last Eaju being the first stage, ohigya, ohuyiriri, omutuba, Essiga, Kasasolya, Kabaka we have identified ourselves from the beginning with this unique classification and it is a only retained by Nagonda of Buganda in Uganda era ndi Musajjo Maganda atayo grmraw vintu kyonna.

#

Mze mugenyi buno buendi ko  
 ssi bugenyi abagenyi tebabunda-  
 bunda babera bayyazi era  
 baddayo wano ndi ku kibabuku  
 Teri mugenyi atateredde oba  
 abundabunda bwampita  
 omugenyi oba mukyamu nze  
 ssi mugenyi wano.



Mze's mugenyi

Mze Mugenyi, buno buendi ko ssi  
 bugenyi, abagenyi, tebabundabunda  
 babera bayyazi era baddayo.  
 Wano ndi ku kibabu teri mugenyi  
 atateredde.  
 Teri mugenyi abundabunda,  
 obubanzikuzi ssi bwe bulamu  
 obweyagaza.  
 Bwampita omugenyi oba mukyamu  
 oba mwerabize bwababa nga se  
 abutamanya.  
 Mze ssi mugenyi wano  
 mugenyi wadde nze

# Mugenyi, a Muganda Man

I am Mugenyi,  
from Buganda in Uganda  
a land once ruled by the British,  
they made it theirs in 1894  
until we gained freedom in 1962.  
But that freedom was short,  
lost to new rulers and harsh grip.

Our leader came into power  
the day I was born,  
and to this day he holds his place,  
corruption grows, voices are silenced,  
and power stays in the same hands.

I came to the united kingdom,  
once our “friend” and land of freedom,  
only to feel the weight of skin, of race  
something I never thought would happen.

I saw people covering their faces,  
hiding themselves out of fear,  
covering up so they wouldn't stand out,  
in the streets that claimed to be fair  
but seemed far from free and equal.

In Uganda, the British came without a passport,  
they signed treaties and made rules,  
but today, here, no one can cross the line  
unless they are “allowed” to belong.

So I wonder who is the “immigrant” here?  
Can I call them such,  
who come to my home  
and shaped our lives with their own plans?

But Buganda is my true home,  
where we eat Matooke, our cherished food,  
where we wear Kanzu, our pride.  
I am Muganda, my family roots go deep,  
In names like Enju, Ologgya, Omutuba,  
Essiga, Akasolya, Kabaka,  
Ancient traditions only we have kept.

I am Muganda, through and through,  
and Buganda is where my heart belongs.

Moses Mugenyi

# NWAKAEGO



Each time I remember the riot that took place in the United Kingdom some months back, I panicked. I panicked because this riot made me have a flashback of the things that happened back home in Nigeria where I am coming from, flashbacks about the stories of slavery that I had being told by my father. And I shiver because I felt colonialism, oppression, discrimination and death staring into my eye.

I remember I could see fear, anxiety written in the eyes of my two girls. When my first asked *“mum, so what is going to happen to us now”*. And I said to her *“don’t worry my love, they said, they are gonna support us”*. Trying to calm them down even though at that point I was visibly traumatised too, even though mentally I was drained. I had to calm them down, to make them feel wanted, confident, to boost their self-esteem, to make them have a sense of purpose, to make them feel determined and not to be shaken by what is happening now. My second said, *“but mummy they said we should not go out”*, and also I realised that we are gonna be in isolation.

I went in to my room, my girls went in with me, and said *“mummy anywhere you go, we will come with you”*. I looked at the mirror and said to myself

*“You cannot allow fear, depression, and anxiety to take over you. You need to be strong for your kids”*.

So I mustered some courage and I said it loud and clear, *“you are good just the way you are”*. So I told my girls, *“Do not be scared. They came to our land colonised us, took away every good things we ever had, now you are here now, my girls, to build your hopes, do not allow anyone to put you down, you have to be proud of your skin, stand tall and chin up my precious stones”*.

*“Next time someone says to you go back to Africa, tell them here is my Africa because you came and destroyed my mother land, Nigeria. Say to them united kingdom is my Nigeria now.*

*So I have a right to be HERE”*.

