

The Weekly Avocet - #597

May 12th, 2024

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

**to see such freedom
uplifting on a thermal
to be an eagle**

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



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

Eagles are admired the world over as living symbols of power, freedom, and transcendence.

Precariously Perched

Bracing themselves against snow, rain, sleet, hail, and wind, paired Bald Eagles, Jackie and Shadow meticulously tend one of the highest elevation nests on the Continent to lay their eggs. Cradled 120 feet up in the top crotch of a Jeffrey Pine, rooted over 7,000 feet on the north slope of Big Bear Valley, it overlooks majestic Big Bear Lake in the San Bernardino National Forest of Southern California. Perched in the seventh most biologically diverse place in the U.S., their nest can measure eight feet in diameter and weigh a ton.

Sharing duties, these stellar parents provide food, yell at intruders, have wing-slapping run-ins, gather sticks, foliage, and moss for the nest, clean it, tuck in every twig, and take turns sitting on the eggs, rolling and sheltering them under their 7000 feathers and layers of down. Still, calling forth offspring has been difficult. Last year's cherished clutches did not survive.

I have been privileged to bear witness to, and learn from, the daily lives of these highly intelligent, communicative, playful, deeply bonded, and determined vigilant souls, thanks to The Friends of Big Bear Valley Eagle Cam in the neighboring mountains I hiked for years. Do Jackie and Shadow sense my heart tendrils sending energy, joy, wonder, and blessings?

In a global maternity waiting room, I am entwined with Jackie and Shadow. Celebrating. Grieving. Chanting. Honoring one of the multitudinous appearances of life. A vivid reminder that procreation for all life forms is a mysterious, highly precarious, miracle never to be taken for granted. Hope abounds that this year, new life will survive.

Joan/MJ Koerper - Wrightwood, CA - koerper@aol.com

Jackie and Shadow: A Winter's Day

Kra Kra Kra the Ravens screech,
numbering ten in this deployment,
twisting, turning, swirling,
and dive-bombing
the closely guarded nest of
paired Bald Eagles, Jackie and Shadow,
perched 145 feet up in a Jeffrey Pine,
deep-rooted over 7000 feet
in Big Bear Valley, California.
All eyes are on the two eggs
laid in January.

Kra Kra Kra the Ravens cry
as they brazenly take turns,
landing on the nesting-tree branches,
trying to lure Jackie away from the eggs
to repeat last January's egg theft.

Ten-year-old Jackie sinks further
into the six-foot deep nest
spreading herself across the
five-by-five-foot opening
watching every tilt and flutter of
each taunting Raven
she refuses to expose the eggs.
Communicating in concert,
eight-year-old Shadow flawlessly defends
the nest, warding off the invasion.
A momentary respite until...

A Red-Tailed Hawk appears, haunting the nest.
One on one, Shadow responds.
Demonstrating strength and valor,
he preserves the sanctity of their home.

Kra Kra Kra. Yet again, multiple Ravens appear
for another assault. Shadow, on nest duty, hunkers down.
Jackie, larger and even more intimidating than Shadow,
welcomes the chance to show her prowess.
Swooping, lunging and racing
with split-second timing she staves off the assault.
After gliding down to the lake to catch dinner,
and sharing same with Shadow, she takes over nest duty.
Shadow, missing their favorite snag tree

downed by sixty mile per hour winds the previous night,
is perched close by.

Suddenly, an interloper has Shadow in his sights.
A Peregrine Falcon, the fastest bird on earth.
The chase is on. Darting, pursuing, racing, until
Shadow turns on him talons up.
Winner declared, Peregrine Falcon departs,
At the nest, Jackie and Shadow chatter and nuzzle,
decompressing.

Nightfall approaches. Fiona, the Flying Squirrel
tries to work her way into the nest
till she is greeted by Jackie's swift wing-flap.

