

The Weekly Avocet - #593

April 14th, 2024

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

**There are four seasons
Which one is your favorite
If you ask me **Spring****

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

Lambing Time

Year twenty-five of our marriage,
blue sky, cold-footed robins, crows
in the corn stubble, gray slips of dying snow.
Planting will be late this year.
March wind blows us to a farm
to see newborn lambs.
We go alone; our children are grown.

If you love me, feed my sheep.

Distance widens between us as I walk ahead
toward a red-sided barn happy with children
feeding lambs and holding chicks.
Inside, you, just recovering from an illness,
stand transfixed by lambs, each spray-painted
with the same number as its browsy, patient mother.

“Come,” I say impatient, “See the llamas.
Down the aisle, two llamas, mother and son
have captured attention. A sign names
the youngster’s exotic eyes
--one brown, one blue-- “watch eyes.”

Your eyes are brown, mine blue.
Together, our watch eyes measure
the unspoken distance between us.
Turning, we touch hands for a moment.
Our children are grown.
Planting will be late this year.

If you love me, feed my sheep.

Sandra J. Lindow - Menomonie, WI - lindowleaf@gmail.com

Mother Earth’s love - the gift that keeps on giving.

Humans must stop now
No more cutting down forests
And burning fuels

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Cemetery Walk

Early April rain beads water-proof jackets; as we walk past Butch's Bay,
a strange cloud rises three feet above slushy backwater ice,
dissipates to mizzle.

Though icy water shivers the shoreline, a crew of die-hard ice fishers
hunch on stools, looking from a distance like half-drunk,
backwards question marks staring into holes.

“Who would want to do that?” we ask,
with that certain smugness
of long shared opinion.

We cross the land bridge and up stone steps into Evergreen Cemetery
where the dazzled dust of centuries rests
among temporarily soddened stones.

Boot soles squish, along muddy pale green ribbons, winding between rows
of old and new markers, suffering and attachment
made tangible above these final homes.

Here a good woman who was once my mother-in-law, up ahead,
a sleeping lamb spans the fleet days of a three-year-old boy
who died a hundred years ago.

Around the curve, an ornate concrete tree trunk
celebrates the abbreviated life
of “Our Beloved Lena.”

What is it we carve in each other, as decades slide silently past,
the slip of almost unfelt knives
shaping our stony epitaphs?

Memory's amorphous mist answers, rises from the lake
where it was cast, separate stories coming together,
moving away each step we take.

Black birds line tree limbs, stalwart, rain-coated spectators of our meager parade.

“Why do you do that?” I ask a fisherman.

“Hey,” he says, “It's a beautiful day.”

Sandra J. Lindow - Menomonie, WI - lindowleaf@gmail.com

April Mournings

cold spring
I ungrieve
my daffodil soul

temperature
in the forties,
a red heart-shaped pebble
found on the driveway
is warm.

graupel snow
dissolves
into blue sky
and windshield droplets,
a message writ in April Braille,
robins translate: an ode
to raucous joy.

Sandra J. Lindow - Menomonie, WI - lindowleaf@gmail.com

Sea Cottage

I do not own a cottage
Close to the tranquil sea.
Nor do I own a vessel
To sail the waters deep,
Yet the sea with all its splendor
Belongs to you and me.

Tina Robinson - Oak Ridge, TN - justinarob12@gmail.com

“Water scarcity will become a serious problem, decreasing crop productivity, while rising sea levels will lead to uninhabitable environments. According to one study, envisioning the potential worst scenarios, the world’s most populous cities - including Chennai, Mumbai, Jakarta, Guangzhou, Tianjin, Hong Kong, Ho Chi Minh City, Shanghai, Lagos, Bangkok and Manila — could be abandoned by 2050. Scorching temperatures will also wreak havoc on people’s lives. About 35 percent of the global land area and 55 percent of the world’s population would be subject to more than 20 days a year of lethal heat conditions, “beyond the threshold of human survivability” - Antonio Guterres

Spring

Mother Earth awakens from
Winter's dormant sleep
As daffodils and crocus
Push up the soil and peep.

I love to hear the springtime songs
As birds prepare to nest
And watch them stop on yonder limb
To find a place to rest.

Budding trees with fragrant blooms
There's new life all around.
Soft April rains bring welcome May
And golden days abound.

Tina Robinson - Oak Ridge, TN - justinarob12@gmail.com

The drizzle of rain,
brings comfort like a long stroll
with a cherished friend.

