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"Pearl" and "The Walking Path": Two Poems

by Lorraine Stanchich

About the Author

Lorraine Stanchich, M.A., is a visiting professor in the Farquhar College of Arts and Sciences Division of Humanities at Nova Southeastern University. She is the daughter of Peruvian and Yugoslavian/Italian immigrants. Stanchich began writing when she was eight years old. She teaches creative writing, poetry, and composition. Her first book of poetry, *Witness*, was released in 2003 from Epic Press. It is available on Amazon.com, as well as Barnes&Noble.com and selected stores. Her work has appeared in *The American Journal of Poetry - Margie Review*, *The Paterson Literary Review*, *Gulf Stream Magazine*, *The Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, and others. Currently at work on her second book of poetry (*The Rage*) and a historical fiction novel (*Nona*), she lives with her husband and two children in Hollywood, Florida.

Pearl

She didn't know she was irritating anyone,
and like the millions of jewels before and after,

just wanted to remain under the shelter
of that broad, sloshy foot, the shadow of its flesh

blinding her from the horror of their depth.
When he spit her up,

She saw her reflection swirling
in other shells, the glassy surface.

Was it the whiteness,
the lump sum of newfound

knowledge of what she became,
the circular smooth brilliance of her face

that made her want to
fit in the space left half open

almost too far down to reach?
Footless, she tumbled over and over

hoping for the sway of down current
toward the hard, familiar black lined lips

begging to be let back in.

The Walking Path (Delray Beach, 2009)

Sometimes the way one walks
reveals how much time he has left:
that red-haired former beauty
leans left on her cane towards the dunes.

The power walker, pink visor, ponytail
Swaying behind like a swinging noose.
She stomps by trying to win something,
or intent on something to quell.

This couple stormed by in a quarrel
banging their feet in judgment,

ignoring the gleaming ocean beyond –
urgent convincing with hands.

Joggers pound in breathless chatter;
Talk about pets, gout, clout –
a lady maneuvers her sagging frame
held by silk and leopard chopard;

Blue teeth curled like snails over ears,
perspiring lips *insist* in the air –
droves of humans moving South
near the bridge at George Bush Boulevard

and its gaping mouth at the canal bridge.
A teen jumps his skateboard high
in defiance of no one around;
his closed accordion face stretches

beyond the stream of fading shapes
going East and West, West and East
his little, orange wheels turning him