



**A CAMARADERIE
SELDOM SEEN**

Cory J. Eberhart



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D Press 2022 Ellensburg

Cover photo

Oh Happy Day Spray Painted on Oil Tank

November 6, 2020, by the author



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PTARMIGAN TRACKS

To KCE and CL of Palmer, AK

Fat Ptarmigan tracks
Lead away from farm field edge
Bent grass lodge mounds snow
Careless sun casts long shadows
Circling home

PICCOLO IN THEIR POCKET

Written for the Arctic Wind Flute Choir, Junior Flute Choir and Preparatory Flute Choir and other flute students of Barbara A. Eberhart of the Alaska Flute Studies Center on Poem In Your Pocket Day, April 30, 2009.

In the wintry northland
Is a lost tribe of players
Led by a dashing picara—
A piccolo playing picara—
Perhaps to appease the wind spirits
Each Autumn parents bring the picara
Young children—their nervous and trembling children—
Only those who meet her gaze bravely
Are then taken in to join this singular tribe,
Flute players of the wintry northland

For years the young flute players work,
They filet skin from their fingers
Practicing scales, progressions, tunes and trills.
They sweat over the tiniest details of
How to stand, how to sit, how to breathe,
How to eat, how to dress, how to write a thank you letter,
All the while becoming a bright, tight ensemble,

With camaraderie seldom seen
In ones who are still in their teens

But the tribe is of fluid composition
And change is always the constant
When breakup comes to the northland,
It is time for the oldest to leave.
The picara sends them away she hopes
Well prepared with nothing so cliché
as a song in their heart
But with something
Few others can boast:
Arctic Wind players of a land so glorious
The picara's northland tribe notorious,
Carry the right, nay, the privilege
To carry a piccolo in their pocket

In the wintry northland
Is a lost tribe of players
Led by a dashing picara—
A piccolo playing picara—

NOT MEANT FOR ALASKA

Our sister owned a Swedish Warmblood mare named Tanya
She was a temperamental horse
 High-strung
 Nervous
 Flighty

Lacking trust the mare took measures to protect herself

When she could not stand

She ran

Perhaps she will outgrow this, one Trainer said

Put her in traces, another suggested

The mare was harnessed and driven in long lines past

Frightful

Monstrous

Looming things

All shapes & sizes

Rows of Mailboxes

Flags on poles

Barking dogs

Fields of grazing

Sheep

Goats

Cows

Even the random

chicken flock and pig wallow

She was pushed to cope with conveyances

School Buses

Bicycles

Motorcycles

Months of this with little progress and patience gone

The mare was sold and shipped to the Lower 48

Arizona to be precise for breeding stock

Something lost

Something gained

An ending

A beginning

As we know by now

SLEIGHT OF HAND

Anticipate collapse
Peak autumn passed
Fuzzy crawler on the walk
Humps along
Pin Oak changed since yesterday
Stop and look as we watched cornstalks
Leap in hot July—charismatically
Leaves turn—This Burning Bush
Knows the sleight of hand—so
Witness this once sunny Coreopsis
Hypnotized by a narcissistic spell

ANCHORAGE WINTER, 2012

For Barbie & Ian

Winter early to arrive
This time you have stayed
Too long
A guest most impolitic
Hands on hips
In great blue Wellies

Barb says to pack up and go
It is April--Even in Alaska
That is long enough

As Général de corp d'Armée
She has rallied a troop of Boy Scouts
To assist in sending you on your way
Here is your valise and your trunks

Your briefcase unfortunately
Has not been seen for months
Perhaps buried beneath the crush
Over by the fence in the yard

Where deep down like mole babies
Nosing toward their mother
The perennials (Ah! the perennials)
from Katie's yard are stirring

Marchon, marchon

Make way for your sister--

Spring and all she will bring
In your wake

OLD MAN WINTER VISITS ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

For BAE

Rivers stop flowing
Sweet girl ice bound
Dreary sky sketched
As travelers wait
On a wide bank
Build a fire to thaw

