

A companion to the New York Times bestseller *Eyes that Kiss in the Corners*

Ho • Kleinrock • Ho

*Eyes that Weave the World's Wonders*

HARPER

# Eyes that Weave the World's Wonders

By Joanna Ho with Liz Kleinrock

Illustrated by Dung Ho

I have eyes that spin stories and weave the world's wonders.

A young adoptee notices that her eyes look different from her parents'. She realizes that though her eyes may not match her adoptive parents', the profound love her family shares connects them. Even as she carries questions about her history, the girl realizes that her eyes weave the world's wonders and shimmer with hopes and dreams and stories that are uniquely her own.

*Eyes that Weave the World's Wonders* is a captivating companion to the acclaimed *Eyes that Kiss in the Corners* and *Eyes that Speak to the Stars*. Joanna Ho and Liz Kleinrock's gentle, enthralling words and Dung Ho's striking, vibrant illustrations embolden readers to celebrate their differences and simply look within to reveal their own strength and beauty.

Also by Joanna Ho



HARPER

An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers

0124

**Joanna Ho** is the award-winning and *New York Times* bestselling author of *Eyes that Kiss in the Corners*; *Eyes that Speak to the Stars*; *Playing at the Border: A Story of Yo-Yo Ma*; *One Day*; *Say My Name*; and *The Silence that Binds Us*, which received the Asian/Pacific American Award for Literature, Young Adult Honor. She has been an English teacher, a dean, a vice principal, and a professional development mastermind. Her passion for equity in books and education is matched only by her love of homemade chocolate chip cookies, outdoor adventures, and dance parties with her kids. Visit her at [joannahowrites.com](http://joannahowrites.com).

**Liz Kleinrock** is an author and an antibias and antiracist educator, consultant, and facilitator. A transracial adoptee, Liz was born in South Korea and has lived all over the United States. She is the author of *Start Here, Start Now: A Guide to Antibias and Antiracist Work in Your School Community* and *Come and Join Us! 18 Holidays Celebrated All Year Long*, illustrated by Chaaya Prabhat. She resides in Washington, DC, with her partner and two bunnies and advocates for a more equitable world through her work with Teach & Transform. Visit her at [lizkleinrock.com](http://lizkleinrock.com).

**Dung** (pronounced Dzung) **Ho** is a *New York Times* bestselling illustrator based in Ho Chi Minh, Vietnam. Her work focuses on children's books, including *Eyes that Kiss in the Corners* and *Eyes that Speak to the Stars*. She also loves to draw interesting characters with unique personalities. When she is not drawing, she enjoys cooking, watching movies, walking, and tending to her plants. Visit her at [behance.net/hanhdung](http://behance.net/hanhdung).

Also available as a downloadable audio.

Jacket art © 2024 by Dung Ho  
Jacket design by Honee Jang and Caitlin Stamper





The illustration depicts a young girl with dark hair in two braids, wearing a pink shirt and blue overalls. She stands in profile, looking towards the right with her hands clasped. The background is a vibrant, textured wash of colors in shades of teal, yellow, and light green. Numerous colorful ribbons in shades of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple flow across the scene, weaving through the air. Several birds, including white swallows and grey-and-white swallows with red throats, are shown in flight, some appearing to be part of the weaving process. The overall style is whimsical and artistic, with a focus on movement and color.

# Eyes *that* Weave *the* World's Wonders

Written by Joanna Ho with Liz Kleinrock

Illustrated by Dung Ho

**HARPER**  
An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers



Dear Reader,

It's an honor to share this story with you. I remember years ago when I was asked, "When was the first time you saw yourself represented in a book?" The truth is, until Joanna Ho and I wrote this one together, the answer was "Never."

Being adopted can be joyful and painful, often at the same time. Growing up, I often felt torn by the love of my adoptive family and the loss of never knowing my biological parents. There is no one-size-fits-all story when it comes to adoption. Every adoptee's experience is unique. This book is one adoption story that will hopefully become one thread in the tapestry of adoptee narratives.

