

pearl press



ISSUE NO. 7: UNORTHODOX

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This issue of Pearl Press features work from:

Stephanie Taiber

Armando Zamora

Edward Gia

Alvin Ng

Ariella Gibson

Megan Hill

Sam Light

Kira Walz

Brian Lau

M. Apparition

Kailyn Hooley

Emily Mueller

Jenica Heintzeman

Cover image: Armando Zamora

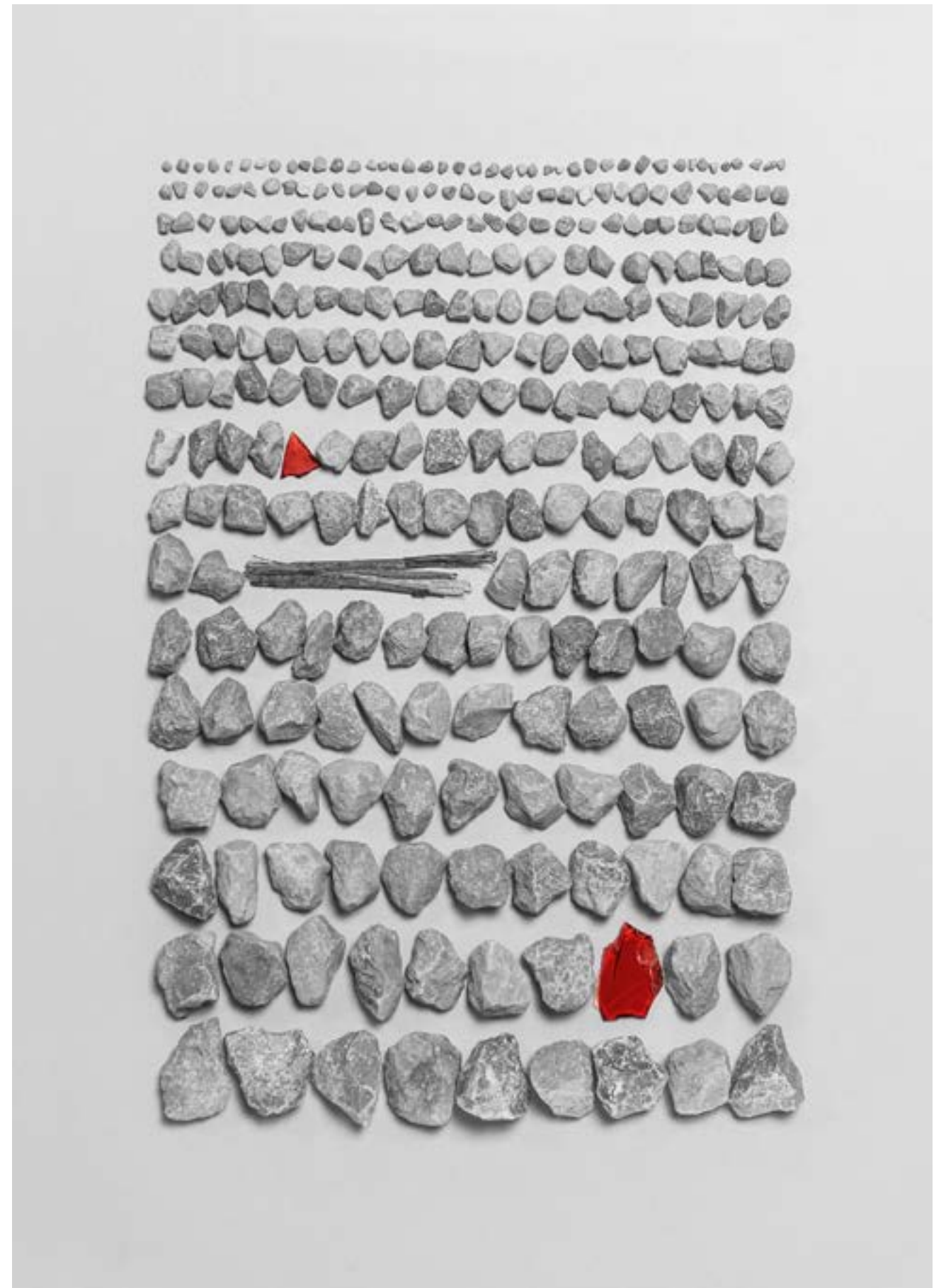
Curated by: Delilah Twersky



Frost Boil: Stephanie Taiber



is that all there is?: Armando Zamora



Solid Objects: Stephanie Taiber



que esta luz sea tu guía, 2021: Edward Gia



Mary, Mother of Jesus, 2020: Edward Gia



It is both formless and eternal like water,
temperamental like the wind,
the light that guides with clarity but yet, blinding.
The darkness that is both foreboding and intriguing,
the warm presence of a lover in a stranger.



