

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 This previously unpublished poem, last revised in August 2002, provides a glance into her exploration of the relationship between the two.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.