

An Expression Of Art - Who Says?



By: Ijeoma U. Okenwa (Lady J)

Who says beauty is only skin deep? Who says chaos destroys all? Who says that the sun can't shine at night? Who says? Who Says?

I beg of you don't let it be you. Let it be, that the words that came or come out of your mouth are of mass destruction that can only cause this ordinary world to become righteous! Let it be that self indignation is not a crime in your eyes! Let it be possible that the ever-so chaotic choices to mix neon lime green with the simple out-fit would not blind the eyes. For that's how I see it.

I see myself as the creator of something new to come. "Too outrageous," you say. Blasphemy! That's impossible! With the clothing line that I will create, all that was impossible will become true. Classic beauty that screams Audrey Hepburn, with pearls and lovely intricate designs, will become one. One with wicked out cry of this so called "Punk era," as we raise our fist in the air as I presume my riot. Pound it to the joyful sensations of what could ring wickedly beautiful.

I'll capture the flawlessness of Jim Morrison in the blink of an

eye, by bringing out the necessity of leather pants. Pants that will cling hungrily to the young man who dares to wear them, while showing off his lovely hip bones. Scantly clothed is the key! Who says Fur Jacket can't own this era once again? Who says men in low-rise pants are feminine? Who says that too much eyeliner is a crime? Or, that there can ever be an exaggeration as "too much"? Not I!

What I want to become is a mixture of Marc Jacobs, Betsy Johnson, but solely ME. I want to scare this world out of this universe so that I can open its eyes to the new reality. The reality that I am the polka-dotted queen who loves green! That I believed that if a woman can wear it, then so can a man.

For me, I know that fashion design is my calling. I know that this is the job or business for me to go into that will let me wake up every morning rushing to create that new masterpiece that I have just conjured up in my head. An outcast is what you will not call me. Different, indeed, but it will be spoken in such greatness. Wicked, stellar, outrageous, classy, and so much more will describe the

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madness that I will bring. But all in all, this is what art is. And this is what I will bring.

Fashion Design to me, is my way of expressing my art. My feeling will pulsate from the clothing that I will not only make you look at it three times but four! Fashion Design is my calling. It's my poetry in clothing, my escape from this utopia. This is my chance to bring such utter delight, and to finally feel at one with myself. This is only the beginning of the revolution to come. For my name will be heard! And my clothing shall be known by all who dare to grasp its existence.

Ijeoma Okenwa is my name, and fashion Design is my game. And what I shall bring to this era...will be a height of such wicked beauty that only a rebel with a cause could wear. The Design school is my starting point that will help me become the person that I intended to be. An acceptance for the unknown and the different to the weird will be possible. Thank you, from the bottom of my forsaken heart. A poet in writing I am, but a poet in clothing I will become.