If you are not adopted but have adoptees in your life, you might feel tempted to say things like, "You're so lucky you were adopted!" but it is important to give space for the different emotions that adoptees feel about their identity. For parents of adopted children (especially those who are transracial adoptees), I hope this book becomes an access point for you to engage with your child about their experience.

For the adoptees reading this book, your feelings are valid, whatever they may be. You are the expert in your experience. You are not alone.

*With love and gratitude,*  
Liz SoHyeon Kleinrock

For Adrianna —J.H.

For my birth mother —L.K.

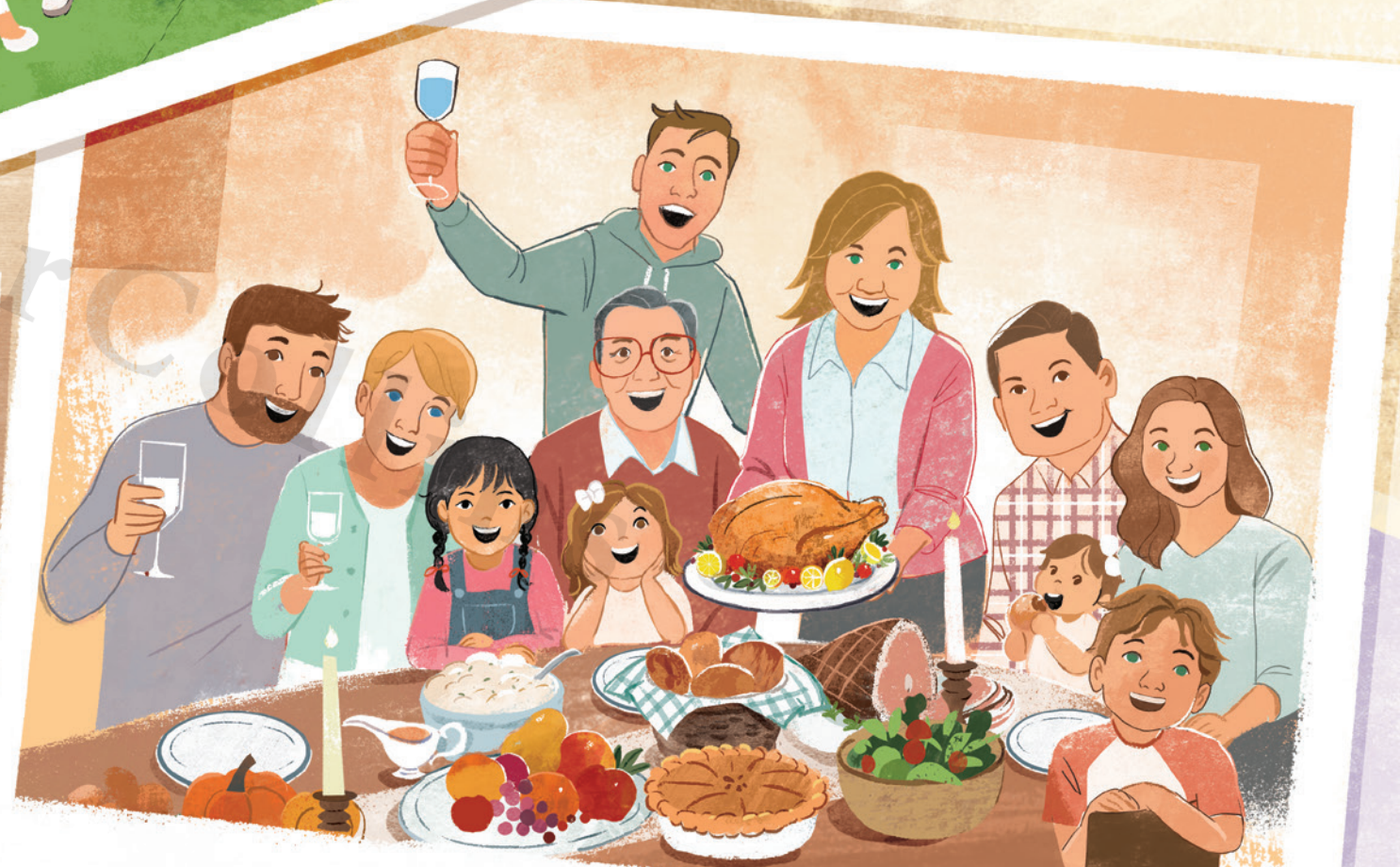
For my art director, Chelsea, and my editor, Alyson —D.H.