## Shining Star

I am a shining star, from a mother land called Nigeria.  
I am a rose, I bring love, freedom, unity, together, care,  
peace, help, secure, hope, positivity to all humanity  
irrespective of colour, race, gender and all.

I am human, the same with others,  
no difference.

I am Nigerian.

I come from a land where there so much fertile soil.  
Rich land but sooo... poor.

A land where there are so much natural resources.

Nigeria my mother land.

But this land was taken away from me,  
they took this land away from me.

This land is now a deserted,  
it is deserted because there are  
lots of killing, kidnappings,  
for ritual and organ harvest purpose,  
modern slavery and all.

The spills of oil is on the river bank  
to avoid and stop me from going fishing.

The sea foods are all dead, dead because the strangers  
came and took, dominated and colonised my land.

Oh my land,  
how I wish I could have you  
just the way you were once again.

But I am not sure of that, cause I am here now  
with my two precious stories  
who will shine the light to the whole world some day.

Those two I believe and I know will correct the wrongs of  
our colonies, they will fly like an eagle and they will fly so  
high in this land which I brought them to.

Just for the world to be whole again.

Oh Nigeria, my Nigeria.

Exploring these emotions during the riots drawing, songs.

I hope for a new dawn. A day when oppression,  
discrimination, adversity, colonialism, racism and all  
negative influences and abusive behaviours  
will be a thing of the past.

I hope for a dawn when the word migrant  
will be erased.  
A dawn where there is no white superiority.

*"It doesn't matter if you're black or white"*

I hope for a new dawn where my religion, race, colour,  
culture, belief, value does not determine my purpose in life.

I dream for a new dawn when self worth, confidence are  
important for me and my children.

*"I had a dream"*  
where we shall rise above all forces  
that has inflicted pain on our ancestors.

A dream where we shall walk majestically without looking  
back or looking over my shoulder,  
to see who is coming behind me,  
I walk to walk in the society without fear, where no one tells  
me that if you need to go out, you should go in two's.

I dreamt of a time where Africa will be free.

Where mama Africa will be free.

Nwakaego

# TRISH





# I am Trish

I am a woman.

A woman who is heartbroken.

A woman who has been separated from her children,  
family at a tender age.

I woman who had bright vision.

A woman who had sense of direction.

A woman who had it all.

My wickedness? was not wanting to be killed whilst I  
knew death was coming.

I flew, I flew, I flew like a bird leaving my children  
in a nest.

I flew, I flew, I flew.

I have tried to build a mountain.

A mountain where I can climb to see my children.  
I have fallen, fall, fall.

I am just a woman, phenomenal woman. Building a  
mountain.

20 years along the line still building a mountain to see  
my children. I have crossed, crossed rivers, mountains  
trying to build my own mountain with gold and ivory.

# Where I Come From

I come from Zimbabwe.

ZIMBABWE IS STONES.

Buildings built of stones stronger than ever. They are not moved when they are built. We are strong for each other. No one is rich or poor in community. We share we care.

We cook together. Food is from our plants we grow in the fields with our own hands. Organic pumpkin leaves, muboora with peanut butter (elovi) white maize meal, sadza. We wash our hands in one dish. The food is put in one big plate of maize meal (sadza). One big plate of pumpkin leaves (muboora). The food tastes so delicious. That's the way we bond. That's the way we show love.

One love.

We respect our workers because to be a good farmer it is the people who work for you. You can't do it on your own. We are humble. We respect Elders. We don't answer them. They are always right regardless of wealth. They sit down us with us, tell us about history. I know they used to sit down under a tree called Muhada and talk to Ancestors to give us food and water when there was drought.

The moment they open their eyes every type of food will be under the tree.

Before they have to play drums - ngoma ruhes hoshu singing and dancing, wearing their traditional outfits which was animal skin no clothes on them no shoes. Wearing birds feathers in their heads Ngundu. They will be drinking traditional beer brewed with wheat - Zviyo. Throwing some on the floor because they are sharing with the ancestors.

They sniff bute snuff and put in in a mulcombe, drink it and spit in people faces to remove all the bad luck so every thing happens smoothly.

