

pearl press



ISSUE NO. 4: LOVE LETTERS

March 2021

This issue of Pearl Press features work from:

Thalita Regina

Isabelle Baldwin

Nick Goring

Linda Moses

Savannah Hardman

Cobi Timmermans

Molly Peters

Jamie Riva

Raisa Mikhaylova

Alexandra Brodsky

Marcy Palmer

Allison DeBritz

Jacob Grumulaitis

Fernanda Kock

Kristen LaSalvia

Bobby Redmond

Pengkuei Ben Huang

Ketevan Gvinepadze

Liliana Guzmán

Cover image: Marcy Palmer

Curated by: Delilah Twersky



quem ama tá vivo: Thalita Regina



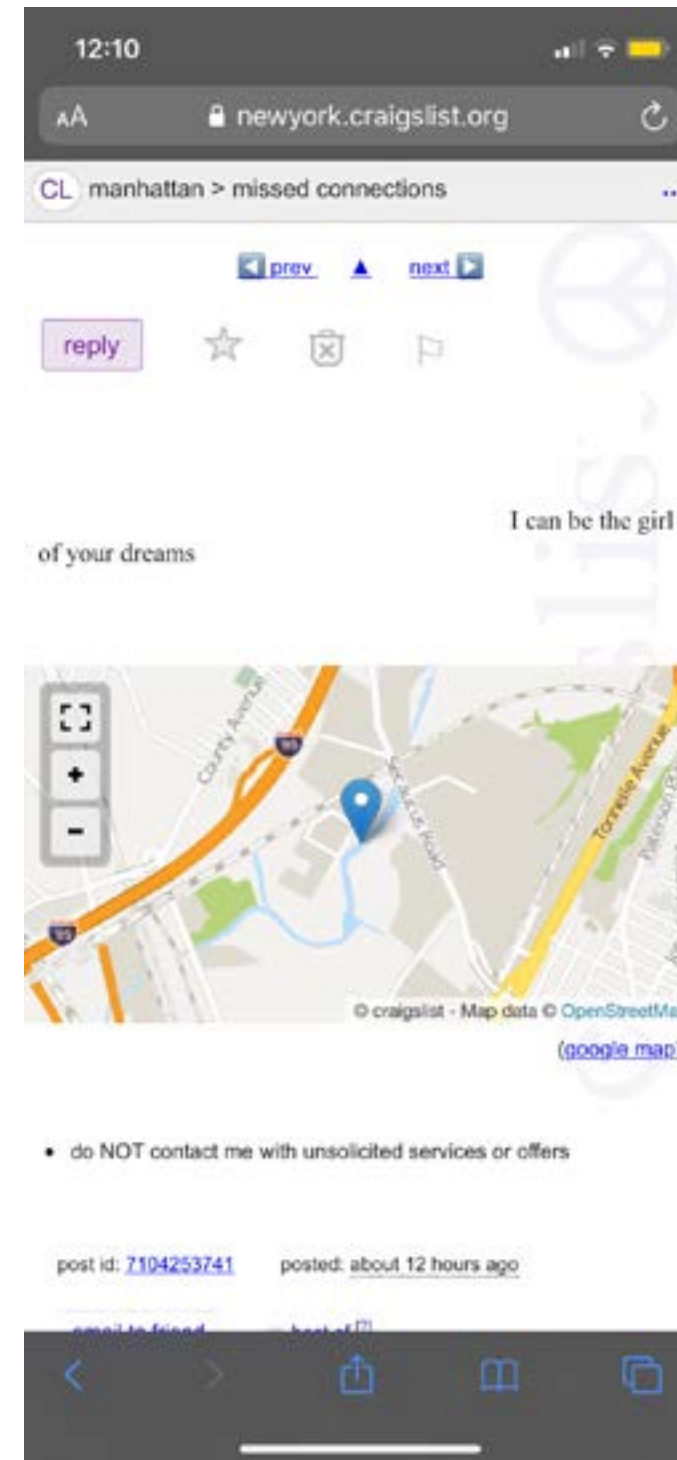
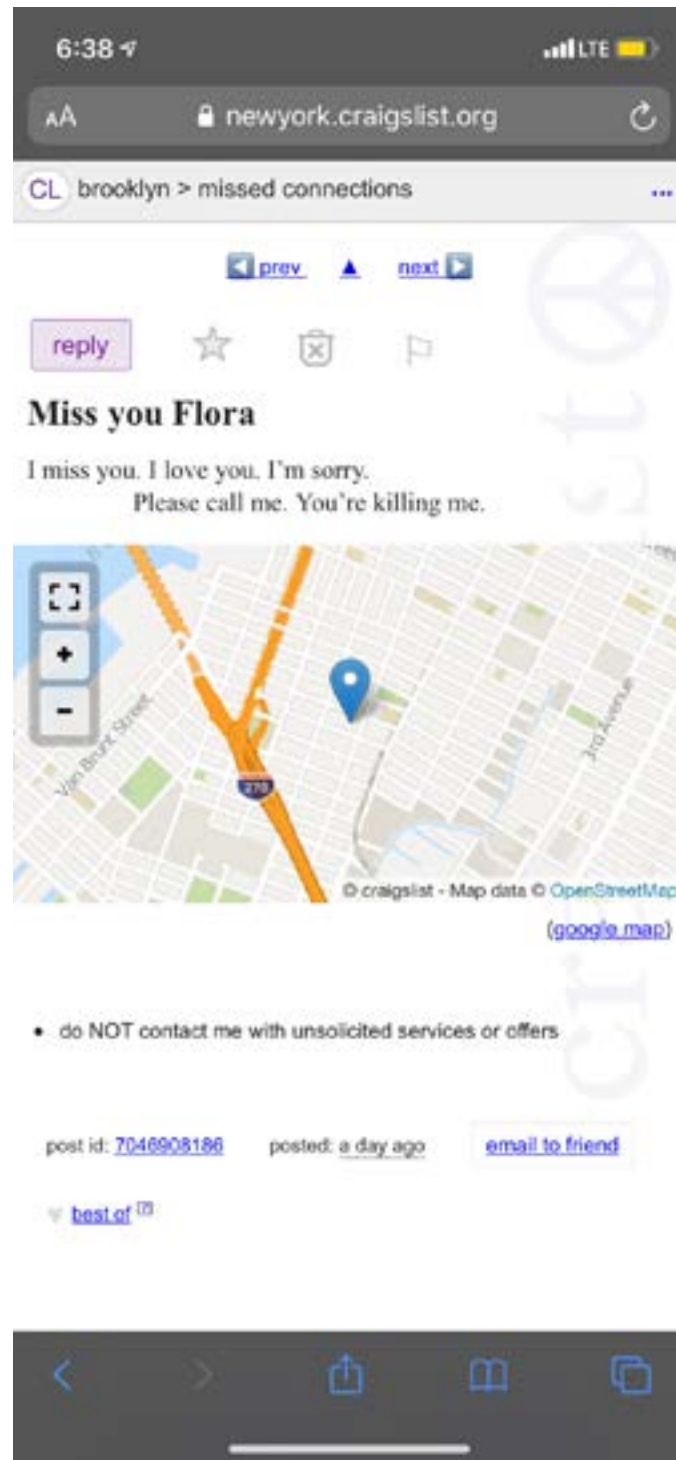
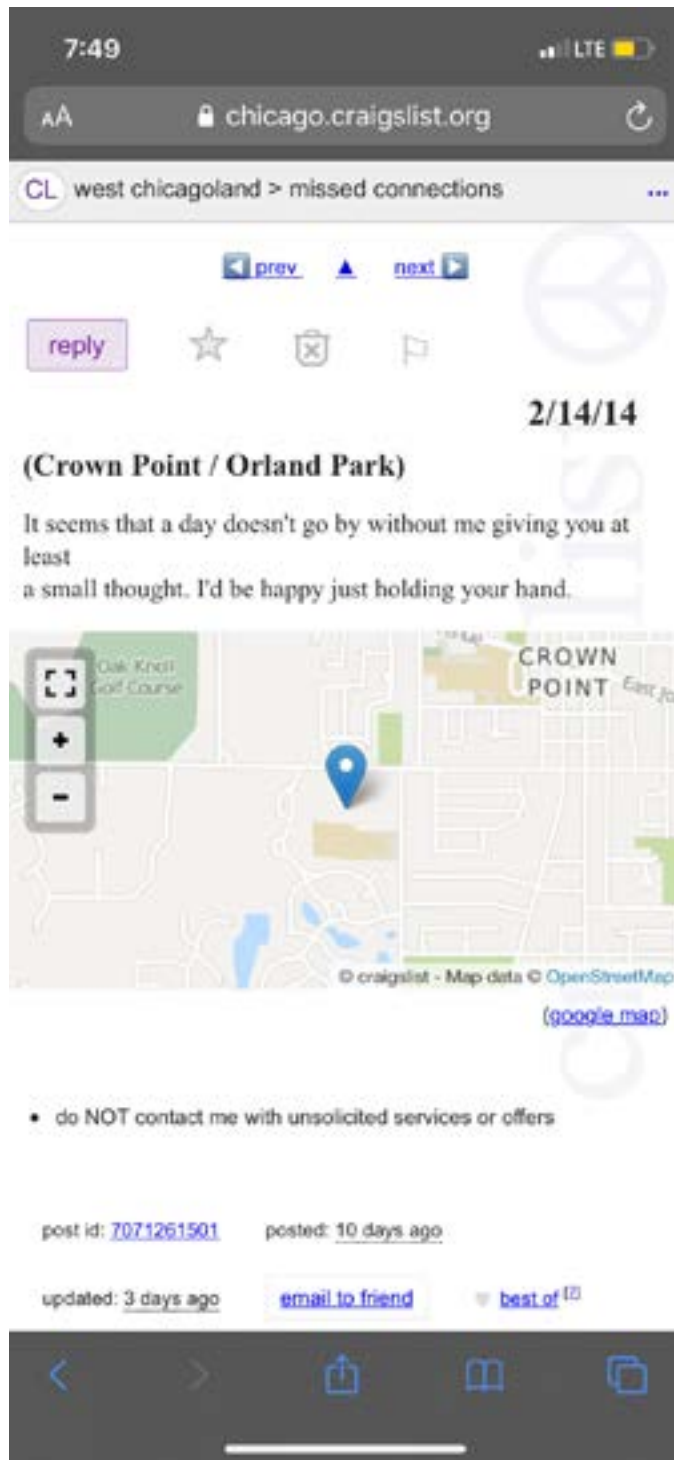
Matthew, 2019: Isabelle Baldwin



