

The Weekly Avocet

#467

November 14th, 2021

Hello to our Poets and Nature-lovers of The Avocet community:

**after Thanksgiving
freezing rain covers hard ground
ice skater's delight**

Abbie Johnson Taylor - Sheridan, WY - abbietaylor945@gmail.com



Enjoy your stroll through our pages to find yourself in nature.

We have the great pleasure this weekend to be sharing the poetry of the members of the Behind Our Eyes writing group. Focusing on support and inspiration for members, Behind Our Eyes (BOE) is an international organization of writers with disabilities. BOE welcomes members with any disability. The majority of current members are writers who are blind or visually impaired; some of these members are additionally deaf or hearing impaired. For additional information concerning Behind Our Eyes, please visit: <http://www.behindoureyes.org>

Falling

It was a breezy Autumn Day.
Blowing the last of the rains away
a scarf dangles around my throat.
As I rummage for a warm coat.

Rushing outside to my woods,
I turn the wind with my hood.
Soon, I find a fallen tree.
A throw at the base waits for me.

Snuggling in, my back at the base,
Looking around, I see empty space.
Hues of red and orange form a lacy canopy.
I sit quite still to wait and see.

Soon a wind starts to blow.
Leaves are plucked, swirl like jeweled snow.
I watch until I am covered with leaves.
Smiling, I feel one with the trees.

All too soon, I feel the cold.
Shaking off leaves, I turn to go.
Stopping I reach for a golden leaf.
This one I'll keep

In memory of falling leaves.
save for the gift received.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

I am completely blind but was blessed with many years of some vision to store memories of colors and objects in my world.

When I take a walk with my husband, he will tell me about the deer in our backyard. I will walk to the place where the deer stood. I will feel the hoof prints, find the direction that the deer traveled and even how fast the deer was running by measuring the distance between hoof prints.

From the information, I bring up a memory of a deer traveling even to the flag of the tail as it bounds away.

When my husband sees a flower or budding shrub, he describes as I feel the silky petals and layers in a tightly swirled bud. I remember the flower or bud and can make a good guess on the color.

Outdoors in the early spring at a sugar bush, I feel the fire as the maple sap bubbles in the open pans. I can almost taste the maple as the smell of hot sugar hangs in the air. Finally, lifting the syrup to drizzle it back into the pans and hearing that the sap is thickening, I see in my mind's eye putting the hot syrup in a milk can to transport it home to can it.

I love to sit with my coffee in the morning to listen as the first birds start their song as the early morning warms my face.

Don't get me wrong, I sometimes miss my vision. But I can use my other senses to enhance my enjoyment of my world. Carol Farnsworth

Changes

cool mornings sparkle
as dew drops change to frosting
etching leaves of grass

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

Autumn Foliage

(Acrostic)

Amazing colors fill the trees,
Until first frost takes away their leaves.
Turning away from summer heat,
Upon the ground it's scorching beat.
Much more serious gathers the frost.
Nature begins to reveal her cost.

Full color blooms among the trees,
Only in autumn memories.
Leaping from summer vitality,
Into older, colder uncertainty,
Autumn's aging anticipates best,
Gathering of preparations for winter's rest.
Every living thing to this will attest.

Marlene Mesot - Axton, VA - Marl.Mesot@gmail.com

Fall Foliage Fantasy

(Alliterative Quatrain)

The breeze sighs among the trees
As autumn leaves are tossed around.
Weightless seems the colored leaves
As they flutter to the ground.

Red, rustic and ready for anything.
Yellow, yelling and yielding to expression.
Gold, gentle and glowing, graciously giving.
Green gestures of life continually fulfilling.

Red reminds of the crunch of apple crisp.
Golden, akin to tangy orange juice.
Green tastes light as a melon mist.
Yellow feels soft like banana mousse.

Red, green, yellow, gold, bold and bright,
Foliage fantasy flourishes against the sky.
In the forests day and night,
Till frost to winter pass them by.

Feel the sting of autumn leaves,
When unexpectedly a storm blows in,
Intensifies the fury of autumn breeze.
Against nature we can't win.

