

# ISSUE NO. 7: UNORTHODOX

### September 2021

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

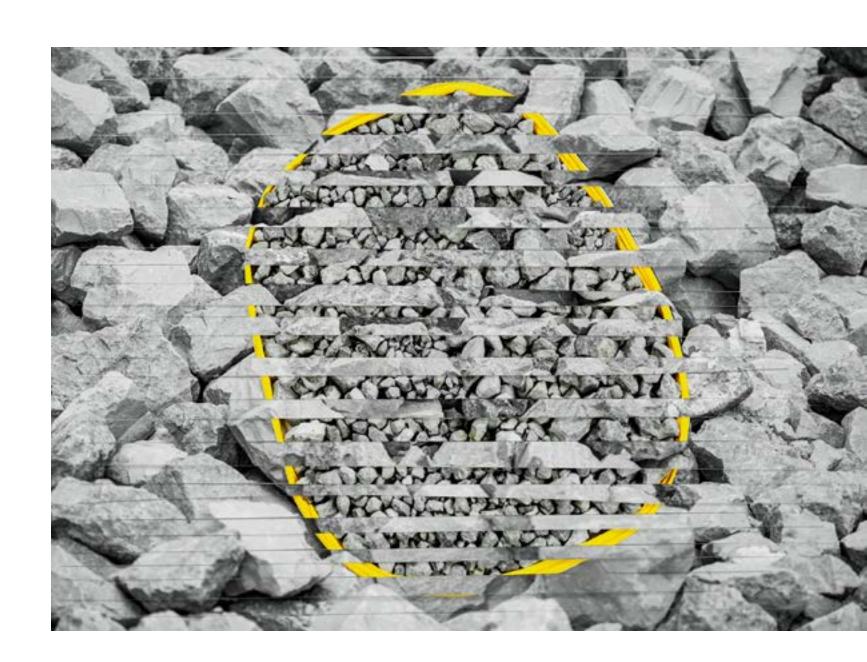
M. Apparition

Kailyn Hooley

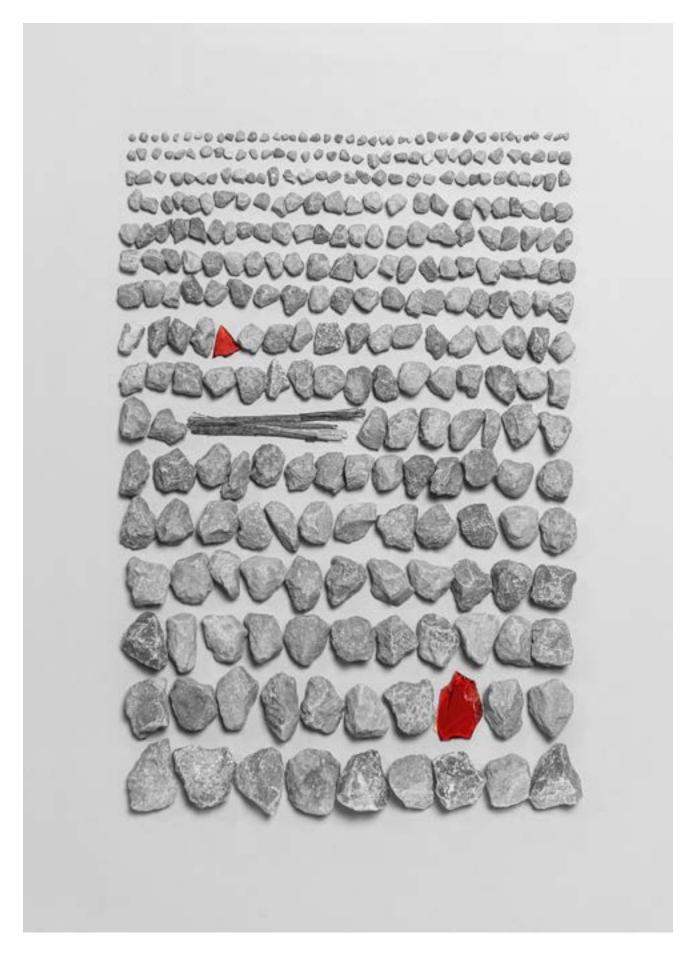
Emily Mueller

Jenica Heintzelman

Cover image: Armando Zamora Curated by: Delilah Twersky







is that all there is?: Armando Zamora

Solid Objects: Stephanie Taiber

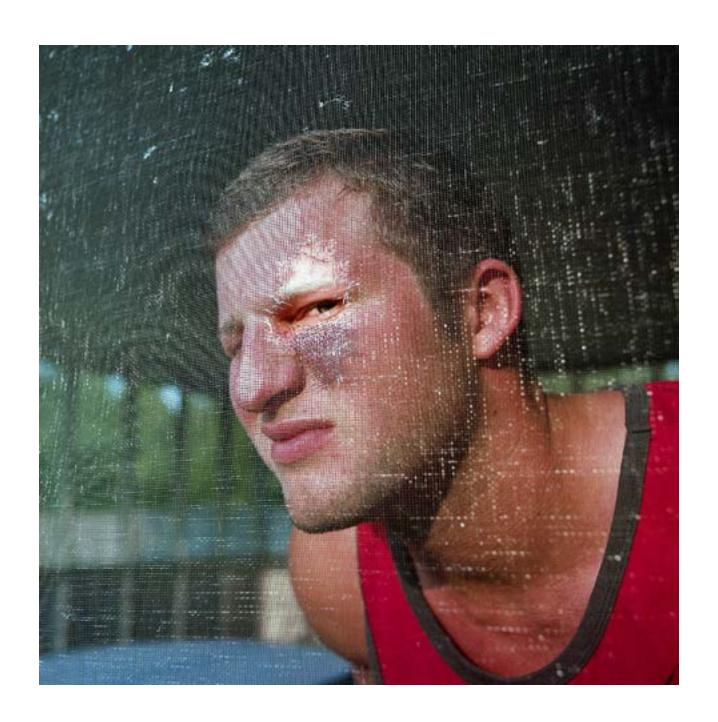






