

NESTGLA STUDIOS

Book 6:

Escape into Vedome's world through Nostalgic
lenses, enjoy.

The Peculiar Things That Stay. [I see ghosts sometimes.]

There are pieces of people I can't seem to let go of, fragments stitched into the most ordinary things. They show up when I'm not looking for them. A flash, a detail, a habit I never thought would matter. And suddenly, I'm somewhere else. With someone else.

Carrots take me back to her. She hated them when they were soft, swore they were ruined the second they were cooked. I can still hear the way she'd push them to the edge of her plate like they didn't deserve to be there. Now, whenever I see them in a dish, it's her voice that comes with them.

Oranges are another story. That one belonged to someone different. Orange was her entire world, her favorite fruit, her favorite color, her presence. She peeled them so carefully, like every slice was a small act of devotion. To this day, when the smell of citrus cuts through the air, it doesn't smell like fruit. It smells like her. I haven't had an orange in a while.

And planes. I can't watch one without thinking of her. The one who was always packing, always leaving, always flying somewhere new. She lived in motion, and for a while, I tried to live there with her. Even now, when I catch a plane streaking

across the sky, it feels like she's still up there, half mine, half the world's.

That's what love does. It doesn't leave all at once. It hides in the details. In carrots, in oranges, in planes. The world doesn't see them the same way I do anymore, because they're not just objects to me. They're ghosts of people who used to be mine.



A Beautiful Madness.
[Why I let you go.]

I keep a picture of you in my wallet.
I hope that does not freak you out. Maybe I started too strong.
Let me step back.

Thoughts of you are like sunlight pushing through my mind.
When you are not around, nothing feels the same. I start
thinking about one thing, then somehow end up hearing your
name. If this is love, it is a beautiful kind of madness.

There are nights when I lie in bed, sleepless, asking myself why
I let you go. When dreams finally creep in like a midsummer
breeze, they bring images of you, but only to tease. I reach for
you, fall to my knees, wrap my arms around the ghost of you
and beg. You look down and begin to speak, and that is when I
wake...alone again. Screams in my head asking why I let you
go. I talk to myself as friend and as foe.

I have become so dark, the opposite of you. To stay true to me
you would have to be a fool. That is when I realized: I had to let
you go so your light could shine. I could not keep dimming it
with my own shadows.

I still look at your picture from time to time. Through that image your light still reaches me. On my darkest days it is the small glimmer that keeps the darkness at bay.



Untitled Draft.
[A fracture dressed like a man.]

I never asked for this kind of love. The kind that ruins you once, and then ruins you forever by comparison.

I have built a version of myself that still wants to be wanted while knowing I cannot offer what people think they are stepping into. I am not monogamous. I do not trust easily. I have jealousies that I am still trying to unlearn. It is one thing to know these truths in daylight. It is another to feel them at two in the morning while someone is whispering into your neck and you are thinking about a person who is not even there.

From the outside I probably look fine. A ladies man, they say. I check boxes, I smile, I charm, I play the part. And women believe me because my actions convince them. I give the kind of attention that feels like devotion. I make them feel like they are the only one in the room. And in some strange way, in that moment, they are.

But the truth is I am elsewhere. Always elsewhere. My mind and heart belong to someone I already lost, and because of that, I do not know how to love anymore.

Until I heal, or figure out how to heal, I am a fracture dressed like a whole man. I am longing mistaken for loyalty. I am a heartbreak waiting to happen. And I do not know how to stop anyone from wanting me, even when I wish I could. Even if my touch makes you feel like the only girl in the world, I am not whole. You will love me, and I will love you the only way I know how. But it will never be enough.



October 6, 2020 at 10:47 PM

Audio

Oct 6, 2020 at 10:47 PM

Audio · 46s

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Sep 24, 2020 at 10:15 PM

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Listen to smile

Entry 4 :

Hopelessly, Again and Again [You are love..]

I still listen to the voice memos you left, before you left. They
are all I have left of you.

That and a fading memory of what I thought would last forever.
I'm not mad, upset, whatsoever. I just thought maybe that this
would be forever.

I'm so glad I'm numb. Due to moments like this, I can't feel.
From Loves unforgiving kiss, I won't heal. Because I didn't
know

love leaves pain.

Love leaves hurt.

Love leaves misery
and so much worse.

You are love and will always be loved by me.

I have yet to learn my lesson. You come back time and time
again, sporadically. Then you vanish, gone with the wind.

Love is blind.

You never saw how much I'd do for you. I never saw how much
you took from me.