Tina Robinson - Oak Ridge, TN - justinarob12@gmail.com

Spring Haibun

A hundred shades of green make lacy patterns on the forest floor as new leaves are born. Yellow flowers pop out in yards and along roadways in daffodil dreams. Rain falls into tulip and daffodil cups like tea being poured on a Sunday afternoon. Sunrise sifts through my bedroom blinds earlier and earlier. Cold days are followed by warm days are followed by cold days. New plants push through fresh-turned earth. Robins hop across the yard while sparrows build nests under the metal carport roof. Pollen covers the porch, and everything. Lawnmowers crank up and the smell of fresh-mown grass wafts through the window I've just opened. Long lines at Home Depot and people with armloads of plants and truck beds full of bags and bags of dirt tell you it must be Spring. Someone says, *this has to be the last frost*, and someone answers, *it's Dogwood Winter*. Let's plant the garden this weekend so we can have a ripe tomato by July 4.

Dogwood blooms beckon
pear trees proclaim it is time
for Mother Earth's fling.

Patricia Hope - Oak Ridge, TN - thetwohopes@aol.com

Eclipse

I saw it.
I felt it.
I experienced it.
But I didn't realize that I did.
The atmospheric changes were small,
The slight breeze that appeared,
The gray streaks in the sky.
I glanced Over my shoulder.
The sun had moved
From my right shoulder to my back.
I wanted to see why.
The sun looked paler,
And like it had a dinner plate over it.
That was the moon
Over the sun.
Oh boy, I saw it.
I witnessed it,
This once in a lifetime experience.
It was a near total eclipse.
I am not the same person now.

Trish Hubschman - Lancaster, SC - plutazhub@gmail.com

**“Plans to protect air and water, wilderness and wildlife are in fact plans to protect man.” -
Stewart Udall (Theresa Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)**

Earthquake

(A 4.8 earthquake just hit New York and Long Island.)

Earth shaking.
Around us, everything a mayhem.
Rumbling beneath our feet.
Traffic STOPS.
Hell breaks out.
Quivering buildings,
Unexpected chaos.
All must be okay.
Kaleidoscope.
Earthquake so scary.

Trish Hubschman - Lancaster, SC - plutazhub@gmail.com

You Exist Because I Exist

I travel constantly
You can find me in the land
In different waterbody forms,
I travel underground
I fill up the oceans, and
Evaporate into the atmosphere
Changing my form...
I quench your thirst,
Cleanse your energy and your body,
I purify and renew, at a spiritual level.
I symbolize persistence, strength, and clarity,
I am one of the most precious gifts of Mother Nature.
I am a compound, I am the water...
I am life.

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Kindness always comes back...

Take Care Of Me Or Else

What would it be like when we are gone?
Our planet is no longer safe,
Our planet is no longer healthy!
There are thousands of bee species,
Yet we are on the verge of extinction and
Humans do nothing about it...
We ensure that plants produce enough fruits and seeds to feed animals and
Humans alike,
We help spread the pollen
From one flower to another,
Then, miracles happen with Mother Earth's help, our fields dress up in elegant
Colors, new flowers and crops are born,
At the same time, new habitats are created for other wild creatures!
We come in different colors, yellow and black, orange, red, green and blue.
We need to be healthy pollinators, so that healthy plants are born.
Do not use harsh chemicals in your back yard, do not use insecticides or
Weed killers!
Do plant for us a beautiful bed of wildflowers, help us to stay safe so we can reproduce.

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Crocuses are strong
They push through the snow so fast
To astonish Spring

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.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)

Life Begins Here

It is that time again, beautiful scenery
Warmer temperatures,
Ocean blue skies and
Cotton white clouds frame the beginning of Spring.

I get to walk through town and the beautiful highway forty-seven trail,
I love to see happy smiley faces
People greet me amicably,
The stress of winter is gone.

There is a cool breeze blowing
I smell fresh cut grass,
I feel the warm sun rays on my face,
Caressing me softly.

I smell the perfume of brand new flowers
Daffodils, tulips, violets, crocuses,
Magnolias, and wild cherry blossoms and
My favorite pollinators are back and hard at work, birds, butterflies, bees, beetles
And other insects.

Life is a miracle; Mother Earth is very generous to us.

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Let’s help our planet
The atmosphere can’t handle
At all greenhouse gas

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Frequent showers fall
on Bluebells in the meadow
ringing Spring is here.

Tina Robinson - Oak Ridge, TN - justinarob12@gmail.com

Is it spring yet?

