

pearl press



ISSUE NO. 10: PARALLEL

April 2022

This issue of Pearl Press features work from:

Grace Ann Leadbeater

Maryna Shtanko

Masahiro Ishida

Jacob Church

Sue Palmer Stone

DMT

Disha

Nathalie Basoski

Jennifer Klockner

Margaret Liang

Lakshan Dharmapriya

Reuben Radding

Evan Allan

Miranda Clark

Luke Harby

Elijah Winfield

Cover image: Disha

Curated by: Delilah Twersky



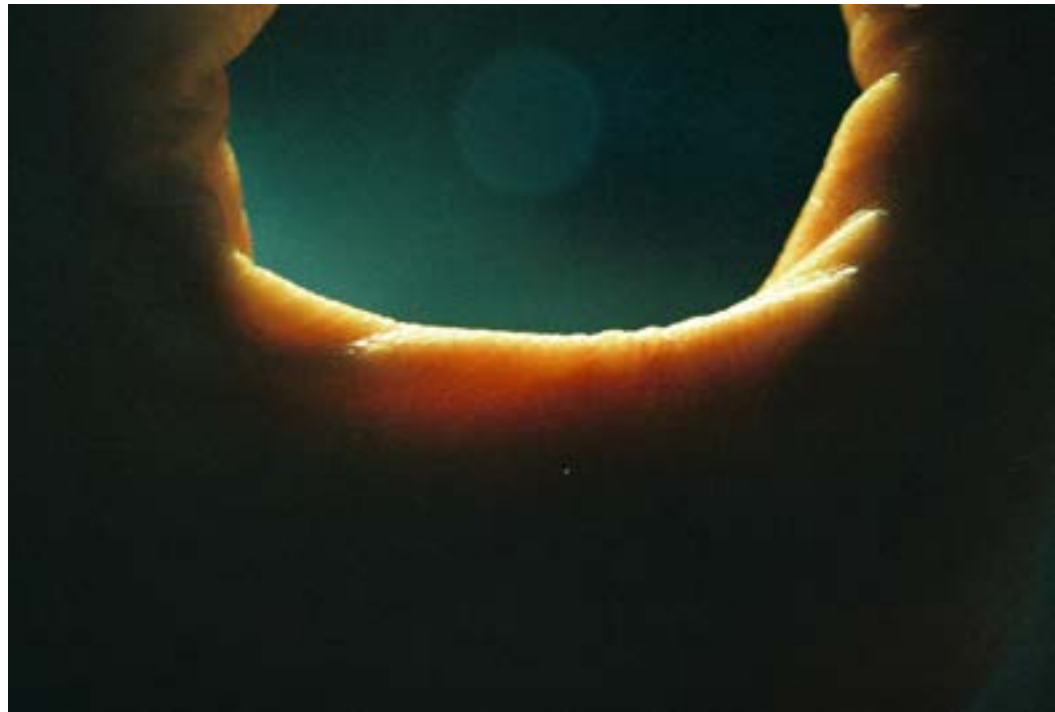
Michele Mobley in Her Van: Grace Ann Leadbeater



