**Statement**

In thinking about *Habitat*, we thought about harm, we thought about private property and ownership. We thought about stewardship and care. We wanted to make a space for listening and to explore that space. In retrospect, we can see what happened. Artist Maria Lee shared some stories about habitats with poet Kate Northrop. A story about mycelium, a story about cockroaches, a story about a packrat’s nest. Kate was drawn to the rat and nest of the rat. She took notes from the telling of the story and reimagined (co-imagined?) the story into a poem. Maria made a painting of the feathered packrat’s nest and letterpress printed the poem alongside.

**Artist’s Biography**

Maria Lee makes books, prints, collages & paintings. She was born and raised in Hawaii and lives in Tucson, AZ where she received an MFA in printmaking from the University of Arizona. She works as a conservation technician for the National Park Service but is about to relocate to the South of France this summer.

**Writer’s Biography**

Maria Moved the Shed

There, between earth and where the floor had been, a pile of debris—

A nest, exposed and throbbing at the center of our attention, like a toothache—

The edges we saw were made up of shit, bits of twig, and further in, were three or four pieces of cactus, bitten out of; the front feet of a mouse, its toes splayed like wires inside a light bulb. The rat stayed absent and we stood looking like we look at accidents, saw then another thing, tucked around back, a hollow egg-shape built, or blown, from feathers fluttering in the breeze. It was still, as a barn on a hill, or a cup washed up in a gutter, with an opening at the wider end through which the rat went to sleep? Inside we imagined a spacious place, a sort of quiet we could not let go—

Took photos, and learned from Maria later, it deflated on her deck chair, slowly over a number of days.