

The Weekly Avocet - #592

April 7th, 2024

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

**first dandelion
blossoming in the meadow
welcoming in spring**

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

The Movement *(Metronome)*

In the morning's tender grasp, Spring awakens with a sigh,
Blossoms paint the earth anew, under the palette of dawn,
Life unwinds with a gentle Tik, in the hours of the morn,
Hope and promise fill the air, as a new day is born.

Parching sun in the sky, At high noon, Summer's blaze,
Nature's pendulum beats strong and fast, beneath the fiery reign,
Fields of green and skies so blue, life Tok's in its prime display,
But as the sun climbs highest and tips the solstice, shadows grow shorter in their stay.

Evening's embrace brings Autumn's touch, leaves of crimson and brass,
A cooling breeze and whispered dreams, as the day's end spreads,
Colors set deep, the unwound days grow shorter, the world prepares to rest,
In the twilight of our fleeting moments, we find solace and bequest.

Yet Winters' shroud descends at night, its memories conceal and reveal,
The hours before dawn slow the blood, the harshest test of life,
With measured breath a frosty fog, and a world in muted grace,
We wind our strength in the cold and stillness, in that lonely, sacred space.

James Aiken - james.j.aiken@gmail.com

Mother Earth's love - the gift that keeps on giving

Springtime

Sprouts, warmed by sun,
open, release, germinate.
Pushing growth, roots, stems.
Rising above, drawn by the light.
Ignoring frigid northern winds.
Night and day, the growth continues.
Gardeners take heart in the change,
Tasks, mulching, manure to feed the garden,
Inside, we finger seed packets,
filled with hopeful dreams,
many varieties to sow,
Eagerly envisioning future crops.
Laboring with love, gardeners toil.

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

Sunset

Sunset is the perfect metaphor--
fading light behind darkening hills
slow ending, letting go of all that
used to matter, releasing
dreams, hopes, fear, reconciling
something to nothing
emptying self, ego, facing
coming darkness, acquiescing
to calm acceptance, releasing
deep, last breaths, night sliding
into final, peaceful darkness.

J. B. Hogan - Fayetteville, AR - jbhogan22@hotmail.com



Louisa Reid - holdfastvaviasco@gmail.com

Observing, Watching

Passion burns within, soul-searing flame,
observant time, long hours, days spent in
contemplation, in meditative joy,
deep, satisfying reflection, deliberation
slow, painstaking pleasure evinced, captured,
absorbed in heart, in vital ardor.

Outside, workers spread, apply,
brush in colors blue and gray,
refine the hue, then pause, exit,
leaving all for enraptured sight the
slow, minute by minute, hour by hour
drying, the moist coating shining at
days fulfilling end.

In morning, a land covered in purity,
in white, half a foot or more,
pristine upon the streets, the yards,
the roofs with smoke spiraling from
chimneys unto the clear sky, the day
warming now, each quarter hour
less white upon the ground,
slowly, incessantly melting,
melting by mid-day, finally
gone by dying of the light.

But Spring grass then, budding up,
slowest of the slow, growing,
yet unseen in growth, lifting,
softly rising, stretching toward the sun,
each minute, each hour, each day,
its rebirth silent, inevitable, breathtaking
in its unhurried, examined growth.

J. B. Hogan - Fayetteville, AR - jbhogan22@hotmail.com

baby squirrel
sprints to bird feeder
his turn, now

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

the thing with feathers

*It gives me a thrill
to wake up in the morning
to the mockingbird's trill*
--George Vaughn Horton

Three a.m. Mockingbird
outside my window begins to sing,
Cheree-chirp-cheree, cheeta-cheeta-cheep

Trills for hours
Does not stop

Mockingbird chirps joy this morning,
this day of uncertainty, day of fear,
on what becomes a radiant April day
of azalea and iris,
of dogwood and redbud.

Dare I say--why do I say--day of fear?

Mockingbird sings
*cheree-chirp-cheree
cheeta-cheeta-cheep
dare to be thrilled
dare to eat, drink, be merry
carpe diem, carpe diem*

Who knows when the diem will be carped?

Dinner at dusk
with my sheltering companion.
Pink April Moon rises to full super-glory.
At what precise moment is it perfect?

Full-moon splendor--
blue sky fades to wedgwood
to slate to indigo--
moon a tangerine beacon in the dark.

Moon says be calm,
I am goddess of the night,
shining for you, shining for hope,
health and harmony will come,
humanity will be safe again.

*Cheree-chirp-cheree
cheeta-cheeta-cheep*

Dear Emily, you know about birds.
*Hope is the thing with feathers--
That perches in the soul--*

I wait for Mockingbird to sing again.