Eggs of Amos's Mom's Maine Chickens: Grace Ann Leadbeater



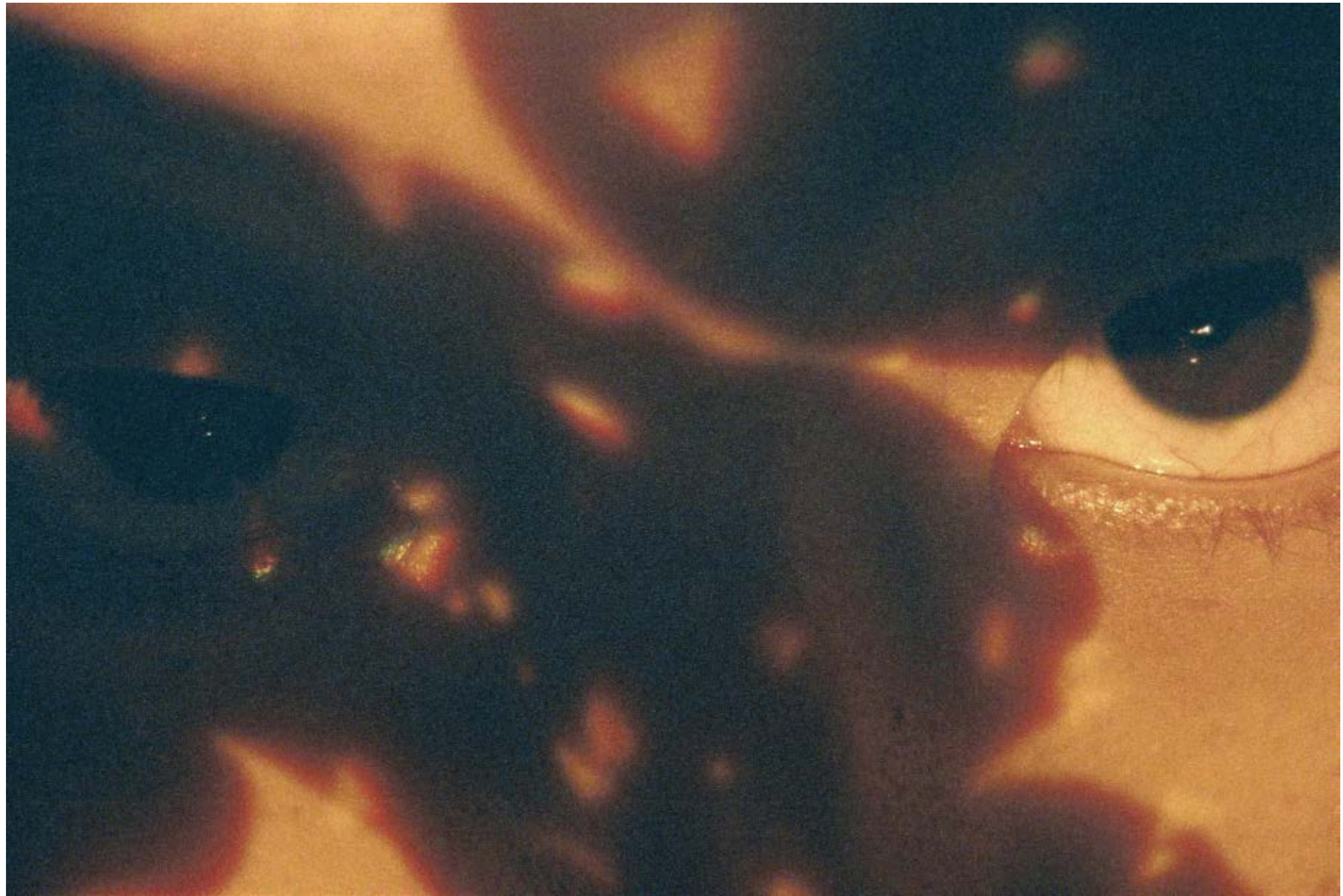
Untitled: Maryna Shtanko



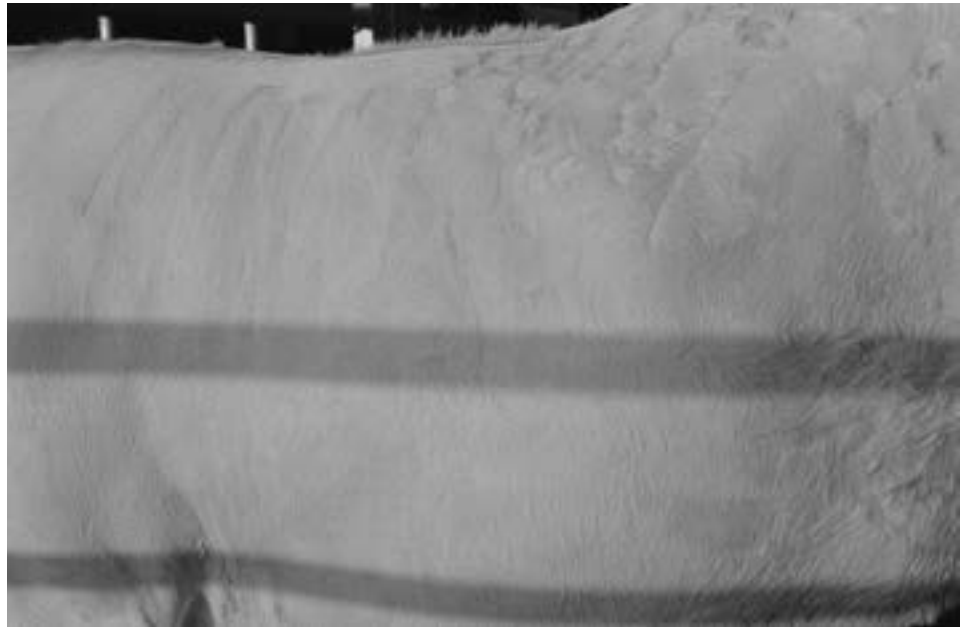
Untitled: Masahiro Ishida



Untitled: Masahiro Ishida



Untitled: Masahiro Ishida



Untitled. Bowling Green, Ohio: Jacob Church



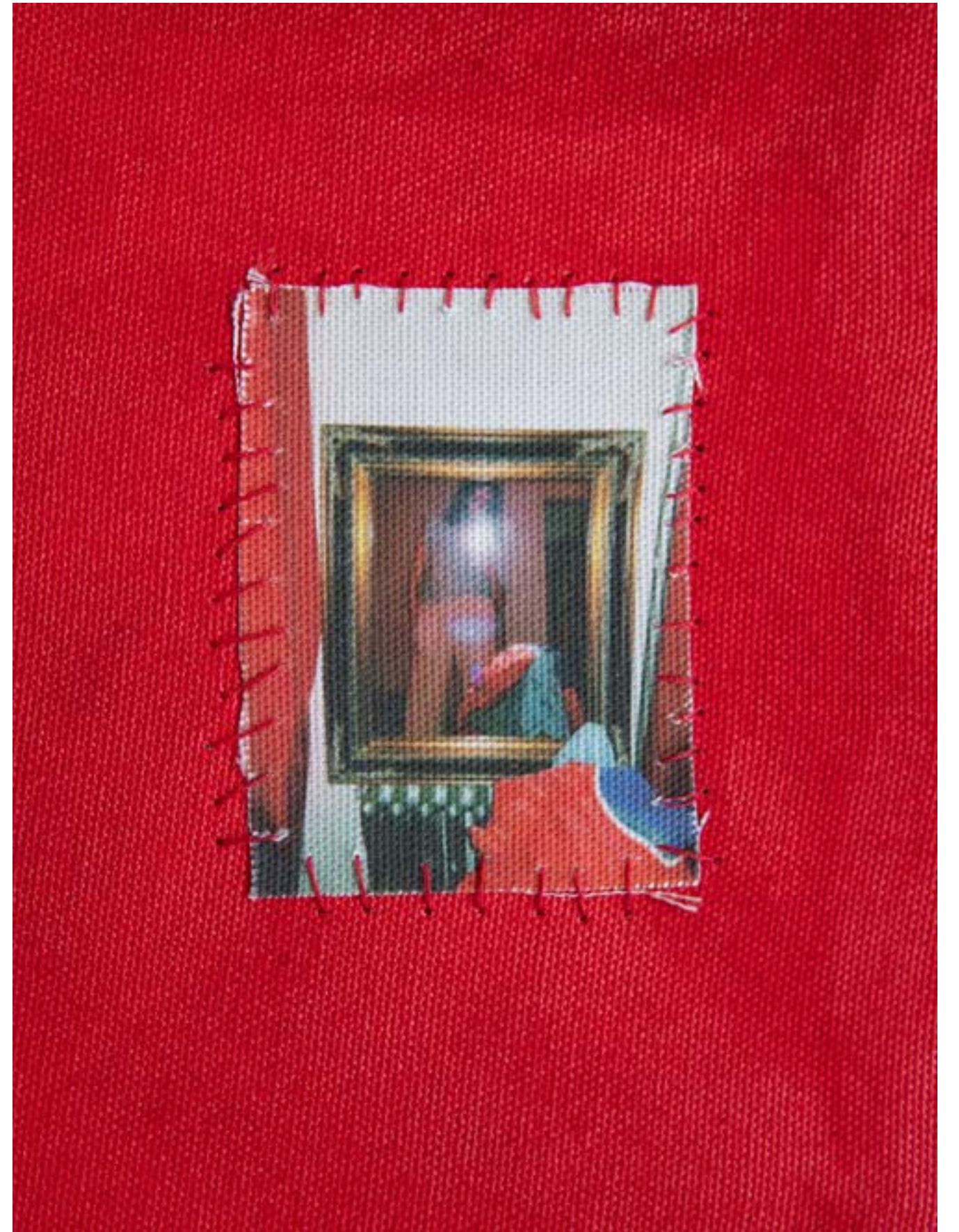
Embodiment—Salvaging a Self Series: Sue Palmer Stone



Glassface: DMT



Something Very Fundamental Series: Disha



Untitled: Nathalie Basoski

OKAY?

You always walk with your back straight, I'm often hunched.

You have those skinny ankles, that flat stomach.

That chest; puffed up, sunken in, both.

You walk like you mean to be doing just that, like you could burst into a healthy run at any moment.

You have that hair, that hair, that hair.

Clothes sit like they live there, live on you, in you, the threads intertwined with the veins of your forearm.

I walk by you.
I don't see you.

I see only me.

You are by me, in me, of me? But not me. Never me,

I want you to explain yourself!

I read your memoir, you wore blue jeans that fit your waist like a square.

And the truth is, I hate you, even though my daddy always said never to hate. I do, I hate you and I wish I could meet you. Maybe someday but not right now, okay?