Mid-April and cranes stand in snow,
red maple buds encased in ice.
To the east, a lone sandhill crane
calls out its flight pattern in croaking voice.
Sun rises through woolly gray clouds.
Trees gleam in their sheathes of ice.
Our boots crackle over fresh snow.
In ditches, water forms rivers,
running clear and cutting holes
in melting drifts.

Kris Rued-Clark - Arpin WI - kruedclark@yahoo.com

Something about Spring

Something in the colors of spring
moves me to stillness,
requires me to stop and honor
this display of blossoming trees.
I am called to pay full attention,
to be a silent witness, noticing
the earth's newfound vitality.
Streets lined with trees dressed
in pastel pinks, lavenders and white,
even more profoundly moving
on a gray day before the rains,
when the blustering winds are stilled.
The notes of bird song pierce
the stillness of the afternoon
with the necessity of finding a mate
and beginning life's cycle anew--
the urgency of May.

Kris Rued-Clark - Arpin WI - kruedclark@yahoo.com

Return

While winter lingers, April blushes.
Frogs awaken in neighboring pond,
fill the night air with celebration.
Daylight brings geese, calls echoing
harshly from jagged v-formations.
In the hayfield, Sandhill Cranes
begin gleaning last year's harvest.
Deer-like bodies float above new grass
elegantly improbable on slender stalks.
Their prehistoric cry signals spring,
a benediction for winter.

Kris Rued-Clark - Arpin WI - kruedclark@yahoo.com

Thank you for submitting, subscribing, and sharing.

Sisters and Brothers

begin again, you sisters and brothers
born into shame by your fathers and mothers
inheriting sins of humanity's past
and ties to tradition as ruts in your path

begin again, you next generation
a fresh point in time for the vast human nation
as stewards inhabiting great Mother Earth
She watches with hope from the time of your birth

begin again, with the chance to correct
mistakes by your namesakes: our acts and neglect
our vows to fix climate change all have rung hollow
raising the danger for you who now follow

begin again, with the choices you make
what with your mark will you leave in your wake?
begin again, noting moments of passing
of mothers and fathers,
to life everlasting?
beginning at dawn and ending at dusk
ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Dale K. Nichols - Beverly Shores, IN - nichols-dale@comcast.net

Poetry

poetic verse
at its worst
mere words contrived
to rhyme in time
lacking true meaning
lines careening
one past the next
in vexéd text

but at its best
poetry nests
in a place deep inside
where it can reside
to soothe or excite
at times taking flight
to observe or to guide
from advantage on high

it can conjure a feeling
layered petals giv'n meaning
when capturing a rose
in an unguarded pose
or deciphering words
on a stroll barely heard
from the whispers that breathe
in a rustling breeze

directed, projected
at times unexpected
dissected, reflected
its meaning detected
poetry informs
as it takes and transforms
the everyday ordinary
to something extraordinary!

Dale K. Nichols - Beverly Shores, IN - nichols-dale@comcast.net

Birdlings sing their songs
as boughs display a cradle,
nature's lullaby.

Tina Robinson - Oak Ridge, TN - justinarob12@gmail.com

Unseasonal

two weeks into equatorial spring
tender red buds topping new maple shoots
covered in wet white snow
limbs limp and bending in blowing blizzard winds
a few prone
pruned by a primal hand

as are the lilac sprouts
shouting madly for sustaining sunshine
but slathered in clinging shadowy white
ancient heirloom bushes
beaten and battered
the oldest flattened
finished

or is it

Mother Nature is always full of surprises

Aimé E. Duclos - South Berwick, ME - ajduclos@zwi.net



Aimé E. Duclos - South Berwick, ME - ajduclos@zwi.net

Early Spring Walk

The gentle zephyr breeze
releases my endorphins
to every cell of my being
bringing a skip to my step
as the sun's warm rays
rises my spirit up
to take flight, igniting
my imagination to race
free like this zephyr wind
bringing the sweet scent
of cherry blossoms waffling
over to where I am walking,
such a sweet scent,
reminding me of all the
catches we had in our yard.
Mom loved cherry blossoms.
Such fond memories
of my being a boy,
of so many past Springs,
of so many new beginnings
with a freshness of new life
exploding from Mother Earth
after each new rain shower
cleansing the air, readying
the earth for new life to
appear from the grayness of
a deep, dark winter now over
bringing a world of color,
bringing a skip to my step
as the sun's warm rays
raise my spirit up for
we have marched into Spring,
with the greening of everything,
buds popping from each branch,
babies being born in the wild,
getting ready to face the world.
The gentle zephyr breeze
releases my endorphins
to every cell of my being once
Spring starts to sing of its love.