No one goes home to sleep. Early mornings people start to celebrate the food and Rains start. Unstoppable Rains masuingo Zimbabwe ruins people.

Tourists still go to these respectable places to see things we have places where you can go and eat so many different types of fruits but you are not allowed to comment, otherwise you will disappear.

In Mutare you see strange things it could be a lion during the day. You don't say anything we believe it is the ancestors looking after you and protecting you.

We still believe and trust that we are still here on the Earth because of our mudzimu Mhondos protecting us.

Where I come from we believe and trust in our ancestors.

Trish



Riots.

I remember back home in Zimbabwe we were one family regardless of colour, I grew up in a mix race environment.

We grew up as one.

Same schools, same churches.

Eat together as one. We were one family.

I came to England with peace and love. The day of the riots they said black people should go back to their country.

I'm confused, traumatised. Fear kicked in. I thought they were my people. I was one of them regardless of colour. My heart was kicking very fast when I walked to go outside to get food. I went back to panic attacks. I was just lonely. I couldn't trust anyone near me, I could now see the difference from my home country and London.

I lost hope, I lost trust. That mountain I was about to finish building just collapsed.

Depression, mental health, anxiety, loneliness started again and again. Fear of being judged. I lost hope of building my mountain in England because of my colour.

Lost sense of my belonging I'm just next to nothing.

Next to Nothing

I came to build my Mountain, Peace, Love, Joy and Unity  
Together we are one.

One Love xxx

Trish

Image page 29: illustration by Maria



# BENITA

The 5 things about riots

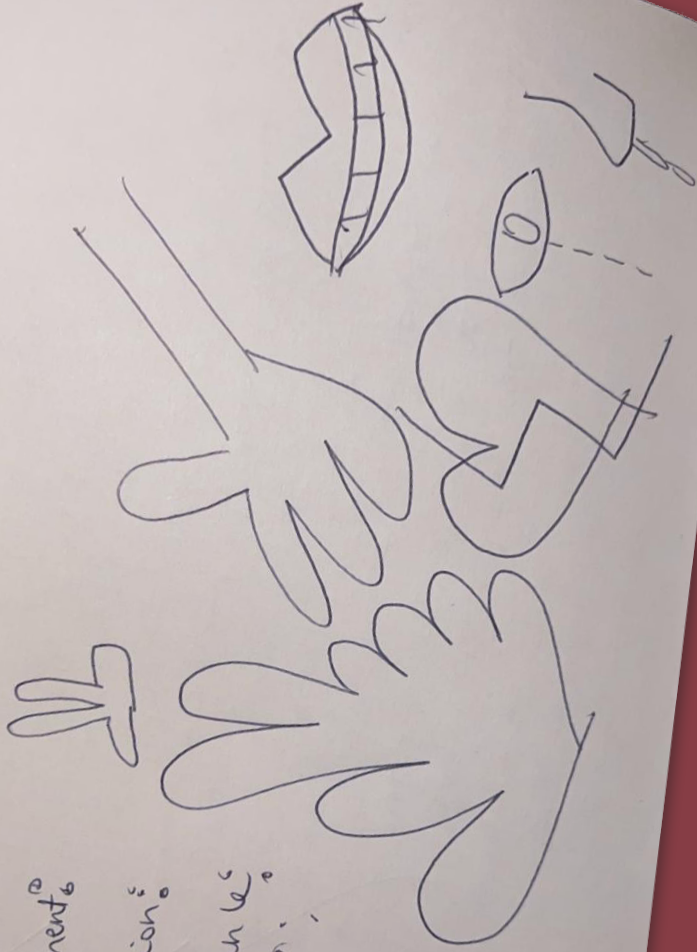
fear:

Change ment:

Education:

Acceptance:

Grateful:



I come from a lovely place where I had to put God first in everything I do.

I come from a land where I had to wake in the morning by the birds song.

I come from a place where I had to grow up fast to feed my father with food because of his physical health, not only that, I come from a place where I had to cook for all the family at the age of 1 because my mother had to go to work.

I come from a land, where I have to share my food with everyone.