Diane M Williams - Knoxville, TN - dmwilliams5525@gmail.com

Fuzz

gray, fuzzy
mittens on branches
grow to leaves

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

Stopover Spot

News comes in the morning paper
that half the world's migratory species
are in decline; songbirds, whales,
sea turtles, sharks and more are losing
pathways for successful journeys
critical to their reproduction and survival
around the globe and I glance now
at my notebook where I'm planning
flowers for bees and butterflies
adding this year a bee house for
industrious mason bees, little known
crucial pollinators, and while it seems
a small measure given global concerns
I plan an oasis with every increasing
pollen resources and native plants
to create a stopover spot
where giant zinnias border
vegetable gardens and upcycled plants
create spots of stopover as we work
to conserve and share as we can.

Pat Anthony - Fontana, KS - metpvan@gmail.com

First Meal

fawn nibbles
purple night crocus
too soon, gone

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

Rebirth and Renewal

Spring calves dot greening pastures
only to race away from fence lines
as we roll by, new lambs nuzzling
wooly mothers while guard donkeys
and huge white sheep dogs keep watch
everywhere air smells of turned soil,
newly spread manure onto fields waiting
to be seeded beyond hedgerows
gone silent as winter snowbirds
tend to tiny nests while others
having switched to mating songs
chorus up and down the scale
cardinals and titmice, and then
the first mockingbird back
to its ridgepole along the barn
rebirth and renewal swirls in air
gently borne on March breezes
fresh pansy faces smiling and nodding
from the planter on the coffee table
early daffodils and narcissus rounding
the birdbath and first bees
visiting eagerly at pink hyacinths.

Pat Anthony - Fontana, KS - metpvan@gmail.com

Easy Drink

wanting drink
squirrel approaches gauge
topples it

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

“Until man learns to respect and communicate with the animal world, he will never be able to know his true role on this Earth.”- Enzo Majorca (Kate Potter - kppineline@gmail.com)

Theirs a Particular Beauty

Driving the backroads
we check cross-country hi-lines
for any evidence of true spring:
the day when balanced atop each pole
in their horaltic pose of spread wings
vultures will bask in the sun
feathers shining as they shoulder
each other for spring rays
resting after their long journey
back from South America

theirs the task of clean up as
overnight roadkill becomes brunch
for hungry bellies before they rise
to spend the day soaring on thermals
against a blue sky, returning
to roost come evening atop those
same poles and cross-ties
six and seven at a time
their bald heads like giant turkeys
bodies ungainly when perched
but unforgettable in flight
arcs limned on the sky
spelling out their particular beauty
within Nature as they fly
powerful and free.

Pat Anthony - Fontana, KS - metpvan@gmail.com

Kindness always comes back...

midnight cat
slipping through shadows
on the hunt

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

Isn't Winter Over?

Well past Easter
daffodils twirl lacy
skirts above dusty dirt.
Ground squirrels
scramble beneath
massive oaks.

Cerulean ceanothus,
color of sky,
bloom on high hills.
Beside chapparal yucca
bumblebees buzz, wait
for rosettes to open.

Drizzle entices soft
white sage to release
sweet fragrance.
It's supposed to be spring
but Father Nature
has other plans.

Temperature drops.
Clouds tango in,
darken to denim,
double, and triple
themselves, from
underneath rain
pours upon it all,
become snowflakes
that float to earth
creating an eiderdown
of wonder.

Jill G. Hall - San Diego, CA - jill@jillhall.com

Spring Bath

robin takes drink
heated water invites
splash, He's in

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

dancing in puddles
brown tabby cat jumps with glee
then tracks mud inside

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com

Check-out Time

Yawning, stretching, awakening
From his long Winter's sleep
Bear forages in his den
Looking for a smidgen of food

But, unfortunately, this bear's kitchen
Is quite bare and, still yawning, he
Realizes he will finally have to
Venture out if he wants to eat

Wishing he could just go back
To sleep, he stands up gingerly
Then, reassured when his legs feel
Steady, he knows it's time to go

So, bidding his comfy den good-bye
He steps out into the waiting sunlight,
Sniffs the air and, licking his chops,
Sets out in search of breakfast

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com

“Climate change is moving faster than we are, but we don't give up because we know that climate action is the only path.” - Antonio Guterres (Theresa Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

fifty-five degrees
too cool for summer, but for
spring it's just perfect

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com

April Sixth

Spring is anticipation.
With rod, reel, and tackle box in our hands.
It is a myriad of anglers,
experienced mentors of tall tales,
youngsters eagerly await their first catch,
those who want to escape their honey-do list,
and those who find spring so enticing.
Gathering together,
on this special Saturday morning.
As we dip our lines into that perfect,
fishing spot.
Smells of spring waft through the air.
As turkey vultures swoop near the lake,
gasping their catch of the day,
and woodland creatures witness,
humanity's kindness to all of creation.
Spring days in Pennsylvania will make,
you stop.
And appreciate the cloak of nature's
wild beauty.

Mary Anne Abdo

The Bee's Plea

Out of hibernation,
and on to our destination.
No more slumber parties in the hive.
Busting out to find spring blossoms,
foraging for sweet nectar,
to start our golden honey.
Flowers of blue, yellow, white
and violet, the most favorite colors.
A request if we may ask.
A request to save us,
and our pollinator partners.
Plant those multi-colored flowers,
to which we so adore.
It would be most grateful to save,
our planet.
So therefore in return,
you can indulge,
in nature's wondrous bounty.