Eyes that Weave the World's Wonders • Text copyright © 2024 by Joanna Ho • Illustrations copyright © 2024 by Thi Hanh Dung Ho  
All rights reserved. Manufactured in Italy. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. For information address HarperCollins Children's Books, a division of HarperCollins Publishers, 195 Broadway, New York, NY 10007. • www.harpercollinschildrens.com  
Library of Congress Control Number: 2023937037 • ISBN 978-0-06-305777-7 • The artist used Adobe Photoshop to create the digital illustrations for this book • Typography by Honee Jang • 23 24 25 26 27 RTLO 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 • First Edition



Every year my family poses for pictures,  
running and laughing and hugging and jumping and  
standing and squatting and smiling,  
in matching clothes  
and matching shoes  
and matching laughter.

Everyone matching in every way.





Except me.  
No one in my family has eyes like mine.

My mom has  
eyes like ocean waves

lapping at shores of sand  
that sparkle as they tumble with the tide.

Her eyes fill with fire  
when we wander halls of paintings and portraits,  
sculptures and scenery.




She opens them wide  
and shares her soul with me  
in thick brushstrokes and fine lines  
dipped in rainbows of color.



When Mom looks at me,  
it's like she sees me for the first time.  
Every time.

Her eyes tell me I'm every wish  
she whispered into the evening air,  
a masterpiece  
more magnificent than the dreams  
she clung to  
before I arrived.





My dad has  
eyes like a summer garden,  
with golden sunflowers bursting between green leaves,  
always turning toward the light.

His eyes bloom bright  
when we go to his secret spot  
where the fish bite best.

The stream speaks,  
the trees chatter,  
the animals amble by,  
and my dad says, "The fish are going to bite today,"  
but his eyes say sharing this moment  
is magic he treasures  
more than all the fish in the world.

Sometimes our lines get crossed—  
they twist and turn,

and I don't know how to  
untangle every loop.