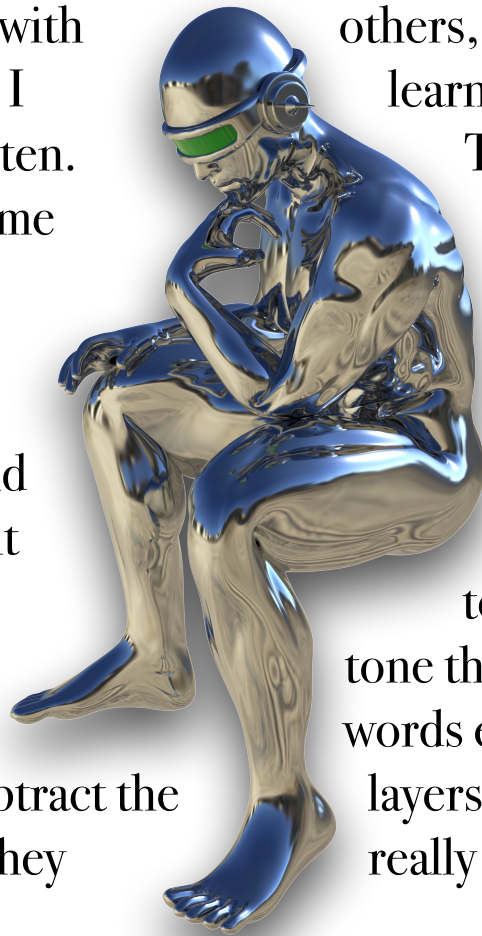
Love is a girl that I'll fall hopelessly for. Again and again;
forevermore.

The Loneliest Skill. [I never asked for this.]

I'm good at people. That's what I've always told myself.
Growing up with a single mom who had to work every hour of
the day just to keep us afloat, it was mostly just me.
When she left me with others, friends, neighbors,
coworkers, flings, I learned to study them.
To observe. To listen. To figure out what
they wanted from me before they even
said it.

And when she stopped leaving
me with people and just started leaving
me alone, the habit stuck. I started
putting the pieces together on my own.
A look here, a tone there, a silence that
said more than words ever could. Like a
puzzle, I could subtract the layers until I solved for X,
until I knew who they really were.

People think that's a gift. They say, you just get people.
And maybe I do. But what they don't see is that this isn't about
understanding, it's about defense. It's about never being
caught off guard. It's about knowing someone before they can
hurt me.



The irony is that I've spent my whole life being good at people.
And yet, I've never felt less known. Maybe being good at
people is just another way of saying I've always been alone.

Entry 6 :

I Need What I Despise.
[I hate that I need you.]

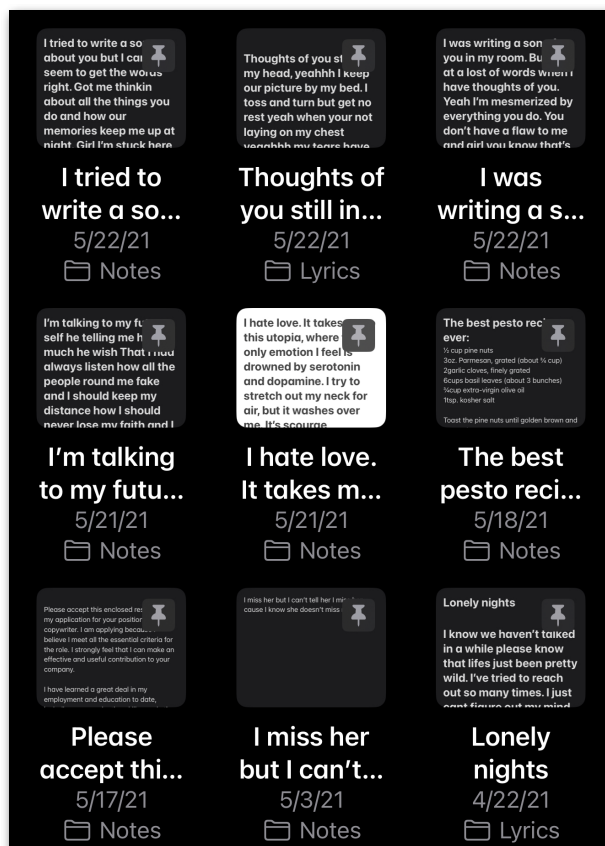
I hate love.

It drags me into a false utopia, where serotonin and dopamine drown me until I forget how to breathe. I stretch my neck for air but it still washes over me. The scars it leaves on my heart do not heal. I hate how it tricks me with smiles that last so long my cheeks ache, only for me to realize I stopped smiling hours ago. I hate how it steals my sleep, tossing me through the night, wondering if the person on my mind is thinking about me too. I hate that it does not pass like hunger or thirst. It lingers. It festers. It is not a fleeting impulse I can cure with a quick release, not a fog I can burn away with drugs. Love is a sickness that makes me want to vomit, yet nothing comes out.

I do not want love.

I need love.

And I need to be loved.



Entry 1 :

Heavy Pour From An Empty Cup.
[I went to bed starved.]

