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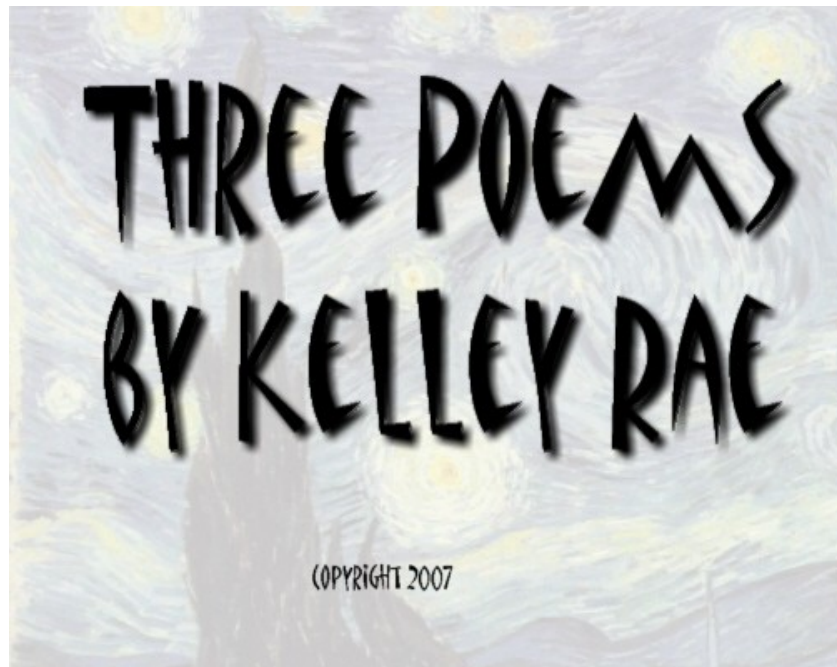
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Intersection

Red House, Maryland
The accident scene
just over the West Virginia line
near Terre Alta
car clocked at one hundred
twenty
through an intersection
its lights off
into an eighteen-wheeler.

Ford turned over five or
six times
hit gas
pumps,
exploded.

Six burned in a fiery
column sealing
flesh to seat springs

I didn't go.

They died on a funeral pyre
of Detroit metal, leaking
fuel at 49¢ a gallon.

Exploding
gas pumps near
Muslim clothes
made quick tender
my best friend's store
her home too

but flames ate it all
muslim shirts
embroidered with flowers
by her Seventh Day Adventists
fingers

her lips pursed which
couldn't eat meat then even
if they wanted to

Her insurance expired
the day before
those six school friends of mine
who rode in the Ford

My policy was the only one renewed in
Red House.

Veil of Maya

Veil of Maya is broken,
cracked (shattered)
I can really see
you now
like high-powered x-ray
substance
notwithstanding.

I yearned for sight past surfaces
since I was five
knew the cancer
was eating
my grandmother alive
from inside
even though
she looked just fine.

Illusions are
alluring.
Beneath
when all is
disarray
I cling to it
Defensive

Life and love
Have come and gone
I watch intently
Spotting pretenders
intruders.
insincere

you've
even fooled
yourself

I will you
Back
out of existence
against
the my inhabitant sky.

Bi-polar love affair

February wind
old farmhouse creeks
glass panes clash
gusty, emotional blows

sashes rattle like nervous fingers on tabletops
shutters flail like drowning men

a tall cedar
digs inevitable spurs into pane
groan of wind winds down to a squeak
peaks through partially blocked keyhole
& whistles

Trash cans fumble
papers hurry late for an appointment
Trees bend to ravish of valley air
my heart flies through eye

O, tornado of love

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Kelley Rae received her MA in Creative Writing from NCSU under the mentorship of Lee Smith and Lucinda Mackethan. She writes memoir and poetry. Currently living in Baltimore, she teaches literature at Villa Julie and Towson Universities and attends the University of Maryland–Baltimore, where she earned her MFA in Creative Writing and Publishing Arts. She has been published by *Now and Then* and has been a writer-in-residence at Weymouth Center for the Arts and Humanities and Wildacres, both in North Carolina.