

POSER
MAGAZINE

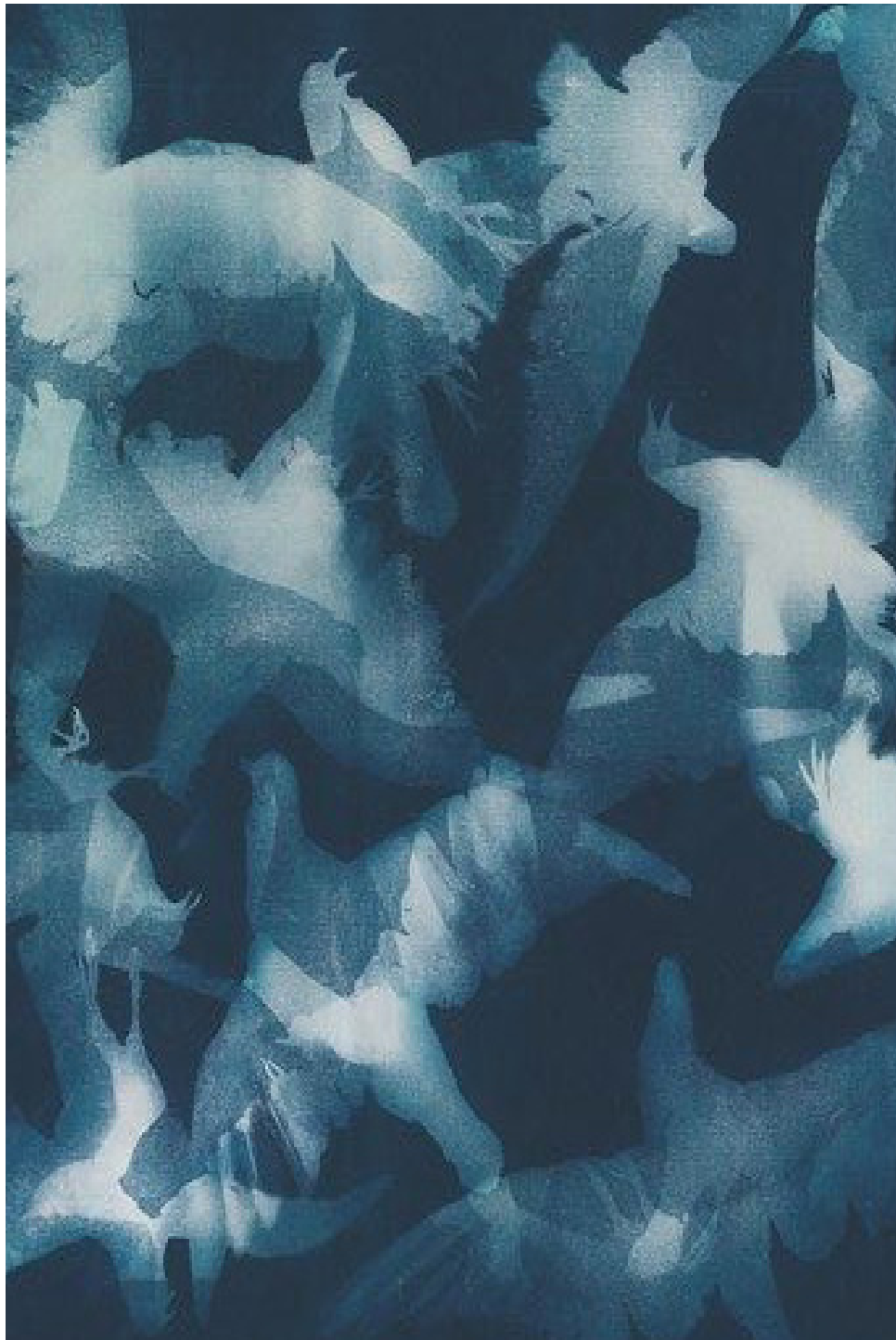
POSER MAGAZINE

May
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What if
you could
define a
generation
with the
reignition of
pop music?







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Roan exploded onto the scene not just with catchy synth pop bangers, but with a fully formed theatrical identity that feels like the drag version of early 2000s heartbreak. Her music doesn't just sound queer it feels queer in its drama, exaggeration, and unapologetic.

Songs like "Red Wine Supernova" and "Pink Pony Club" are camp anthems built for crying in the bathroom stall of a gay club.



She's also deeply connected to her audience in a way that feels different from the mainstream pop girl pipeline. Her shows are safe spaces for queerness, expression, and catharsis not just performances but communal events. She really makes you feel like part of a family.



What makes Chappell especially interesting is how she contrasts hyper-femme presentation with deeply emotional lyrics. Behind all the glitter are confessions of longing, insecurity, and isolation that hit.

The Camp Queen of Gen Z Pop

Roan isn't trying to blend in with the Spotify-core generation. She's building a whole world where you can be your loudest, queerest, most dramatic self and be celebrated for it. And honestly, pop needs more artists who aren't afraid to be ridiculous, emotional, and really iconic!

SHE'S NOT OUT HERE TRYING TO BE A POP STAR. SHE'S CARVING OUT A LANE FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE SMALL TALK AND FEEL TOO MUCH ALL THE TIME. AND SHE'S DOING IT ON HER OWN TERMS.