is that all there is?: Armando Zamora



Pleasure Me This: Ariella Gibson



A New World, 2019: Edward Gia

CHANGELING

She has a dead chicken in Her freezer,
feathers not plucked.
I didn't mean to look
but I was seeking relief
as I sweat in Her attic with the window open
and the Passersby gawks.

And He sees my nakedness
And I stare back at Him
And My flesh feels heavy.

She brings me breakfast in the morning.
I do not know these strange fruits;
they grow on the street - but She tells me
to not pluck them and eat them
they are dirty
they must be washed.
the juice of the clean fruit
runs down My quiet lips.

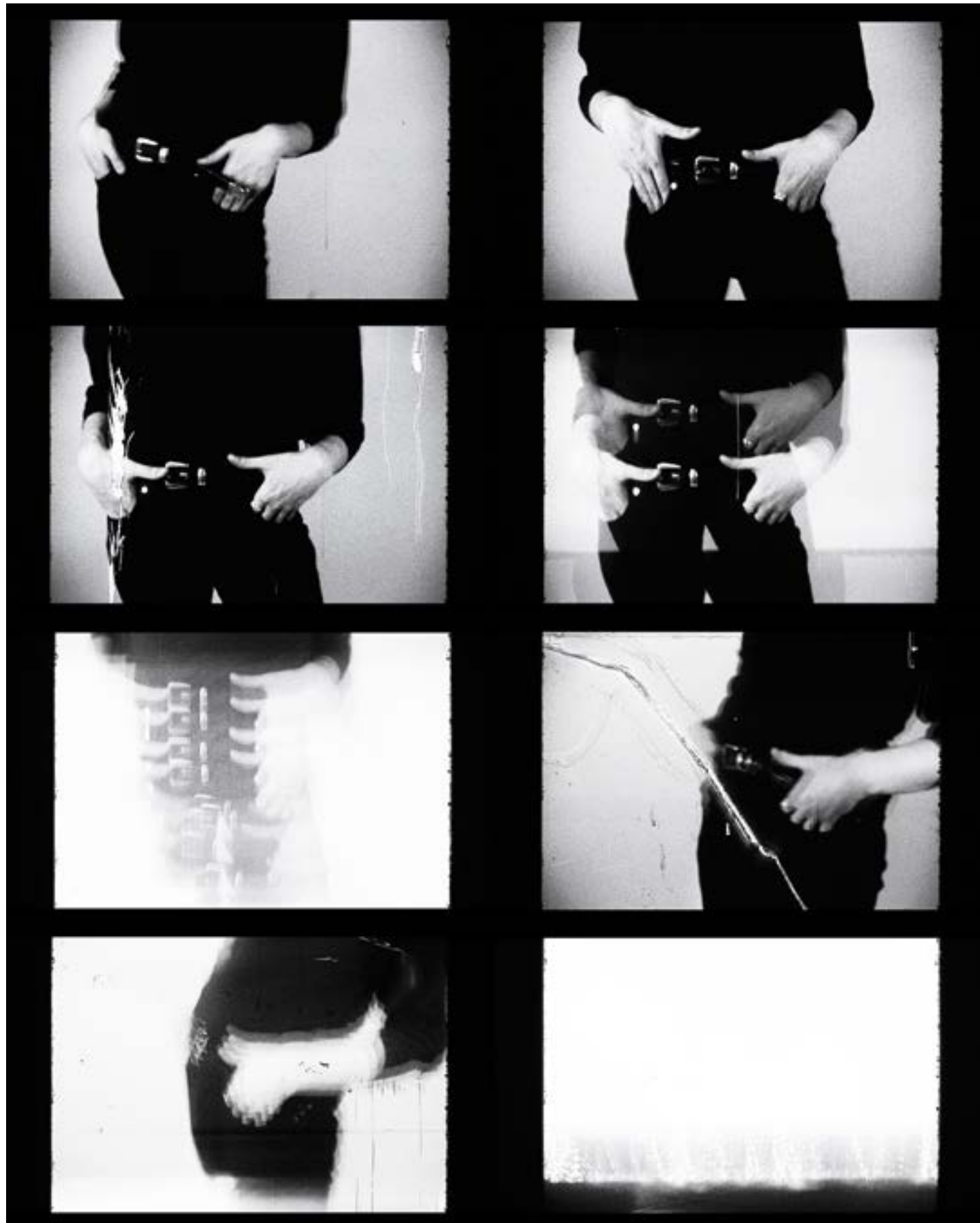
Her children run around Her ankles
while My uterus sheds into Her toilet
and My sin stains Her sheets
but My blood washes out easy
but My flesh feels heavy.

