Throughout history, curiosity, misunderstanding and misconceptions has often led to death and displacement. Humans and non-humans have sacrificed their lives by the millions to aid in human “discovery”. When observing a 28-year-old rescued parrot, who I share my life with, there are many relatable questions raised. I wonder if she longs to find her community. I wonder if the indigenous birds see her as no longer a bird because she is void of original language and rituals, a “culture vulture”, not enough like a bird, or too much like a human.

To assimilate is to assume that one has a profound understanding and has become similar to the those around them. Inherited genetics, trauma and knowledge is resistant to assimilation and feels like a vibration in the body while it works its way to the surface.

The choice to conceal, assimilate and relocate (from Sápmi) was made by my family three generations ago in order to escape genocide caused by religious misconceptions and dominion. Through process, material and form, this work addresses my desire to understand the overwhelming idea of displacement, birthright and the debts we must pay with our body and mind in order to fit in and survive.