

__, Sweet __

Gabrielle Gonzales

Plywood, glass, thrifted fabric, screws, paint, led lights, plastic film.

The establishment of a permanent residency is a western concept that has gripped American idealism since colonization. Intertwining itself with the American dream, it is not only culturally crucial to own a house but socially crucial to own a house in a place, surrounded by people where it can become a home. Since moving to Colorado, the pressure of this concept has become more prevalent in my life. As a 22-year-old, I cannot say I fully understand what a home is to me yet. The lack of desire for permanency reflects as insatiability, causing guilt for the feeling of being dissatisfied. As a person that holds marginalized identities, feeling “at home” seems unreachable, and at times, unrealistic. Though, disheartening, I began to feel a greater magnetism towards concepts that liberate the emotions I have struggled with. I was drawn to nomadism and nomadic ideals; finding comfort that, I too, refuse to resign in an infertile place, seeking an environment that provides optimal possibilities and opportunities. Though American idealism is still placed on pedestals, I no longer find a need to appease these ethics as I connect more with my culture as a Mexican and Indigenous person.