The heat boils and bears down
breaking Me.
I sweat in this body.
She takes Me to the mountain pool
and She sees My nakedness

and My flesh feels heavy
and My flesh feels empty
and My flesh feels foreign

and the Passerby gawks
and Her dead chicken thaws.

Megan Hill



A Short-Lived Fault, 8 Stills from 16mm Film Self Portrait, 2017-2021: Sam Light



Pleasure Me This: Ariella Gibson

WHAT I WANT TO TELL YOU IS THAT I AM ALWAYS HEARTBROKEN.

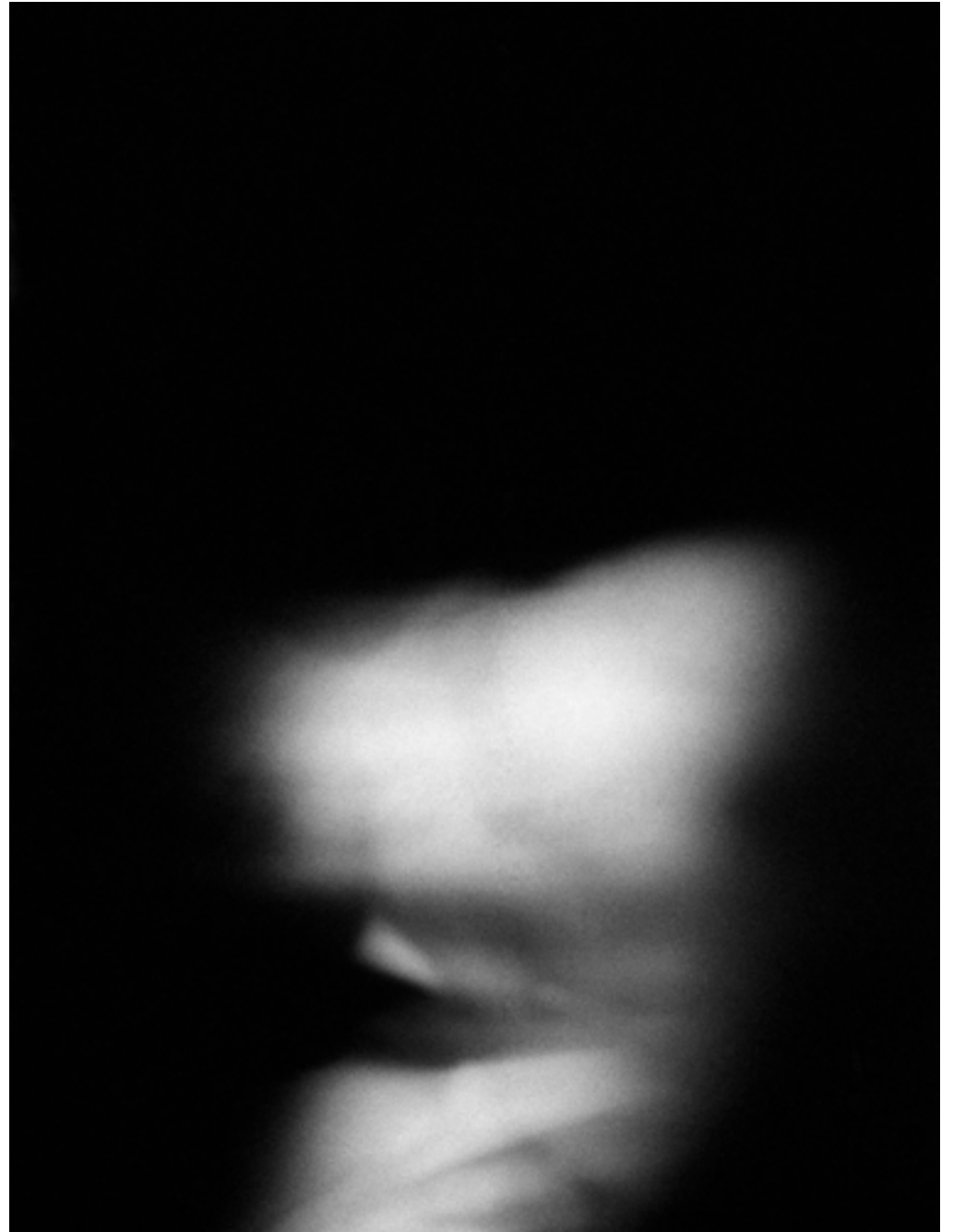
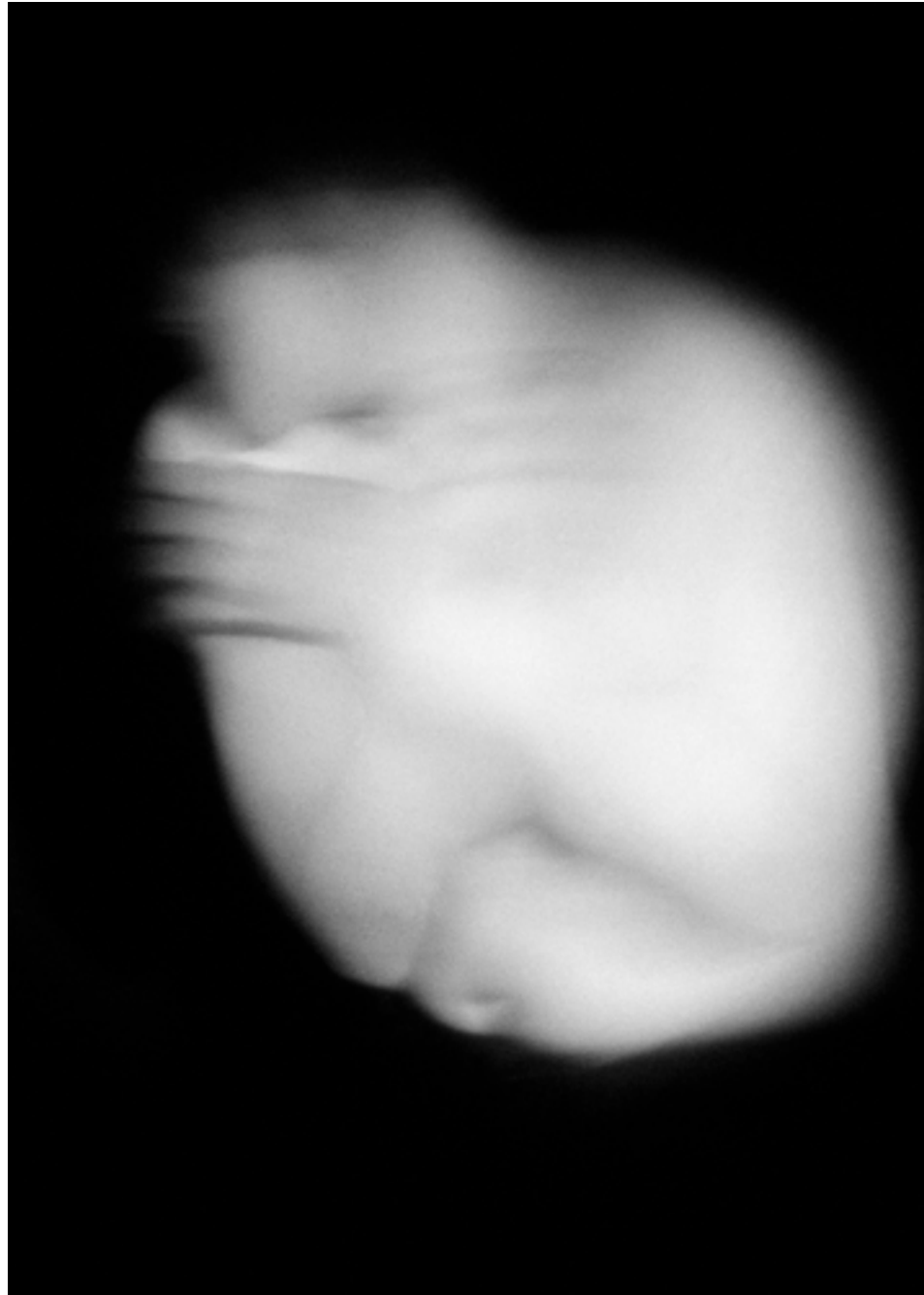
I am always in grief. It is this grief that also brings joy, a sense of balance. But I want to make it clear: I am always heartbroken. The grief that one feels at knowing that you're not supposed to be here, not supposed to be who you are, only to be accepted in fractions, is always there. It is in the slight things. It's a slow, grating sense of rejection. It's the feeling of only ever partially being allowed at the table. Of wondering if you can use your real pronouns on your university application or if you have to play by their gender game. It's being confused when someone who doesn't know you well enough, refers to you as "she" to another person and you have twenty seconds of wondering who the hell they're talking about before you realize: it's you. It's laughing when your parents send a happy birthday card to their "dearest daughter" even though y'all have talked about it before. Numerous times. It's wondering sometimes if it's really worth all of the effort.