Mon experience, c'est belle personne que je suis aujourd'hui cette personne qui fait en sorte que son entourage soit confortable.

I am Benita, a blessing for my family.

I am me!  
Benita, with dark skin  
A skin that I loved until one day!

One day when a certain group of people tried to convinced me that my skin is a problem!

Yes, I am me different from them according to them! They said my skin causes trouble, war, dirt, unbalanced in the country!

But I am a human being who deserves to be loved, accepted, welcomed and respected.

I am me, Benita!

Why do you make me doubt about who I am because what?  
I have a different colour?

I am a human like you but I respect you too.

So allow me to express myself now that I know what is mental health.

I remember the fear mounting from my head to toes!  
Because I remember not wanting to go out, I remember looking on my shoulder every second to see and check if I was safe!

I remember when I was on the bus, I had to wear a mask because I was scared and wanted to change my beautiful skin colour!

And I remember that maybe these people need to be educated, because they do not understand what they are doing! Maybe? Maybe not?

I remember getting home, shaking, I remember drinking water and looked at my skin and deciding to accept who I am as a person!

I remember being grateful to be home again because who knows if I met these rioters on the bus, I wouldn't be here!

Where I come from there is corruption and trouble!  
But where I come from in those troubles we create our peace!  
Peace comes because there is no winter!  
Yes where I come its summer everyday.

Where I come from its okay to share a baguette with more than five peoples!

Where I come from, its ok to ask for salt, rice, water from your neighbour.

Where I come from we don't talk about mental health because we are not aware of it even though where I come from people actually suffer from mental health. So allow



me to express myself now that I know what is mental health!

They said they don't want me because of my colours!

They asked for someone else instead of me!

They do not trust me only make me want to change my skin for one day!

But hello! I am black, And it means I love my skin tone, I love yours too!

They said I should go back to where I come from, but I hope they know that if where I come from was safe I would never leave my loved ones, the endless summer to isolate myself.

If you knew what I have been through you would ask me to stay, I hope if you still have a heart.

They said I am not from here because of my accent!

They said I sound like Bonjour! Je m'appelle!

They said not like you! I need a British person!

They said where are you from?

They always said is this your real hair, they said can I touch it? But touch it at the same time without my permission?

They said you are stealing our jobs, without seeing the effort I am making to learn their language.

They said why are you here?

They said why the UK?

I said I didn't choose to be here!

They said how come? I said long story

You, Benita!

You felt felt felt sssscared, you even thought about changing your skin colour, how crazy?

You felt that you wanted to educate them! But where best in your fear! Your heart has felt with sadness, tears  
You wanted to lock yourself up forever, because you thought you will be lonely?

You remember often those feelings looking at yourself?  
You remember laughing at yourself often having those thoughts?

