

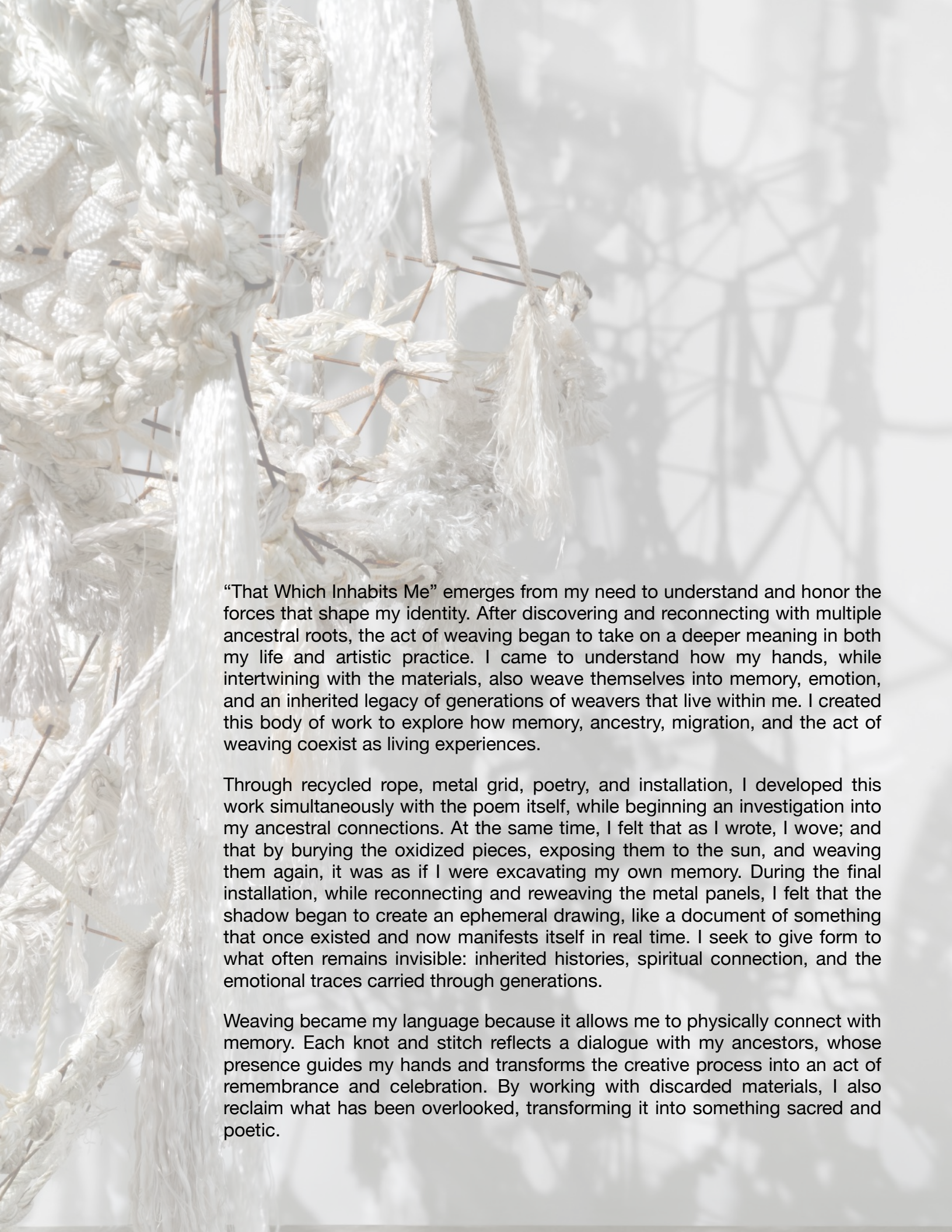


That Which Inhabits Me

Lisu Vega

South Florida Cultural Consortium

MOCA North Miami



“That Which Inhabits Me” emerges from my need to understand and honor the forces that shape my identity. After discovering and reconnecting with multiple ancestral roots, the act of weaving began to take on a deeper meaning in both my life and artistic practice. I came to understand how my hands, while intertwining with the materials, also weave themselves into memory, emotion, and an inherited legacy of generations of weavers that live within me. I created this body of work to explore how memory, ancestry, migration, and the act of weaving coexist as living experiences.

Through recycled rope, metal grid, poetry, and installation, I developed this work simultaneously with the poem itself, while beginning an investigation into my ancestral connections. At the same time, I felt that as I wrote, I wove; and that by burying the oxidized pieces, exposing them to the sun, and weaving them again, it was as if I were excavating my own memory. During the final installation, while reconnecting and reweaving the metal panels, I felt that the shadow began to create an ephemeral drawing, like a document of something that once existed and now manifests itself in real time. I seek to give form to what often remains invisible: inherited histories, spiritual connection, and the emotional traces carried through generations.

Weaving became my language because it allows me to physically connect with memory. Each knot and stitch reflects a dialogue with my ancestors, whose presence guides my hands and transforms the creative process into an act of remembrance and celebration. By working with discarded materials, I also reclaim what has been overlooked, transforming it into something sacred and poetic.



That Which Inhabits Me, 2025

Weaving - Oxidized metal and rope sculpture

Variable dimensions

2026

That Which Inhabits Me

To glimpse my future, I walk upon the threads of the past.
I do not move in a straight line. I pause. I observe.
I follow a guide only my body understands.

Like one who touches a loom, I let myself be carried by forms
that appear only when my hands meet the fabric.
Each strand, an image.
Each knot, a pulse.

At times I create things I do not know, that I have never seen,
yet they pierce my vision as if they came from within,
restless until they take shape.

From this emotion many of my weavings are born
as if a force, foreign yet intimate, were leading me.
My body does not forget. My intuition is a map,
a silent inheritance showing me the path ahead.

What inhabits me does not fit into categories.
I am whole. Seventeen countries dwell within me.
How many lives interlace into one?

It is not a single blood, nor a single tongue,
but fragments of countless stories that crossed to arrive here
lines stretched across generations, tangled in my fibers.

Here lie untold mixtures, forced displacements,
rites interrupted, sacred and painful encounters.
All of this lives in my cells, waiting to be seen.

I am not one. I am a web.
A borderless weave, remade with each step,
remembering without being asked.

My way of seeing of perceiving what others do not is inheritance.
My intuition, a deep echo.

To create with my hands is an ancient call that needs no explanation.
I relive what I have already lived in times that are not mine,
yet pulse within my present.

And so, my future reveals itself knot by knot,
like a loom weaving beneath my steps.

Lisu Vega.



“That Which Inhabits Me” is currently part of the SFCC On View exhibition at MOCA North Miami, on view from April 15 through October 3 2026.

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Thank you to my family for always being by my side and continuously supporting me throughout this journey.