I'm so busy trying to feed the world that I let myself starve.

Sometimes I wonder where would i be if I didn't make it this far.

Sometime I think to myself who would've thought that I'd make it at all.

Time and time again adversity came in my way.
Sin after sin while still forgetting to pray.
Pills after pills I stopped feeling my face.

At night when all became still I got in my bed and I lay next to my thoughts and my transgression killing myself my mind was the weapon holding back tears my eyes start to sting before I know it the morning bird sings.

Day in and day out I was surrounded by reasons of why I needed to be more than myself. I had all the potential but a bad mental health. I lacked the credentials, couldn't seek out the wealth. I just had to dig deep within my own self. Once I found the motivation I didn't want to stop.





Ashes of Four Words.
[Unfinished Confession.]

So fixated on looking for something I will never find.
I walked in circles until my own footprints became a maze.
How was I expected to see the lies
when even love is blind?
You were never an object to be possessed
but I wanted you to be mine,
not in chains, not in name,
just mine like the first breath after drowning.

My only four words for you are
Unruly. Unrest. Unsubtle. Divine.
I do not have to kneel to say them.
They rise up on their own like smoke
from a match I cannot unstrike.
I had planned a more romantic four words
but they faded with time,
the way a whispered secret dissolves
before it reaches an ear.
Now all I have left
are ashes of things unsaid
and a mouth full of ghosts
that still taste like your name.

Entry 9 :

She Was a Pretty Lie.
[But she never told one.]

She was a pretty lie.

Not the kind you catch, not the kind you expose.

The kind you hold close because it feels better than being empty.

She made me believe in things I knew weren't real.

That I was safe.

That forever was possible.

That maybe I was enough.

We both played along.

She wanted to be saved.

I wanted to believe I could be the one to save her.

Neither of us had it in us.

So it ended.

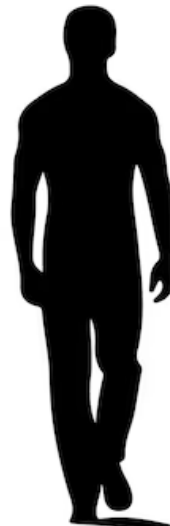
And the lie stayed.

Not with her, but in me.

She was a pretty lie.

And I keep her alive...

even now.



Entry 10 :

The Break-Up. [Vanishing Point.]

Strangers from afar
faces I can't see in the light.
Blurred vision, come closer
heartbeat rises.
Senses lost, I can't feel.
Senseless loss, I can't heal.
Trace of your musk
creases my face
as you vanish.
Brief encounters, always bittersweet.
Heartbeat lowers,
sigh of relief.



Dear Raf Simons.

[What was I thinking?]

August 18, 2017 at 1:00 PM

Dear Raf Simons,

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere"; "Anyone who lives inside the United States can never be considered an outsider anywhere within its bounds."

- Martin Luther king Jr. I quoted this not only to get your attention, but to use it as an analogy to the fashion world big names like yours have conquered. I am a designer in my mind. I have great ideas that no one has seen or used before. My tragic life experiences have bloomed my creative and ingenuity. My eccentric ideas and beliefs that someone like me, who has not yet made a name for myself, can just start working with a high end fashion industry such as yours have lead my peers, friends, family thinking I'm crazy. This may be true but isn't the factor that determines whether an artist is crazy or not the success of their work?

"I believe that [World War I] is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it." Seigfried Sassoon said that. Once again referencing it to the fashion world I believe the fashion world is a war. New designs are like new weapons built to put the oppositions out of business. Only those who can afford to create new designs continue the war in the fashion world. In this sense, I don't want those in power such as big names in the fashion industry like you're to end this war, but I want to help supply your artillery with new weapons.

I understand how difficult and frustrating it is to make numerous designs for apparels to please everyone's interest overall. Every thriving clothing line needs solid leads each and every week in order to survive and grow. That's how they stay connected with the consumer and keep their interests and anticipation up for new drops. Since you are such a high-profile clothing line, I wanted to a collaboration that can relate to everyone, not just your average high end consumers. People look at your brand and are stunned. I want to stun them even more. You would mostly be helping me as a fashion designer grow and putting me under your wing, if you want to see it that way. I believe this is a golden opportunity to expand and reap bigger profits. Aside from profits, it is also a great way to get the word out about social issues most of the world ignores.

My name is [REDACTED] creator of Socially Conscious. My co-founder, [REDACTED], our team, and I wanted to present a possible collaboration with your team and your brand Raf Simons. We highly admire how you produce your product, the material you use, and the context of your clothing. Socially Conscious isn't known publicly yet. We just have basic concepts shirts that people admire and want to buy. The shirts will be included in the email at the bottom. The reason we haven't launched yet is we wanted to bring thing idea to a bigger clothing line, such as yourself, so we could work together and capture the future in the clothing. The basic concepts shirts do no such thing. It's just a message of what's to come. My co-founder and I figured if we want this to really work and be elaborate as possible, we'd have to spend month planning and discussing and researching, which is exactly what we have done to lead us to this email.