Marlene Mesot - Axton, VA - Marl.Mesot@gmail.com

Although I have limited sight and hearing, I have always loved summers at my grandparent's camp on Deering Lake NH growing up. I have been legally blind and hearing impaired since birth and was the only child, grandchild, and niece in the family. I loved walking in the woods, picking berries along the dirt roads and swimming and boating on the lake. Occasionally we trekked into the camp for a day trip during the winter. At first it was by snowshoes, then in later years by snowmobile. When the lake was frozen enough a short cut from the road across the ice was quicker. I loved the clean air, sigh of the breeze, swishing my feet in the leaves and rowing the boat on the lake especially at dusk when the lake was calm and quiet. My grandmother knew the names of every wildflower that grew in the woods. We never encountered bear, but my grandparents loved watching the smaller creatures scamper around, especially at dawn. These happy times have inspired many poems and stories I have written.

"In every change, in every falling leaf there is some pain, some beauty. And that's the way new leaves grow." - Amit Ray

My Indian Summer Experience

Indian Summer,
What does that mean?
Unseasonably warm autumn months,
With temperatures resembling
Those of early Spring.

With air conditioner running
And birds singing in the trees,
I sit on my front porch
Listening to the wind chimes
Blowing in the gentle breeze.

Wishing for the true feel of Fall
And cooler temperatures
And the sounds of nature filling the air
With my door open all day,
The sound of music
Comes from everywhere.

Indian Summer 2020
was a difficult time for writing
with the drone of the air conditioner
a constant distraction in my brain
With the drop of the temperature
The AC was turned off,
And my characters spoke to me again.

When you feel weighed down
By the noises around you,
Step outside and sit in the quiet of the day,
Listen to the music of your environment
And let all distractions drift
Far, far away
Like leaves blowing in the autumn winds
And let words flow like raindrops
Fill your blank page.

Follow your characters
As they go their merry way
Down the path of your story
Taking you through
Another productive writing day.

Ann Harrison - Rochelle, GA - Annwrites75@gmail.com

Sounds of Autumn

Windchimes announce the changing season.
The drop in temperature gives me a reason
To write a glorious rhyme
As His natural music
Keeps perfect time.
And to Him, may my words be pleasing
As I end this little rhyme.

Ann Harrison - Rochelle, GA - Annwrites75@gmail.com

Wave tossed stones
rounded, smooth, litter the beach
with lake treasure.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

Sweet Corn of Indiana

When the crackle and crispness of autumn come,
when fragrance in the air announces the third season,
I recall my Indiana autumns and think of corn.

Always wanting to decorate with pumpkins and Indian Corn for this season,
once during my pre-teen years,
I decided to grow my own Calico Corn in my dad's garden.
Although Dad showed me how to plant the corn,
I evidently did not plant the corn deeply enough.
Initially, my ornamental corn -- "flint corn" or "calico corn"--
grew quite well.
However, after a particularly hard summer rain,
my strong stalks of corn collapsed -- fell onto the clay soil.
I was, figuratively, crushed; but my dad told me not to worry.
He said, "When all dries out, your corn will rise again."
It did. My faith in my father grew even more.

Much later, shucking those ears of Indian corn, I found inside
the sweet surprise of striking autumn colors
with which to decorate our front porch
to celebrate this richly sensory-filled season of autumn.

Alice Jane-Marie Massa - Milwaukee, WI - alicejm@massa@gmail.com

Autumnal Debate

Some sing of aspen and the Rockies wavering in gold,
but autumn in Indiana is so much more to behold.
Here, in the Heartland,
where Mother Nature puts to use her master's degree,
she uses a different palette
with much more artistry.
The crimsons, ochres, oranges, and yellows appear
to frame the houses, corn fields, and wheat fields
for this resplendent third season of the year.

Midst the smell of cider and the touch of fallen leaves,
the sound of less courageous buzzing bees,
I toast Mother Nature with that sweet apple treat
for her giving Hoosiers such an autumnal gift--
an annual donation without conceit.

