

WEEKEND *FASHION*

STYLE

**From  
mommy's  
closet***The clothes I get from my mother are more than just accessories.*

// CAMERON DAVIS

There's no better present than the gift of inheritance. And no, I'm not talking about acquiring estates, family heirlooms, or money. I'm talking about inheriting clothes from your mother's closet.

I can distinctly remember sneaking into her closet when I was 7 years old and shoving my tiny feet into her three-inch heels that were about five sizes too big for me, walking around like I was the next Naomi Campbell.

Her clothes make me look back at a time when Forever 21 had quality clothing and remind me that trends always come back into the cycle. I was recently bestowed a white and black polka dot skirt from my mom's closet that perfectly matched the polka dot craze that took every girl by storm this past summer.

I am, unfortunately, not like my mother. I'm quick to list and sell my old pieces that no longer fit me — or have lost currency on the microtrend cycle — and I use that money to buy into new trends. I fail to realize that my iconic Brandy Melville plaid mini skirt from 2019 might serve my future daughter in the years to come. Of course, I'd want to be known as the cool, fashionable mother who influences my daughter's sense of fashion, but that might not be in the cards.

What will be the brands that future teenage girls reminisce about? Brandy Melville? Reformation? Edikted? Princess Polly?

Walking into my mom's closet always felt like stepping into a time capsule of the best trends and styles of the early 2000s. Pieces that Depop resellers would search for hours in the Goodwill bins and upcharge on Depop for an exorbitant price were always casually lying around. I felt like I had hit the jackpot and had found a manifestation of my Pinterest "outfit inspo" board.



ILLUSTRATION BY SERINA YAN

How did it take me so long to realize the potential of my mom's clothing, hidden away in the tangled depths of hangers and fabric? When I reached the age and size where I could finally fit into her clothes, I didn't hesitate to add some pieces to my own wardrobe.

The first piece of clothing I ever borrowed from my mom's closet was a white linen button-down top sprinkled with red polka dots and frilly sleeves. The top makes me feel like a journalist in an early 2000s movie, running around the office and trying to make a deadline for a very important story. Safe to say it is permanently mine now.

But who was my mother when she pranced around with this frilly button-down? What dreams and aspirations did she wish to accomplish when she threw this top on? A whole part of her life exists before me. I get to witness the fragments of her

youth through embellishments on blouses, lace on skirts, and mini bows along the sweetheart neckline of a maxi dress.

I'm now motivated to probe into my mom's life B.C. — Before Cameron. I want to know if we've both encountered the same life problems, if we've both looked to our clothes for solace. Is this cardigan I'm wearing right now the same one she wore when she tried to figure out the complexities of adulthood?

Even though I'm separated from my mom by the 3,000 vast miles between us, I carry a piece of her everywhere I go. The gold rings on my fingers and the warm jackets that feel like a hug from her remind me I'm never alone. And unlike my Brandy Melville baby tee, I know these pieces will last a lifetime.

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**Hew Locke  
Passages****October 2, 2025 – January 11, 2026**

Hew Locke, *Serpent of the Nile (Sejant)*, 2007, detail, from the series *How Do You Want Me?*, chromogenic print, 91⅞ × 71½ in. (231.5 × 181.6 cm). © Hew Locke. JKIZ Lisboa.

**YALE  
CENTER  
FOR  
BRITISH  
ART**WEEKEND RECOMMENDS:  
**JUMPING IN A PILE OF LEAVES**