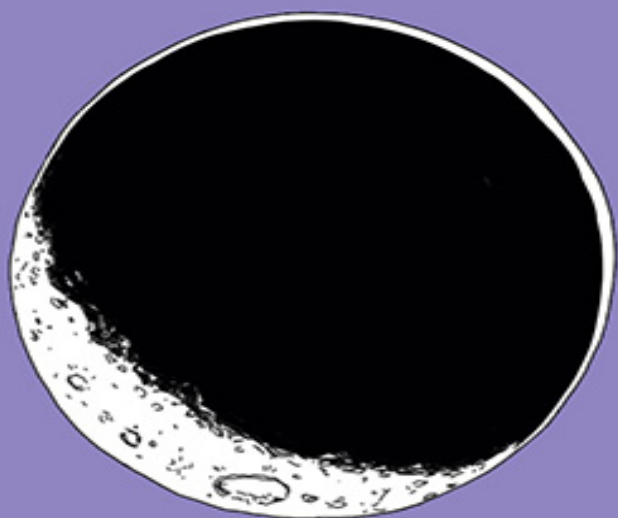


lena mingzhu weiberlenn

remnants of a moon heart



a collection of poetry, prose, and prompts

trigger and content warning

this book contains material surrounding
sensitive topics like:

mental illness,
self-harm,
suicide,
death,
rape,
racism,
bullying,
depression,
sexual assault,
trauma,

and potentially more.

please take care of yourself when reading,
know when to stop and know that your
pain is valid and that you will heal.
we believe in you.

foreword by sonia amélie juillet

there's a pier by your apartment building.
there's a pond by a café on your campus.
there's a forest by a lake in your city. there's
a bookstore by the shopping street in the
city centre.

fixtures in your life, fixtures in your city.
it's been months since she's moved away

but she's still with you everywhere you go.

that's where you screamed at the sky in the
middle of the night. that's where you sat
and talked about everything and nothing
for hours on end until both of you could
barely move from exhaustion. that's where
you flicked through dozens of books - and
you only say dozens because admitting to
hundreds seems slightly permissive.

that's where you told her your most dread-
ful secret. and that's where she smiled and
accepted you in all your messed-up glory.
where she admitted she was also just as
human as you - and just as messy. but that
together, you could get through it. together,
you could be honest and stronger for it.

she encouraged you to feel pride in your accomplishments. she advised you on your work. she supported you through your rants. she hugged you while you sobbed into the silence. she laughed at your jokes that lacked a punch line and she inspired you to let yourself feel. she listened when you had no clue how to describe just what it was you were going through.

she didn't know it, but she saved your life.

whether it was the middle of the day or the early morning hours when the sun had yet to rise, she was there. less than a street away.

you could debate a ridiculously hypothetical idea for days. you could have in-depth discussions about the most random concepts.

together, you could clear up the gloomy, murky thoughts in your heads.

now, whenever your feelings become too much, whenever you feel yourself sink into the absence, you know you can walk to the end of that pier, sit in the dark and call her up. she'll always answer. she'll always be around. no matter how far away she may be.

and regardless of how many minutes, days, months or years pass, you'll forever look up at the clouds and see a world of possibilities. after all, she's the one who taught you how to look at them. she's the one who turned fluffy white blobs in the sky into splashes of happiness in the sky.

you'll eternally be grateful for the light she brought to your slightly darkened life.

she's not just your friend.

she's your moon.

remnants of a moon heart

*to healing
to apo
to my family
both chosen and kin;
to staying alive
and living*

chip[s] off the block

she wakes up to the never-ending fight
between the twins upstairs
they've been arguing all night again
it's exhausting and
makes sleep something she needs rest from

she clasps her palms over her ears to drown
out the sound
it's still there, loud as ever
same old accusations being thrown around

"You're too weak to do this, just give up."

"i dont have to listen to you, why
would you know better?"

one of them thinks they're less naïve.
both are too stubborn to give in.

"All I know is that you're. not. good enough."

there is a silence. it's not the kind she
wanted. she feels the gaping hole that
was created in the sister's heart; it's the
devastating kind of silence that makes
you wish for the voices to come back.

"That's right, you're not good enough.
You never will be."

it doesn't stop.

"not good enough; never good enough..."

she feels the sister starting to doubt herself;
starting to believe those poisonous words.

“why are you doing this?”

“Oh, honey. I’m just trying to help you. I’m
looking out for you.”

the voice is cold, merciless.

palms still clasped over her ears, she gets
up and goes to her wardrobe.
the mirror is gone; at least there is nothing
to reflect the misery on her face.

a look outside the window betrays her
hopes of leaving the house, of escaping the
voices from upstairs.

it’s storming. the clouds a manifestation of
the inner turmoil, floating across the sky
and leaving her behind in the blur of the
pouring rain.

“See, you shouldn’t even bother trying. I’m
telling you, you will fail. Deep down, you
know it too.”

she is the only one left yelling, scolding.
her sister is sobbing breathlessly.

“leave me alone”

but she doesn’t. she keeps talking,
criticising, pointing out all her sister’s flaws.

“Why do *you* deserve a chance over every-



one else? You're just one out of billions.
Spare us all from more embarrassment and
stop trying."

it goes on for a while. how long exactly, she
isn't sure. it all blends together -
the voice dominates all her senses, dulling
them.

she hasn't noticed any reaction from the
other sister in a while when she hears hasty
footsteps and a slamming door. she waits.
maybe the closing door will push the pause
button of this argument.

before she can hear anything else, she puts
on some music and turns up the volume.
it doesn't drown out the noises; it can only
distract her from the argument above.

yet, her heart seems to be harder to distract.
it aches and seems to be throbbing from
pain. the words cut deep, even with her.

it's barely bearable, the music just baring

the gut-wrenching emotions.

when the songs end and the words from upstairs come into focus again, she decides to confront the siblings.

“Come on, are you really crying over some tough love? Don’t you see that this is me helping you out? It’s not my fault that you’re too weak to admit it yourself.”

out the door, down the hall.

“and you call yourself family... true family
wouldn't treat me like this”

up the stairs, towards the sound.

“Oh please, I know you inside and out.
That's how I know what's best for you. I
know what lies deep within your heart.”

in front of the door. the voices louder than
ever.

“you don't know who you're talking to”
the sister seems to be gaining some
confidence.

one shy knock, her breath hitches.

“Excuse you?”

they didn't hear it.

“you don’t know who you are talking to.
you think you know me, but you only ever
focus on the negative”

another knock, louder this time.

“did you hear something?”
it’s the mean one who notices first.

“I think someone’s at the door.”
her voice has stopped cracking.

footsteps. the lock clicks and she opens the
door.

but what she sees are not the siblings-

it's her mirror.









转动中

Handwritten scribbles or marks at the bottom right corner of the page.

i wish we were a story on the front page of
a biased newspaper;
the author would have taken all the good
parts - the lovely ones that
make our story great -
and the hurt in between would have never
gotten this voice,
this power,
this attention

- assertion

our love
is as lost as my necklace that
escaped the envelope
you put it in

[-empty]



L

but if i forgot it all how
would i know how to cope with
the pain the next time someone
breaks me

- still i wish i could forget

this makes me nostalgic for the
memories i
never made

the other day i was sure i saw you;
it was the happiest i'd been in a while
and then i realised
my eyes are traitors
they must be out to get me because
you're gone and no one will ever
see you again

- i just wish i wasn't gullible enough to
believe them