

Becoming the Body of My Mind



Jenna Johnson (they/them)







Moth

I'm as much a butterfly as
you would call a moth

A little cocoon that suffocates
growing nowhere

Cracking bones and sprouting
out, digging nails into flesh

Ribs turn to wings, ears to antennae,
changing so fast

Do not be fooled by my colors,
I am not what you think







The Mother and I

particles of my existence mount the wind

I am a figment

breathing with the mother

when its white I am less alive,

hiding in the frozen dirt,

sleeping with the squirming worms

I am a hallucination

fading in and out with the sunlight

only able to feel the wind when I exist

the mother is kind to me

gives me rain and sun and lets me thrive

until she doesn't

maybe it's the way the print paste

smells more like summer than the actual months

it occupies

a mix of water, urea, metaphos, ludigol f, alcohol, and sodium alginate

chemicals that synthesize the essence of heat and growth















Eulogy for One Them

I am a bittersweet wine that reminds you of a gummy candy you once ate as a child
that no one but you remembers.

Do you remember the screams outside as we ran into the fog,
following balls of light filled with dead flies?

I am the dead worm we passed on the wet pavement.

Turn around! Come back!

My body is over here, shriveling, rotting.

I am the large intestine turned inside
out, decaying in the heat. When will you return? It's quite boring
sitting in this tree. Even the leaves run away.

I am the blade of grass you uprooted on our picnic.

Late at night we watched the dark shine.

Look! There she goes!

She became luminary in her rest. A blind pilot above.

The moon is covered in phosphorus mushrooms you grew in your garden.

I am the pebble you flick over the fence.

I sit in dog shit. You drop me into a plastic bag that you double
knot and throw into the trash.

I am the orange balloon you released into the sky
at your 6th birthday party. Watch me pop and fizz on
the telephone lines. Watch out for the sparks. They might
come for you next. I am a burnt out lightbulb that shattered
in your grasp. I didn't mean to hurt you.









“Becoming the Body of My Mind” is a series of wearables created to express the artist’s personal experiences with gender identity. Many people have a certain idea in their mind of what a non-binary person “should” look like, which usually centers around androgyny; however only a small portion of the non-binary community actually focuses on an androgenous aesthetic. As a non-binary individual who does not fit into the androgyny label, the artist wants to express that their identity, as well as anyone else who does not fit into a specific category, as a non-binary person is valid. Being non-binary is a very diverse experience, especially since non-binary is an umbrella term relating to any non-cisgender identity.

Jenna Johnson is from a small town in Michigan where being queer is not widely accepted, so coming to terms with their gender identity was a long struggle. They primarily work within the realm of fibers, as well as occasionally working in printmaking. The majority of their works focus on the concepts of nostalgia and memory and how these two can form one’s identity.