A young girl notices that her eyes look different from her friends’.

They have big round eyes and long lashes. The girl realizes that her eyes kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea, crinkle into crescent moons, and are filled with stories of the past and hope for the future—in fact, her eyes are like her mother’s, her amah’s, and her little sister’s, and they are beautiful.

Eyes that Kiss in the Corners is a dazzling, lyrical ode to loving oneself. Joanna Ho’s tender yet powerful words and Dung Ho’s vibrant illustrations inspire readers to recognize their own beauty and strength, igniting a revolution of self-discovery and confidence.
Eyes that Kiss in the Corners

By Joanna Ho
Illustrated by Dung Ho
Some people have eyes like sapphire lagoons with lashes like lace trim on ballgowns, sweeping their cheeks as they twirl. Big eyes, long lashes.

Not me.
I have eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea.

My eyes are just like Mama's.
Mama's eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea
crinkle into crescent moons
when she comes home from work.
She scoops me in her arms,
eyes sparkling like starlight,
and tickles me
until we laugh ourselves onto the floor.
When Mama tucks me in at night, her eyes tell me
I’m a miracle.
In those moments when she’s all mine,
flecks of dancing gold tell me
I’m hers too.
My Mama is my sun and sky,
and her eyes are just like Amah’s.
Amah’s eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea
don’t work like they used to.
But she sees all the way into my heart
and can even read my mind.

Her eyes are filled with so many stories;
I can fall inside them
and swim until time stops.
I see
Guanyin with the Monkey King
sitting on a lotus, serene,
baubles of lychee on trees,
and mountains that reach for the sea.
My Amah never ages,
and her eyes are just like Mei-Mei's.
Mei-Mei’s eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea blink against the window until I come home from school.

They disappear beneath her two-tooth smile when I walk in the door.
She toddles after me,
gazing up at me
like I am her best present.
    I hope she looks at me like that forever.
    Because when she looks at me in that Mei-Mei way,
    I feel like I can fly.
Mei-Mei’s eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea are just like mine.
My eyes crinkle into crescent moons and sparkle like the stars.

Gold flecks dance and twirl while stories whirl in their oolong pools, carrying tales of the past and hope for the future.
My eyes find mountains that rise ahead and look up when others shut down.

My lashes curve like the swords of warriors and, through them, I see kingdoms in the clouds.
My eyes that kiss in the corners and
glow like warm tea
are a revolution.
They are Mama
and Amah
and Mei-Mei.

They are me.
And they are beautiful.