

The Weekly Avocet

#491

May 1st, 2022

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

**early morning light
prisms in shades of gold
the first **daffodil****

Kim Sosin - Omaha, NE - ksosin@gmail.com



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

When This Shall Pass

Mother Nature has a way of getting our attention.
How to deal with COVID has been beyond our comprehension.
This Corona Virus has swept the world and had us all concerned.
When it shall pass, and pass it shall, what then may we have learned?
When our lives resume their hectic pace, will we take time out to pray?
Will we still check on our neighbors to make sure they're all okay?
Will we continue to wash our hands as thoroughly as before?
Will we appreciate well stocked shelves when we venture into a store?
Will we remember to be grateful for the country in which we live?
Will we not forget our food banks, give as much as we can give?
Will we appreciate our teachers now that we've stood in their shoes?
Will we limit our media exposure, close our ears to negative news?
Will we listen, really listen, to what our children have to say?
Eat supper as a family, each one tell about their day?
Will we go back to our gyms? Continue on our walks?
Will we still make time to call friends, and have those good long talks?
Will we support our local restaurants but not forget to cook?
Will we take time out to meditate or quietly read a book?
When we hug a friend or loved one, will we savor that human touch?
Will we enjoy a lovely sunset, not be on our phones as much?
Things happen for a reason, for which we can't be guessing.
Will we look back upon this dark time and realize its many blessings?
Mother Nature has a way of getting our attention.

Wilma Lentz - Oro Valley, AZ - wilmallentz@gmail.com

“Deep in their roots, all flowers keep the light.” - Theodore Roethke (Theresa A. Cancro, phoenixlady@comcast.net)

the soft purr fades
into the shape of silence
last Sumatran Tiger

Kim Sosin - Omaha, NE - ksosin@gmail.com

“There are the 4 directions: east, west, south and north, then there’s up and down, above and below, to add, so there are 6 directions, which will expand a poet’s world view exponentially, opening up a universe of possibilities for a poet writing about Nature.” - Charles Portolano

Windy Day

Your unopened note
in my hand
taken by the wind...

Noticing the wind
steals my paper scrap...
me dashing after...
a stranger catches it...

From grasping fingers ...
my note snatched again!

After a teasing game...
unexpectedly the wind drapes
my paper note near my feet...
then seizes it again!

Spring Love Poem

Dearest Beloved Spring...
sublime romantic interlude...

champagne bubbles tickling our senses...
scents of roses... lilacs... peonies...

cardinals ...wrens... robins... morning songs
flower petals of two butterflies... wings vibrantly

flirting with one another into heaven...
caresses of Springs dalliances... tenderness...

we must be careful not to awaken
from this dream ephemeral intrusions

into our hearts... exquisite Divine loveliness
sleeps stupor of remembrances

the passion of our kisses we wish would stay forever...
Spring... my darlin... if only you were eternal...

embraces in our hearts with the
Divine paradise garden creation ...

Holly Rose Diane Shaw - Glens Falls, NY - cportolano@hotmail.com

The Environment--Why Worry?

Look up and see
the cloudy sky--
Pollution kills
and people DIE.

How to help?

Try walking on occasion
and don't drive everywhere.
Get out and see the flowers
and breathe the country air!

Don't race your "revved up" engine
beneath the budding trees
'Cause know what? You're POLLUTING
the butterflies and bees!

There's so much more
we all can do--
And then we can
enjoy the view
of maples, oak, and apple trees,
of willows swaying in the breeze
and all the happy joyful things
a healthy clean environment brings!

Improving the Environment

I wanted to plant a nice garden,
but the MANAGER shouted, "No way!"
"You can't make a garden in our garden space--
That's where the Little Kids play!"
So, I started again in the breezeway.
But the MANAGER said with a roar,
"You've GOTTA get rid of those dirty old pots--
You CAN'T put them outside your door!"
But never would I get discouraged,
So, I now grow my parsley and dill,
My new sprouting peppers, my little green plants
Right on my OWN windowsill!

Lorna Volk - Cincinnati, OH - cportolano@hotmail.com

Flower fields

Oh Spring, how I long for your return
for the crocus to sprout, await the sweet pea;
for the daisy, ready to celebrate innocence, purity;
for the future to remember the past long ago,
warm bone-chilled abnormalities and cleanse
the invisible danger that lurks outside.
Inside, nothing but a merry-go-round newscrawl
forecasts anything more than uncertainty.
I peek through the keyhole of hope in search
of your sweet-scented breath, a peaceful breeze.
I long for the arrival of fresh bloom.
I long to listen to sounds of laughter,
children frolicking in flower fields,
born to a simpler playground of synonymy.