Untitled: Nick Goring



Tulips: Linda Moses



hope you know i'm in love with you too Series: Savannah Hardman

LIGHT OF MY LIFE

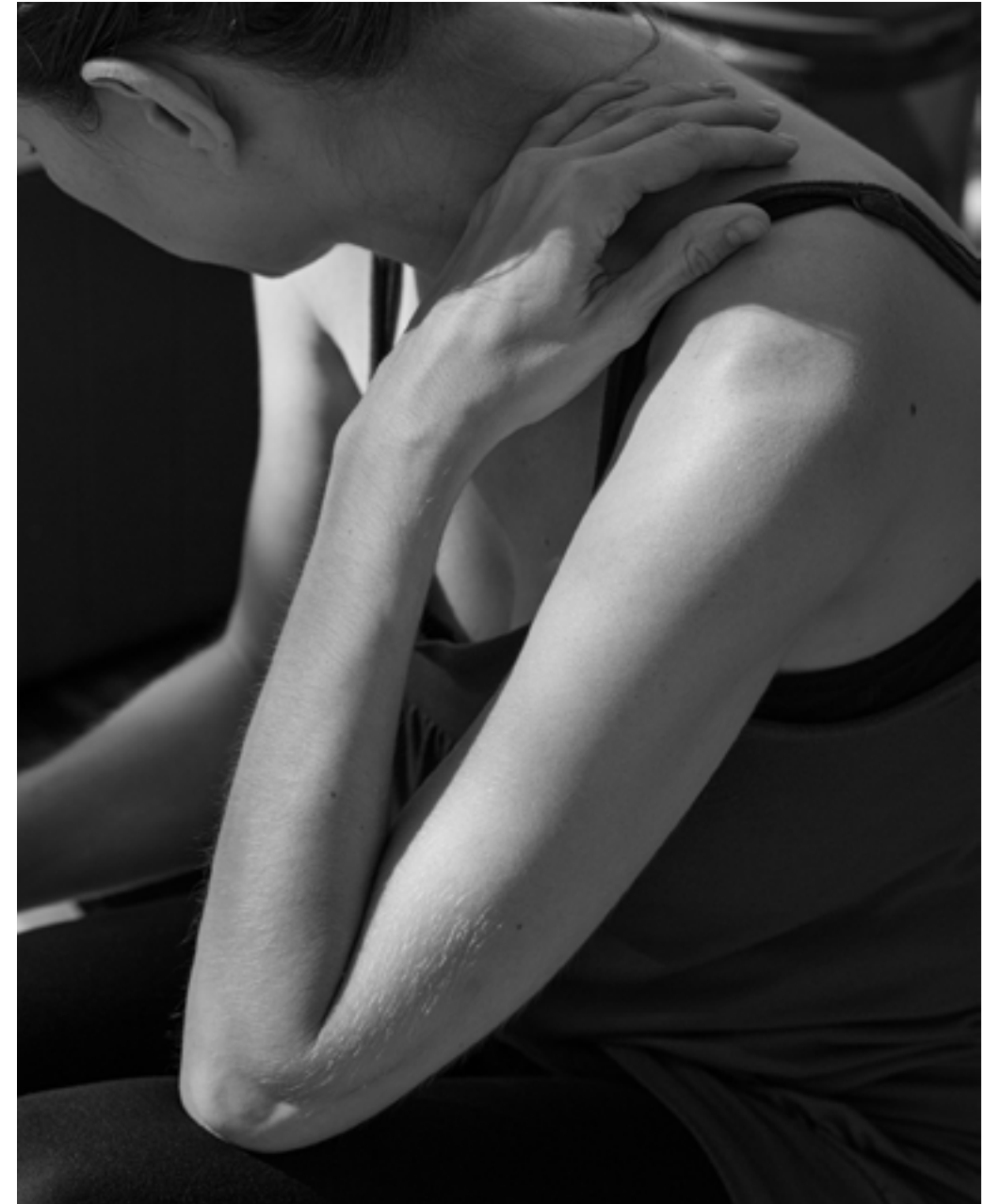
As cool darkness falls, I'll walk down dirt roads until I reach clear skies.
I'll reach up to sleeping Heaven and pluck the glittering specks of light.
Like glowing fireflies, I'll catch them in a jar, leave it on your doorstep
late at night.

When morning breaks and the sun awakes, I'll scoop up the sky with a ladle,
pour it in a glass bottle, leave it on your kitchen table.
It looks like orange juice, only sweeter,
only brighter.

Yet, these gifts I bear cannot compare to the one that shines before me. You,
with your rays of golden hair. The glow of your eyes; the blue of the moon.
The gleam of your smile; the light of my life. My labour of love seems done in vain;
to find a gift worthy of you.

