

pearl press



issue no. 28: utopia

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This issue of Pearl Press features work from:

Hunter Mathews, David Salcedo, Long Hei (Jackie) Ma, Brent Galen Adkins, Mike Hamar, Michael Francalanci, Mengjia (Jun) Zhao, Polly Conway, Judith Hornbogen, Carol Burbank, Kristin Satterlee, Verónica Piñero

Cover image: Brent Galen Adkins

Curated by: Delilah Twersky



The Green Hours: Hunter Mathews



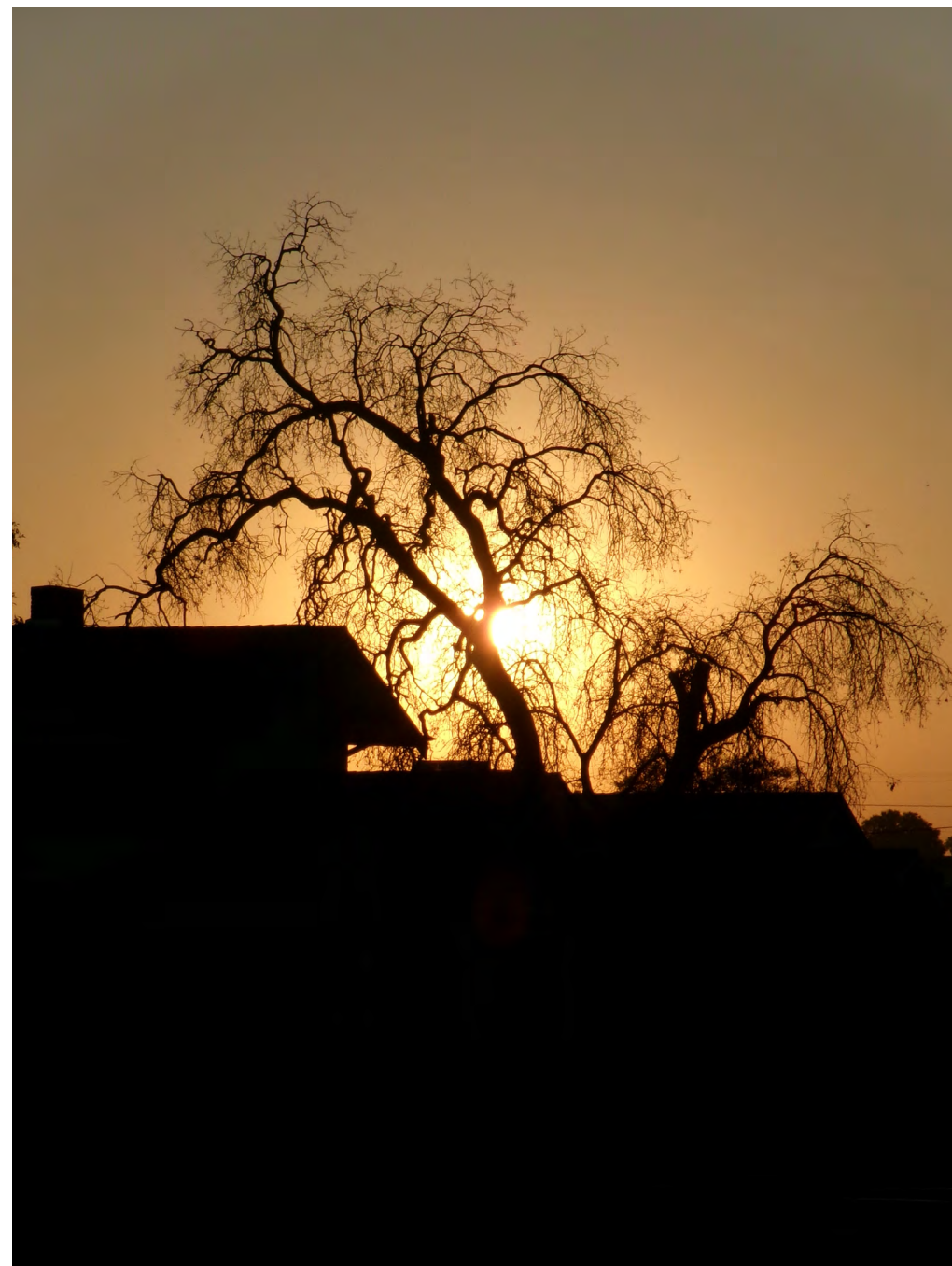
Tomir: David Salcedo



Overgrown: Long Hei (Jackie) Ma



Afters: Brent Galen Adkins



Untitled: Mike Hamar



Dirty Feet: Michael Francalanci



MUGEN: Mengjia (Jun) Zhao



Tomir: David Salcedo



Afters: Brent Galen Adkins

secret beach my brother took me to one time

A baby sunfish body dries on the sand.
Think of how big it could have gotten.
You know that one on the internet
With bites taken out of its forehead?
He just goes on. Enough of everything
to spare.

Polly Conway



Untitled: Mike Hamar



Dirty Feet: Michael Francalanci



Sheep Like Stone: Judith Hornbogen



Dirty Feet: Michael Francalanci

how beautiful as i can be!

the grammar of beauty is unrelenting
one thing wrong
meaning interrupted:

warts over all
no amount love enough
convincing nothing
verb can't bridge noun,
lips can't pop lips

eyes can't mirror meet

good hard sex cure it would
lost syntax juiced sweet,

but ugly hates lust
evidence of failure
before failure

how beautiful as you can be!
Chinese skin cream shouts
God knows what's in it
no one's telling anyway
that impossible question
poison or potion?

and older us
lucky to wrinkle
feel guilty
not for living
but for change

so... not very
so insisting
the diagram be young
sentence-wise

nothing much
sense making
nothing much
beautiful

Carol Burbank



Sheep Like Stone: Judith Hornbogen



Afters: Brent Galen Adkins



The Green Hours: Hunter Mathews



Tomir: David Salcedo



The Green Hours: Hunter Mathews

the pit of feelings

It's quite a sensational act of rebellion to even consider centering joy,
or feelings at all
These days. Radical even.
To think about valuing and accepting, possibly even celebrating, raw
emotion.
Living in that self-inflicted warmth without leaving room for reper-
cussion or judgment,
Well, that's fucking revolutionary.

A lot of people don't want to take that leap from solid ground into
the Pit of Feelings.
Most don't want to venture into the unknown,
Even if what they know is less than fine. People are more willing to
live with
Familiar mediocrity.
Thinking you're better off standing in shit than diving headfirst into
innumerable
Bliss is completely crazy, but we often do it anyway.
I definitely do...well, did.

Feeling euphoric is getting to stand on the precipice of allowing your
feelings to fall.
For me, utopia isn't freedom from discontent or pain. Rather,
It is the ability to feel in those moments, to move on and through
them the best way I
Know how.
Utopia is feeling free to embody helplessness, and even feel a little
nauseous,
When I think of Wyoming (yes, the state and it seems insane. I'm
aware).
It is feeling pure delight and a smidge of melancholy
When I see a parent and child on the subway, happy together.
Utopia is knowing I am present, allowing the moment to flood the
Pit,
And, if necessary, granting forgiveness because it is a gift I give my-
self

So I can float.

Kristin Satterlee



Afters: Brent Galen Adkins



Tomir: David Salcedo



Interval: Verónica Piñero

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Pearl Press
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