Jennifer Klockner



Where We Procreate and Where We Die, 2021: Margaret Liang



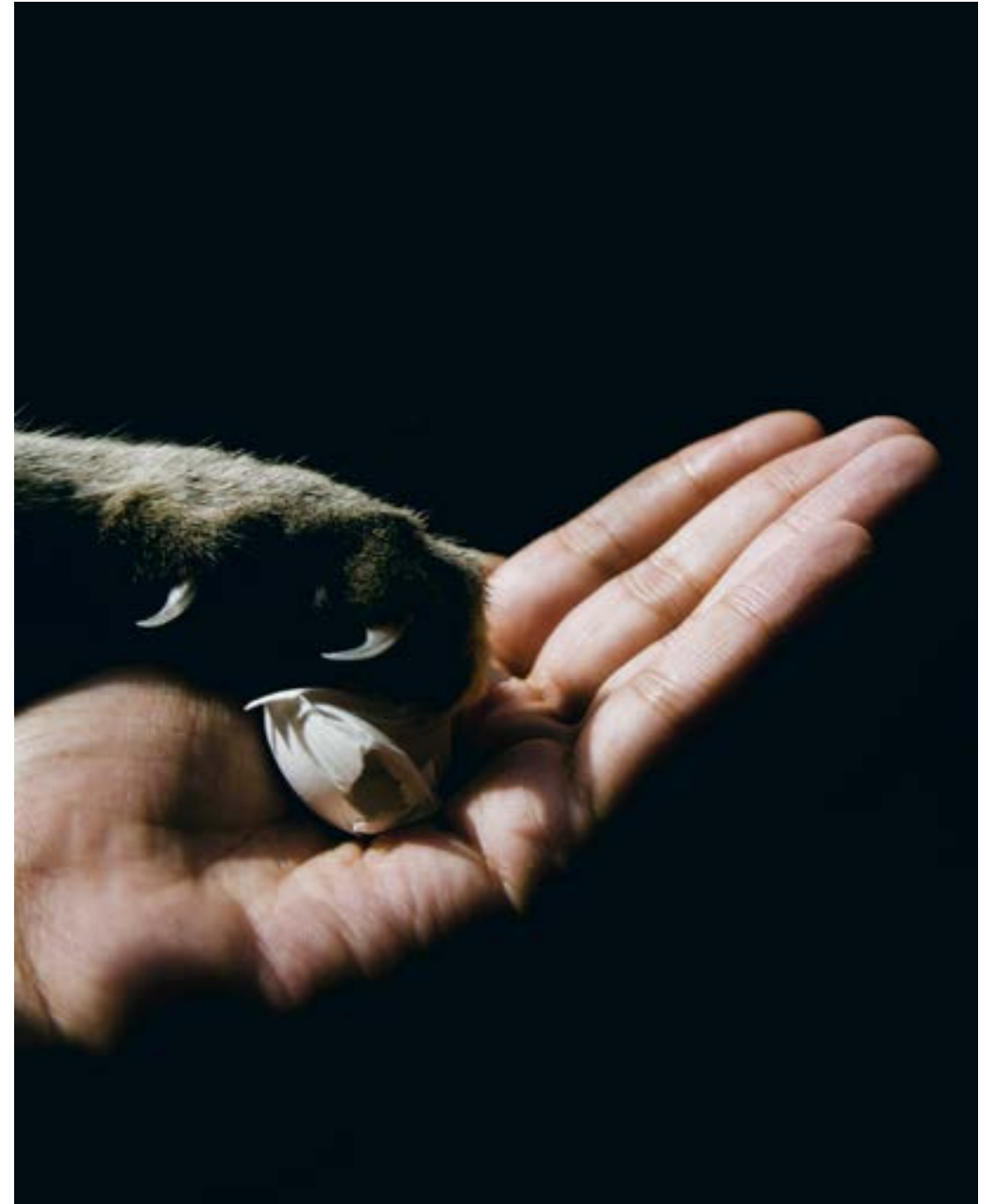
Work in Progress: Lakshan Dharmapriya



Plainfield, VT 2018: Reuben Radding



Nolan with Jewelweed: Evan Allan



Something Very Fundamental Series: Disha



American Dream: Miranda Clark



Untitled. Toledo, Ohio: Jacob Church



Work in Progress: Lakshan Dharmapriya

When they really
get to know you,
they will leave.

