

Through my work, I braid collective and personal histories into visual and tactile stories. Through embodiment and archiving, I explore memories held in the body, the land, and through generations. My work is rooted in visitation practices and gathering. I respond to and with place-based materials and stories by informing myself with personal memory. As a young child, I created artwork to play and tell stories– to materialize and explore personal, land and intergenerational narratives.

My artwork has always been a storytelling method. Telling stories about things like a blue butterfly fluttering into my dad's 1990 green Bronco and landing on my hand, then my face. I would tell this story in a folded origami book, detailing the lines on my hands and the pattern of the butterfly's wings. Or a giant sunflower with bright yellow petals against a purple-grey sky with gently falling rain on a walk to school.

The wonder that exists in land, weather, the birdsongs and everything surrounding me, grounds me on earth and breathes life to my practice. Wonder is a superpower, a gift we are given when we enter this world. Wonder is collective. It can be the tool for understanding intersectionality and moving through adversity. Pursuit of wonder is an inherently political expression.

Through my performance practice, I embody my work and my autonomy. By asserting autonomy over the one physical thing I carry with me always, my body, I can claim sovereignty over generations and homelands. I explore somatic storage– my term for the archive my body

keeps. Cultivating a personal practice of awareness and listening to my body's responses allows me to locate memory within myself and in relation to my surroundings.

I explore the memory of material and place by applying it in charcoal, ash, natural dyes, and inks on cotton, silk, and paper. I have a conversation with the material and advocate for its stories. In this mark-making process, I take organic material and use my hands for application, investigation, and understanding.

The dancing birds above me and the rumbling water beside my feet place me on the ground and act as my anchor. I find a spot here and carve out a space. I know where I stand because of where I place my bare feet— because of the birds flapping their wings and singing their songs above. I know where the water rushes because it's consistent— the sound is a constant *shhhhh*. I know where the wind blows because I hear it's shifting— the *shh shh shh*.