

Lo que me habita

Para ver mi futuro, camino sobre los hilos del pasado.

Yo avanzo recto.
Me detengo, observo.

Sigo una guía
que solo mi cuerpo entiende.

Como quien toca un telar,
me dejo llevar por formas que se crean
solo cuando mis manos tocan el tejido.

Cada hebra,
una imagen.
Cada nudo,
un pulso.

A veces hago cosas que
nunca he visto.
Como se venían
y solo se venían
de verdad.

My vision, a deep ache.
Crawling with my hands is an ancient calling it
made no operator.
I know what I've always lived in times that are it
now but that feel whole my present.

And so
my body is woven knot by knot, like a loom
moving itself beneath my steps.

Lo que me habita

That Which Inhabits Me

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.

Curated by Sophie Bonet, Chief Curator, The Frank C. Ortis Gallery

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.





Lo Que Me Habita / That Which Inhabits Me, 2025
Weaving - Oxidized metal and rope sculpture
Dimensions vary
2025

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LIKE SOMEONE
I LET MYSELF
ONLY WHEN

What Lives
To see my future,
I walk along the threads of the past.
I don't move in a straight line.
I pause,
I observe.

I follow a guide one I've never seen,
but fragments of many stories that cross
arrive here, lines that span generations
within my fibers.

There are untold mixtures,
forced displacements,
interrupted rituals,
sacred and painful encounters.

All of it lives in my cells, waiting to be
I am not one. **I am a web.**

A borderless weaving
that remains itself as I walk, that never
out asking.

My way of seeing, of perceiving what is
is **inheritance.**

My intuition, a **deep echo.**

Creating with my hands is an ancient call
that needs no explanation.

I realize what I've already found in touch of
mine, but that best, within my present.

And so,
my future is revealed knot by knot, like
weaving itself beneath my steps.

Cada fio,
uma imagem.
**Cada nó,
um pulso.**

Por vezes faço coisas que não conheço,
que nunca vi, mas que se cravam na retina
como se viessem de dentro, e só se acalmam
ao ganhar forma.

Dessa emoção
nascem muitos dos meus tecidos,
como se uma força estranha mas íntima me guiasse.

O meu corpo não esquece.
A minha intuição é um **mapa**,
uma herança silenciosa que me mostra por onde seguir.

O que me habita não cabe em categorias.
Sou um todo.

Dezassete países vivem em mim.

Quantas histórias se entrelaçam com a vida?

Não é um só sangue,
nem uma só língua,
mas fragmentos
de muitas histórias que se cruzaram para chegar até
aqui: linhas que atravessam gerações e se entranham
nas minhas fibras.

Aqui há misturas nunca contadas,
deslocações forçadas,
ritos interrompidos,
encontros sagrados e dolorosos.

Tudo isso vive nas minhas células, à espera de ser visto.

Não sou uma só. **Sou rede.**

Um tecido sem fronteiras
que se refaz à medida que caminho,
que recorda sem perguntar.

A minha forma de ver, de perceber
o que outros não veem,
é herança.

A minha intuição, um **eco profundo.**

Criar com as mãos é um chamamento antigo
que não precisa de explicação.

Revivo o que já vivi em tempos que não são meus
no meu presente.

E assim,
o meu futuro revela-se nó a nó,
como um tear que se tece
sob os meus passos.

What Lives in Me
To see my future,
I walk along the threads of the past.
I don't move in a straight line.
I pause,
I observe.

SHAI
TO

I don't know things
I pierce my vision as if they
only quiet once they've taken
me born.