Darkness. Jackie sleeps in the nest, incubating.
Shadow is nearby. The sentinel.
Pip watch begins February 26
Will they make it?

Below in the valley, a pack of coyotes
yip and howl celebrating a kill; food for the pack.
Above, Orion brilliantly illuminates the winter night.
The waxing crescent moon slowly moves
toward fullness.
I light incense, a candle, and chant.

Joan/MJ Koerper, Wrightwood, CA - koerper@aol.com



Mountain Winter Symphony

Pelted by unrelenting, ice covered, graupel snow,
vigilant paired Bald Eagles Jackie and Shadow,
protect their two-day old chick, and one remaining egg
145 feet up in a swaying, creaking, Jeffrey Pine,
over 7000 feet elevation in Big Bear Valley, California.

Jackie's 105-degree core body temperature,
and brood patch, keep the nest warm
as she spreads over seven thousand feathers
across the five-by-five-foot opening
shielding the six-foot-deep nest bowl.
Through dense fog, Shadow, an equal caregiver,
continues delivering sticks and fluff
to the nest, repeatedly signaling Jackie
he is ready to take a shift.
She ignores his requests.

Ripples of water splash-dance as Shadow's talons
grasp a lake Trout for their family dinner.
Loons croak and wail. Gulls squawk.
Harsh calls of Egrets caution.

Shaking off layers of snow, Jackie rises
for one of Eaglets multiple daily feedings.
Serving up small pieces of fish in her saliva,
she rolls the egg, rocks side to side,
then resumes her nesting lullaby.

Shadow stands watch from his snag tree nearby
knowing inclement weather is no deterrent to raptors
who have repeatedly tried to steal their offspring.

Kraa Kraa Kraa. Ravens, feigning innocent snow-play
take turns hovering, and lunging at, the nest to distract Jackie.

Kee-eeee-arr. Hoarse screaming of the soaring,
re-appearing, Red-Tailed Hawk reverberates.
Shadow answers. The Hawk's attack is deterred.

Jackie calls for Shadow. They nuzzle and commune.
He gladly incubates while she takes a break.
Returning, she gently nudges him, then a gives a push.
Jackie settles into the snow-covered nest for the night.
Nearby, Sentry Shadow remains alert.

The snow abates. Winds continue to wail.
Thick mist whispers as it drifts east.

Woodpeckers drum.
Coveys of California Quail call to each other as they
move across the well-trodden forest floor.
The slow deep songs of Band-Tailed Pigeons
echo across tall trees tops.
Owls hoot and coo.
Mountain Chickadees sweetly whistle Fee-Bee
before they roost in tree holes for safety and warmth.

Below, in the valley, dogs bark.
The pine needle carpet rustles with movement.
High-pitched eerie howls of a Fox join the chorus.
Coyotes whoop and holler.
The waxing crescent moon moves toward crescendo.
The asynchronistic music of forest life
blends in perfect winter harmony.

Joan/MJ Koerper - Wrightwood, CA - Koerper@aol.com

Amazing Facts About the Eagle

Eagles are some of the largest birds. They are at the top of the food chain, with some species feeding on big prey like monkeys and sloths. Eagles have amazing eyesight and can detect prey up to two miles away.

How many species of eagle are there?

Eagles are birds of prey in the family Accipitridae; there are approximately 60 different species. The majority are found in Eurasia and Africa, with only 14 species found in other areas including North, Central and South America, and Australia.

What do eagles look like?

With the exception of some vultures, eagles are generally larger than other birds of prey. They have strong muscular legs, powerful talons and large hooked beaks that enable them to rip the flesh from their prey. Eagles vary in size. One of the smallest species, the little eagle, is around 17.7–21.7 in (45–55 cm). In contrast, Stellers's sea eagle is around 36–42 in (91–106 cm) in size, and wingspan can reach approximately 72–96 in (2–2.5 m).

