

## HUMANS | Carmen Emanuela POPA

HUMANS is a hybrid fashion and visual art project exploring the mutable identity of contemporary humanity through wearable forms and painterly expressions. Born at the intersection of oil painting and performative fashion, the collection investigates the existential fluctuations of a generation facing uncertainty, extreme narratives, and the need to self-define across physical, social, and spiritual boundaries.

Drawing on a symbolic language of duality — the human and the *non-human*, the visible and the invisible, the rational and the intuitive — the project invites a meditative journey through states of interiority and transformation. The silhouettes borrow from classical tailoring while subverting it through minimalist abstraction, latex volumes, and sportswear references. These are not simply garments, but carriers of emotional and conceptual tension, echoing the tensions present in today's global youth: between gender fluidity and fixed roles, between earthly burden and transcendent intuition.

Each piece is conceived as a layered experience, amplified by the presence of monumental oil paintings that share the same visual DNA: expressive, fragmented, luminous. The works hint at a deeper human essence — one that appears to belong not to matter, but to something mysterious, elevated, nearly angelic.

In HUMANS fashion becomes a philosophical vessel. It frames not only the body but the shifting soul, echoing the need for a new kind of heroism: immersive, hybrid, and spiritually lucid.

### Poems

There are so many primordial voices speaking through the mouths of those who knead the sacred paroxysmal—dramatic poem, and the uncertain bohemia that lives with the insipid emotion of the astral body's consciousness, while angels thrash as if in a luxuriant slaughterhouse, wings wiping clean the blood—tears of your organs. Ah, how brutal it is when love anonymizes you among the important ones and hurls you out of the time-machine into a reality with a swampy breath, where the ghosts of German cars strike your osteopathic hip bone, and invisible bullets pierce your chest, while your heart is turned inside out like a water-filled boot pulled from the trench.

Blood's microtones are stolen from my body and replaced with the saps of plants that besiege my brain and the virginity of my soul. I walk like a double, with triple legs and my face multiplied into dozens of replicas, staggering, they overlap, and I feel my mouth numbing into a single instance, in its full form, ready to cry out the name of a beloved being, as if the sunlight reveals it through the scent of an oleander, then disappears into the subversive strokes of a painting.

The perpetual rhythm of advancing or retreating, like a tide that pulses and then grows modest — my phone rings in an afternoon that smells of existential-therapy, I weep and rise again and again like an angel learning to fly with damp wings, sweating at the nape and crown, breathing dogmatic and rebellious, compulsive and relieved — tachycardic, bradycardic, and then everything repeats itself like the circuit of a carousel wheel, until exhaustion.





































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Model

Tudor Criveanu | MRA Agency

Location

Bucharest