It is always lonely.

I turn to poets who have more to say than me.

Kira Walz

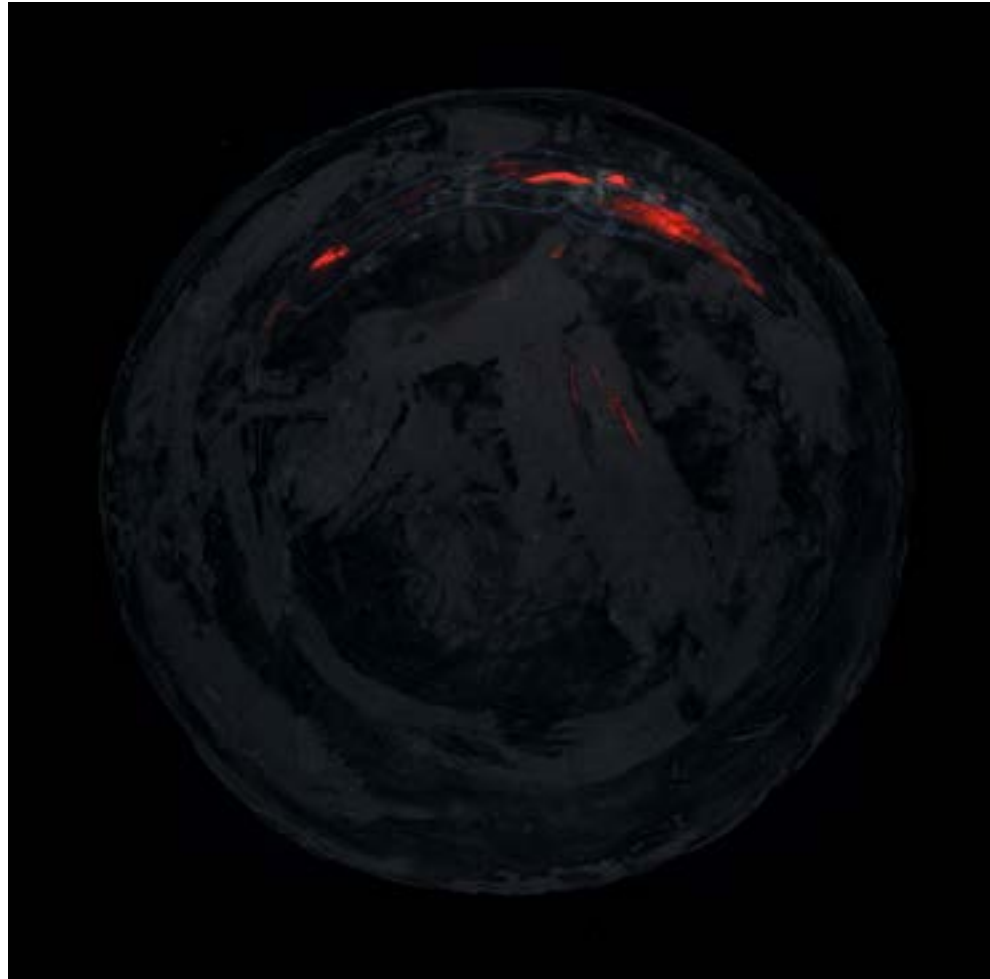




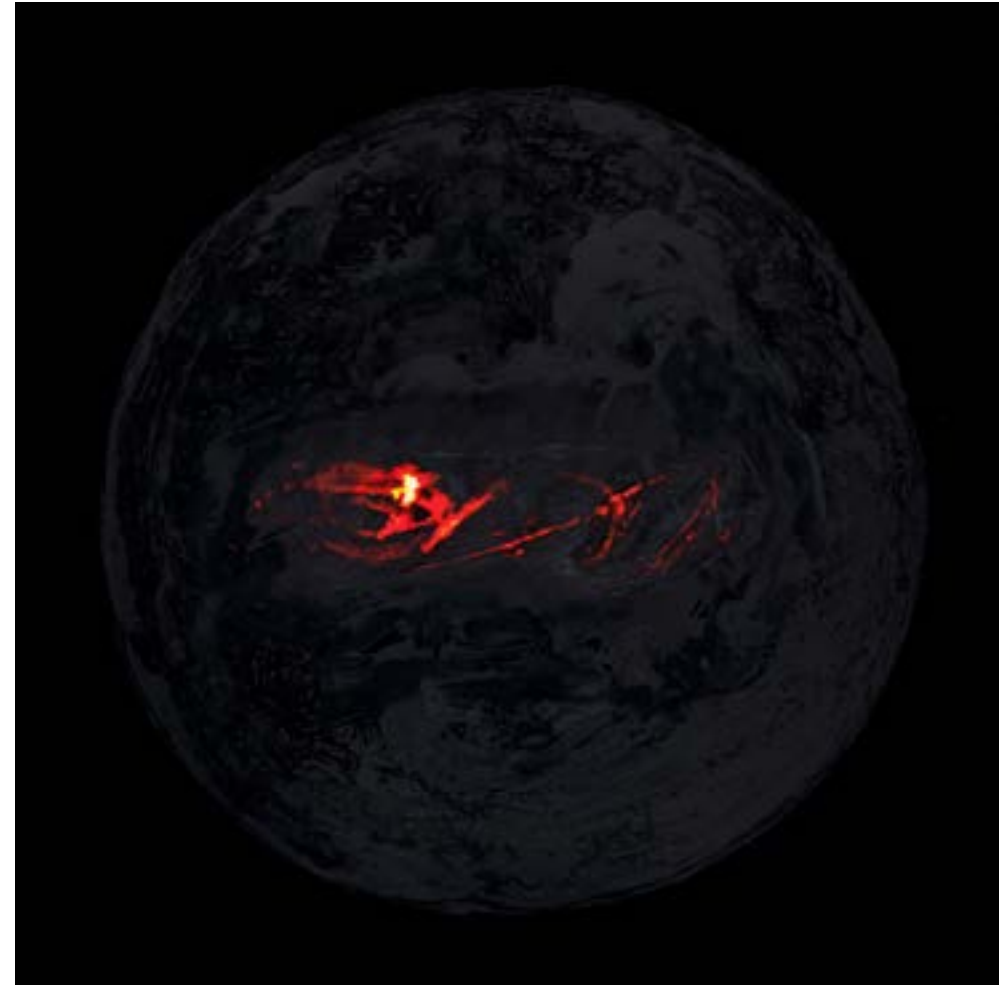
Take Me: Kira Walz



We're Just Here For the Bad Guys: Brian Lau



A Portion of the Universe/The Bright and Hallowed Sky 2-2-17-2: M. Apparition



A Portion of the Universe/The Bright and Hallowed Sky 2-14-17-1: M. Apparition



I was the same, but different somehow: Kailyn Hooley



Untitled: Emily Mueller



Untitled: Emily Mueller



PRAYER

Not good but gold
ten cent prayer
electric candle flickering
on -
while the murals decay
--
is that statue watching me?
do you think they can understand?
if they knew what we say
maybe we'd catch flame
--