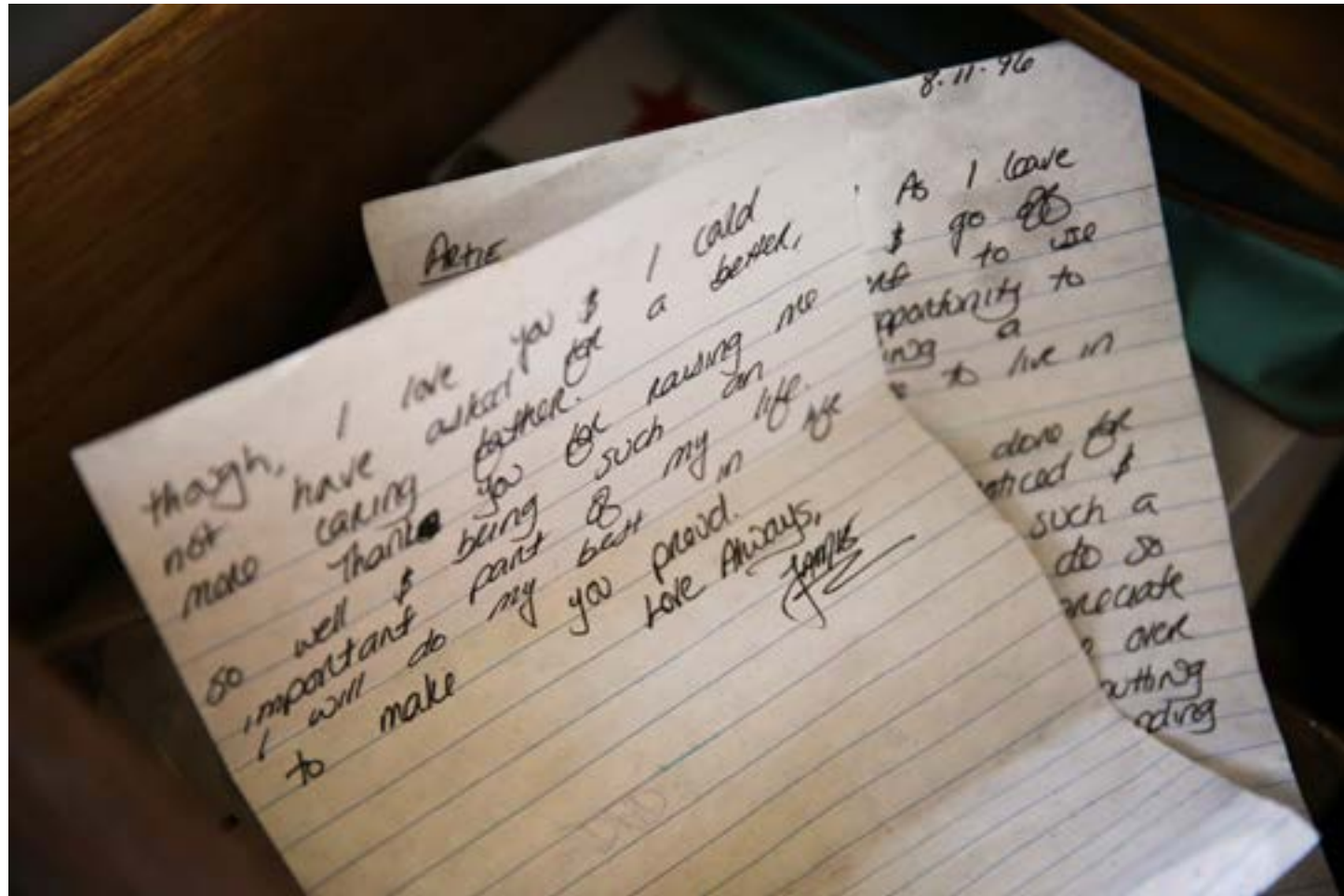
Here I stand, two gifts in hand.
The stars in one; the other, the sun.

Cobi Timmermans





Untitled: Nick Goring



My Father and the Mountain Series: Jamie Riva



My Father and the Mountain Series: Jamie Riva



As a child I once asked Mom, “When people meet in heaven, how do they recognize their loved ones? After all, a person in heaven cannot know how the one that died after her would change with age. How can they find each other?” “These are souls that meet in heaven”, my mom said, “And souls never age”.

A Letter From My Mom Series: Raisa Mikhaylova



Ava Floating, Lake Series, 2020: Alexandra Brodsky

Уг. Чомин. 6 июля 1985г. г. Москва
Родная моя девочка! Воскресенье
Обнимаю тебя и целую. Шир-то 3
Очень волнуясь, не забывая и
т.д. совсем не пишу тебе и
каждое утро. Идет у нас и
счастье все как-то, что ты
нездорове. Вспоминаю, что не знаю
тебе ни имя, ни фамилию.
Во всяком случае надо написать
каждому из нас. Спрашиваю
тебя, (мне спать) пошто-то
знаешь, что сейчас начинаются
дни из дня. Вот уже несколько
дней мы с мамой ходим на
даль. Если прохладнее, но-то
не помню...