It is both formless and eternal like water, temperamental like the wind, the light that guides with clarity but yet, blinding. The darkness that is both foreboding and intriguing, the warm presence of a lover in a stranger.





is that all there is?: Armando Zamora

Pleasure Me This: Ariella Gibson



## **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.

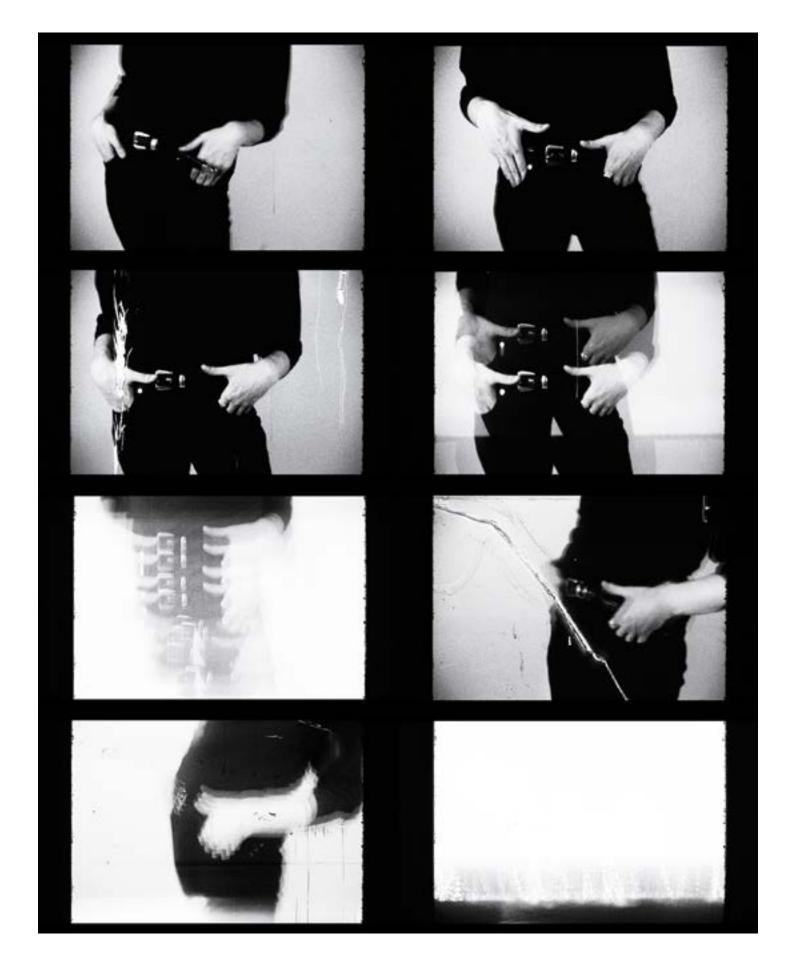
Her children run around Her ankles while My uterus sheds into Her toilet and My sin stains Her sheets but My blood washes out easy but My flesh feels heavy.

