

58” GAUGE

travels you upon a 2 o'clock shadow of bolts, pins, sprints, and a broken dream to the land of a spirited American radio. Raptured static pouring through a grated speaker, like the twitching of a knob on an old FM.

Jack Romer & Jordan Satterfield
June 6 – June 21, 2025

Living Skin

Dear Marcus,

I’m sorry for the weary nights and fearful mornings you continue to endure and write about and struggle with. Both Emily and I sit together every night, wondering how the light flickers upon your room, or how the rays of scorching blue light have tainted your understanding of life in Springfield. Darker days are coming, but so are true victories and stamps of approval from your peers, mentors, and lovers. Your transformation in image over the last few letters have truly confused us as to where your heart lies, and to what your heart yearns. Be cautious in your journeys to those distant ghost-lands and reclaim your voice as the rambling mother we once knew. Your skull is strong, your spirit is wide, and your catch is deep.

Dedra has called once again asking about your whereabouts, to which we replied, “He is simply on the road.” It seems, as we have mentioned before, your fascination with precise pain and endangerment leave much to be desired and lay in the bed of patients, not your own.

Dear Andrea,

Below are the written arrangements of our new covenant:

1. Speak fearfully and let your inner chaos rises to a complete boil.
2. Listen, two-fold, to your springing HD58 idols.
3. Proclaim daily, your skull is strong, your spirit is wide, and your catch is deep.
4. Your belongings must stay tidy under the House of Esion.

Dear Evelyn,

I’m writing now from the SkyRail, doing my best to keep my eyes forward, though I’m not faring so well. Moments ago I parted ways with Antoine, after we got together and sat through a 58-minute broadcast. The speakers sporadically flashed bits of color and distortion. The experience, I was traveled to a 2 o'clock shadow of bolts, pins, sprints, and a broken dream, off to a land of a spirited American radio.

Dear Milton,

It pains me to do you away with the mirrors of my heart and the spirits of my dawn. It seems I must send you off with some weight, and share news of the deepening pit within me. Scarred tissue has been laid upon my eyes and a maddening spirit has taken hold of the pit lodged in my stomach. Visions, terrors, and more visions, each one happier than the last, but still no foothold to surface.

Dear Cameron,

This time tomorrow we will be holding bronze above our heads and Mom’s brown bob will be running toward us above a haze of strangers. Your fingers were made for that cold figure. Your gaze cannot fall away from the pointed hairs and depressed brows. My head is filled with estranged veins and hand signals, your blood is filled with white paint. Sasha’s necklace rests around you. You cannot create a religion for yourself, but you can live on a mythology for yourself. Satisfy the hunger of none other than yourself.

Dear Arnold,

The months pass by. Suns fall and moons rise. My favorite fruit is in season and has grown in size by a noticeable margin. Stories blur and new colors snake by. Come join me in Statesboro.

Bad Evil Bugs (diptych) 2025
Paper and acrylic; 40 x 56 in.



Bedroom 2025
Transfer and acrylic;
40 x 28 in.



W 117th St. 2023-2025
Transfer and mixed media on canvas;
78 x 78 in.



Sunday Catholics 2025
Mixed medial; 40 x 28 in.

Nonself 2025
Acrylic; 40 x 28 in.



Super America 2025
Acrylic on canvas;
78 x 78 in.



THE Real Tree of Life 2025
Transfer and acrylic;
40 x 28 in.



Event Horizon 2025
Transfer and acrylic; 40 x 28 in.