While the aspen are forever on a canvas of green,
autumn in Indiana is so much more than the Western scene.
Many promote the glory of aspen gold;
but I promise you that in the Hoosier Hills,
more colors magically unfold.

If I were given a minute
to open my eyes to either point of view,
Undoubtedly, I'd choose to stand once again on a Hoosier hill
and take and take and take my fill
of all the autumnal hues
until at last and sadly, my fanciful minute were through.
Then, I'd toast Mother Nature a second time
for creating this wonderful place--
this Indiana where she leaves her trace
of undebatable, autumnal grace.

Alice Jane-Marie Massa - Milwaukee, WI - alicejmassa@gmail.com

Pumpkin Field

Pumpkins hide
amid drying leaves and vines
at their prime.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

One Fall Day

The morning air was brisk, carrying a hint of musky earth.
The farmers' market beckoned,
and my younger brother and I ran ahead of our mother,
past the purple eggplant, the warty squash, the sea green zucchini,
in search of the perfect pumpkin.

Elizabeth Fiorite - Jacksonville, FL - Eficie@live.com

The wind ripples through
wheat fields of sun golden stalks,
bowing their homage.

Elizabeth Fiorite - Jacksonville, FL - Eficie@live.com

Shelter

Ants in long, straight lines,
parading back to their hill,
sheltered from danger.

Prairie dogs dashing
underground burrow shelters
deep, warm and cozy.

Big, wooly Bison,
rump to rump in a circle,
shelter from attack.

Clown fish dart quickly
anemone spine shelters,
host none the wiser.

Mama bird comes home
to her four sheltered fledglings,
soon to be full grown.

Your touch makes me smile,
I feel sheltered in your arms,
safe in your embrace.

Kathryn G. (Kate) Chamberlin - Walworth, NY - KathrynGC1@verizon.net

Pitty pat, pat, pat

Cold rain drips from eaves
to splat on dried Hosta leaves
no longer lush green.

Water droplets pool
Forming puddles that grow big
Soaking kids' red boots.

Rills wiggle, jiggle
Zig-zagging down the windshield
Blurring vision field.

Streams become rivers
River currents surge over
Sandbag barriers.

Ebbing ocean tide
Rushing the storm surge to sea,
Lost in its vastness.

Kathryn G. (Kate) Chamberlin - Walworth, NY - KathrynGC1@verizon.net

Visitors

Two deer appear
like ghosts in the night
They greedily drink.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

Seasonal Transition

On an October day,
Summer pays one last visit.
Warm air and sunshine mix
With brittle, fallen leaves.
"How I wish I could stay longer!" summer sighs,
"But I must yield the floor
To autumn's dance."

Carrie Hooper - Elmira, NY - hoot751@stny.rr.com

Silver glow
lights the way in dark
to find rest.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

River

Skip down the street, cross to the corner,
stop along the rusted iron bridge. Peer over
the railing, watch the water flow
Find a stick and drop it, swept
in a flash
under The bridge by fast currents.
Find the trail and follow, slide down
loose pebbles and dirt finds eyes, grit
coats lips.
A splash of cool wetness washes it away.
Curious eyes poke under stones
logs and brush.
Slick moss and centipedes
and rainbow scaled fish delightful
Mysteries of the deep.

Ann Chiappetta - New Rochelle, NY - anniecms64@gmail.com

Wild Figs

We walk the obscure game path imprinted by eternal hooves
pads and bellies seeking succor.
The rattlesnake basks on the furnace hot parched earth.
For a moment tepid canteen water answers prayers.
The clearing opens, bountiful tree
teems With the susurrations of starling wings.
Our approach silences the avian jewels nestled in the tree necklace
the air resonates, genuflective
reverent.
Needful fingers reach the golden, virtuous fruit,
I pluck it.

Ann Chiappetta - New Rochelle, NY - anniecms64@gmail.com

Nature's seat

A fallen tree
offers a leaf filled hole
to sit in.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

Locked In

In the crisp morning air,
Leaves crunching under my feet,
My offering in hand,
I head for the back gate.