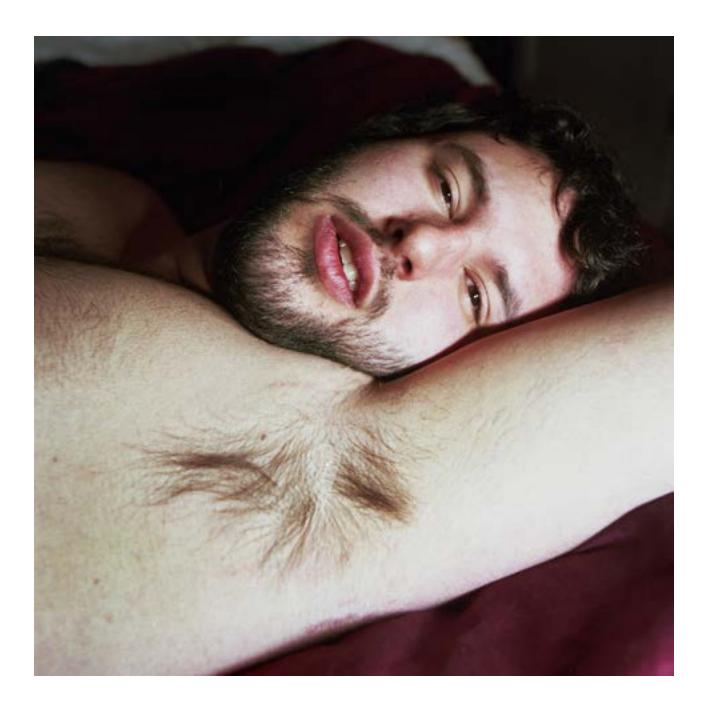
The heat boils and bears down breaking Me.
I sweat in this body.
She takes Me to the mountain pool and She sees My nakedness

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.

