

Eudaimonia

written by Cassandra Myers in collaboration
with the 2023 EUniWell conference participants

What is wellness
To a room

Admins
Educators
Students
Researchers?

Close your eyes

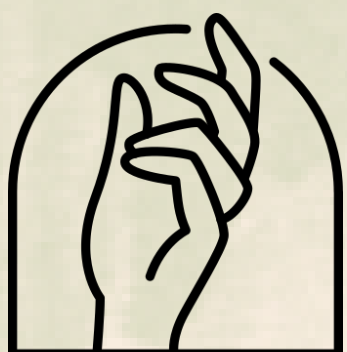
Imagine
The grass was freshly cut
The sunset made us drunk
and the friends, oh, the friends
and your cat was there, and your cat too
The horizon was free of emails
and you were safe in your bed
and your sister still slept in the next room
and you met your students at the airport
and you swam, and skii'd, and kissed
and you were celebrated
by the family of things.

What is wellness
to a pandemic
to a war
to the world and it's panic buttons
Walking the balance beam of chaos and collapse

We cannot know the future,
but
we can prepare for it

Eleven unions were made,
horsemen, healers, heroes
a from-scratch alliance in four parts

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They heard the rumor of a waterfall
An old dream worth returning to
Eudaimonia - a place our whole being unfolded

Who said wellbeing was fuzzy and undefined?
We started by challenging the concept of linear time

We left surviving in the age of disease
and abandon the chronic condition of chronos
Kaois - the tomorrow mindset of our new atlantis

We don't wait 17 years for medical interventions
We're our own doctors
with microcredentials in forest bathing
Making bilateral agreements
between trans-atlantic tensions

We cut across disciplines with a cake knife
We'll sing your happy birthday song with you,

I know our heart's tune before I know the words,
speaking in the multilingualism of flowers

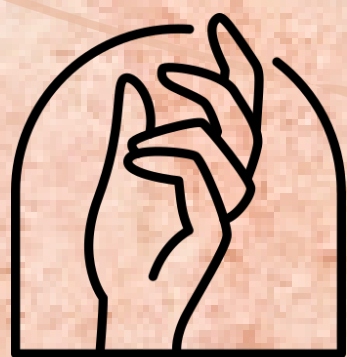
Beyond sustainability,
was an italian beach where
the truth swam naked in rising seas -

Not into a shape, a solid, a square, a box to check
or fit into, wellbeing is a pattern

that fractals from sameness,
into difference,
an unburnable library,
roofless aviary

Wellbeing checks its facts,
does its homework, read's its history.
What kind of human do you want to be?

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Our culture is one of elders,
newborns,
parents and teens,
the ends and in between

Migration is an opportunity
for more than three baskets of knowing
when we bring down our walls
and put up power lines,

Asking the tree's permission
to craft new magnetic systems,
ditching pipelines for stronger wind chimes

Here, even the rocks are our non-human relatives
Everyone is a citizen
to the huddle of purple,
the choir of blue
school of dappled green

When the deepest trauma is healed
No one has to escape room by boat

We invested in visibility -
Paid people a living wage to participate in our study
Put ourselves behind the microscope

Are we willing?
To sacrifice comfort for collaborations sake
To reach across a table, a curtain, a meridian
There is no stopping global brain circulation

Are we willing?
To acknowledge past harms,
old wounds, unchecked prejudices

To step down from our own podiums
on the path to power-with

Here, no one goes without security,
a velvet-wrapped community

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No one has to suffer,
to beg, to cringe

For wellness to open its eyelashes
in celestial sadness

Wellbeing is a hairbrush for anyone
who seeks to untangle their grief
Wellbeing is gratitude's calculator,
happiness' bell jar

Future generations will know wellbeing
by the way their parents laugh

The taste of relief on their tongues
like a mint leaf ice cream

Where the cooking was to die for
But no one ever died from hunger

They will never fear loneliness,
for wellbeing is a family of acoustic guitars in F-tuning

They will never fear oppression,
for wellbeing is liberation's sickle

We are not well until all of us are well
We are not free until all of us are free

The ideal world does not exist yet

But the dream of one,
is in the room with us

waking up to reality

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