true

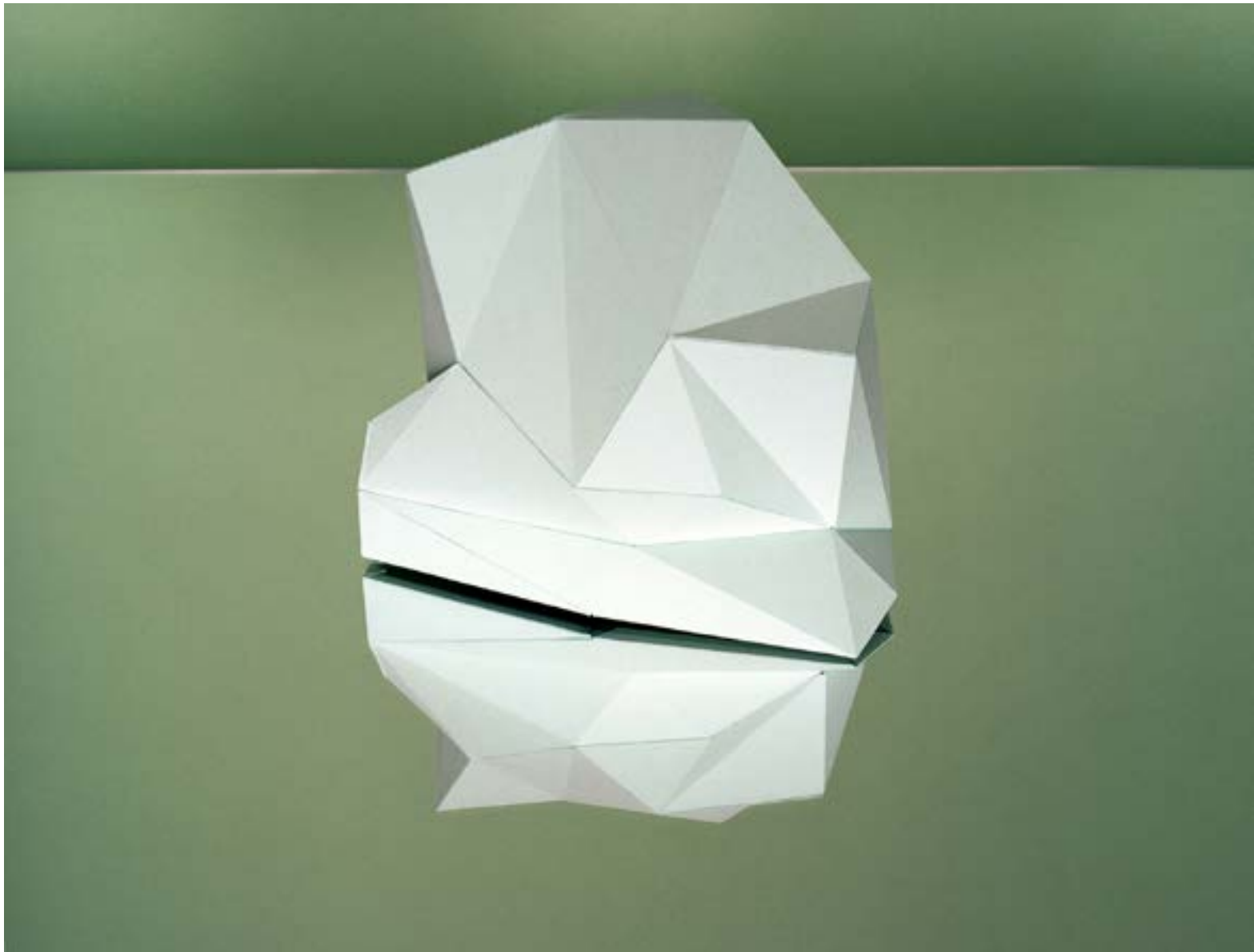
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Untitled: Maryna Shtanko