Eagle Peak Pilot
At highest of Three Brothers
Float, fish in the falls

Kristin Ruth Lawrence - Sebastopol, CA - webwalker17@aol.com

An Unwanted Guest

In the marsh by our house
nest the Sandhill cranes.
A hundred or more
in loud refrain
have joined together
in song and dance
each paired with a mate
in spring romance.

Nearby but apart
are two mute swans.
Brilliantly white
aggressive and strong
the female attends
their unborn brood
occasionally gone
when in need of food.

A few days ago
an unwanted guest
arrived in the marsh
near the other birds' nests.
From his perch he surveys
the scene below.
While biding his time
he puts on a show

for the passersby
who flock to admire
the novelty
of his stately attire.
With bright white head
gold bill and eyes
his intentions are masked
to all but the wise.

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

Don Pedro Raptor
Reservoir fishing & flight
Eagle enjoyment

Kristin Ruth Lawrence- Sebastopol, CA- webwalker17@aol.com

Eagle Queen of the Sky

Magnificent, fascinating...
Some even consider me a mythical creature!
My preferred habitat is very close to large
bodies of water, like the ocean, lakes, and rivers.

I am a hunter, and also a predator,
I live in Canada, the Northern parts of México and the United States of America, except Hawaii.

Winter can be very crude for me, so I travel south to warmer climate,
I am one of sixty species, and we can live up to thirty years.

I will tell you a secret, my male version is smaller than me!
Sadly, I was at risk of extinction due to pollution, power line electrocution, hunting, pesticides
and the hand of humans.

Fortunately for us, and your future generations, I am no longer on the near extinction list!
I get my name, American Bald Eagle from my distinctive look,
I possess a white crown and tail, brown body, bright yellow eyes, and golden yellow beak and
feet.

You can find me in Portland, Oregon and Vancouver, Washington. I am the national bird of the
United States of America, and I symbolize its strength, courage, and freedom!

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

**“A very great vision is needed and the man who has it must follow it as the eagle seeks the
deepest blue of the sky.” - Ta ‘Shunke Witko**

Hunter Eagle

Fearless, he rises with the sun,
Opens his wings with confidence
Flying high above the clouds during the storm,
Descending, as if he dances with the wind!

He relies on his sharp vision to find food, soon he has spotted his prey bellow, and
Diving with determination, adapting
While focusing he snatches his prey.

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

Eagles symbolize strength, ferocity, focus, and willpower. They are often associated with the sun, the sky, and heaven itself. Some people see eagles as signs of a bright future on the horizon.

The Eagle

A symbol of strength and courage,
Flies free in the vast skies,
He owns every piece of this earth
From where he feeds!

Loyal, flies without companion...
Never afraid for he knows no adversity,
Free spirit, mythical creature;
Possesses the inspiration a human should have!

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

What do eagles see?

Sight is the strongest of all eagle senses. The eyes are large, can take up almost 50% of the head, and can weigh the same amount as a human eye. An eagle's vision is 4–5 times better than that of a human. Eagle eyes are angled 30 degrees away from center of the face, which gives eagles a greater field of view. Eagles can see five basic colors to our three and can detect UV light. Cones are light detecting cells that are sensitive to color. One of the reasons that eagles have better vision than humans is because their retinas, a layer at the back of the eyeball, have more cones. We have 200,000 cones per square millimeter, whereas eagles have one million.

Do eagles mate for life?

Eagles are monogamous, so generally mate for life. They have strong site fidelity, so a mating pair tend to reuse the same nest year after year. Nests, composed of sticks, vegetation, and downy feathers, are built by both males and females. Location of the nest varies with species. Bald eagles for example, most likely nest in tall trees whereas as golden eagles prefer cliff faces or more open areas.

How many eggs do eagles lay?

The number of eggs laid will depend upon species, but many eagles lay between one and three eggs; four egg clutches do occur, but they are rare.

What do eagles eat?

