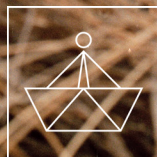




transience
christina wong
creative technical studio.2
prof. zoe champion
spring 2018
parsons school of design





It's not in what she does, but rather how she persuades you. She is the rust-colored layer of sediment, buried for years, seeping in the knowledge of generations around her. Self-worth based on centuries of disaster tearing her down. Mother Earth has not been kind... Are we even sure she is a part of this luscious planet anymore? Rather, she is the foundation of every breath we take. We have forgotten her, yet she will never forget us. From the rubble of arid rock, she rises and becomes a form unbeknownst to any planet before. A never ending transformative cycle of positive into negative, negative into positive. Cyclical, yet ever changing. And the birds share her melody, within the cacophonic screams, she is chaos. Then suddenly, a single, sweet note, probably the home-cry of C-major, settles the soul as she nestles into her new form.

She wishes she could force wings to emerge from her shoulder blades, yet she is simply dust. Clawing helplessly as though the angered stimulation will terrify her body. Transition does not happen under our noses. Someday, within the ever changing landscape around her, she may will her bones to fly. And she will awake with the sky at her fingertips, oxygen under her nostrils, floating with the shadows.







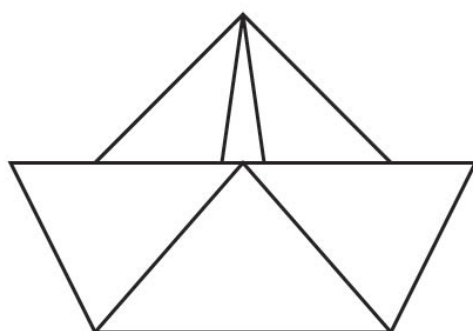


garment.
christina..wong

photography.
alec..lesser.

model.
teagan..west.

editor.
christina..wong



christina wong