Something Very Fundamental Series: Disha



Iceberg pgm-1: Luke Harby



Below the Monkey, 2021: Margaret Liang



Untitled. Toledo, Ohio: Jacob Church



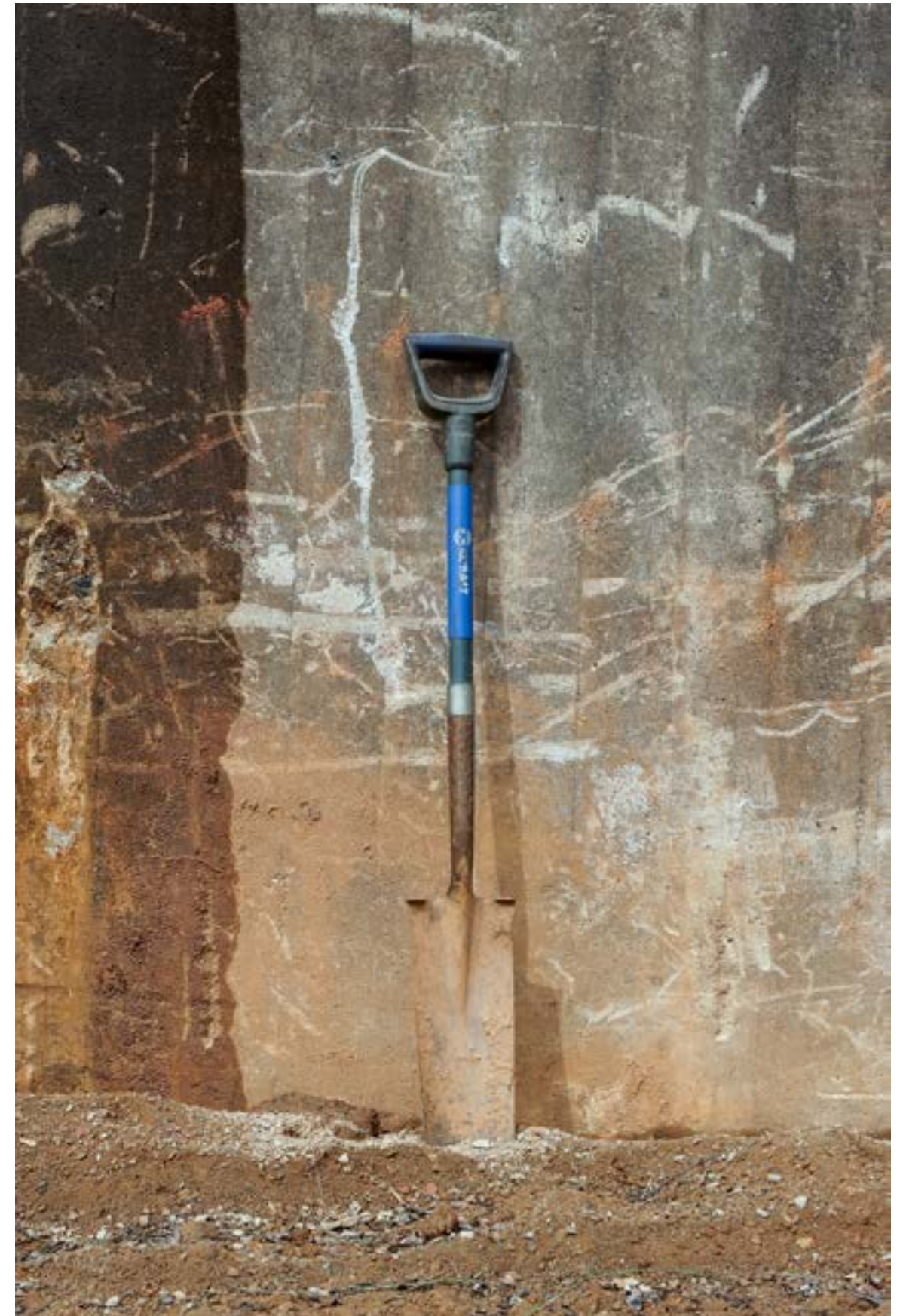
Work in Progress: Lakshan Dharmapriya



On the Old Property: Evan Allan



Savannah at Dusk: Grace Ann Leadbeater



Embodiment—Salvaging a Self Series: Sue Palmer Stone



Wardrobe Three: Miranda Clark



Wardrobe One: Miranda Clark



Work in Progress: Lakshan Dharmapriya



Work in Progress: Lakshan Dharmapriya



Untitled: Nathalie Basoski



Still Life in Condesa: Grace Ann Leadbeater



Untitled: Maryna Shtanko



Embodiment—Salvaging a Self Series: Sue Palmer Stone

I would love to go swimming, to pick fat strawberries (the ones that are very red in the real way, not the artificial way), but I am afraid. Is this an over-reaction? To keep myself from pursuing activities that bring me joy out of fear that my safety will be compromised? Lately I am always in nature but the safe kind of nature - the backyard - where neighbors know not to come near. How awful that we don't come near one another anymore. I'd love to kiss my friends again. I'd love to swim and pick real, fat strawberries with them.



Sweet's Burial: Grace Ann Leadbeater



Something Very Fundamental Series: Disha



Embodiment—Salvaging a Self Series: Sue Palmer Stone



Potomac, MD 2017: Reuben Radding



Untitled. Toledo, Ohio: Jacob Church



Untitled. Toledo, Ohio: Jacob Church

YESTERDAY, IT RAINED..

My love,

I woke up today not knowing how or what to feel. I remember, vividly, you telling me not to start my day off in conflict. Going on about how it deteriorates my face, or even more so, how it ruins my mind. And to that, I respond with a nod and an 'I understand' as I continue to perform the same ol' tricks over and over again. But you must forgive me, I promise, I do try. It is just -- difficult, very difficult. Fear not though, the world won't be getting rid of me anytime soon. I have too many things I need to get off of my chest. This letter to you, being one of them. My fingers haven't lost signs of life, and my legs still shake with excitement. As I climb up the highest mountain on this planet, I can feel my heart racing. I reach the top, and my lips tremble before, finally, opening. I shout out at the world: I was here. I am here. I will always be here.

When I say, 'my love', I hope you recognize that I truly do love you. I'm trying to, at least. We have our ups and downs but I'll always try for you. I won't give up on you because I know too many people have. The same way you'll never give up on me. But, let me apologize for getting carried away. I'm not writing you to discuss our relationship.