Eagles are apex predators, meaning they are at the top of the food chain. What eagles eat depends upon the species and the food that is available to them, but they are all carnivorous and live on a diet of meat and/or fish.

Eagles can be divided broadly into four groups; sea eagles, booted eagles, snake eagles and giant forest eagles. Booted eagles have a relatively wide diet consisting of birds, small mammals, reptiles, rodents, amphibians, and insects, whereas others are more restricted. Sea eagles or fish eagles feed mostly on a diet of fish whilst snake eagles specialize on capturing reptiles. Giant forest eagles feed on various forest animals. One of the largest eagles, the Harpy eagle, feeds on larger animals including monkeys, sloths, and coatis.

In the midst of despair

And human noise,
I raised my eyes skyward and asked for a sign,
An answer, a prayer, a symbol,

And in swooped an image
Of the high-flying eagle, majestic and mighty
Floating above the morass, untouched by muck
Brilliant in its vision
And single-minded purpose...
With its discerning eye it sees all earthly gunk
But does not get lost nor distracted
Even in the darkest of places, it can easily spot the shadow of a righteous movement,
No matter what obscures it, no matter the height or distance,
It's laser-focused vision finds this target,
And swoops in for the kill!
It's flight is so effortless,
It's descent so brief,
It's rise again soaring,
A metaphor for triumph
A symbol of clear vision
An homage to undistractability

Grace meets strength in the wingspan
Of this courageous creature,
An iron determination that's hard,
An antithesis to the softness of its beauty
An unflinching honor at its core

This feathered creature owns the sky,
Soaring free and wild,
Knowing its nourishment is always in sight
While the big blue welcomes its dance
With wind on its back and sun warming its flight
It ascends to great heights,
Easily, naturally, assuredly...
May we all find the eagle within
Letting it free to conquer the skies
While firmly rooted to our purpose on earth,
May we never get entangled in the weeds,
As we zero in to land on our goals,
May honor drive our motion
As freedom powers our rise
May this ride forever be majestic
And views breathtakingly special!

In the midst of despair
And human noise,
I raised my eyes skyward and asked for a sign,
An answer, a prayer, a symbol,
And in swooped an image
Of the high-flying eagle, majestic and mighty
Floating above the morass, untouched by muck
Brilliant in its vision
And single minded purpose...

Amee Shah - Philadelphia, PA - Ameeshahphd@gmail.com

Mindful in Valley Forge

Into the woods we go
Between komorebi shadows
And early spring breezes
A merry welcome of twitters
Listening to bird song
Regular rat-a-tat of the busy woodpecker
Sweaty brow, going up on Joy mountain
This too is joy,
Reminds the huff and puff of my lungs
Scrambling gingerly down on scattered rocks
A silent prayer for balance and strength
Craggly gnarled branches of mountain laurel
Beckoning like a witch's lair
Like life and its entwined webs
Oh, the webs we weave
But we keep on, staying in our lane,
Marching forward along the gravel path
Rewarded with sun-dappled rows of white
Pennsylvania's mountain laurel, pristine and pure
Up and down the valley
Surely this must be paradise,
This wraparound hug of green
A gratitude prayer on meditation rock
How blessed life is!
And as if in agreement, wafts in sweet perfume
As Honeysuckle celebrates in our joy
Releasing its sweet blessing
This is Valley Forge, a conquering once done
And yet again, today we conquered

Our hearts over minds
Our togetherness over aloneness
Our freedom from material
Even if for a minute or three,
Now off into our world we go
Empowered, Renewed, Joyful
And appreciative still.