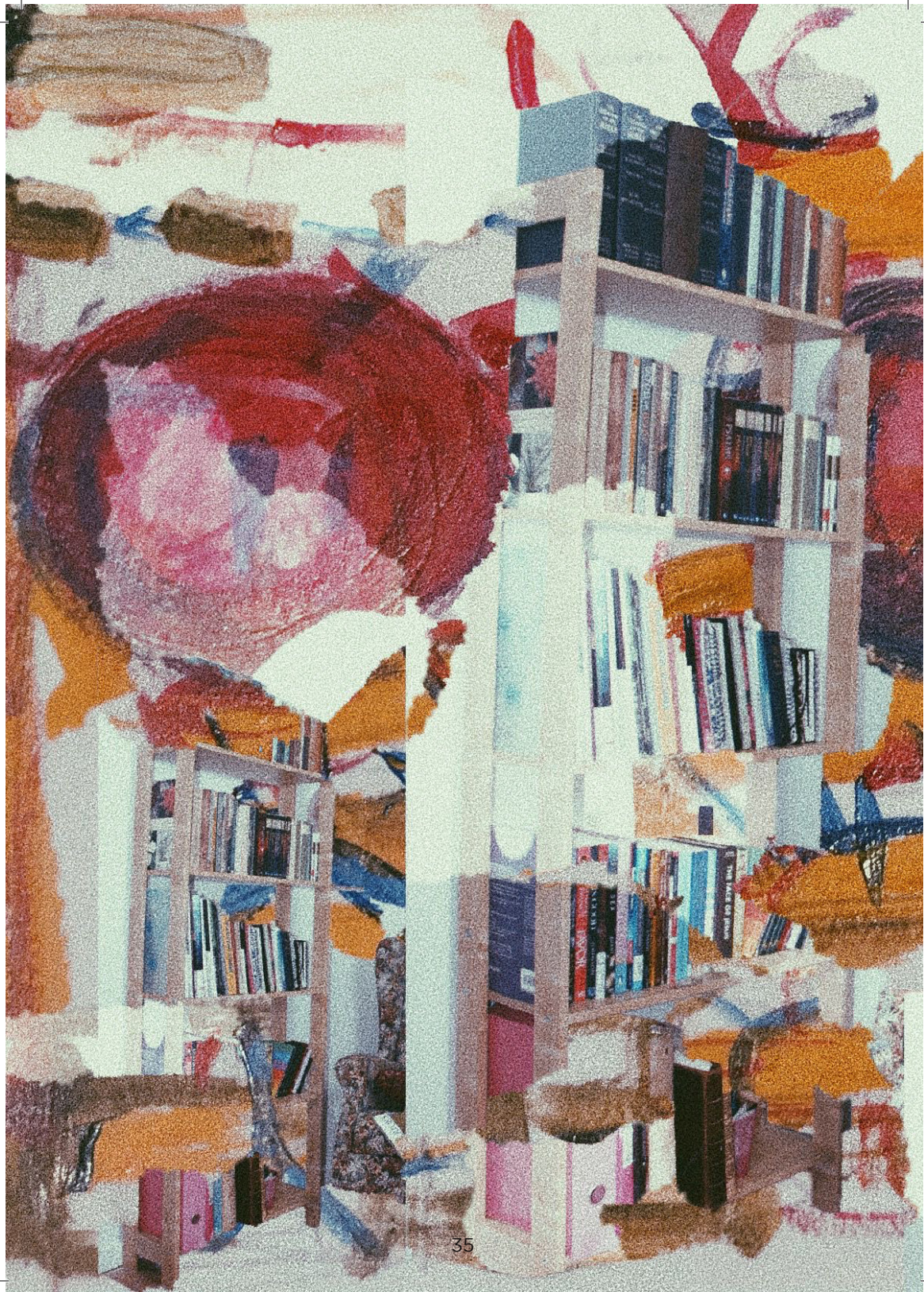
You finally decided to embrace again who you are, that's what you always do picking yourself up again. And again, again.

You were grateful  
Always grateful! But how? Why?

Benita



Image page 35: illustration by Zoey Sibanda



## Room to Heal

Room to Heal is first and foremost a community.

We work with people who have survived torture, trafficking, or organised violence; and are working to rebuild their lives in the UK. Through our programme of intensive therapeutic and casework support and community activities, we support our members on their journey to overcome the legacy of trauma.

The work that we do is long term and seeks to hold our members as they survive what is often a re-traumatising through UK immigration process.

### **Why this event was important for our members.**

Taking part in this workshop was important for our members as part of the ongoing process of healing from what happened in the summer of 2024.

Our main lesson as an organisation after the riots was how protective and powerful our community is. It was the simple fact of being together on the week of the riots that members spoke about so passionately in the aftermath of those weeks. Leaving the house and gathering was an act of defiance and resistance in the face of the hatred being spewed online and in society.

And again with these workshops, it was being together, sharing and listening to everyone who participated; and being able to create something from that space of togetherness that was important. All members have said that they would want to participate in something like this again.

Thank you to all that have been involved to make this happen.

**W:** [www.roomtoheal.org](http://www.roomtoheal.org)



## Doctors of the World

This anthology was supported by Doctors of the World (DOTW) UK, part of the Médecins du Monde international network. DOTW UK has over fifteen years of experience of meeting the healthcare needs of refugees, asylum seekers and migrants in the UK through medical clinics and advocacy programmes providing information and practical support to people unable to access NHS services.