My love, I'm writing to you because although I speak of bravery and 'shouting from mountains' as I call it, I'm terrified. The other day, I was walking downtown and something caught my eye: a large flower bush with violet petals that carried the same radiance and ability to strike one down in his tracks that you, too, carry. I went up to the bush, and I reached out to take a petal, but I stopped myself. I didn't want to ruin it. Not that I view myself as some sort of demon, but it was perfect the way it was. There was no need to change its current state in any way. I walked off into the rest of my day. Forty-eight hours later, the petals had begun to wilt. Another twenty-four hours, and they'd completely fallen off of the bush, onto the sidewalk.

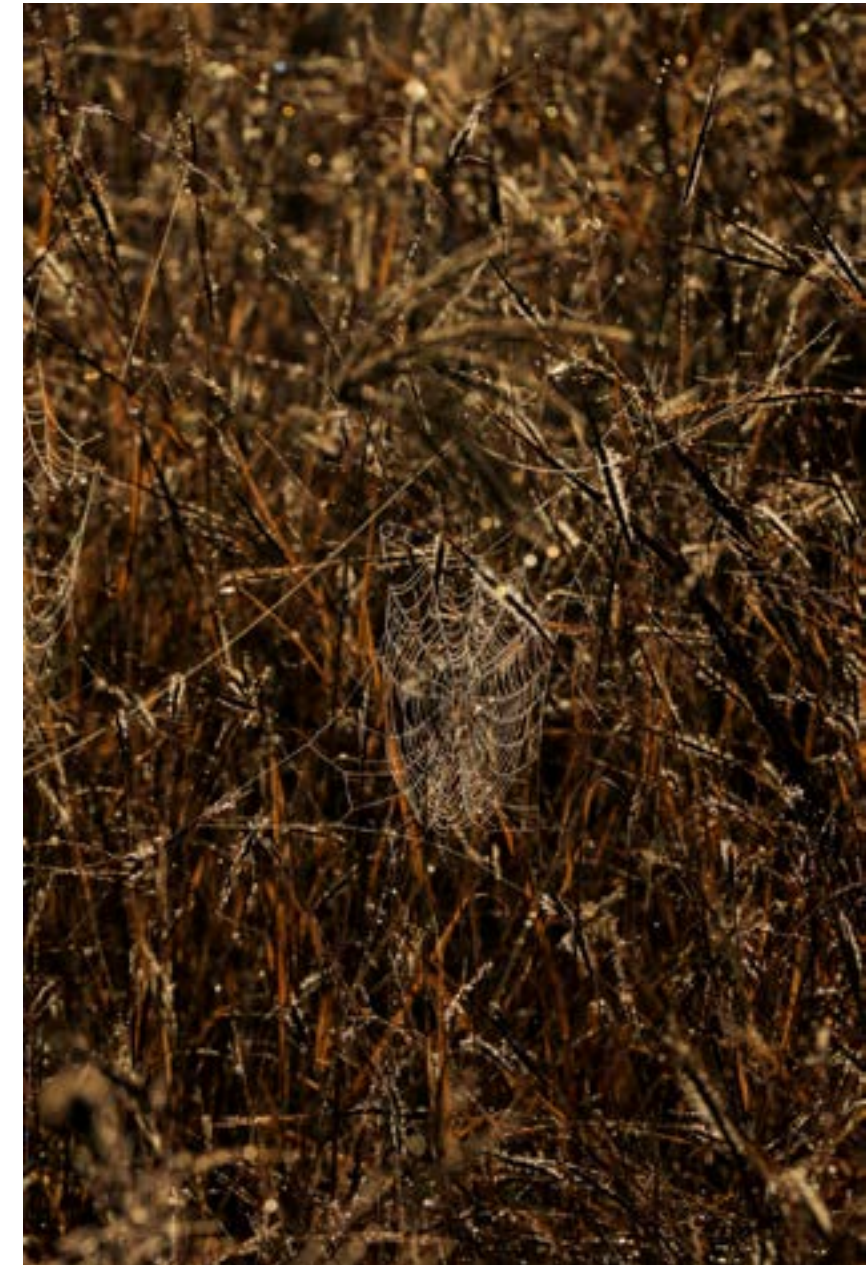
Yesterday, it rained.
Today, the streets are dry.
Yesterday, ducks were floating in the water.
Today, they are gone.
Yesterday, everyone was outside.
Today, the city is lifeless.
Yesterday, I had hope.
Today, I do not.

Don't you understand what I'm trying to say, my love? The times are changing. We're growing old.
Unfortunately (and fortunately), we're not the kids we used to be.

I once knew a man whose life changed in an instant, just as it could for any of us. He'd been in an accident on the highway. His wife was in the passenger, and his son was in the backseat. Luckily enough, he survived. His family did not. The accident occurred at midnight. I cannot speak about where they were coming from or where they were headed, for I do not know. I can only tell you the facts, the truth.