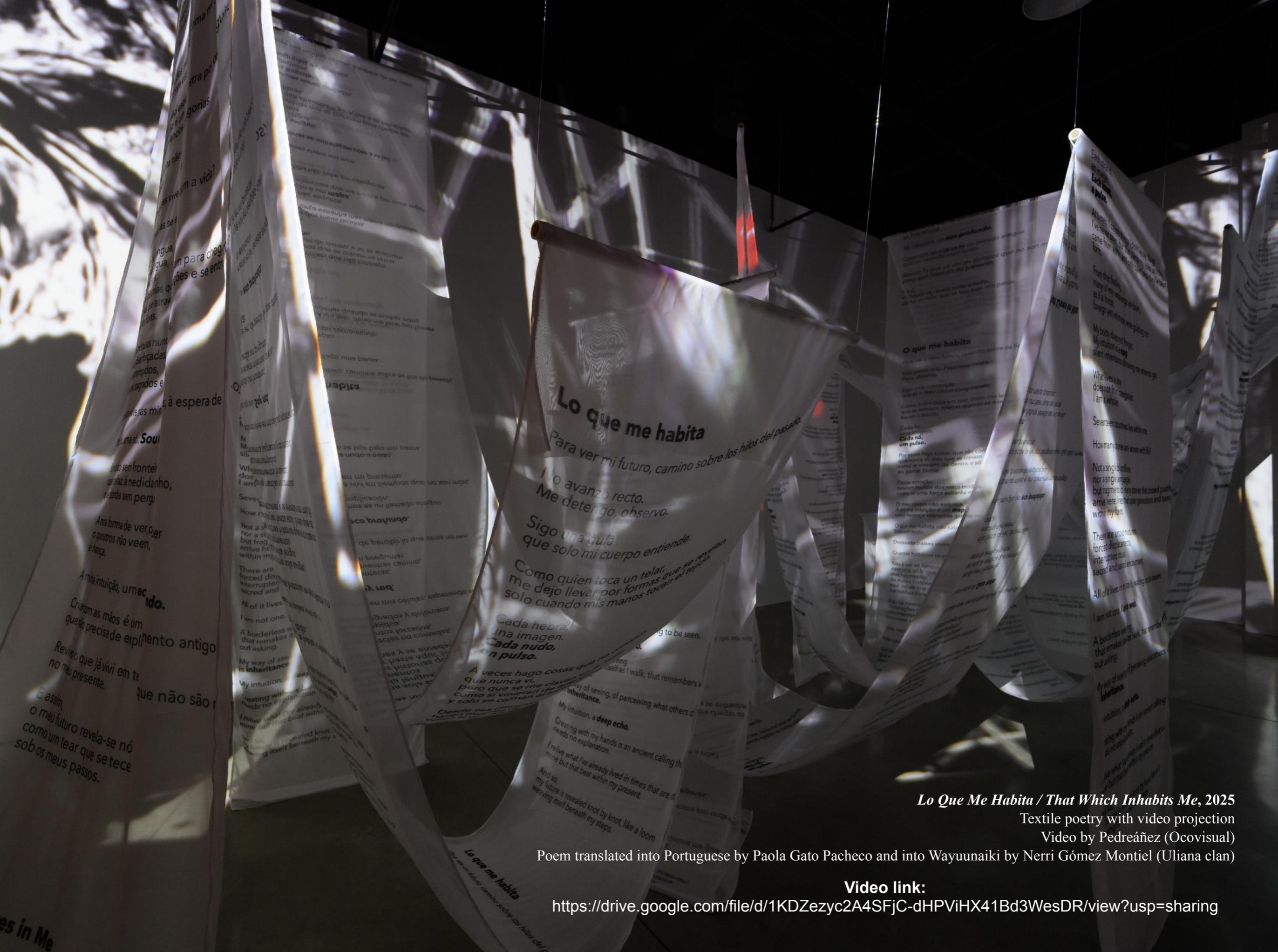
guiding me
me where to go

within me
with life?

that crossed paths
generations and things

that others do not
calling that
that are still
loom

O que me habita
Sou um todo.
Dezassete países vivem em mim.
Quantas histórias se entrelaçam com a vida?



Lo que me habita

Para ver mi futuro, camino sobre los hilos del pasado

No avanzo recto.
Me detengo, observo.

Sigo una guía
que solo mi cuerpo entiende.

Como quien toca un telar,
me dejo llevar por formas que se revelan
solo cuando mis manos tocan el telar.

Cada hebra
una imagen.
Cada nudo,
un pulso.

A veces hago cosas que me
que nunca vi,
pero que se me clavaron
como si vinieran de
y solo se caían al

My intuition, a deep echo.
Creating with my hands is an ancient calling that
needs no explanation.

I relive what I've already lived in times that are distant
mine but that beat within my present.

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

O que me habita

Para ver o meu futuro, caminho sobre os fios do passado

Não avanço reto.
Me detenho, observo.

Sigo uma guia
que só o meu corpo entende.

Como quem toca um tear,
me deixo levar por formas que se revelam
só quando as minhas mãos tocam o tear.

Cada fio
uma imagem.
Cada nó,
um pulso.

A vezes faço coisas que nunca vi,
mas que se me cravam
como se viessem de dentro, e só
caem quando as minhas mãos tocam o tear.

My intuition, a deep echo.
Creating with my hands is an ancient calling that
needs no explanation.

I relive what I've already lived in times that are distant
mine but that beat within my present.

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

Each lives in me

From that feeling
many of my essences are born,
as if a force
foreign yet intimate were guiding me.

My body does not forge
My intuition is a deep
echo that beats within me.

What lives in me
does not fit in categories.
I am a whole.

Seventeen countries live within me.

How many times are women with life?

Not a single blade,
nor a single angora,
but fragments of many stories that crossed paths
arrive here, in that quiet space and have
within my flesh.

There are unknowns
forced displacement
interrupted routes
sacred and profane encounters.

All of it lives in me, weaving in between.

I am not one. I am we.

A borderless being
that enables us to walk, that reminds us
of asking.

My way of seeing
is inheritance.