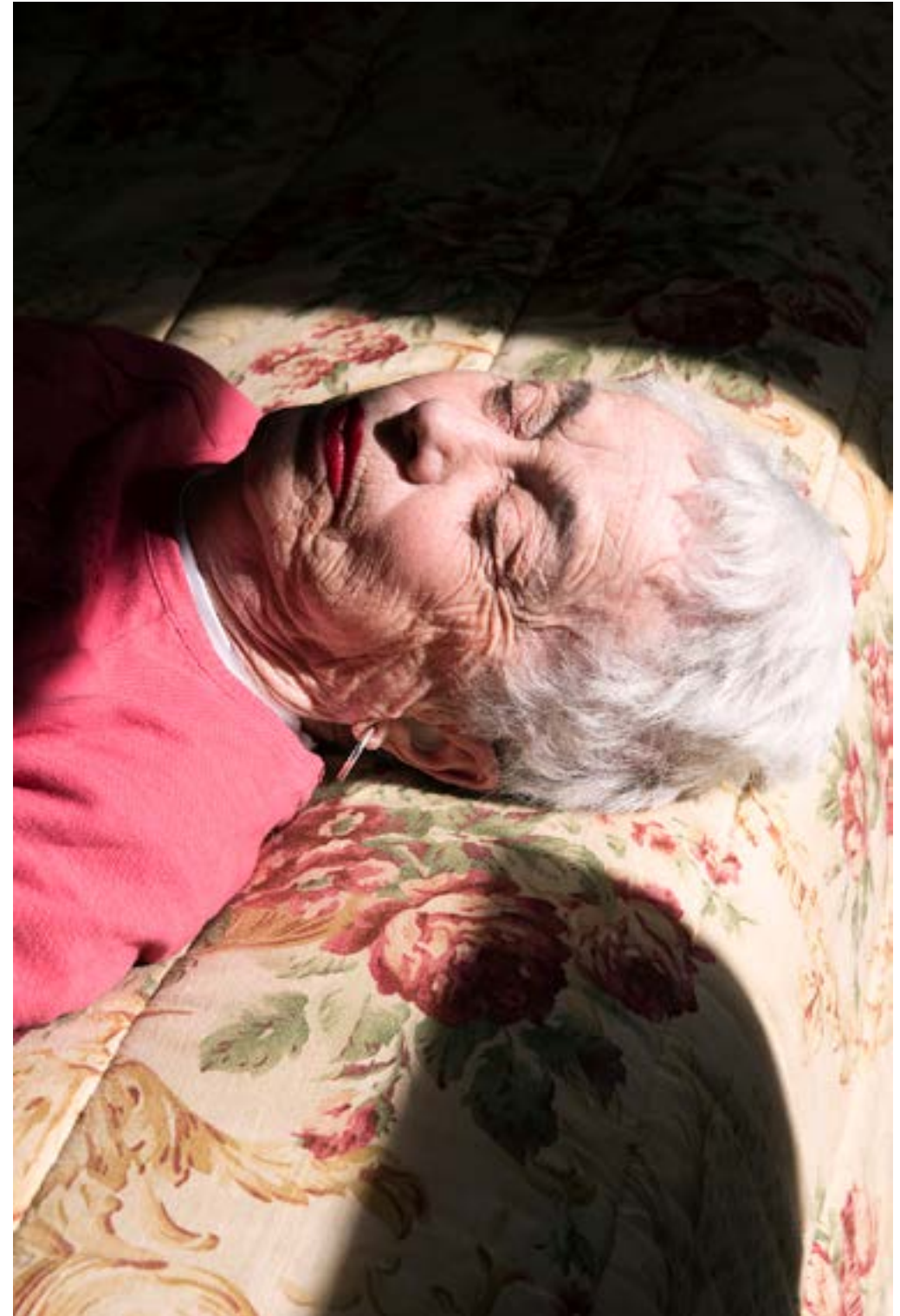
We used to write letters to each other. We left memos saying “gone to that place, will be back at that time” even when went away for half an hour. And if sent from far away, letters would take up several pages. They contained thorough descriptions of all events, films watched and books read. This letter Mom sent me when I was at a summer camp in Krasnodar region.