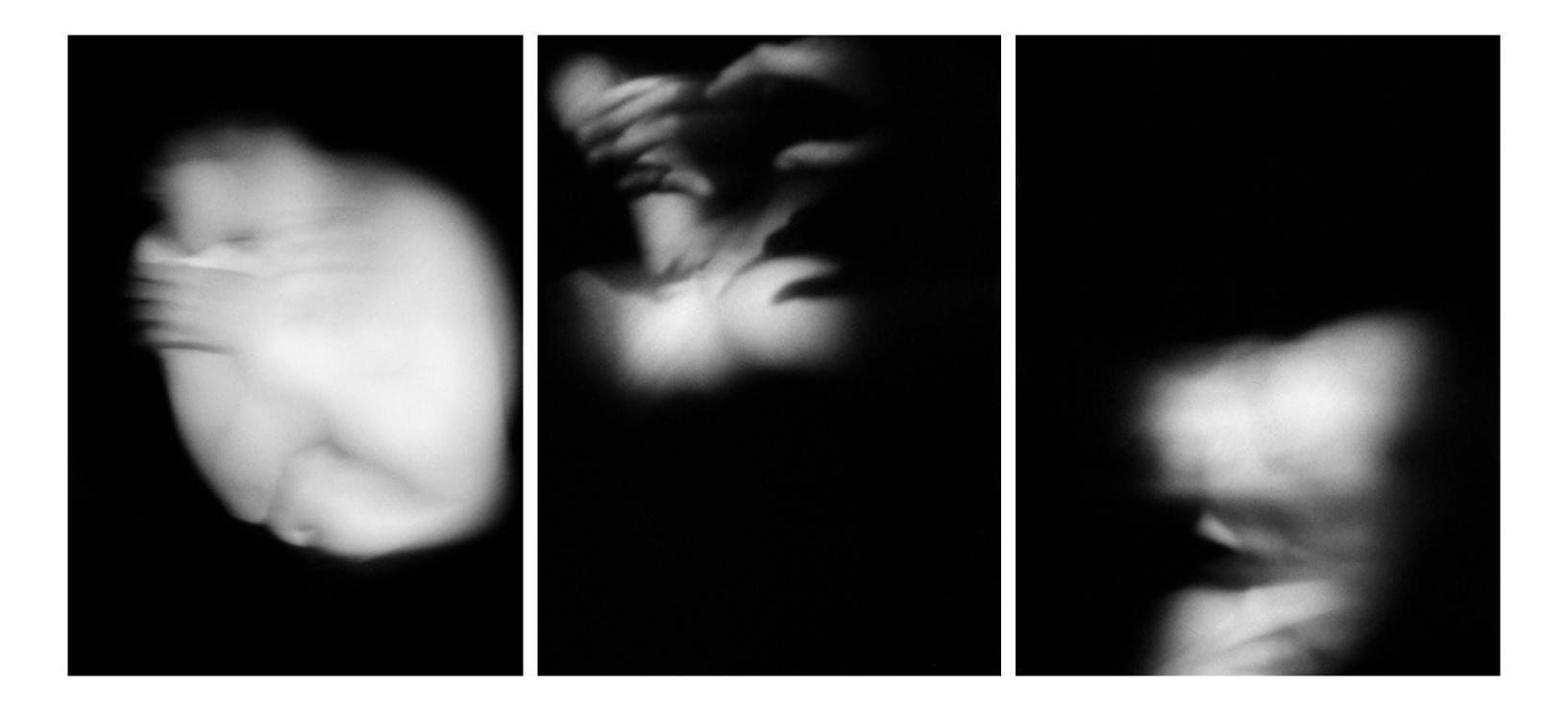
I am always in grief. It is this grief that also brings joy, a sense of balance. But I want to make it clear: I am always heartbroken. The grief that one feels at knowing that you're not supposed to be here, not supposed to be who you are, only to be accepted in fractions, is always there. It is in the 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