Something keeps it from opening.
I resolve to find a way.
I push gently, and the barrier yields.
At last, an opening I can squeeze through.

On the other side, small bodies with billed heads gather round me.
I reach down to move the barrier.
Shock! What is this?
A round, moist, grainy, humped shell blocks the gate.

I wonder. Is this a mother looking for a place to lay her eggs?
Or, a tired traveler pausing to rest.
I scoot the turtle away from the gate,
And, dispense my offering to the eager recipients.

Cleora Boyd - Fort Worth, TX - sitting.duck@springmail.com

Harvest Moon

Ghost
Fog emerges down the hill to hide
a raccoon.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

“We are all living together on a single planet, which is threatened by our own actions. And if you don’t have some kind of global cooperation, nationalism is just not on the right level to tackle the problems, whether it’s climate change or whether it’s technological disruption.” - Yuval Noah Harari

Pumpkins and scarecrows.
Warm days leading to crisp nights.
Drinking hot cider.

Barbara Bates (B. L. Bates) - Westport, MA - batfam@charter.net

Grass becoming stiff, brown.
Leaves turning red, gold; falling.
Winds scouring the land.

Barbara Bates (B. L. Bates) - Westport, MA - batfam@charter.net

Squirrels hoarding nuts
Bears gorging before sleeping.
Bird V's flying south.

Barbara Bates (B. L. Bates) - Westport, MA - batfam@charter.net

Colorful sunsets.
Lack of colors, bugs, flowers.
Morning ice on glass.

Barbara Bates (B. L. Bates) - Westport, MA - batfam@charter.net

Temperatures drop.
clouds gather across the sky.
The first snowflake falls.

Barbara Bates (B. L. Bates) - Westport, MA - batfam@charter.net

“Wind and other clean, renewable energy will help end our reliance on fossil fuels and combat the severe threat that climate change poses to humans and wildlife alike.” - Frances Beinecke

The Five-Minute Hour

What a great snooze I just had...
Yawn... yawn... stretch...
I climbed up in the office bed, curled up
(Like a big shrimp--I've never eaten shrimp),
While my human pounded the keys.
There was that raucous music she loves,
Maybe something on the screen,
About the band, as well.

She's unaware I read what she was writing!
Another human in the chat confided missing
That third bandmate.
The drummer guy who writes the poetry:
She is still
Sometimes brokenhearted, too.

She sent her friend a jagged missive,
Full of unspent pathos--
I swear I caught her plea
For company.
Until he phones, let me try!
They don't call me her pet therapist for nothing!
Besides, I need cuddles, after waking!

I know, I know--oh, oh, oh,
I will speak sweetly to her...
Mid-range meowing: "come on, you know I'm cute,
And there's nothing you'd like better
Then running your small hand
Down my tuxedo fur!
Oh, yeah--a stroke on the side of the face... luscious!
Pats between my pointy little ears? Fab!"

The pitch of her answer
Reminds me of the singer on the screen--
Or rather, what he sounded like
When he was far younger...
Grinning, laughing at her little one.
Narrow shoulders not so taut
With untended anguish.
Ah, another job well-done!

I exit with contented purr:
Oh, please... no fee at all...

Except, perhaps, a treat or two,
And more attention--that will do!
But for now, I think I'll crash again...
Love, Em.

Sandra Streeter - Groton, CT - sandrastreeter381@gmail.com

Autumn Dance

Gliding paper leaves
dance gracefully as winds sync
musical crisp notes
amidst smokey oak breezes
throughout trees of dense damp fog

Alicia Ann Torres - Oakland, CA - freedom0768@att.net

As a Child Marveled

The little girl stared at the tree branch
In amazement.
Then, her eyes followed the movement
As the squirrel darted to its retreat
With its treasure.

“Wow!” she exclaimed.
Her searching eyes were full of wonder.
“what did it do with the pecan?” she asked.
Her great-aunt saw the rodent scamper
To a safe place to store its food.