Faye Webster makes heartbreak sound like background music for a vintage mall. Her voice is deadpan, her lyrics are dry, and her vibe is anti-try.

But somehow, it still hits harder than any power ballad.

FAYE
WEBSTER



THE INDIE
DREAMER

She blends country twang with indie R&B like it's no big deal. The genre doesn't really matter what matters is the vibe. She's not trying to impress anyone, and that's what makes her irresistible.

FAYE'S AESTHETIC IS THRIFTED PERFECTION: VELVET PANTS, ROLLER SKATES, MAYBE A TEAR-STREAKED CHEEK. IT'S GIVING "CRYING IN A PHOTOBOOTH" ENERGY. EVERYTHING ABOUT HER FEELS CURATED TO NOT FEEL CURATED.



Clairo

The Soft-Spoken Confessor

kind of sad and it accidentally created a whole wave of bedroom pop. But she's never coasted on that aesthetic. Every album since has taken her further.

Clairo's music has always felt like a secret. Her early stuff sounded like it was made under a blanket with a cracked iPhone mic, and that intimacy never left her sound. Even now, she sings like she's only talking to you.

Her breakout hit "Pretty Girl" was soft, low-key, and

With *Immunity*, Clairo started giving shape to her queer identity. It wasn't performative or loud; it was deeply internal, expressed through whispered lyrics and soft guitar tones. Her queerness exists in the negative space of her work.

Sling took her even deeper into minimalism. It's cozy and strange like indie

folk for people with social anxiety. It's not radio-friendly, and it doesn't care.

Clairo doesn't make music for the masses. She makes it for people who overthink things in coffee shops and cry during voice notes. Her vibe is quiet devastation, and she's mastered it.

Her evolution from *Melodrama* to *Solar Power* threw people off but that's the point. She refuses to stay in the same emotional palette. She sheds aesthetics like dead skin, and that discomfort is part of her artistry.

Lorde isn't here to make bangers. She's here to build sonic mood boards for existential girls who want more than a hook. Her influence is quiet but deep.

THE MELANCHOLY

MAJESTY

Lorde changed the game without trying to be the main character. She came in whispering about suburban sadness and made it sound like a revolution. *Pure Heroine* wasn't just an album; it was a permission slip to feel bored.

She doesn't chase trends; she disappears. Her absence between albums makes her presence feel intentional. When she reemerges, she's always evolved, whether it's with a tan, a flute, or a rejection of pop.

Even when she's critiquing fame or culture, it never feels preachy. Lorde writes like someone who's watching the world burn from a balcony in slow motion. Detached but honest, like she's documenting her own detachment in real time.

LORDE



THE MARIAS

Velvet Visionaries

The Marías don't chase pop they float above it. They're building their own world where sound, language, and visuals melt together. It's a vibe-first universe, and it's flawless.

The Marías don't just make music they create atmosphere. Every track is like stepping into a dream you don't want to leave. Think red lighting, silk sheets, cigarette smoke curling through a slow synth.

Maria Zardoya's voice is soft but commanding like someone telling you a secret in a different language. She drifts between English and Spanish without warning, and it always works. It's not bilingual for effect it's who she is.

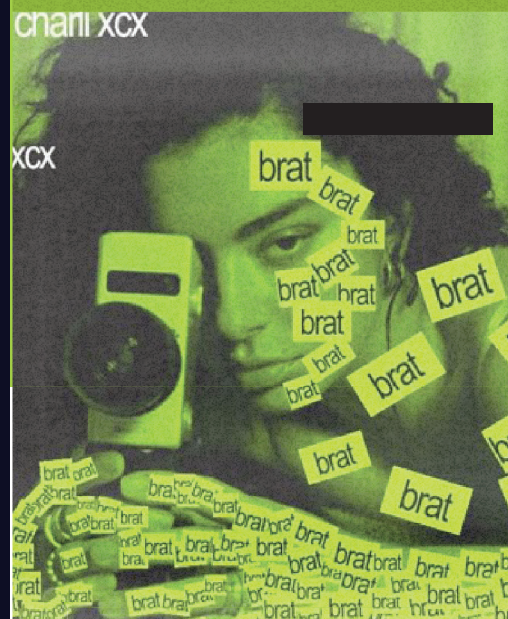
The production on their records feels cinematic. It's textured, layered, intentionally hazy. Every song sounds like it was made for a neon-lit scene in a forgotten French noir film.

Their visual branding is just as tight as their music. Retro with a futuristic twist, red tones, clean styling. It's cohesive without being predictable, sexy without being loud.

CHARLI XCX

Charli doesn't play the game she reprograms it. She's building her own version of fame where being online, unstable, and experimental is a flex. She's not just making music she's making the future of pop feel feral.

charli xcx



She's also weirdly emotionally available in all the digital noise. Her lyrics are brutal: messy friendships, detachment, desperate love. She makes you want to cry while dancing in a club

Even when she leans mainstream, she brings chaos. Crash was her take on 2000s pop star archetypes but with a wink and a blade. She knows how to serve a concept, and she does it hard.

Her work with PC Music and producers like A.G. Cook completely rewired what pop could sound like. It's glitchy, abrasive, explosive. Charli makes music that sounds like the internet

Charli XCX is the ultimate pop shapeshifter. She's gone from Boom Clap radio girl to hyperpop anarchist without ever losing her identity. She's not just ahead of the curve she is the curve.

THE PARTY GIRL