

[Home](#)

[Current Issue  
\(Autumn 2007\)](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

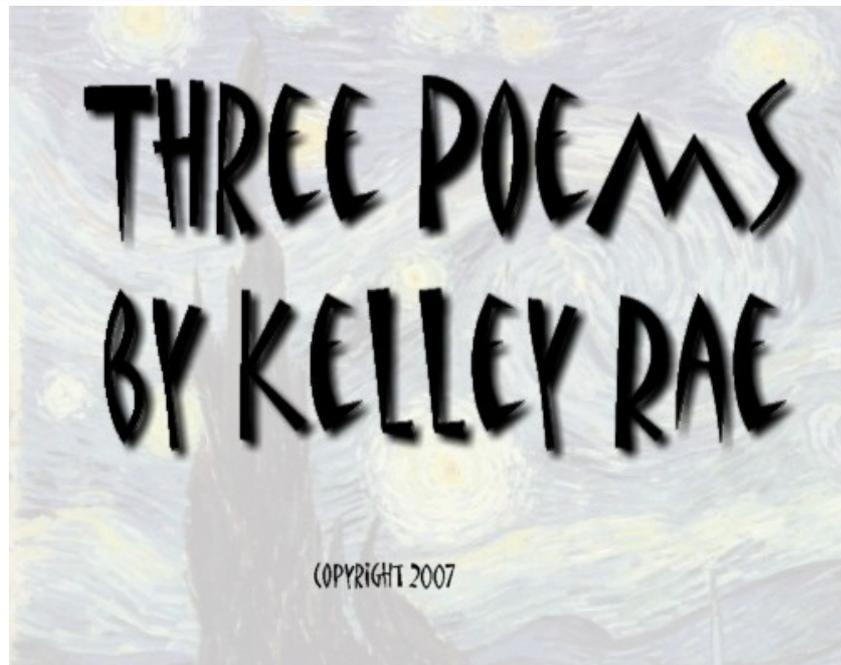
[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



### **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.