Doctors of the World, hosts an Expert Consortium on Refugee and Migrant Health brings together UK health research and policy experts to facilitate collaboration, learning and evidence-based decision-making in the field of migrant health and healthcare. It aims to address the health inequalities faced by migrant groups in the UK through multi-disciplinary collaboration by experts from all stages of the policymaking process. The idea for this anthology was raised, discussed and supported through the consortium.



### “Do you hear Me?”

This project started as a partnership between Doctors of the World (Anna Miller), Room to Heal (Sebastian Short, Angelina Jalonen) and Dr Sohail Jannesari (King’s College London, Imperial College London). It is also kindly supported by Dr Nimi Hoffmann (University of Sussex), Laura Nyahuye (Maokwo), Megan Fletcher, the ESRC Centre for Society and Mental Health, and the Refugee Mental Health and Place Network at King’s. It is funded by Disrupt and Doctors of the World.

For further information,  
email: [sohail.jannesari@kcl.ac.uk](mailto:sohail.jannesari@kcl.ac.uk)

## Maokwo

When the riots erupted it was frightening, chaotic and mostly shocking, yet the juxtaposition of that is, it was not a Shock!

The ignored racism, and hostile environment has always been a ticking timebomb! It just so happened that it exploded in August 2024. Sadly, the bomb continues to tick, we are still deep in the trenches of hostility towards migrants, black and brown people.

Maokwo felt honoured to receive the invitation to facilitate the creative writing for the anthology. It was a much-needed space to safely open up, to BE, to heal and draw upon each other's resilience and strength. We are now in November, the world has moved on, marginalised migrant communities are dealing with trauma. There is dire need for more financial support for spaces like these.

Laura Nyahuye  
W: [www.maokwo.com](http://www.maokwo.com)

Maokwo is an arts organisation that uses multiple art forms as a tool to dismantle, dissect and reconstruct the world's view of migrant communities. We create pathways for marginalised migrant communities (refugees, asylum seekers, migrant communities and artists using art as a vehicle for change.

We are creative visionaries, pathfinders, advocates, disruptors, provocateurs, amplifiers of voices, encouragers, guides, and forward-thinking advocates for future generations.

The lived experiences of marginalised migrants drive our work.

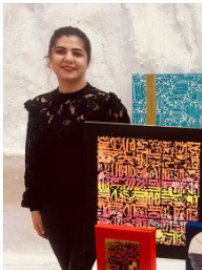
## Our Artists and Sanctuary Seekers

These are some of our artists that took part in "Do you hear me?" Others in the group felt uncomfortable being visible in the project and their names and details have been withheld by request.



### Trish

A woman  
A Warrior  
A Mother  
A Fighter  
Phenomenal Woman.



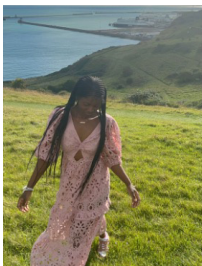
### Mona

Since I was a child, art has been my safe haven. My journey has been anything but easy - I've faced countless challenges, endured unimaginable pain, and carried the weight of traumas that sometimes felt unbearable. But even in my darkest moments, I've always found a spark of hope within myself, a quiet but unshakable belief that I could rise again.



### Moses

"A brave snake saving a fish from drowning!"  
This is how the media report the news these days.



### Benita

I love to see beautiful things and being around good people. My priority is to see happiness in people around me even though myself I am trying to be happy, but what is happiness? I am not sure but seeing people smiling, visiting beautiful places feels my heart with happiness I believe. This image of me is to show how beautiful places can change my mood.

## Art Refuge UK

Provides art therapy and support groups specifically for refugees, promoting expression and connection through the arts. Services are trauma-informed and inclusive, offering a welcoming space for undocumented individuals as well.

They offer various group sessions throughout London and the UK

### How to get in touch?

Visit their website and have a look to see if what they offer is right for you. [www.artrefuge.org.uk/](http://www.artrefuge.org.uk/)  
If you want to get in touch you can send them an email to [info@artrefuge.org.uk](mailto:info@artrefuge.org.uk).