My intuition, a deep echo.
Creating with my hands is an ancient calling that
needs no explanation.

Lo Que Me Habita / That Which Inhabits Me, 2025

Textile poetry with video projection

Video by Pedreñez (Ocovisual)

Poem translated into Portuguese by Paola Gato Pacheco and into Wayuunaiki by Nerri Gómez Montiel (Uliana clan)

Video link:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1KDZezyc2A4SFjC-dHPViHX41Bd3WesDR/view?usp=sharing>



Faded Roots

We forget where we came from,
we forget where our parents came from.
We cling to borrowed dreams—
to foreign music, languages, and gestures.

Within them, we grew;
we made ourselves in time,
believing we finally belonged.
Until one day, we woke up...
and just when we thought we belonged to this land,
we discover we did not.

And we weren't from there either—
because no memories embraced us.

What we know are echoes,
shadows someone once told us
that faded away
without leaving a trace.

And when those we thought were kin arrived—
those who shared our streets and schools—
they looked at us differently.
They labeled us
for our skin, our shape, our voice.
They ignored that, at times,
we knew more of these stories
than they themselves did.

Color became a burden,
intonation, a wound.

And then we understood:
this, too, is not ours.

You feel the urge to tear your skin away,
to build another one
that uplifts who we were,
that remembers those we belonged to—
a skin that shouts its legacy,
that makes it alive, present.

Maybe, just maybe,
we wouldn't have lived among inherited ruins
nor grown with a borrowed identity.
Perhaps, just perhaps,
much of this...
would not exist.

Lisu Vega.

Sign language Video Link:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1Yle140oD6CaBumHY4-UxOGtyv8m3RZeA/view?usp=sharing>

Raíces Difusas (Faded Roots), 2025

Video installation with sign language, audio, braille, and printed poetry
Sign language interpretation by Lauren Mathes (ASL) and Denisse Simonian (LSE)
Dimension vary

Los Vacíos (entre la presencia y ausencia), 2025

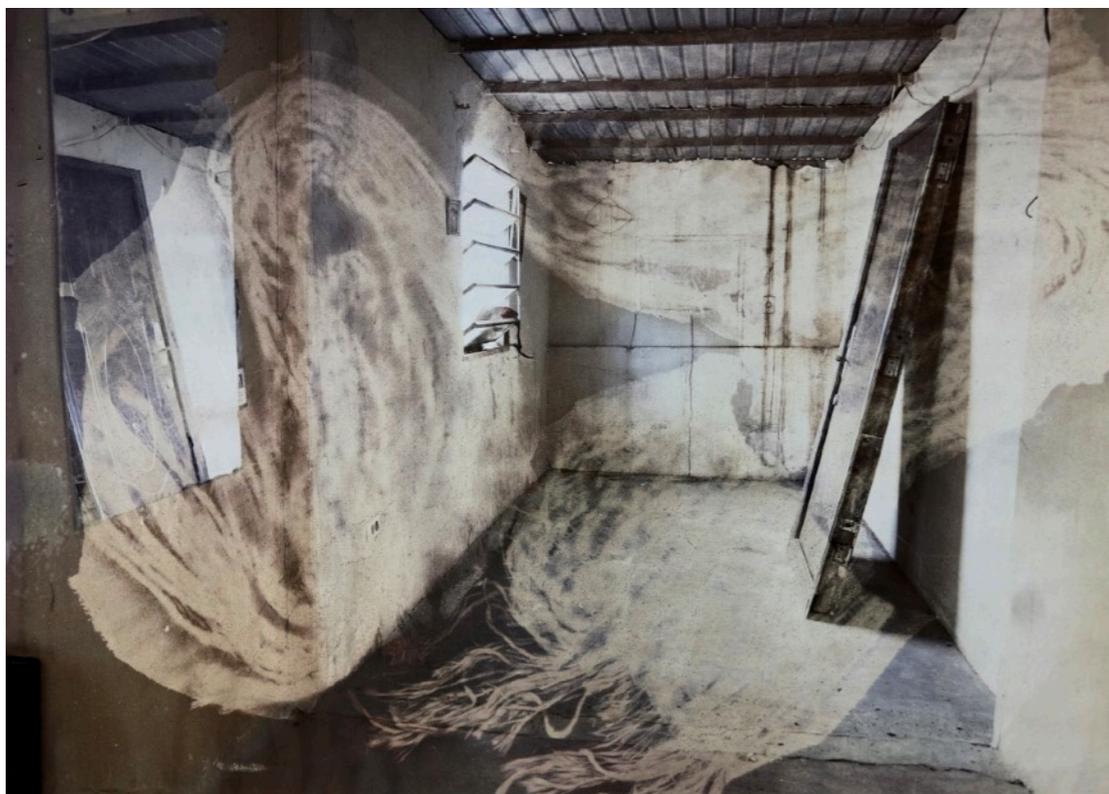
Photographic installation with poetic fragments
Twelve photographs on metal with magnifying lenses
4' x 6' inches
2025

Hay algo extraño entre la presencia y la ausencia, como si los recuerdos, apenas vagos, volvieran a mí y todo fuera posible, como si, al irme, el tiempo se quedara en pausa. Pero no. El vacío llega cuando menos lo espero, y el tiempo siguió su curso, igual que yo, que no me detuve.