I know the clothing business and high fashion always have new waves that people want to ride out, then they just move on when it's no longer popular, but Socially Conscious is an immortal wave that, if approached correctly, will never die, and here is why. Socially Conscious main purpose is to sell clothes with a message so people can become aware of economic, political, and social problems around the world. Although this is a serious message to be conveyed, we are envisioning it in a way that is fashionable and understandable. We want to make people uncomfortable, force what they ignore down their throats, stand out as something more than just a fashion statement. The whole purpose of Socially Conscious is actually being socially conscious so we ourselves, will be as socially conscious as humanly possible. Not just on what is going on in our community or state either, but on everything else that goes on in this world that people seem to turn a blind eye to because the problem is not at their doorstep. We want to attack this on a global scale so our market can expand internationally.

I like how you branded your name as your logo. Nothing says hard work, dedication, and great fortitude more than seeing your name on something that is so successful. For our logo, my co-founder and I thought about something that will catch the eye, something original that we haven't seen before. We concluded that since we are being socially conscious on a global scale why not have a globe, but instead of a regular globe why not have the supercontinent. The supercontinent to us is a symbol of unity of the world. No separatism, now we know realistically that is quite impossible, but the idea of it is iconic. That's the goal for Socially Conscious. We want to make a consumers feel good about the world they live in. Make them feel as if the world is actually equal and by wearing Socially Conscious x Raf Simons they are making a difference and doing their part to achieve that non separatist goal. We want to make them feel apart of something so much bigger than just fashion.

Furthermore on the logo, instead of the basic blue and green for the globe we used colors with meaning like red which symbolizes warmth, love, anger, danger, boldness, excitement, speed, strength, energy, determination, desire, passion, courage, and socialism.

Orange which symbolizes cheerfulness, affordability, enthusiasm, stimulation, creativity, and liberal (politics). Grey which symbolizes conservatism, traditionalism, intelligence, seriousness.

Black which symbolizes elegance, sophistication, formality, power, and strength.

White which symbolizes cleanliness, purity, newness, peace, innocence, and simplicity. Finally, purple, which symbolizes power, royalty, nobility, elegance, sophistication, artificial, luxury, mystery, royalty, and elegance. The world as a whole will be black because black means strength and as a united world we are strong. The supercontinent is white and grey. Finally, all other colors mention will be in a triangle that is placed over the super continent representing the holy trinity, because without God or whatever form of spirituality you believe in, even if it is scientific, this world would be a lost cause.

In conclusion, my co-founder and I feel as if this collaboration could be something really historic for the world and especially for Socially Conscious. By collaborating with us, not only will you be doing something no other brand has done on a global scale but we will be bringing fresh new minds with amazing ideas to the fashion world that people have yet to think of. My colleague and I are into high fashion and the into social issues, business and politics, together we have created the idea of the century. We were going to start ground up and then try to get a collaborator, but like I mentioned earlier, we really admire what you do with your products and how you do it and I believe if we come together we could really start something iconic. You will be setting precedent for generations to come. Showing that not only young minds are creative but if you high fashion designers take a leap of faith and stretch their arms to the right visionary, they can be filled with rigorous dedication and fortitude.

A little about me.

I am a 19 year old college student and for an age so young, I have seen and experience things that a kid is not suppose to see and experience. I don't think my age defines my intelligence. I think my experience does. On paper, through my speech, and my actions, it just shows my maturity level should not be compared to my age. I go to the university of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in the United States. I have been keenly pursuing fashion for the past 5 years now. I've been conceptualizing Socially Conscious for almost 3 years now. My colleague and I have so many design plans and ideas waiting to be brought to life. I have 3 major heart surgeries. I should be dead right now. After my first surgery I was in a comma. To my family, friends, and others, I was in a comma. To me it was a dream where I was in the future. I was wearing your AW14 sterling ruby bleached coat except on the back there were paintings like the AW2003 Peter Saville hand painted parkas. But these paintings were of struggle and suffrage. A world gone mad. Chaos, poverty, and political abuse of power more worse and horrid than it is today. I've seen the future and it's not bright. The way we see clothes now is far different from what I'm trying to convey with Socially Conscious. I believe I was shown this vision because it is an alternate future to the glamorous one we can actually have. I believe it was shown to me so I could wake up from my comma and help our population become aware of this alternative future. I had this vision three years ago after my first heart surgery. I ignore it. From then on I've had 2 more surgeries. Each showing me the same vision when I'm under the knife. I chose to stop ignoring it the third time.

Mr. Raf Simons, will you join my colleague and I on this journey to change the future ?