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Spring 2009

Autumn 2008

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Fall 2005

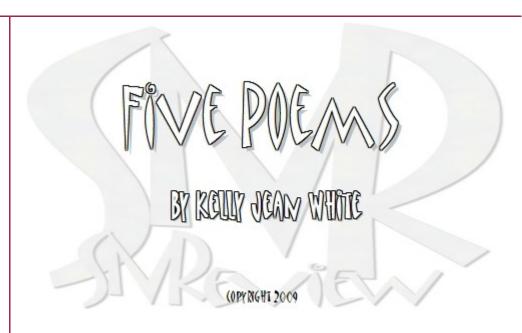
Summer 2005

Editor's Note

Guidelines

SNR's Writers

Contact



Desertion

So much invasion, and so little to seein a moment you might put on your hat,
toss your newspaper into the fireplace,
empty your waterbottle into the sink.
You might abandon even the remote
control. Take your shirt
from the back of the chair
at the head of the table. Pack
your dictionary. So little to take
with you. Nothing of use to leave
behind. The empty room full
of your need
to be heard.

Dessert

two	what one said to the other
knives	in the dish drainer
crossed	yesterday's ashes
on	his empty hands
а	flame that echoed
white	her face
lace	a brittle dance
table	torn and carved
cloth	on the edge of the stairs

Nineteen

lives in a typical guy house

refrigerator with nothing but

condiments and a Chinese food carton age and origin unknown

conversation revolves around beer and the deeper philosophical questions

he keeps a double mattress on the floor with a single pokemon sheets stretched to a diagonal near fit and a very old pacman pillow

the entertainment center is state of the art

Oversight

Mother presents with request for utility form completion

Physician aware

Records clerk brings chart to physician for review
Chart documents poorly controlled asthma
MD requests that parent wait while MD completes exam of scheduled patient
Mother expresses anger at medical records clerk
Attempts to follow clerk into medical record room

Physician aware

MD repeats request that parent wait while MD completes exam of sick child Mother threatens clerk with bodily harm Staff request clinic manager dial 911

Physician aware

MD requests mother wait until care of current patient is completed Clinic manager escorts parent to an exam room Mother co-operative with physician as form is completed Staff requests improved security protocol

Mother fails to bring asthmatic child to office for care as requested by physician

Union grievance filed against manager by clinical staff for failure to dial 911

Zen

I was the medical student on orthopedic surgery. It was a big case: neurosurgery, orthopedics and pediatric surgery all involved; a child with myelomeningocele, respiratory compromise secondary to worsening scoliosis. He lay on his left side. One group was to enter the chest,

one the back, one the abdomen. The first incisions were made by general surgery (the abdomen) and ortho (the back) then anesthesia spoke: dropping pressures, irregular rhythm, flat line flat line transfuse shock shock. Bill Jo, left-handed, four foot ten, stood across from me, quiet, good-humored; for four hours he held the heart in his hands, a bag of worms. Pump. Pump. Pump. I carried warm saline to lavage the intestines. Neurosurgery never scrubbed. We stood under the hot OR lamps as fall light grayed to black. Bill told quiet jokes in unaccented English. The first board certified Korean American pediatric surgeon. Ortho left. Bill squeezed the heart. Again. Again. Competent. Steady. Gave me a turn. The faintest stirring movement. That bag of worms. Defribulate. Jolt. And it did. On the eleventh try. Sinus rhythm. On rounds the next day the child sat up, CNS fully intact, told us all about kindergarten.

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A New Hampshire native, **Kelley Jean White** studied at Dartmouth College and Harvard Medical School and has been a pediatrician in inner-city Philadelphia for more than twenty-five years. Mother of three, White is an active Quaker. Her poems have been widely published over the past decade, in journals including *Exquisite Corpse, Nimrod, Poet Lore, Rattle* and the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and in several chapbook and full-length collections. She is the recipient of a 2008 Pennsylvania Council on the Arts grant in poetry.