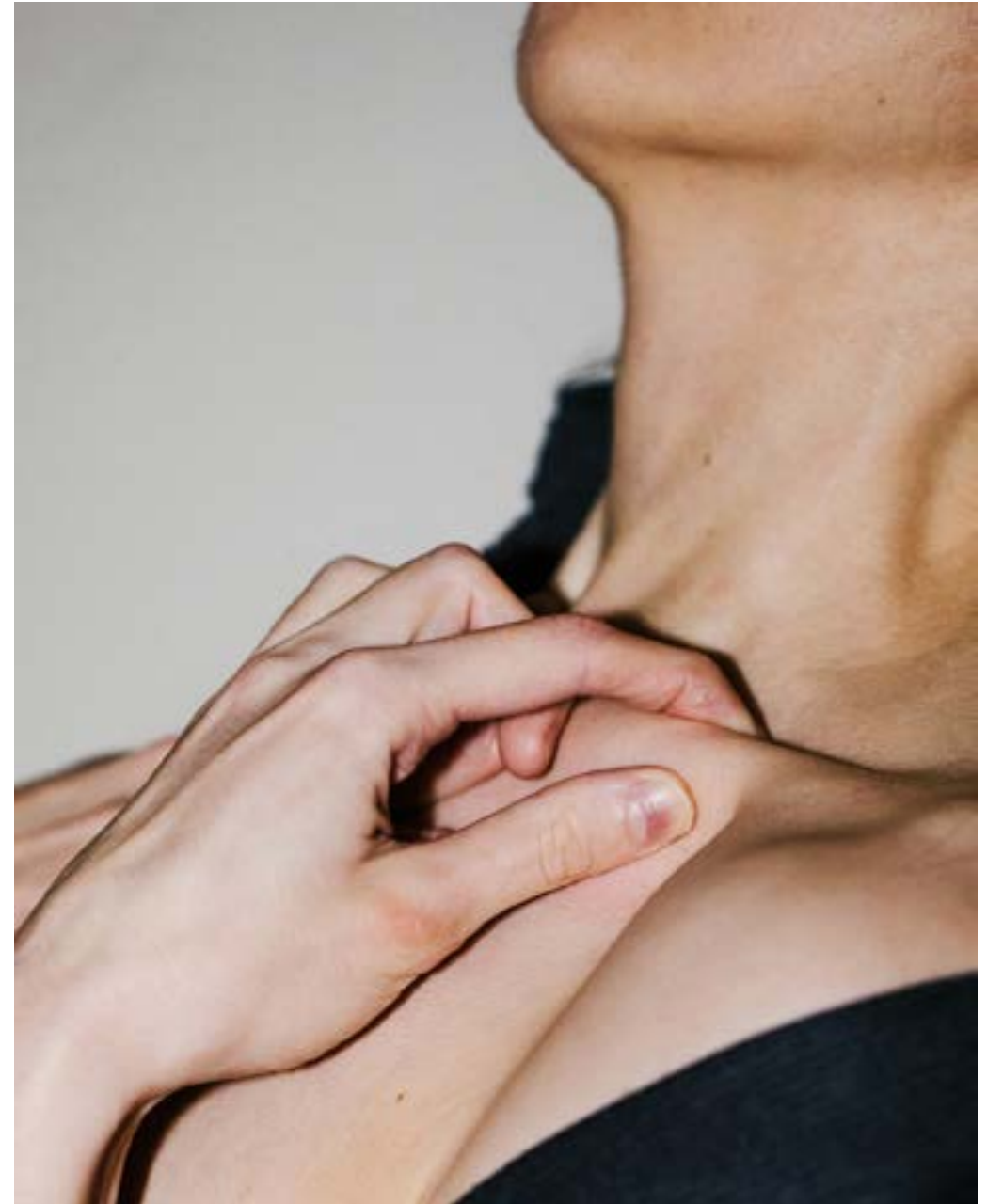
two hundred years
isn't that old
-
the electric candles
don't catch fire
as the world around us
burns -
not good but gold

we laugh sacrilege.

Megan Hill



Two Feet: Jenica Heintzelman



Clavicle: Jenica Heintzelman

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

www.pearl-press.com

Delilah Twersky
Pearl Press
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