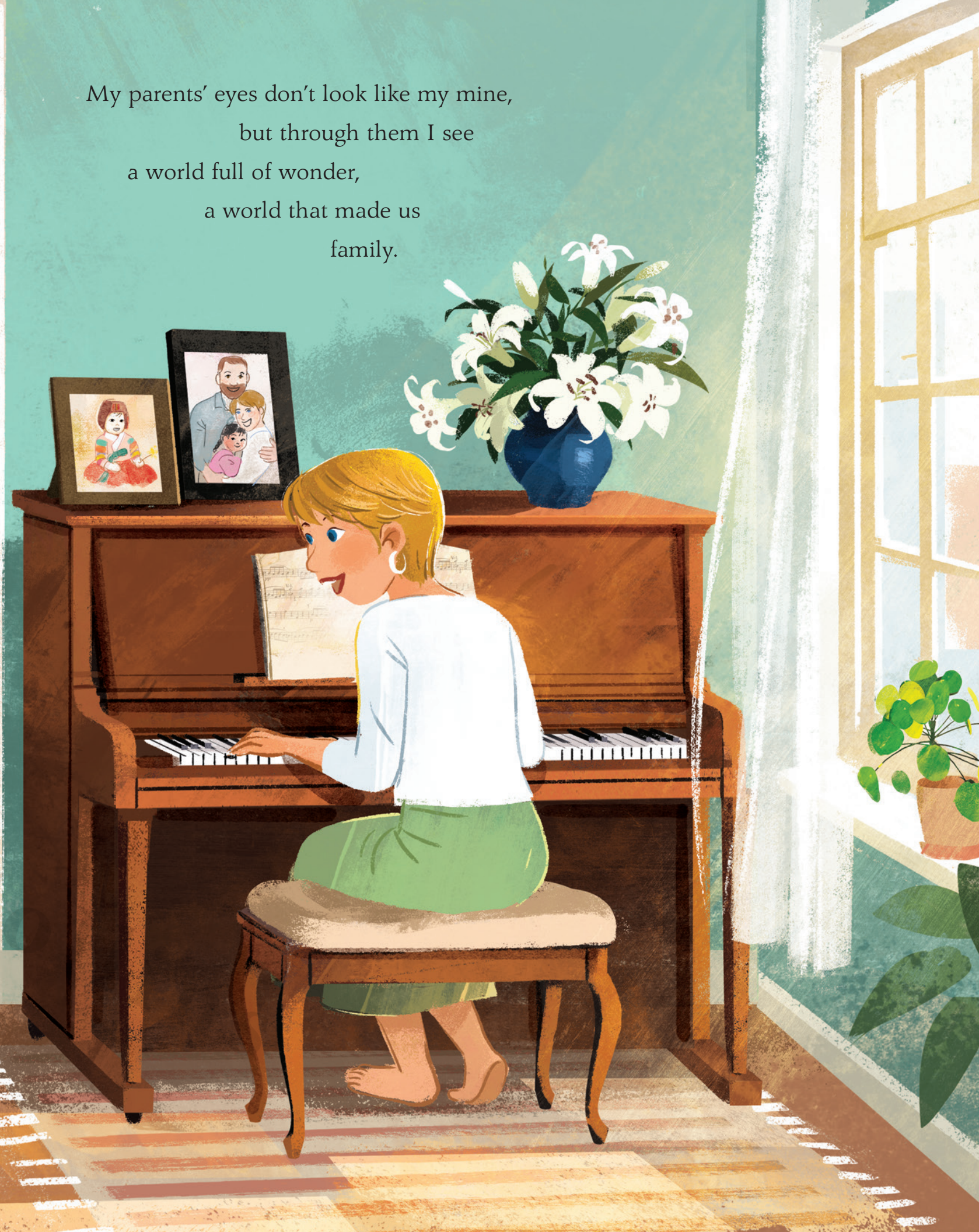
My dad takes my hand,  
and his eyes tell me  
it will be okay.

Some knots bind us  
with bonds  
more visible than blood.





My parents' eyes don't look like my mine,  
but through them I see  
a world full of wonder,  
a world that made us  
family.





Still, I know somewhere  
there is someone  
who has eyes that kiss in the corners and glow like warm tea.

Just like mine.

There are trinkets that traveled  
with me between lives,  
stories I've been told  
so many times they've become  
memories I'm not sure are mine.

A one-eyed rabbit with a yellow bow  
I used to match in size.



A handmade hanbok  
with a sea-green skirt  
and sleeves the colors of sunrise.



A cotton-white blanket  
that wrapped me in warmth  
as I watched myself rise to the skies.



I wonder  
who and  
where and  
why and  
what if and  
what happened?



All I know for sure  
is that tears can talk,  
and they tell me  
sometimes love must look like  
letting go.



I've learned that  
eyes are for more than matching.

I have eyes that spin stories and weave the world's wonders.

My eyes  
fill with fire and  
bloom bright with light  
that bends through mist and dew.

They're silk strands  
that soak up the sun  
and shimmer with the hues  
of hopes and dreams  
I braid into tales  
only I can tell.







My eyes wrap the yarn of every story I know  
into the stitches of stories I don't.  
My questions are eyelets  
through which I tie  
the whispered wishes of the past  
to the fearless designs of my future.

My eyes that spin stories and weave the world's wonders  
are connection.





They are Mom  
and Dad  
and people I see in my dreams.

They are me.  
And they are wonderful.