“Honey, it takes the pecans
And puts them away for winter.”
“I like the squirrel.
It's pretty!” the girl cried.
“Maybe it will come back,” the great-aunt said.

It's hard to believe that we have
Squirrels in Odessa, Texas.
Yet, they harvest their food
From my neighbor's yard.
They alert us to the coming season.

James R. Campbell - Odessa, TX - Campbelljr2010@outlook.com

succulent sedum
perennial favorite
garden stonecrop plant

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

Autumnal Prelude

My sleek black cat stretches forward
views rain-soaked world through open window
sits quietly as early morning rain dribbles
soft metallic tunes on rainspouts
listens to chipmunks chattering
in rock pile of spare Japanese garden.

I listen to cars splashing down flooded road
crows calling from beyond the dense woods
deep olive-green dimness of tangled
swagging bittersweet vines
careening from highest maple trees

Rain alters my gardening schedules
tulip, crocus, and daffodil bulbs
remain unnoticed, dry and safe
after swift flight from Holland
the promise of a colorful spring garden
remains intact
resting in cardboard shipping box.

Autumnal days grow cooler
but soil remains warm
plants now focus their energy
on root development
preparing for their Spring performance.

Patience is a virtue for cats, gardeners, and plants.

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

bold Black-eyed Susan
mid-summer to early fall
dreams with daylilies.

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

yellow starflowers
fern-like silver leaves
chic Dusty Miller

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

Apples

Days are warm and nights are cool,
It's apple time again.
Winesap, Jonathon, Gayla,
Granny Smith, Gravinstein,
Red and Golden Delicious,
Fuji and Arkansas Black.
Sweet and tart, red yellow and green,
They weigh down the branches.

Diced in a Jell-O salad,
Combined in countless ways.
Apple butter, apple sauce,
Apple cider and pie;
Baked apples and fried apples,
Apple fritters and cake.
Holding harvest memories,
When the winter winds blow.

I fill my hands with pleasure,
Pile them in a basket.
I tuck them in a lunch box,
Glossy globes of treasure.
A present for the teacher,
A treat for a pony.
Not even Eve could resist,
Savoring this delight.

Deanna Noriega - Foulto, MO - dqnoriega@gmail.com

lemon-coral stars
Sedum mounds reflect sunshine
plucky sunbather

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

Autumn

The seasons will reveal themselves
one glittering wing at a time
as they drape the world in purple and black.

The great mystery swoops down,
hovers over us like a storm
until we find the way inside.

Still, I crave dewy September grass
air laced with soul-speckled clover,
whispered mists and November rain.

The seasons will reveal themselves
here, beside my beloved,
with no regard for chapel bells or baggage claim tickets.

I am merely a child,
pedaling my brokenness into the fog
to prove the ways of love.

Joan Myles - Salem, OR - jmyles63@gmail.com

Flight

where and why
geese fly

leave the land
the lake

the fog
unknowing

Joan Myles - Salem, OR - jmyles63@gmail.com

fuzzy tails cascade
red-hot cattails oscillate
poisonous Chenille

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

Night Wind

Insistent wind rattles the windows,
jarring me from healing sleep.
It howls through bare branches,
bending them into submission or,
because it can, snaps the defiant.
Morning will be time enough
to ascertain the damage.
I have reached an age when
resilience against life's storms
is better measured in the light of day.
Tucking blankets tightly around me,
I sigh and slip back
into the welcome unknowing.

(First printed in Magnets and Ladders 2019)

Sally Rosenthal - Philadelphia, PA - Sanford.rosenthal@comcast.net

Whisper On the Wind

I caught a whisper on the wind
One afternoon in mid-July,
Though I tried not to listen in
Its secret I could not deny.

The breeze that summer afternoon
Began an old familiar song,
A soft and melancholy tune
That warned an end would not be long.

I listened to the haunting voice
Speak words I wished it would not tell
Although it simply had no choice,
The truth it spoke I knew too well.

These pleasant days so warm and clear
I wished in vain might linger on
But autumn hovered ever near
And all too soon they would be gone.

