



MMIME ...

LEAP!

LEAP

PANTS  
ON FIRE!

TINY  
HANDS

MMIME



[aˈrẽjɑm̪pãnt̪ õnifĩs̪?]



COMO  
QUIERES

# History is Not Sweet

Children are fed a palatable version of history. It is sweet and filling. It is not bitter or hard to swallow. It gives them a sense of understanding of the world around them. The world is said to be moving progressively forward towards the future. There is civility, democracy, and order.

This version of history, however, erases and silences centuries of trauma and violence. Entire pieces of our collective history become buried not only under the earth, but also buried under a layer of lies and miseducation. We are forced to ignore atrocities. We are told to sanitize the pain of millions of people. In turn, we ignore the contributions, cultures, and lives of diverse populations who have been ever so carefully expunged from the historical record. We lose the beauty and joy of diverse peoples because we have to dine on a version of history that is more suitable for the consumption of those in positions of power.

History is not always sweet. Parts of it make us desperately want to avert our eyes, but without looking the truth square in the face, we are unable to fully understand our world. Our pasts, both known and unknown, have created the world we see today. We have lost so much because we have refused to look at our past. Violence has taken entire societies off the table and willful ignorance has kept them from us. It is our duty to learn from even the vile parts of history so that we may not continue the decimation of our past.



# ~~SOME DAY #~~ YOU'LL UNDERSTAND

by: Verónica Puente

Ma, I did everything you told me. You said-  
to work hard for the things I love  
**con ganas y fe todo lo tendré.** And-  
nothing

M'ija, keep the faith...

Why should I? They were all lies.  
I worked. I tried. I loved.  
Now, I lie  
Ugly, jagged glass; too dangerous to touch.

~~Some day...~~

What? I'll understand, I do.. You believed too **y mira-**  
broken marriage, broken kids, broken home.  
All of us, a thousand broken pieces.

...the lies will be truths.

Lies are lies, ma.

**Pero estas mentiras** are built out of **ezperanza**, hope.  
**Ezperanza** of a better life, a better place, a better time.

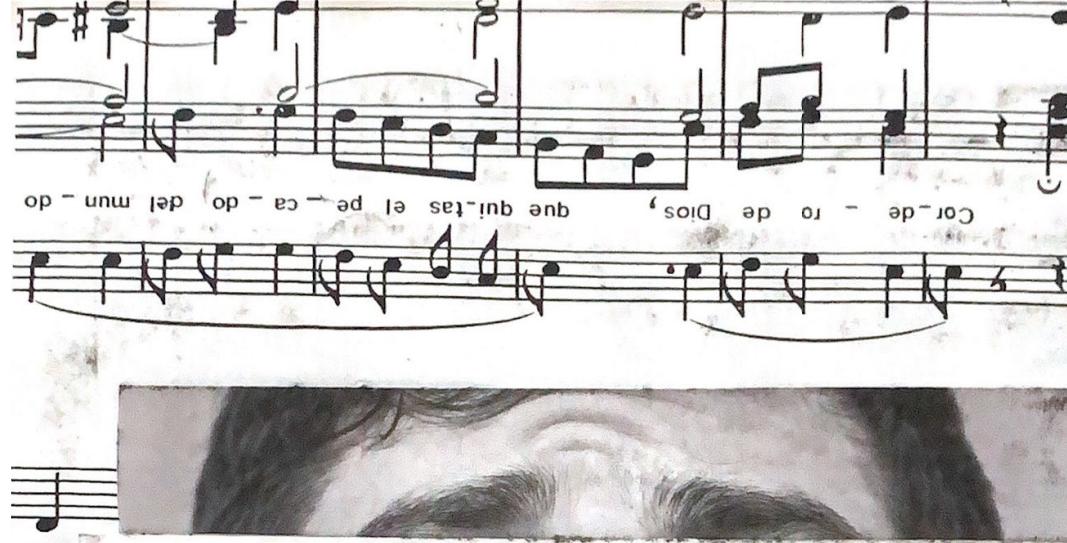
**La misma esperanza que nos trajo aquí que nos lleva a trabajar, amar, y**  
**llorar...es la misma ezperanza que un dia los cuentos, y mentiras seran**  
**las verdades de un mejor mundo.**

These are lies gleaned from rays of hope. You are a mosaic colored  
light. **Juntos**, we make the future.

