

pearl press



ISSUE NO. 2: COWBOYS

November 2020

This issue of Pearl Press features work from:

Sabine Rovers
Kristen Bartley
Sam Light
Loren Toney
Melissa Efrus
Abbi Newfeld
Remington Smith
Julia Dunham
Luke Pardy
John O'Toole
Carolina Colantuoni
David Miller
Olivia Noss
Ellie Musgrave
Vanessa Vargas

Cover image: Sabine Rovers
Curated by: Delilah Twersky



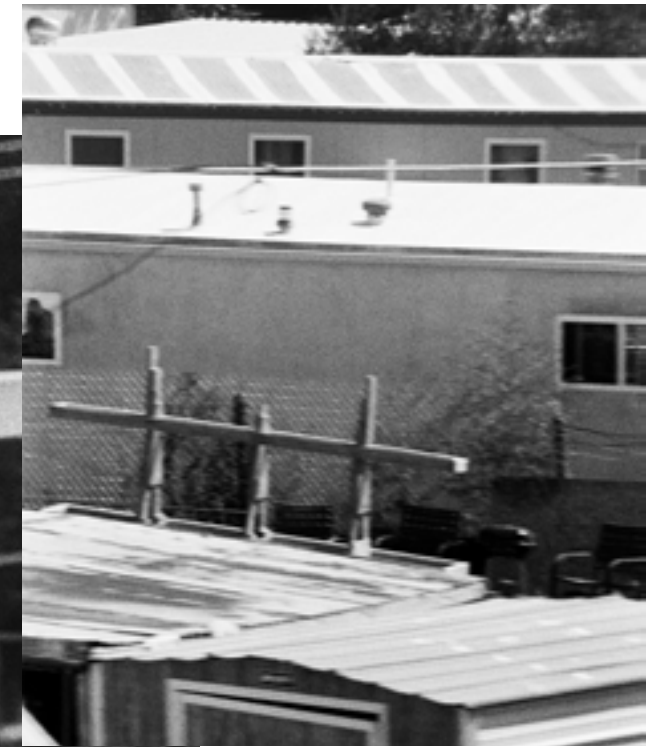
Untitled: Sabine Rovers



Untitled: Kristen Bartley



Untitled: Kristen Bartley



Train: Zoom/Crop: Sam Light



Dad and Chief: Loren Toney

IN THE MORNING

Jesse's neighbor takes a scissor to the overgrowth reaching from his yard into theirs
In the morning, a small animal tiptoeing beneath Jesse's bedroom window sounds a lot like his neighbor trimming the plants
In the morning, a sun's yolk begins to drip slowly into day
In the morning, I encourage the shell to crack
In the morning, a puzzle of language flipped over piece by piece
In the morning, we arrange the border
In the morning, we begin to decipher the image
In the morning, Jesse's neighbor tosses the overgrowth back into his yard
In the morning, we sit in a circle and join hands
In the morning, the glow and shadow of ferns projects onto our skin
In the morning, we ask
In the morning, we wonder
In the morning, I pour last night's light thru a funnel into a jar for later today
In the morning, we value what we have
In the morning, we value recycling
In the morning, there is a pearl in your mouth
In the morning, we take the grain and follow it with our tongues
In the morning, I tie a knot thru a gap in the moon
In the morning, I lead myself on a leash
In the morning, I am glad
In the morning, I do not speak
In the morning, you let a ribbon spiral out of you and you follow it as it blows in the wind

Melissa Efrus



Visible Man: Abbi Newfeld



Untitled: Remington Smith



Untitled: Sabine Rovers



Back of Billboard: Julia Dunham



Footprints: Luke Parady



Welcome: John O'Toole



Untitled: Sabine Rovers



I WOULDN'T SMUGGLE
CIGARS FROM MONTREAL
IF YOU ASKED ME TO, BUT
IF SOMEONE ELSE ASKED
ME, I MIGHT

In the canyon I crossed a con man
He asked me can I really call him a con man
Just because he brokers real estate
I said yes, but that's not all
We laughed then
We sang showtunes in big voices
Oklahoma! and The Music Man
Told cowpoke stories 'round my lamplight
I have no cups to fill or empty
Or I told him that

David Miller



Untitled Series: Olivia Noss

SUMMER'S COUSIN

The evening sweeps across the bare plane of earth, the last of the day glinting at the corner of his eye. In the distance, clouds pool at the edge of the sky, where tomorrow's crystal-blue daybreak will shatter into a storm. Pale waves of moon ripple through the dark grass, its sheen hissing along with the rumbling night sky. Lightning sets the expanse in a flash of purple-white haze, and all is black again. Then she is with him in the shrouded spot with tiled walls where the faucet runs ragged down her skin, and her brown hair runs deep spider-veins around her neck, her cheeks. As her jaw falls open, her dull brown-black eyes blink up at him. Afterward, he would watch her squint underneath a white towel and hear her muffled laugh. For a long time, he had nightmares of desert storms, of waking up in an unfamiliar sandscape with nothing to guide him, not even the moon. He sat at the edge of the bed, night after night, and shook his head until the floor stopped sinking beneath his toes, and he traced empty circles on her stomach from behind until he fell asleep again. She hadn't understood it at all, which made it easier for him to step out one night and not think of coming back to their apartment again. Tonight, his fingers sift through the grass as he walks. The air is cool with the breath of summer's cousin, and as the last of the stars peek out over the trees, their leaves bottom-up, the storm winds reverberate through the forest, swirling before wrapping around the trunks. He shuts his eyes. He is home.

Ellie Musgrave



Untitled: Vanessa Vargas



Harsh Home: Carolina Colantuoni



Untitled: Sabine Rovers

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Delilah Twersky
Pearl Press
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