Mary Anne Abdo - Scranton, PA - Eirinn919@aol.com

Moon glow

shadows form
crystal moon glows bright
as if day

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

Rock Creek Trail

Spring day between storms
Forest Service dirt road
Dodging potholes and puddles
Ready for adventure

The gently flowing creek now roaring
Moisture nourishing moss on tree trunks
Don ski hat, gloves, and coat
Both of us fortified for the chill

Canyon hills full of water gushing onto the trail
Walk on slippery slopes
Slog through the mud
Trying to keep my balance

Wooden bench roughly tossed aside
Bridge spanning creek under water
Keep a tight grip on handrail
Don't want to be swept away

The trail disappears into a small lake
Reluctantly I turn back
Taking it all in
I will return

Roger Funston - Marysville, CA - rogerfunston@yahoo.com

King Fisher

wades through runoff,
river overflows banks,
gorges on trapped minnows

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

Peeping Tom

ever bloom
Lenten rose
in spring unfurls blooms
white in green

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

Monday Morning in the Redwoods

No wildflowers in the redwoods in March
Little rain, creek runs low
Fog moistened leaves rustle in the wind
Beginnings of new green growth

Parking area empty of cars
No people on the trail
Visitor Center closed
Campgrounds closed
I love off-season

Don coat to ward-off chill
Birds call overhead
Moss grows thick on tree trunks
Sun filters through canopy
Fallen redwoods allowed to decay
Soil nourished
So is my soul

I tarry a little longer
My life lately filled with hurry
No wish to hurry now

Roger Funston - Marysville, CA - rogerfunston@yahoo.com

Yosemite Falls

sauntering through the trees
invigorated by morning chill
Yosemite Falls comes into view
gushing from recent snowmelt
rainbow at the base

Roger Funston - Marysville, CA - rogerfunston@yahoo.com

Wildflowers

Burst of bloom after Spring storm
Explosion of colors reaching towards sun
Crunching sound walking over rolling hills
Gentle breeze
Birds songs filling air

Lying on grass
Feeling warm ground
Watching clouds move across deep blue sky
Imagining animal shapes
Time slows

Wildflower seeds blown by the wind
Nourished by moistened soil
Bathed by sunlight
Colors will soon fade
Just as glorious next year
Eternal cycle of life
Uninterrupted by petty concerns

Roger Funston - Marysville, CA - rogerfunston@yahoo.com

Please be kind, write to each other...

**Time to share up to four of your Spring themed
poems for The Weekly Avocet:**

Please read the guidelines before submitting

We love previously published poems!

Please send your submissions to angeldec24@hotmail.com

Photos (4), haiku (up to 10), Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems (as many as you can write)

Please when submitting submissions do not stack your info, please have it: name - town, state - email address, in a line, just like it appears in both publications. Please do not make extra work for us. Thank you.

Please send your submissions to angeldec24@hotmail.com

Please put (early or late) Spring/your last name in the subject line.

Please be kind and address your submission to me, Charles. Thank you.

(Just so you know: I do not read work from a poet who doesn't take the time to address their submission to the editor, who they want to read their work.)

Please do not just send a poem, please write a few lines of hello.

Please do not have all caps in the title of your poem.

There is no line limit per poem.

Please no religious references.

Please use single spaced lines.

Please remember, we welcome previously published poems.

Please put your name - town/state - email address under your poem. No Zip codes.

Please send your poems in the body of an email or in one attachment, **no pdf file.**

We look forward to reading your Spring submissions for The Weekly Avocet...

The Burning Question for us Earthlings is:

What are you/we going to do to stop or even just slow down Climate Change?

Do you feel like there is nothing you can do about climate change?

Well, there is, even if we all do small things it will make a great difference. Alice C. Hill (**the David M. Rubenstein senior fellow for energy and the environment at the Council on Foreign Relations.**) states the first thing we all need to do is not shy away from the subject. Talk about, write about, climate

change to everyone you know and meet. Write to your Congressperson and Senators. Let them know what you think and fear!

I want to have, at least, one Saving Mother Earth poem in each issue of The Weekly Avocet, so I am always looking for poems that address our most important issues of today, so please write about what you think and fear of the coming end of our world as we know it. A world our great grandkids will never know. A Mother Nature who is no longer kind.

But if we join together, maybe, just maybe, working together, we can make a difference to Save Mother Earth, the only home we have. Show you care. There are so many topics to write about when it comes to Climate Change. Please find one you are passionate about and write about it!

Write a Tell-off poem letting the world know what you are feeling about what is being done right before our eyes by those who claim to want what best for all of us. Think it out in your head, then put it down on the page, then fight with it, get your rage out, then send it to us to share, so you can see your voice, your words, being read, being heard...

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

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

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.

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