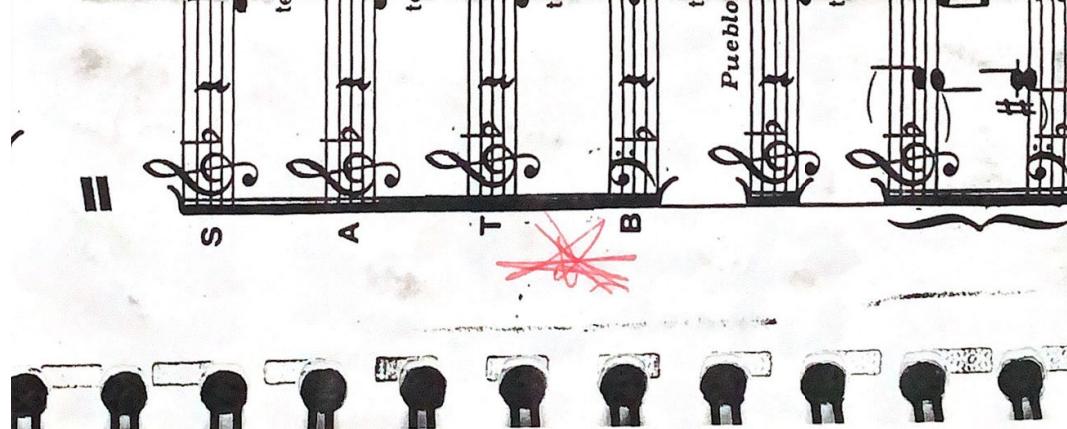
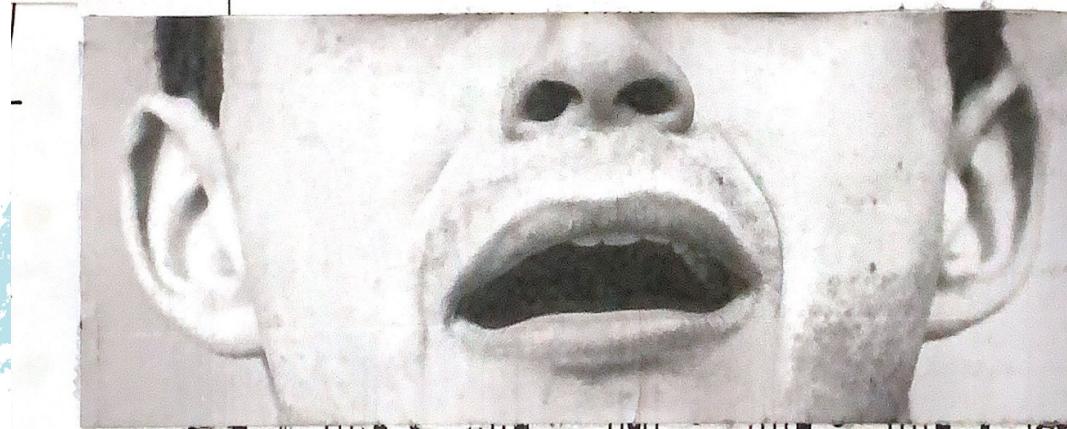
...and the lies?

**y la esperanza?**

... ~~Someday~~



## CORDERO DE DIOS



encuentra la verdad que te arrebataron  
al erradicar con nuestro colectivo  
pasado encuentra la verdad  
que tus padres y sus padres extraviaron  
aun escribo, hablo, pienso, canto, odio y amo  
en una lengua que no es mía, que no es yo  
encuentra el yo arrebatado

aun escribo, hablo, pienso, canto, odio y amo  
en una lengua que no es mia, que no es yo  
encuentra el yo arrebatado

el yo que anhelas, cada segundo  
sabes bien de lo que hablo

recuerda - cada semilla que plantes,  
no llegara a ser arbol  
y para triunfar se necesita todo un campo

N6 Existe la Mentira benigna no existe la mentira benigna



90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99



by - Nathanael Brown

# STICKS STONES AND

Sticks and Stones may break my bones.  
But words still very much hurt me.  
Words are a weapon of mass destruction,  
A chemical concoction.  
Fueled with the full power and pride of the toxic.

The words break your heart,  
Smash your thoughts.  
Leave you to rot.

For the lucky few, that saw the warnings of  
the impending doom.  
They built a wall that doesn't let anybody through.

The bomb hits  
Your words splits  
Leaving you with the gift of chemical burns  
That you thought you earned.

You're now way too toxic

Shards of glass  
Mounds of mass  
Molten beams that couldn't withstand the blast

A shattered mind that can't seem to mind  
Its own business

A broken body that is now warped and twisted

A silence takes hold  
Your world is now shaded,

You're jaded

not the same as you were before the bomb bay doors opened  
you wonder in the dark trying to find your way through the decay  
you trip and fall on some sticks and stones  
they poke you and prod you but it never really breaks the surface  
but you know deep down

Your bones are still broken.





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VERONICA (She/her)  
Chicanox writer who enjoys long conversations with her cat and runs with her dog. She's recently married and resides in Austin, TX.  
@vera.lamera PG 7

EZRA (they/them)  
Spends their time cutting up magazines from the 70's while watching the bachelor and contemplating the meaning of life  
PG 14

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