Jo Elizabeth Pinto - Brighton, CO - jopinto@msn.com

soft white-velvet stars
clustered between waxy leaves
sweet-smelling Hoya

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

Summer's Defeat

Autumn, backed by Winter,
Wars with increasing confidence
Against the arrogant dominance of your heat.

I rest, assured by season's progression,
In Fall's imminent victory.

The scent of rain is on the wind,
Whose triumph will soon overpower you.
Relieving man and beast,
Blade and leaf;
Crushing your ruthless tyranny.

Winslow Parker - Portland, OR - Winslow617@comcast.net

Tall Travelers

With magnetic field and inner ear guidance
Heading toward the Texas coast is our autumnal destiny;
Our unusual height,
Often five feet or more,
Perpetuates our claim, tallest bird in North America.
In September we leave northwest Canada;
Nearly two months later we reach our Texas refuge,
Groups of wildlife enthusiasts protect us.

Cross-country flight altitudes are between fifteen and 1800 meters,
Range average is about 500 meters,
A glorious sight for observers on the ground.
Numbers flying together include one to two small family groups, three to eight birds,
Each bird is bright white with black wingtips visible during flight.
Sounds we make distinguish us and give us our name.

Whooping Cranes

Marilyn Brandt Smith - Louisville, KY - merrychristmas@bluegrasspals.com

Kentucky Autumn

The goblins put their hats and masks away;
Deer season comes in with the waxing moon;
Pecans are ready by the creek they say
And Nelda makes a real mean macaroon.

The weatherman sees snow, "Prepare," he warns.
The harvest over, hay is stacked in bails;
Tobacco now is stripped and in the barns.
We'll take our chances at the auction sales.

The corn we raised is served Thanksgiving Day
With blackberries and pickles canned in June.
Our autumn garden flourished. Sad to say,
It vanished with the frost that came too soon.

We pause a moment, call our family near
And pray to do it all again next year.

(Appeared in Chasing the Green Son 2013)

Marilyn Brandt Smith - Louisville, KY - merrychristmas@bluegrasspals.com

autumnal blue sky
swollen clouds drift unsounded
bright silver-lining

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

Leaves

I am always amazed
when brilliant Fall
casts her exquisite blanket of artistry
at my feet.

Ruby, gold, pink-orange and green
burst in joyous flutter,
scattered by brisk wind
before deep brown claims them.

Valerie Moreno - Linden, NJ - spiritwind@pmpmail.com

“Saving our planet, lifting people out of poverty, advancing economic growth... these are one and the same fight. We must connect the dots between climate change, water scarcity, energy shortages, global health, food security, and women’s empowerment. Solutions to one problem must be solutions for all.” - Ban Ki-moon

after rain subsides
crows chant beyond distant trees
mid-day interlude

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

chimera shimmers
silver lining on deep grey
behold morning star

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

Whispers

Why do Autumn leaves whisper so?
when their colors begin to show?
Do they dress for celebration--?
a Mardi Gras before demise,
portending Persephone’s flight
to Pluto’s wintry Hades,
where the dead are known to dwell?

Do they seek a glorious death?
chasing Spring to the underworld,
hoping to retrieve their goddess,
or serve her in her husband’s realm?

What do leaves whisper as I swish
through their sacrificial bodies?
Rustlings say, “She will come again.
She is nourished by our dry bones.
We’ll adorn her when she rises,
and flourish in her haloed warmth,
then follow when she falls again.”

Leonard Tuchyner - Barboursville, VA - Tuchyner5@aol.com

First Leaf

In morning's light, a yellow leaf,
so early in season, lies at my feet.
Its hawthorn shape, A flint spear point.
Spring is fallen, Autumn is nigh.

In lengthening night,
the moon is crescent,
its arms stretched up,
holds Spring's last wine.

Poplars cradle moon glow,
whispering sweet lullabies,
of soft cooling breezes.
Newborn breezes will learn to howl.

How sweet the puppy breath,
whose teeth will freeze to ice,
its cold knives cutting deep,
on soft snow of Christmas scene.