Amee Shah - Philadelphia, PA - Ameeshahphd@gmail.com

An Irish witness to Indian Spring

Myna bird sings her trio
Determined songlets of sweetness
Masses of house sparrows join in chorus
And in the distance,
the dulcet sounds of a male Koel serenading his mate, koo koooh koo
Nature heralding a new season
What lies ahead? What comes through the window, one wonders
Not too long it seems
For the dry heat is already becoming humid
Parrots are lining up on the peepul tree
Raw mangoes hanging wildly
ready to fall into their summer gravity
My time here in Mumbai in Imbolc
Between seasons of life
Hopeful for a holy tomorrow
to emerge from the flames of Holi
Aging bodies, leaves withering
What fruits will our next season bear?
In this land of sacred, will our souls be one step closer to the divine?
Have we evolved into a higher species?
Or will we just fade into a statistical eventuality?
I look at speckles of red in the tropical tree
A foreign postcard, from God it seems
With a message of wonder, awe, a little hope
A postcard marked with a stamp
that says,
This too will be beautiful,
this new season
Listen in heartfelt patience
Glory will be surely revealed!

Amee Shah - Philadelphia, PA - Ameeshahphd@gmail.com

Blossoms come as hope
Peak with promise of newness
Gone as transience

Ameesh Shah - Philadelphia, PA - Ameeshahphd@gmail.com

Annual Spring Theatre Production

Nature puts on her annual spring production
making our senses dance in delight

From stage right enter Cherry Blossoms
slowly budding
pink, corals to full fuchsia
sweeping vistas, alleys
river walks and valleys,
cheery Cherry
heralding hope
two whole weeks
of cotton candy clouds
and whoosh!
just like that they are gone

Next up
did you notice a purple entry
slowly unfurling from stage left?
Rosebuds meet Judas tree
and in the back
flowering Chinese Wisteria...
Jacaranda-lined magical streets
a sea of lavender
some purples frolicking in..
spotlight on violet
they dance
they enthrall
they curtsy
and regally exit from the stage

Gracefully
passing on the spotlight
to a sea of resplendent white
pure delight
did someone call for Dogwoods?
For here they are fresh

soft as morning snow
Bouncing merrily from lush green trees
Spring is here, says the memo

And if you were still in your winter flux
Look up over the mountains
and down to the vales
there's nature in her glory
beyond this garden stage
showcasing iridescent tulips
wild in abandon
confidently radiant
dazzling for miles and miles
swaying mightily
playing joyfully
red, blue, black, magenta Tulips
in step with frolicking Daffodils
schoolboyish young, bouncy
sun-dappled playful
Who can contain their ebullient mirth?

Sound of spring in birdsong
Blue Jays and Cardinals
Robins and I
we all dance
and twitter in glee
Raptors and white-winged Hawks
rain down blessings
Wild Geese paddle and play
their family multiplied over the cold months

All in concert
an orchestra of life
nature is a maestro
a colorful conductor
and we creatures
great and small
take turns
in the spotlight
or as enraptured fans!

Ameesh Shah - Philadelphia, PA - Ameeshahphd@gmail.com

“Leaders are like eagles... they don't flock.” - Unknown

Eagle Sky

Above the west wind
analyzing lift, pitch, yaw
my beak smells twilight pending.
I crown the Earth queen,
drinking the sky with my wings.

Jennifer Pratt-Walter - Vancouver, WA - Lyrica@comcast.net



Bald Eagle Profile

The **bald eagle** is a species of sea eagle native to North America. It is the National Bird of the United States and has featured on a variety of official seals and national documents since 1782. The bald eagle is the second largest flying bird found in North America, with only the California Condor having a larger wingspan. This beautiful bird of prey is not in fact bald, but has a distinctive white, feathered head.

Dawn Chorus

I've never witnessed such a sight,
bold, Bald eagles before me
owning the vast, blue prairie sky,
Eagles everywhere one's eye looked.

Been driving west for a few days,
crossing Kansas -- flat, treeless --
easy to fall asleep at the wheel,
except for those God-fearing billboards

on both sides of the long highway,
coming and going, knowing to go slow
for they're just looking to pull you over
so, eagling eyeing my odometer when

behold before me, 8, bald Eagles,
beautiful, bold, shining, glistening,
high above in wide circles
with a strong, early sun smiling down.