Once Was: Marcy Palmer



Elegant Petals: Marcy Palmer



gravity locked her in rotation Series: Allison DeBritz



I'm very thankful for your friendship. I pray that God will bless you and bring you joy as you go off to college. I'll miss you!

Love,
Matthew Chang



KANAKUK KAMPS
HONOR KAMPER
"I'M THIRD"



BLUE LAGOON 10101A
ICELAND
I used to love God, or at least I thought I did. I pursued him because I thought he loved me. Fitting that I still can not be with another person without following the same patterns. I should not attempt to love god without him being able to love all of me. Galatians 2:20 says because God did something sacrificial for you, you yourself must be crucified with them. His grand act of "love" comes with terms and conditions. It comes with an obligation. Recently I have been missing thinking about them a lot. I found my old cross nail necklace in a box of distant memories; I rubbed off the rust and decay of the chorm and string it around my neck. The necklace decided to mark my chest, decided to burn and irritate my body until I could not bear to wear it any longer. Some days I still pray to the god, but he never answers back. I started to pray, realized I do not carry this obligation any more, so I took the necklace off and returned it to the box under my bed. Thank god I can finally see that speaking into nothing seems better than someone actually answering back. I still pray sometimes, to someone I do not believe in, because at a love I do not believe in anymore.

Jacob Grumulaitis



Letter to God: Jacob Grumulaitis



ARTUR Series: Fernanda Kock



Ashes on the Cabin Mantle: Molly Peters





Evening: Bobby Redmond



Court: Bobby Redmond

前略
陸前高田市の出身の者です。
震災前の帰省の時は、高田の町や松原を義妹の自転車で散歩し、
故郷を懐きみました。
しかし大震災では、義妹を津波で亡くし、実家は床上浸水の被害を
受けました。義妹は、しっかり者で周りの皆から頼られていました。
私が上京する時、いつも「また来てくださいな」と言ってくれ、今でも
心に残っています。
その後の母は（八十才すぎ）、男孫（高校生）の母親代わりも務め、
気を張って暮らしました。弟は、妻を亡くしても多くは語らず、
仕事に励んでいました。お盆だけだった帰省が、春とお盆と秋の
三回になりました。
最後は嫁の世話になると思っていた母は、昨年四つの病院を転院し
他界しました。「町（土地）が変わった、人も変わった」と言いながら。
弟は、晩年の母の食事、お風呂などの介護をし、病院通いもしました。
弟には、感謝の気持ちがいっぱいあります。

TRANSLATION:

I was born in Rikuzentakata.

I often borrowed my sister-in-law's bike to get around the town and the pine field nearby when I returned to my beloved hometown prior to the disaster.

But the tsunami took my sister-in-law's life and the house was flooded. She was a hard working and dependable woman. When I decided to move to Tokyo she often told me to come and visit again. These words still ring in my heart...

Since then, my mother took up the task of taking care of her grandson without hesitation. As for my brother, he worked his heart out without talking too much about his wife's passing. For me, once a year homecoming has turned into a three times a year ordeal.

Last year, while my mother was being transferred from four hospitals said "the city has changed after the disaster, so have people..." Those were her last words before she passed away. My brother provided care to our ailing mother at the hospitals. He tirelessly looked after our mother, from her food to her hygiene, while diverting his time between home and the hospital.

I can't thank my brother enough...



Soul Calling Series: Pengkuei Ben Huang



Sammy Sleeping, 2020: Alexandra Brodsky



The Red Thread Series: Ketevan Gvinepadze



Untitled, 2020: Alexandra Brodsky

ONIONS

I think there
are ~~many things~~ maybe five things
that make me cry;
A book I read, ~~one~~
or two songs, the
thought of never
seeing you again
and onions.

Liliana Guzmán



Thank you for reading.
For more updates check @pearl.press on Instagram.

www.pearl-press.com

Delilah Twersky
Pearl Press
©2021