

A Collective Poem Responding to Covid-19: “Of a little stone thrown into the sea”

This document is initiated by a narrative practitioner İclal Eskioglu Aydın from Turkey in a group work process that explored the skills, knowledge, and values in response to Covid-19 pandemic. The group work is done with a group of psychologists who are master students at [İbn Haldun University](#) in Turkey.

The group members wanted to express the predicaments that they experience in Corona virus days and their skills, knowledge, and values that help them to sustain in these days by writing them in a collective poem. They explain their aim to share this document with other people in following words:

“We wrote this poem with the difficulties we have and the values, hopes and knowledges that help us in these days to survive. We want to share this poem with people all around the world as much as it can be reached because we really hope it will carry the message that ‘we are not alone’ to the people who have difficult times, too. We also added a music that we love to listen when we read our poem. We thought that you also might want to listen while reading our poem. Hope you enjoy the music!”

If you find the poem resonated with you and want to share your contributions with us, please click the link (below the poem) to respond the questions that the group members created. You can answer the question(s) you feel close to. We hope to hear any contributions from you!

[Click here](#) for the music (the song “Bilge (The Wise)” by the Turkish music group İncesaz)

Of a little stone thrown into the sea

This poem is a little stone thrown into the sea

Whose effect widens in circles.

Or it belongs to a few of millions of sea stars

Washed up on a shore.

It is a poem travelling to reach the waters it belongs.

A few words about our life gains

Moulded with our experiences

Spoken to anxiety of losing our beloved, uncertainty and loneliness:

Even if the weight on our chest tries to stop us,

We know that life does not wait to be lived!

We do whatever we love to do, again and again.

We read novels, we call our friends
Or as a habit learned from our mothers
We water our flowers.

The veil of uncertainty is lifted
When positive emotions reach out like a hand.
We believe that emotions are contagious,
That's why we share positive emotions.

This uncertainty, heavy like a round shot
Seems like growing by rolling, day by day.
There is something we need to remember:
We have a life
to be lived, not to be skipped,
with the intention not to leave behind "if only"s.

Change is like a belt around our arms in these days,
Although it tries to keep us separate from each other.
We find healing from each other
After all, human beings like to be connected
We know from the elders: A problem shared is a problem halved.

All we've heard is, "turn the crisis into an opportunity!"
As the days roll and go,
As the list of opportunities return to the crisis,
The moment goes missing from your palms.
Rather than "I can't catch up" thoughts,
We prefer to value the work we do, albeit a little.

Each concern is a knot in our throat.
They make sense
as we get closer to the God.
A familiar voice is whispering:
God will teach something new every day, listen!

The weather is cloudy, the sky is grey,
Ants walk around step by step.
Uncertainty is moving in our vein like poison
Ants are the remedy for the poison trying to numb us
Let's move forward with little steps.

Nowadays we are like sea stars washed up on the shore.
Our homeland is the boundless water, promising life.
We have hopes, dreams and loved ones
That will convey us to the deep waters.
We hope the circles of the stone we have thrown to the sea
Will multiply by uniting with other drops.

For Responding to the Questions [Click here](#)