Leonard Tuchyner - Barboursville, VA - Tuchyner5@aol.com

Sunday Afternoon

I see blue sky above my silent back yard.
In the distance, dogs bark.
A saw whines, followed by other construction noises.
A plane flies overhead.
Far away, a train whistles.
Caressed by a cool, autumnal breeze,
I reflect on my life, at peace.

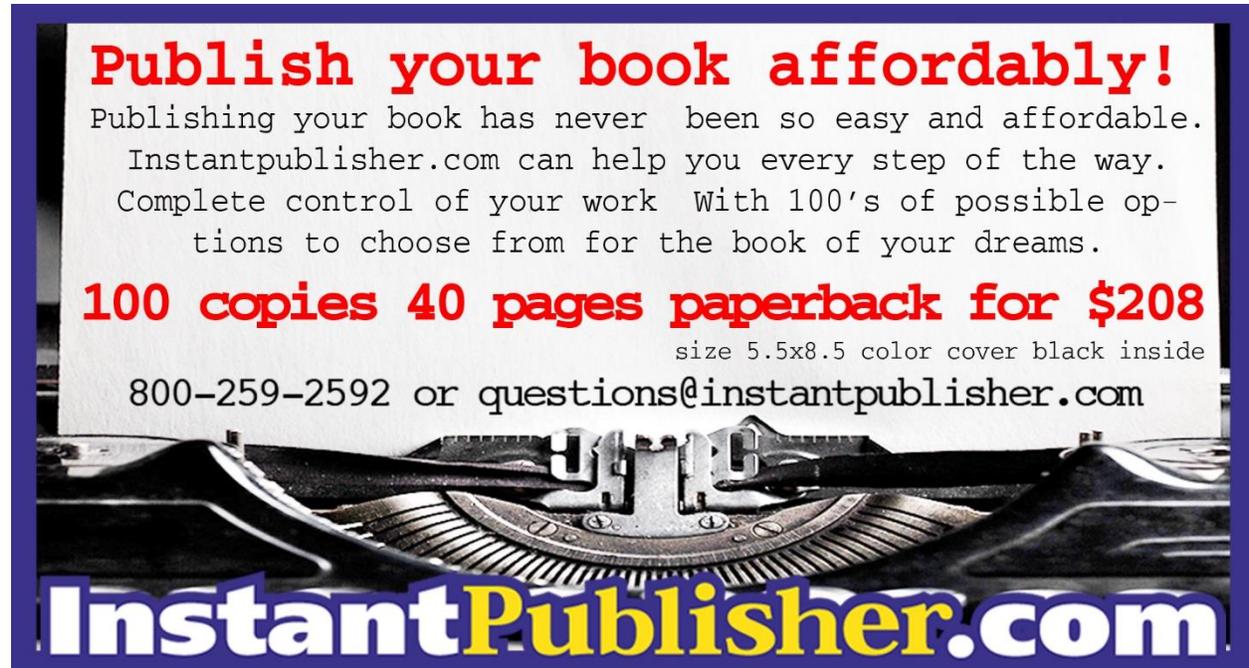
Abbie Johnson Taylor - Sheridan, WY - abbietaylor945@gmail.com

If you like a poem, please let the poet know it...

A Poetry Challenge for all Nature-loving poets in 2021. I love writing Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems. I am always on the lookout for an article about our wondrous Mother Earth. Please find a climate change issue about our precious planet and take the Saving Mother Earth Challenge, and, then send it to us to share with the community...

We all call Earth our home - Have your voice be heard through your words!!!

Please put Saving Mother Earth Challenge/your last name in the subject line of your email and send to angeldec24@hotmail.com



Publish your book affordably!
Publishing your book has never been so easy and affordable.
Instantpublisher.com can help you every step of the way.
Complete control of your work With 100's of possible options to choose from for the book of your dreams.

100 copies 40 pages paperback for \$208
size 5.5x8.5 color cover black inside

800-259-2592 or questions@instantpublisher.com

InstantPublisher.com

Please let them know we sent you. Thank you.