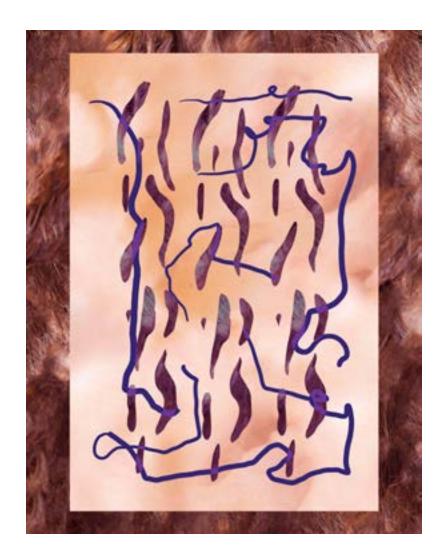


We're Just Here For the Bad Guys: Brian Lau



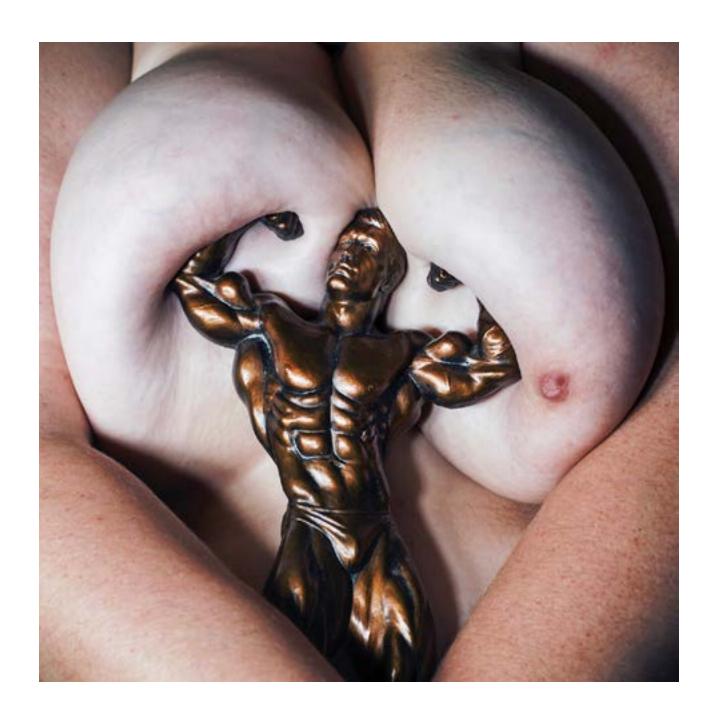






I was the same, but different somehow: Kailyn Hooley





#### 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

--

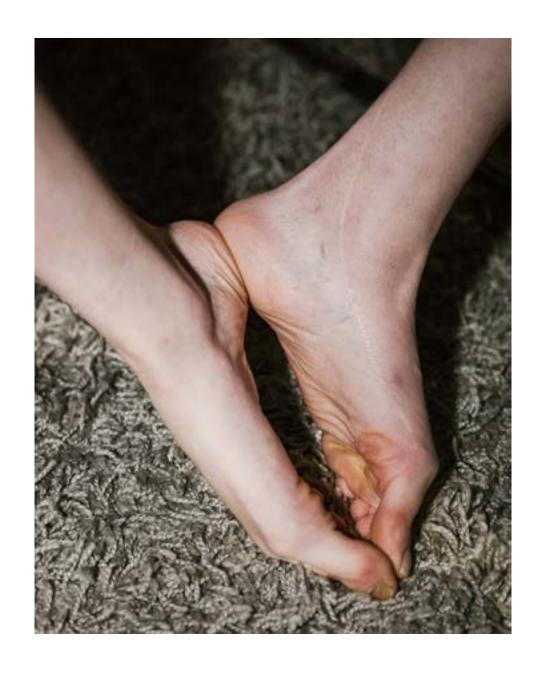
two hundred years isn't that old

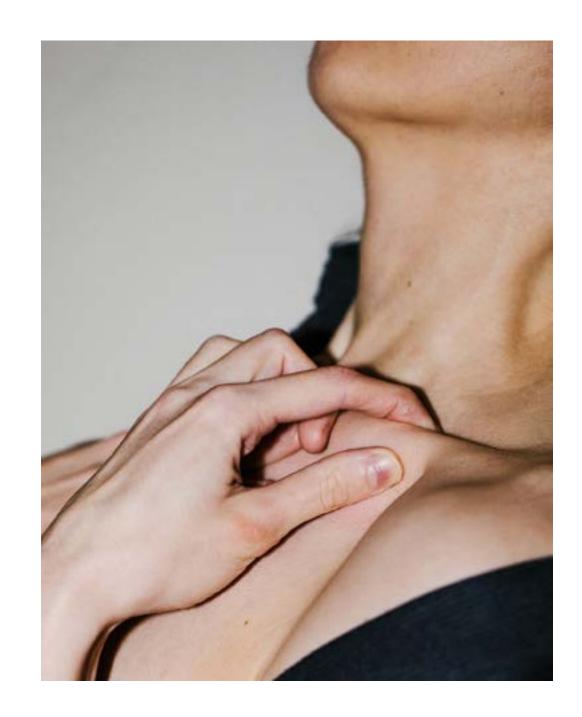
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the electric candles don't catch fire as the world around us burns not good but gold

we laugh sacrilege.

Megan Hill





Two Feet: Jenica Heintzelman Clavicle: Jenica Heintzelman

Thank you for reading.
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