Circling around and around overhead
with massive, puffy, cumulus clouds
spread across the vast, open horizon,
I could feel their energy fill the sky.

I could hear their song, singing as one,
when I got out of my car, walked
to the middle of an empty field,
sat and looked up with awe and wonder.

Stopped thinking -- watched and listened,
heard their song of freedom calling me,
beckoning me home to your arms, as they
flew through the air with the greatest of ease.

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

to fly with your kind
circling high in blue sky
high above it all

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

King Raptor

Inspiring fear
from high above
seeing movement
two miles away,
no one is safe from
this mythical creature,
rarely seen,
but those on earth know
this is his valley
descending from the heavens
from out of blue
at anytime, anywhere
within a heartbeat
he's taken you
from the good earth
this Bald eagle
with his dive bomb attacks
from above and behind,
talons out to plunder
in this his valley
he rules these blue skies
feasting on the trout
in the lazy river below
with wildflowers
on the lush mountain sides
bringing the plumb rabbits
out in plain sight
ready to be picked-off,
plucked, sucked-up
from off the good earth
he soars over all,
seeing, surveying all
for this is his territory,
his sphere of influence,
he rules these blue skies
with his taste for flesh,
those razor-sharp talons
ready to take what he wants
for he rules these blue skies
to feed their two young ones
inspiring fear
everywhere he soars
for this is his valley.

Charles Portolano

with talon's firm grip
ripped up, out of the river
two young ones love trout

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

Fistful of Daggers

The bold, Bald eagle
surveys the lush, green valley
below, riding the wind,
uplifting, with wings spread
wide, ruling the world below
for this is his territory
that he fiercely defends
as his nest is in a treetop high on
the side of the purple mountain,
where his two young ones
wait for food from father,
when from nowhere, a surprise,
without warning, an aerial attack
from behind and below,
a Golden eagle rears up with its
sickle-sharp talons ready
to rip apart the Bald eagle, but
the Bald eagle veers
to the left to avoid
this vicious attack,
their screeching heard
throughout the vast valley
as they grapple mid-air,
tumbling through the sky,
falling fast, then they briefly
part ways, only to parry again
and again with their talons out,
heads tilted up and mouths open
screeching as both deliver blows
with their hooked beaks
as they tumble from high
above into a nosedive,
their talons locked together
until finally the Bald eagle breaks
free, circling around to
attack the exhausted Golden eagle

from behind, grabbing
a few tail feathers,
the Golden eagle knows this battle
is lost and escapes with its life
to fight another day
for the right to rule the blue skies
high above the valley below.

Charles Portolano



The Bald Eagle

The bold, Bald eagle
scours the sky,
eyeing the earth
and beyond
from atop
its treetop perch
searching for food
for their two eaglets
in the valley below.

Suddenly springing
onto the sunlit thermals
with wings spread wide
rising on the warm air,
up-drifting along
the mountain slopes,
gliding in flight,
soaring in solitude,
seeing everything.
Sighting some
slight movement
in the bushes below,
with one swift swoop
of those wondrous wings,
he dives down,
descending upon his prey,
talons poised
for an instant kill.

A sudden, single gunshot
shatters the silence.

Forever changed witnessing
this from that far ridge.

Charles Portolano

built nest together
fed and protected young ones
treetop family

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

Maternal Instincts

Three weeks ago, she watched her mate descend down to pull a trout out from the raging river with his powerful talons, but, then, she heard the strangest sound echo through the serene valley as she sat watching over their two eaglets. She witnessed her mate fall from the sky, splashing into the dark river below, swiftly carried away, gone from her life.

