

# Wenatchee

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Susan Martin

My father  
left an old brass trumpet  
in the basement on Yakima Street.

I found it there  
the summer I met Uncle Art.  
He said I could have that trumpet.  
He smelled like old sweaters  
and the dust we stirred  
walking down the gravel alley.

Uncle Art liked to hold my hand  
and talk about his navy days,  
the old Bremerton shipyards.  
Hanky  
drove us to Leavenworth,  
a Bavarian town,  
where all I wanted  
was the pearl-handled jack-knife  
made in Taiwan  
to take, to remember  
and Uncle Art knew.

We ate aplets and cotlets  
in Cashmere  
and watched them being made.  
We took pictures of the hot copper vats  
and the apple blossoms  
painted on the factory wall.

I lived a Wenatchee summer  
learning that bats sound like rain  
flapping at night from catalpa trees,  
finding  
that I come from a place  
with green stone porches  
and big strong hands.

Something was wrong  
when old sweaters suddenly  
smelled like wooden drawers.  
Something had been lost.