Norma Bradley, an Avocet poet - normabradley1@gmail.com - writes, "When I was ready to publish my first self-published chapbook, I called Instant Publisher. Chris was very helpful and answered all of my questions. I am delighted with how the book turned out and have had many positive comments. I did have help along the way to be able to get it sent off to finally be published. What I like about self-publishing is that I made all the choices for the cover design, font, paper etc. The copies arrived within 10 days. Being able to speak directly with Chris made all the difference. I highly recommend Instant Publisher."

If you would like to become a supporting member of The Avocet community, The Avocet is only \$25.00 for 4 - 64 page - perfectly bounded issues and 52 weeks of The Weekly Avocet, every weekend, plus other poetry surprises, with the best Nature poetry by the best Nature poets in America, a steal of a deal. Please think about supporting our little poetry journal. Sample copy just \$7.50.

Please make your check out to The Avocet and send to:

The Avocet - P.O. Box 19186 - Fountain Hills, AZ 85269

Deenaz Coachbuilder writes, “I have treasured each poem in Charles Portolano’s new collection of poetry, *Wild with Life*. Love and reverence for nature and those you love imbues each page. Relationships between animals, between man and animals and birds, between humankind and the plants we touch, smell, taste, shelter under, respect.

There is a sense of almost holiness, that they were here before us, and will remain long after, that we are but ephemeral visitors in their world. Our power can be used to preserve nature or destroy it.

The poems enlighten, entertain, instruct. They help us understand the world around us in the best of ways, through the stories he tells, for did we not learn of the world through the stories we heard, and then read, when we were children?

There is a feeling that cannot be described, when we carefully and cautiously rescue a spider, a lizard, a bird, that has accidentally entered our home, which we release back into their natural habitat. It is as if something has blessed us.”

A collection of Mother Earth poetry by Charles Portolano

Editor of The Avocet, a Journal of Nature Poetry – cportolano@hotmail.com

Wild with Life

Just \$15.00, which includes postage, for 90 pages of pure love for our Mother Earth.

*Knowing I am wild with life
but once
on this gift we have been given,
this precious gift that we have
been given guardianship of...*

Send checks to:
The Avocet
P. O. Box 19186
Fountain Hills, AZ
85269

“These poems are written by a seasoned poet who has reached the pinnacle of his art with a recognizable and moving voice. Charles edits the highly-successful nature journal, THE AVOCET, a must for nature loving poets and writers.”- Christine Swanberg, Poet Laureate of Rockford, IL.

“In *Wild with Life*, Charles Portolano has deepened his engagement with the natural world he began so movingly in his earlier works. It is a noble, ambitious, and moving work.”- Joel Savishinsky - Charles A. Dana Professor Emeritus in the Social Sciences, Ithaca College

The American Avocet

I watch unseen this large,
long-legged shorebird,
with its pied plumage
and a dash of red
around its head and neck,
scampering along
the coastline
searching to snatch-up
some aquatic insect
or a small invertebrate
hidden beneath
the brackish waters
of this saltmarsh.

I watch unseen
it swing its odd,
long, up-curved bill
through the shallow,
still waters, catching
a tiny creature,
trapping it in its bill,
racing off to its nest to
feed her four hatchings
with this feast she found.

I watch in awe
as the male
grows protective,
fearlessly fending off
an encroaching
common black raven,
attacking this intruder,
striking at it with its bill.

I watch in wonder
as they swim as a family
just days after
the young ones are born,
then back to the nest to
rest where its kind flocks
together in a community.

Charles Portolano - Fountain Hills, AZ - cportolano@hotmail.com

We hope we provoked you; that you leave having experienced a complete emotional response to the poetry. I want to thank our Poets for sharing their work with us this week. **And “Thank you for reading, dear reader!”**

Be well, see you next weekend,

Charles Portolano, Editor/Publisher and Vivian and Valerie Portolano, Co-Editors
of The Avocet, a Journal of Nature Poetry and The Weekly Avocet, every weekend.

Copyright © 2021 by The Avocet (for our poets)