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

In love with the Spring Sun

You make us want to dance again
under your sizzling smile
we grow dizzy
as we swirl around and around
each other, holding hands
to keep from falling
into the warm, white sand
as we float above
like beautiful butterflies
on the soft breeze
we know of your love,
your welcomed warmth
after a long, hard winter
we want to dance again
with the tart taste of salt
on the warm breeze
that springs from the Spring's
sizzling sun once again
shining your warmth
over us for its time to sing
along again, to dance along
with the wavy waves rolling
in showering us with their kiss
as we dance along
the empty shoreline
we leave our mark in the sand
if only for a moment
that our love has dance here,
there, everywhere you are
for this moment we are alone
under your smiling rays
coming from above,
coming from below
making us want to dance for
oh, how we have missed you
coming and going every day,
showering us with your love.

Charles Portolano

some buds are ready
to begin their world, some not,
just like human

Byung A. Fallgren - WY - pyogool65@gmail.com

To be a seedling or not to be

With the wild wind I am
airborne, freed to fly away,
once tied to your being,
but now freed to fly
with the wind airborne
not knowing where this wind
will take me,
far or near, but
I know the earth below
is home for me.
So, I long to be planted
in the warm dirt, the earth,
and with the heavy rains
I, too, will be planted
for the rain makes the earth
soft, ready for me
to come home for
I long to grow up,
to finally break out
to feel the sun's loving rays
warming me,
keeping me growing
each day under her glow
and when she is gone
due to the cloud's
sweet rain will make the earth
perfect for me to feel
all the cells in my being
tingling, pushing up
with the pull of the sun's rays,
spouting up and out as I grow,
my slender branches will spread,
my roots will dive deep for water,
and the wind will once again
push me about, teaching me
life is hard the longer you live,
so, always look up to the sun,
never waste water,
love the rain, fear the hurricane,
this I will know in the rings that
will grow within me each year
for I, too, will set seeds free,
airborne with the wild wind.

Charles Portolano

In search of the spirit

On this mid-April morning,
we've taken lots of water
in our four canteens
as we follow the worn path
back deep into the desert
where the cactus grow tall
over their 200+ years,
creating large shadows
as the sizzling sun
moves along, we head
toward the red rock hills
where green-gray lizards rest
on top of orange boulders
soaking in the sun's energy,
these cold-blooded creatures,
with hawks circling, searching
for food from high above
and a rattlesnake wakes
from its early afternoon nap,
rattling its tail to let us know
to keep our distance for it's
too hot to waste any energy
this mid-day in the desert,
so, we steer clear searching
for petroglyphs to tell us
of the native culture
found on the red rocks
that line the hills surrounding
the Valley of the Sun, images
painted thousands of years
before the white man came
and took their lands away,
their sacred lands away,
forcing them onto reservations,
images of handprints, the sun,
owls, deer, coyotes, horses,
the mighty bears, and of
their great hunting adventures,
leaving us a record of their lives,
letting us know that once
they were one with the spirit
of Mother Earth, in love with
her love of all the creatures.
I slowly trace my fingers over

the different rocks drawings, I
feel the life-force of the artists
come alive in me, their love
of Mother Earth's life force
racing through me to my heart.

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

The Gold of Spring

Jonquils
arise from loam
that has waited through ice
to gift us with this gold of spring.
True hope.

Vaughn Neeld - Cañon City, CO - vaughnneeld@hotmail.com

Playful Spring

Spring sweeps her wings over twigs,
buds leap onto ends pointing
toward welcoming skies.

Winds sweeping, rains weeping,
spring peepers seeking one another
join in raucous chorus.

Ah the swirl of spring mingling
color, sound, scent impacting
to attract eye, distract ear.

Spring appears and disappears
hiding as we seek her, peeking
from behind forsythia blossoms.

Leaping backward, hopping forward,
capering toward summer, dawdling, then
swooping suddenly in headlong rush.

Swinging from the horns of an April New Moon
she settles finally into June frilled stillness
buzzing her song in the long grass.

Tasha Halpert

Forsythia

Sunshine incarnate,
Forsythia blossoms
blare their bright
yellow notes.

Nature is an artist:
Beauty meets the eye
on every ordinary lawn
each April dawn.

Whether or not
the sun appears,
Forsythia beams
even in the rain.