What creeps close
Hug gifts tight to chest
Spring comes by the by
To sally onward
Stay tender here
Heart of Winter
Consolate feet
Transient still
Incline but do not
Hurry far from where
Dear ones blanket
Together

TWENTY-ONE

Twenty-one days after the parents' Anniversary 69 years
Why—just this year it was—
Pops died and left Mama alone
For her duration which looks
To be long—How many years
A widow and songs to be sung?
Call the kids for supper
Bell rings on the porch
Come-And-Get-It!
Bigguns and littleuns
All the same in their differences
 Stripes
 Plaids
 Polkadots
Take it on the chin
Through thick or thin
Visit the old place

Eyes open you may see the stray cat
Slink out from the depths of the bird bushes
We buried Pops' ashes in an Ammo Box
Saluted by the Yakama Warriors
Twenty-one shots fired
 Three-round volley
 Three shell casings
Tucked between folds of a U.S. Flag for
 Duty
 Honor
 Country

MARKET COMPETITION

Yo Birds!

Raspberry pickers
Patch raiders
Uninvited guests
To the garden table

Last month strawberries
On their Take Out Menu

Leave Something for Me!

WORK AND PLAY

Work and play what makes the day go by
Young ones in the sun
Sell melons from The Valley
Grown on the family farm
September harvest boxed and hauled
Farm to Market like decades past
But what has changed?
Besides the price of produce
 They've got piercings
Length of skirt--They're texting and got *tats*
So nothing really
Work and play
When play is work and work
is another four letter word
Like l-o-v-e for the l-a-n-d
Taking it easy cuz now
This day is d-o-n-e

VENDORS

These vendors are not hawkers
No get your fresh picked greens
Your sun-kissed tomatoes
Your world's best peppers
Russet Potatoes and sweet
Sugar pumpkins hereeeee!

Nobody slings fish or flashes a fast pass
Of well-aimed produce over head
With a swift underhand pitch

This market is reserved

This is not Pike's Street, Seattle

ICE CREAM SOCIAL

Ice Cream and sliced melons served
Under shade trees at the City Library
Nancy at the table peddling books
On local history her story not told therein
A latecomer with roots in Missouri
Listen to her drawl as she talks about home
She slips into the speech of her elders
Past bubbles up in her long vowels
She is a little girl and rides bareback
Down by the creek she thumps
Heels on the warm hide of the pony
Urging its plunge into the pool
Freckled fish in the bank's shadows
Dart and gone in a splash

LAST MARKET OF SEASON

OCTOBER 17, 2017—GOLDENDALE, WA

The last and best Farmers' Market today
A forty-forty day (only slight exaggeration)
40 degrees and 40 mph wind
Vendor tents in the City Park balloon up
An unimpeachable urge to fly where
Hot air cousins have gone before
To fill the sky with bright colors
Trailing baskets of happy patrons
Waving their purchased bunches
of greens, carrots, beets overhead
Hooray for the hoopla!
Deep and sweetly dulcet—a string orchestration—canned for a
My Way tribute to Frank and all the hits of yesteryear
Impersonation of no one but himself
The last day of the market entertainer
Wears a Hawaiian shirt with shorts
As if this October day were no different
From a summer market Saturday
Red shirt youth soccer players
with Moms, Dads, Grands and dogs
hang out for a few after the games and still
flush from wins and losses
don't feel the cool, cool, cool of the day
Not yet anyway
Market Manager checks his watch

It is not even noon
He laughs at himself on this last day of his two year contract
Ready to turn the duty over to another
Are you looking for a job?
Part-time Saturday shifts
Mother's Day weekend to early October!
Must be a *people-person* plus
Good with numbers

ABOUT CORY

Cory Eberhart was second born in a family of nine and grew up in Washington State. She earned a BA and a BEd from Central Washington University, as well as a MFA from the University of Oregon. As a young woman, Cory taught in public schools and at a residential detention facility in the Washington Coast Range. She helped found a Community Radio station in the Columbia Gorge, volunteered locally to address youth food security issues, and has been a caregiver for her aged parents. She is a vibrant presence at whatever she attends to.