You can use this template:

"Dear Art Refuge UK, my name is [Your Name], I am reaching out to express my interest in the Art Refuge UK program. I would like to get some more information about the project and whether you have any groups in [your location]. I look forward to hearing from you. [Your Name] [Your Contact Information]."

Or you can reach out to them on social media:  
Instagram: @artrefuge\_, Facebook: @artrefugeuk.  
You can explore their page and send them a message expressing interest or with any questions you have.



## Kazzum Arts Pathways Programme

Kazzum Arts uses creativity to enable young asylum seekers, refugees and new migrants who have been impacted by trauma and adversity to feel seen, heard and valued. They do this by providing opportunities to explore creative expression and agency through multidisciplinary arts activities. Provides support for young people in London and wider UK.

### How to get in touch?

To get in touch you can fill out a form at the bottom of the website, enquiring about Pathways. [www.kazzum.org/contact](http://www.kazzum.org/contact)

Or you can give them a call on: 020 7749 1123 enquiring about the pathways programme. Their office hours are Monday-Friday 10am-6pm.

## MamaSuze

Uses creative forms such as art drawing, poetry and singing to help women who are survivors of forced displacement and gender-based violence.

### How to get in touch?

Phone: 07801698030 or 07984883221,  
email: [catherine@mamasuze.org](mailto:catherine@mamasuze.org)  
or visit: [www.mamasuze.org/contact](http://www.mamasuze.org/contact)

Weekly women's group in Islington at Highbury Roundhouse and a monthly mixed gender group at Hackney Migrant Centre. The best thing to do is for women to be referred to the Thursday group via the attached referral form on the website, or simply turn up at the Hackney Migrant Centre.

## Praxis GIANTS project

GIANTS an innovative space where men who have migrated and are fighting against isolation and advocating for better mental health support come together. The group uses creativity to explore and express feelings and opinions and works together to challenge negative stereotypes.

### How to get in touch?

To get more information about the GIANTS project please email Robin at: [robin.white@praxis.org.uk](mailto:robin.white@praxis.org.uk)

You can use this template:

"Hello Robin, my name is [Your Name], I am reaching out to express my interest in the GIANTS programme. I would like to get some more information about the project. I look forward to hearing from you. [Your Name] [Your Contact Information]."

### Location:

Located in Pott Street, London, E2 0EF a couple of minutes walk from Bethnal Green Tube Station on the Central Line. If you are coming by train, Cambridge Heath and Bethnal Green Stations are both a short walk away. There is a bus stop just next to Pott Street, served by bus routes 8, 106, 254 and 388. The building has easy access and toilet facilities for wheelchair users and pushchairs, and a lift can take you to reception on the first floor.

## South London Refugee Association

Although not providing specifically mental health services, the South London Refugee Association provides a space for the migrant community in Lambeth to come together, share and learn a new skill, meet others and have a cooked meal. Completely free and no registration required offering yoga, community crafts, art workshops and tai chi.

### How to get in touch?

If you have any questions you can email: [admin@slr-a.org.uk](mailto:admin@slr-a.org.uk) or call 07540750003.

You can use this template:

"Hello, my name is [Your Name], I am reaching out to express my interest in the community hub project. I would like to get some more information about the project. I look forward to hearing from you. [Your Name] [Your Contact Information]."

For more information you can look at their website: [www.slr-a.org.uk/our-services/community-connection/groups-and-classes/](http://www.slr-a.org.uk/our-services/community-connection/groups-and-classes/)

### Location:

Arrive at Woodlawns Centre, 16 Leigham Court Road, London SW16 2PJ.

A map can be found here:

<https://maps.app.goo.gl/DzYpSZb5hsZezxyM8>

Their office hours are Thursdays (term time only) between 11:00am and 1:30pm.

# "Do you hear me?"

In this anthology you will find stories, poetry, and words from sanctuary seekers who were directly impacted by the riots of 2024.

This project started as a partnership between Doctors of the World (Anna Miller), Room to Heal (Sebastian Short, Angelina Jalonen) and Dr Sohail Jannesari (King's College London, Imperial College London).

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*Anna Miller*