Yesterday, they were alive.

Today, they are gone.



A mere second was the variable that would erase a collective of years and years. Time can be so cruel. (He must've been thinking this).

With only a bloody nose and a bit of a limp, he roamed the streets.

Time can be cruel, my dear.

Oh, time can be cruel.

I don't know what the man was thinking; a million thoughts at once, or nothing at all? We'll never know.

I don't know where he found the willpower to continue on. Maybe, he couldn't face what was right in front of him, and he had to escape -- away. Somewhere far away from it. As human beings, we tend to do that.

If he could make it back home, maybe things would've been how they were before.

Maybe his family would be there, waiting for him.

A facade.

You see, I tell you these things, not to ruin your day or fill you with despair, but to further emphasize to you: this is the world, in its truest form. This terrifies me. The thought alone makes me feel so small and hopeless. I don't want to be a memory for you. I don't want to be used as an artifact to 'keep you going'. I want to be here -- with you.

...

Today, we are here.

Tomorrow...

Elijah Winfield



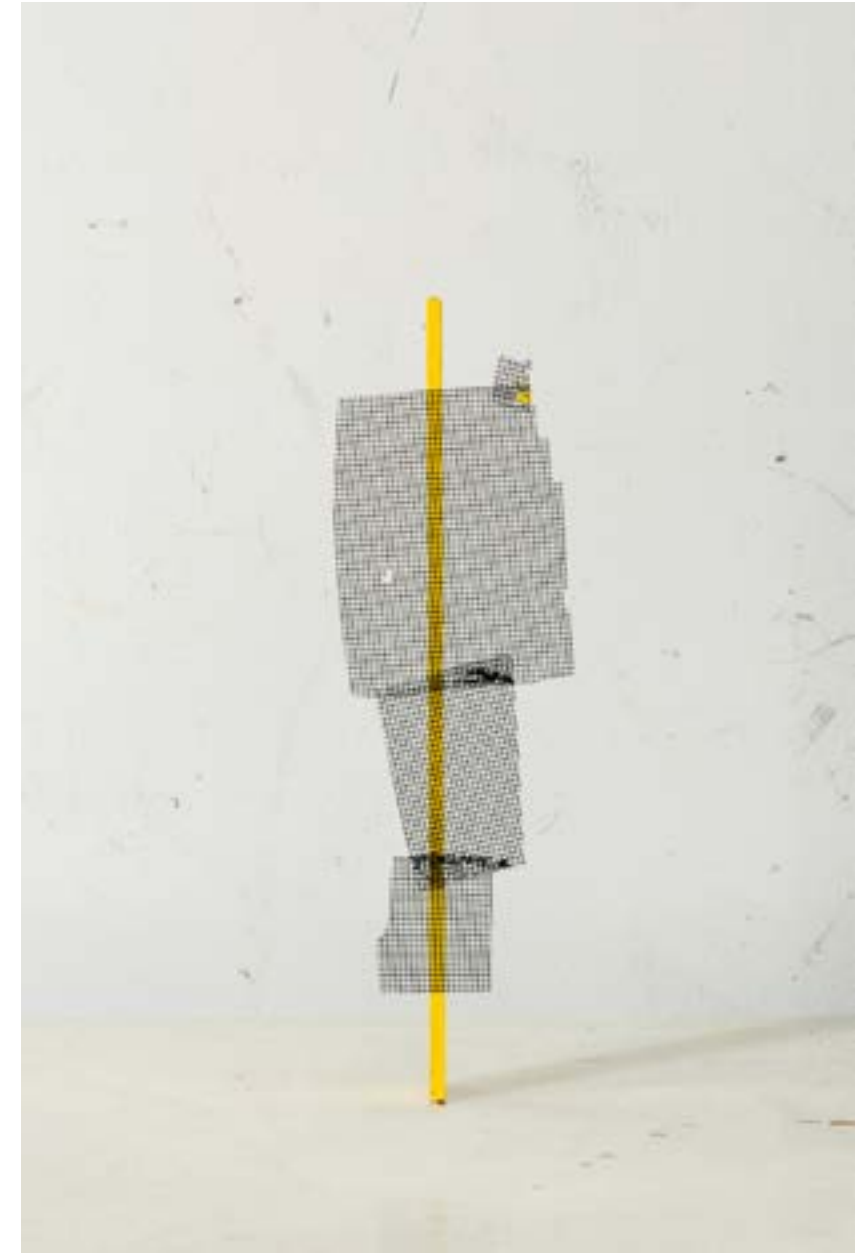
Birth, 2021: Margaret Liang



Lover, 2021: Margaret Liang



They Say Love is Forever: Miranda Clark



Embodiment—Salvaging a Self Series: Sue Palmer Stone

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

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Delilah Twersky
Pearl Press
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