There's something strange between presence and absence, as if faint memories return and anything becomes possible, as if when I left, time had paused. But it didn't. The emptiness arrives when I least expect it, and time continued on, as I did — I did not stop.

Algunos ya no están, algunos con
espaldas vueltas para despedirme, con
la esperanza de que en día
alguna, pero ya no hay regreso. Y
algunos algo me resisten, y luego
como una ola gigante.
Estaban allí, pero ya no están.
¿Qué habrá sido de mí? ¿Qué
habrá sido? ¿A qué venidero de vacío
seré yo?

Some are no longer here, those I
never get to say goodbye to,
hoping one day they might return
— but there is no return. Then
something calls to back, and it
comes like a great wave, wrapping
me, asking: what would have
happened if I had stayed? Would
the feeling of emptiness be the
same?



The empty spaces of this time toy with memory, heavy with recollection, bringing back what had been forgotten — as if time had stopped and everything I'd kept began to live again.

There's something strange between presence and absence, as if faint memories return and anything becomes possible, as if when I left, time had paused.

But it didn't. The emptiness arrives when I least expect it, and time continued on, as I did — I did not stop.

Some are no longer here, those I never got to say goodbye to, hoping one day they might return — but there is no return.

Then something calls it back, and it comes like a great wave, wrapping me, asking: What would have happened if I had stayed? Would the feeling of emptiness be the same?

Questions I will always ask; the answer will be: perhaps not.

Meanwhile I keep what I know: those I loved who are no longer here remain alive in my memories — the most sacred ones I have.

Lisu Vega.



Los Vacíos (entre la presencia y ausencia), 2025

Photographic installation with poetic fragments
Twelve photographs on metal with magnifying lenses
4' x 6' inches
2025

LISU VEGA

Lo Que Me Habita / That Which Inhabits Me

Curated by Sophie Bonet, Chief Curator, The Frank C. Ortis Gallery

October 16, 2025 – January 10, 2026

In *Lo Que Me Habita (That Which Inhabits Me)*, artist Lisu Vega interlaces memory, language, and material in a sensorial landscape where personal history and ancestral legacies converge. The exhibition unfolds across three installations, each inspired by Vega's poetry, and each drawing the visitor into an intimate encounter with belonging, displacement, and transformation.

Vega's practice emerges from an ethic of care—for the land, for the labor of materials, for the ancestral voices that course through her body. Rooted in sustainability and ritual, she transforms repurposed textiles, oxidized fibers, family photographs, and fragments of discarded processes into living matter. Nothing is wasted: ghost prints, residual paper, faded traces—all become co-authors of her work. In this cyclical ecology, even failure is fertile.

As a Venezuelan artist of Wayuu, Spanish, and Portuguese descent, Vega embodies the entangled inheritances of the Caribbean basin. From her Wayuu lineage, she carries the weaving sensibility of a matrilineal people who transmit cosmology and story through fiber. From her colonial lineages, she carries the ruptures of displacement, which she reworks and softens through a poetics of fragment, layering, and repair. The result is a polyphonic space where ancestries do not cancel each other but coexist—in tension, in repetition, in dialogue.

Language here is not only spoken or written but gestural, tactile, and plural. Poems in English, Spanish, and Portuguese overlap with sign language interpretations and translations into Wayuunaiki. Words ripple across cloth, hands, and voice, becoming textile themselves. This insistence on multiplicity, on refusing the singular, situates Vega's work in a decolonial framework, where silence is not absence but generative space.

The domestic sphere—her grandmother's abandoned home, a sewing machine, a bathtub, a mattress, a mango tree—emerges throughout as a ghost-body: layered, porous, marked by time. It is both absence and shelter, ruin and seed. Through this home-body, Vega stages memory as something not only inherited but inhabited, not only mourned but reanimated.

Ultimately, *Lo Que Me Habita* is less a static exhibition than a weaving-in-time: a cyclical act of remembering that is also an act of making. Through poetry, gesture, and the reclamation of discarded things, Vega offers a vision of healing in which what inhabits us—our scars, our languages, our ancestries—finds form, resonance, and release. Her practice resonates with **Theresa Hak Kyung Cha, Tecla Tofano, Mona Hatoum, Ann Hamilton, and Cecilia Vicuña**, who each transformed language, domestic space, and material into vessels of memory, resistance, and care.

Sophie Bonet