Today, while away getting needed food, the work of a golden eagle left her childless. She sits among the debris of their torn feathers spewed throughout the nest, but they didn't go without a fight for feathers from the attacker were also to be found lying about. She's haunted for leaving them unprotected. Her beautiful, yellow beak buried beneath the thorny twigs of her empty nest. The death squawk of a hawk being killed mid-air by an ugly golden eagle, brings her back to her new reality. She knew it was the female hawk for she saw the male hawk taken a week ago, plucked from the air with a mole in its talons.

This new, cruel, empty world she exists in finds her for the first time alone, on her own. She lifts herself up on the thermals with two full swoops of her massive wings, crosses to the other side of the valley, scouring the cliff's wall, searching, then finds the hawks' nest, with two new chicks. Shrieking with fear when they see the huge Bald eagle descend upon them, but she sniffs them, licks them both, looks around the wide valley, unsure of herself for the first time ever in her wildlife, but now that everything dear to her has been taken, she wraps her massive wings around the two, tiny chicks, her warmth calms them down as she settles into her new life.

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

From one of us: Gordon Gilbert sent us this link below: He wanted to share this article by Ralph Waldo Emerson Essay - Poetry and Imagination - 1875. He highly recommends it!

Here are a few quotations, words that resonated with Gordon:

“The poet who shall use Nature as his hieroglyphic must have an adequate message to convey thereby.”

“poetry which tastes the world and reports of it.”

“poetry which finds its rhymes and cadences in the rhymes and iterations of Nature”

Ralph Waldo Emerson Essay - Poetry and Imagination - 1875 (key insights from the article written by the reviewer)

Certainly! Ralph Waldo Emerson, a prominent American essayist, poet, and philosopher, delved into the realms of poetry and imagination in his essay titled “Poetry and Imagination,” originally published in 1872. Let’s explore some of his insights:

Emerson begins by acknowledging that our perception of matter is rooted in common sense. We learn practical laws related to fire, water, food, shelter, and other necessities. Poverty, disease, and debt keep us grounded in this practical reality. The intellect, when left to itself, cannot escape this tyrannical necessity. Common sense acts as a restraining grace, marking the minds of great thinkers throughout history, from Æsop and Aristotle to Luther and Shakespeare. However, Emerson hints that this common-sense view of matter is not the final truth. Nature, which we perceive as a magnificent hotel of conveniences, is not static. It is in perpetual motion, always transitioning into something else. Matter, as it appears, may not be what it truly is.

Chemistry reveals that even seemingly solid substances can transform into gas or spherules of force. Faraday suggested that the building blocks of matter (the supposed little cubes or prisms) might not be cubes at all but rather energy spheres.

Emerson emphasizes that everything—whether thin or solid—is in flight. The universe is not a fixed structure; it is a dynamic creation. Even as we appreciate the joys of poets and saints, we receive early hints that we are not meant to stay here forever. Nature serves temporary purposes, and one day, we can afford to leave it behind. The ends of all things are moral, and beginnings reflect this truth. Everything undresses and steals away from its old form into something new, connected by invisible cords we call laws.

In summary, Emerson celebrates the imaginative power of chemistry and the realization that matter is not the ultimate reality. Poetry, too, is organic—it cannot be fully grasped through words alone. Instead, poets must take a central position in the universe, living in its forms to perceive and communicate beauty, truth, and interconnectedness.

Emerson’s exploration of poetry and imagination invites us to transcend the ordinary and glimpse the deeper currents that flow through existence.

To read his whole essay, click on:

EMERSON—"Poetry and Imagination" (vcu.edu)

“In a world where you can be anything, be kind.” - Dr. Seuss

So, please be kind and write to each other...

(If you want to hear from poets about your work, then write them about their work)

**Showcase your work in The Weekly Avocet.
Time to share up to four of your Spring
themed poems for The Weekly Avocet,**

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

Please read the guidelines before submitting

Please send your submission to angeldec24@hotmail.com

Please put Spring/your last name in the subject line.

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

(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 poem in both the body of an email and an attachment, **no pdf file.**

We look forward to reading your Spring submissions...

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 your 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)