Tasha Halpert - North Grafton, MA - Tashahal@gmail.com

Harbingers

The potatoes know it's spring.
Shut away from the light
they have begun
to sprout toward it.

In my kitchen yesterday
a lone ant and it's not even May!
It seems spring
has whispered to it.

Birds have been singing about it for weeks.

In my hunger for it I ignored the signs,
dwelt on the chill rather than noticed
how the light grows longer with each day,
the buds begin to swell,
green shoots pierce soil freshly freed of frost.

My impatient heart's longing
had deafened me.
Now these humble whisperings
remind me.

Tasha Halpert - North Grafton, MA - Tashahal@gmail.com

Bumblebee Buddy

I toil in my garden, but not without help.
Laboring beside me is my friend bumblebee.
He knows we are comrades in our common cause.
Buzzing amiably, he does his share.
Relaxed, as am I, we work without fear.
Though our paths intertwine with each other,
we will not interfere with one another.
Though we labor on the same plant together,
he is far from perturbed by my probing.
As I listen contently to his humming,
his song says all is at peace in OUR garden.

Leonard Tuchyner - Barboursville, VA - tuchyner5@aol.com

A Bunny in Your House

Living with a bunny is a curious thing.
Their droppings are not indiscriminate,
but limited to a few preferred places,
and not smelly, mushy or sloppy,
being tidy, small and round in form.
Though their teeth are in need of constant chiseling,
for which baseboards are a favored instrument.
So, in due course, they'll devour your house.

I had one of these creatures as a pet.
He loved being patted, and so I obliged.
Often when I sat in my lounge chair,
he'd hop up on my lap to get a rub.
He treated guests precisely the same way,
springing out of nowhere to land in their laps --
in the process, scaring them half to death.
He made a terrific therapy animal,
but I don't think they would take him on a plane.

All in all, I would recommend a bunny
as a cute domestic companion.
However, not if you are happily married.
Wives tend to resent their house being eaten.

Leonard Tuchyner - Barboursville, VA - tuchyner5@aol.com

Please be kind, write to each other...

7 Things You Need to Know Before Planting a Tree

Story by Rachel Maidl



7 Things You Need to Know Before Planting a Tree© Tetra Images - Daniel Grill/ Getty Images

Planting a tree is a wonderful investment for your property. It can cast lovely afternoon shade, add color, and dimension or attract wildlife. But there are several things to consider before you start digging. Follow this tree planting checklist to be sure you've thought of everything.

How Much Space Do You Have?

While the saplings in the nursery look small, one day they could easily dwarf your home depending on the species. Take a look around to make sure that there's plenty of room for the branches to stretch outward. Keep in mind that trees are not one-size-fits-all. Each tree species has different spacing requirements.

Where Are Your Utilities?

Always call your local utility company before doing any digging. It will keep you safe and ensure your backyard project won't disrupt your service. Some wires and pipes are buried underground. While you're outside, look up! Double-check that there aren't any utility lines overhead that the tree will touch as it grows upward.

How to Care for the Tree

To many novice gardener's surprise, trees require a lot of attention when they are first planted. According to the University of Minnesota Extension office, newly-planted trees should be watered daily for the first week or two. In the first three months, trees should be watered two or three times a week so they develop strong roots. (Check to see if your water hose reaches your tree, or you'll be carrying a lot of water!)

What Kind of Tree Do You Want?

Here comes the fun part — picking out your tree. Consider what's important to you and make a list. You may want a tree that produces berries for birds, resists disease, offers beautiful spring flowers, has gorgeous fall color or is an evergreen. Make sure to pick a tree that fits in your climate and environment, too. Start your research with these traits in

How Much Annual Maintenance is Needed?

Some trees require more cleanup and tidying than others. For instance, the branches of weeping willows need to be trimmed annually to stay off the ground, and cottonwood trees release flurries of snowy white fluff-covered seeds.

When to Plant the Tree

Depending on where you live, autumn and spring are usually the best time to plant. Trees need time to establish themselves before dealing with the hot summer sun or frozen winter ground. Once you have a tree in mind, research to see what planting season suits it best.

Check the Growing Time

Some trees grow faster than others. River birch, empress tree, sweet gum, and tulip tree are all fantastic options if you want your tree to fill out quickly.

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

If you would like to become a supporting member of The Avocet community, The Avocet is only \$28.00 for 4 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 make your check out to The Avocet and send to:

**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.

Copyright © 2024 by The Avocet (for our poets)