

ما تبقى

تصوّرات نسوية بيئية

What Remains: Eco-Feminist Pursuits

Developed and Edited: Knowledge Workshop

An embodiment of Nature

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Leen Aoun is a filming student at LU, who works as a freelance Art Director and full time Assistant Director. Lately, Leen discovered her love for multimedia arts specifically that includes conceptual art or Art Performance. She aspires to be a multimedia artist that would reflect the power of a woman's soul, body, being, and her relation to nature, using various methods: Photography, Videography, Installations, and digital art.

The following photo is a reflection of a realization that hit me when I bought a bag of dried hibiscus.



I grew up in Kuwait, in a somewhat conservative environment. Around five years ago my mother, siblings and I relocated to Lebanon, without my father. To start fresh in a different country was definitely a burden. I was 16, and the eldest in my siblings. I never thought I'd encounter such a tough phase, but I felt so present too. I felt so alive, that I now don't really remember how my life was like before all this

It was by then when I became more aware, more conscious, more loving and kind to myself.

Fast forward to few months ago, I went to the Saida Souks with my mother to buy herbal tea. She held a hand full of dried hibiscus and asked me if I

remembered what it was called back in Kuwait and if I remember when did we use to drink it.

Before I even heard myself answer, my mother excitedly stated: Lynn, this is Karkade. The herb we used to drink back in Kuwait to warm ourselves when we went camping.

Back then, I was not familiar with the dried herb itself, as it was always hibiscus but in a tea bag. To me, the concentrated red color of the infused Hibiscus has always been so compelling, especially when I drink it to ease my period cramps. It felt so sacred.

And the fact that the only camping event I ever remember from Kuwait was the time I first got my Period.

It was super cold, my body was aching, and I felt like my lower body would tear apart. I wasn't aware of the term PMS-ing. It was the first time I thought I liked a guy, it was the first time I got anxious about my body and the first time I felt a shift in my personality. I was excited that I finally got the thing all girls my age have, but I had no idea of its deep-rooted nature. I thought that I was a grown-up by then, until disappointments started to hit me.

Rather than saying that I was on my period, it was always:

“Lynn, just mention that you are sick.”

“Lynn, don't let anyone see you holding that pack of pads, just hide it in a black plastic bag.”

“Women truly suffer; men don't go through all this insanity.”

Zoning out and re-visioning this series of memories made me realize how far I've come in the journey of self-discovery, fighting whomever once made me feel disgrace for being loud about my period, about my emotions as a Girl.

It made me realize that I grew up into a warrior who is now healing her inner child, the child that once felt ashamed to buy menstrual pads in front

of men, the child who would hide them in a black plastic bag so no one would know she is a Blossoming Flower. A flower that shouldn't feel embarrassed of her true nature.

And now as I look back at that little child, I'd like to tell her "You are safe, and no one is going to hurt you as you are the cycle that keeps life going, You Are Nature in a Human Figure."