

Tammy Robacker – The Vicissitudes

The literary project, *The Vicissitudes*, will be a first book of poetry published by local poet and writer, Tammy Robacker. The themed poems planned for publication in *The Vicissitudes* range from painful vignettes to joyous moments marking her life's journey. They speak to personal relationships with a fractured family dynamic, an immigrant parent experience, displacement, loss, divorce, cancer, death, self-discovery, and love too. Ultimately, the title of the book, *The Vicissitudes*, adds another layer of meaning to the collection and for the reader because of the fluctuation of life, love and fortune it implies. Her poems document those changes. "It is oftentimes the ups and downs of life, things we suffer or endure, the vicissitudes beyond our control, that shape the path of life we will lead; who we become," said Tammy Robacker. It is the poet's hope that *The Vicissitudes* will connect emotionally, empathetically, and powerfully with readers from all backgrounds and life experiences. The book is being published by Ms. Robacker's communications company, Pearle Publications, and will be available to the public by Fall 2009.



Tammy Robacker

photo by Bonnie Char

I WANT TO MARRY THE SHERIFF OF MAYBERRY

I want to marry the Sheriff of Mayberry
on account of I need to start a family and good, honest,
workin' men are too hard to find in this city. I've plum run out of
ideas. So I want to marry Andy. I want the fantasy. I could be
a step-mother to little Opie. Because I reckon his real ma died
some time ago and I think they might have room for a new wife
character like me in that sleepy R.F.D. I want to help run things
in the kitchen with Aunt Bee. Make biscuits. Or steep sweet tea.
I want her to trust me so much, she'll share her secret recipes.
She'll welcome me to put on one of her frock aprons
before I fry my own plates of chicken just like family.
I want to cook dinner for Andy. He can even invite the deputy,
Barney. And Thelma Lou too. But not Helen, Lordy.
I would make him dump Crump and propose to me by Season 3.
I want to neck with the Sheriff of Mayberry. In his '62 Ford
Galaxy. We could park the patrol car near a deserted field
where the locals sneak to mill moonshine or shoot skeet.
I want to sleep with the Sheriff of Mayberry. I would take
the other twin bed in his room, and reach across the nightstand
for him every evenin', the way proper married folks do
at the Desilu studios, once they dim the lights on the set.
I want to marry the Sheriff of Mayberry. Have him sing to me.
Love ballads from the porch swing. Strumming his guitar
and crooning all the words acapella to old fashioned songs
about sweethearts or mountains or loneliness. I want to marry
the Sheriff of Mayberry. And when the TV lights up every night,
there we will be, The Mr. and Mrs. Andy Griffith Show,
whistling the opening theme.

--Tammy Robacker