Z'otz* Collective

They travel with their house inside and a world of illusions. Their *nahuales*, their guides, tell them stories and give them strength. Doubts and dreams illuminate their way, and give hope for a new sun. Winds feed their thirst and drive them to dissolve territorial limits. Their space shifts between an imaginary landscape and an inhabited environment. They could walk forever, but when the seed sprouted, they knew they arrived.

This is a homage to immigrant women and their families who have been forced to leave their native countries, due to the difficult situation created by the pandemic. There is insufficient work in most Latin American countries, and few social support programs. This leaves no other option than to depart in search for a better life.