Robert Savino - West Islip, NY - dynsus@aol.com

A poem can take only a minute to read yet can live with the reader for a lifetime.

Yellow

two Western Tanagers
sing to each other in a budding
vine maple
on a sandy river delta

out in the distance
they look like two lemons
and sound like soft rattles

closing my eyes I savor
their feathered yellow
marmalade color

looking back over
they have disappeared
into thin air

Ursula McCabe - Portland, OR - ursulawmccabe@gmail.com

“Flowers don’t tell; they show.” - Stephanie Skeem (Theresa A. Cancro)

finding fresh

rain beats my thinning skin
it's a see you round-the-corner
surprise

thunder rolls in like a corkscrew
unearthing old images
I'm now a lined column
of more gone
and less to come

I let myself get slick
with wet
and listen to thunder
roar once more

nose quivers rabbit fast
as quick as rain came
it's now gone
I smell sun

a blast of spring
hits me like
a dollop of
honey on the tongue

somewhere out there is a string
of new beginning
waiting for a chance

and like undone shoelaces
finding fresh
can sometimes be as easy
as tying a knot

or letting rain
baptize you in a sea of green

Ursula McCabe - Portland, OR - ursulawmccabe@gmail.com

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

snowstorm predicted
rain falls followed by strong wind
but no snow appears

Abbie Johnson Taylor - Sheridan, WY - abbietaaylor945@gmail.com

Announcements

Perched on a telephone pole,
loud staccato calls
clamor from his swollen throat.

Demanding this domain,
he pounds rat-a-tat-tat,
a drum roll from
metal chimneys.

And then he saw her-
a softer mirror image,
dusty beige crown,
freckled with spots.

Darting from tree to tree
the Northern Flickers
flash white rumps and
begin their courtship

Together they find the cavity
in a scruffy cottonwood
and begin the ritual of
building their nest.

More piercing yelps
come from the male as
he makes it clear who lives here.
In this arena,
territory matters.

Ursula McCabe - Portland, OR - ursulawmccabe@gmail.com

Robert Frost never considered himself a nature poet. He considered himself a parabolist and that nature was the perfect setting to teach some truth about the human experience. (The Road Not Taken and Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening)

unseasonable
warm temperatures grace our land
all nature's confused

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

Just One Morning

Spring rain can spit enough
to chill,
but even so
the striped purple crocuses popping up
make up for it.

I walk dog to the line of maple trees
on the park's top lip.
I tell her
let's play ball
between maple tree two and three.

She can't count but she's
already running there
in circles-
she was meant to be
a spinner of mud.

Down below the gulls
walk their green grass grid.
When I first moved here
I would stand at the edge
fascinated by the ghost-like birds
soldiering on doggedly for worms.

My people were here too.
I can almost see my parents
standing crooked into each other
watching the city wake up.

They left a farm to
move to this busy city
but somehow
always found something to like,
maybe it was just each other.

Ursula McCabe - Portland, OR - ursulawmccabe@gmail.com

Open up the Window to your Imagination

Writing from your window, from the window of your infinite imagination. Open up that window, feel the fresh air of endless ideas flow through you. Look deep, you have a front row seat, push and pull out what you need to get to know the purpose of your writing this or any poem... Everything a poet sees, smells, tastes, hears or touches will appear somewhere in their poetry.

The purpose of poetry is to provoke thought!

The purpose of a poet is to speak in a universal voice!

Questions you need to ask yourself when writing a poem...

Why am I writing this poem? What is its purpose?

Who is speaking? Why did I choose that speaker to tell the POV of the poem?

How will I start this poem off? Remembering, I only have 5 lines to pull the reader into the world of my poem. And, very important, I do not have to start at the beginning.

What will the title be? I must make it important to the theme of the poem. (I do not use my titles in my poems.) I want my reader to say the title when they are done reading the poem.

Where do I want to take my reader? What emotional response do I want the reader to have after reading the poem (at a conscious and subconscious level)?

“The true poem rests between the words.” – Vanna Bonta

spring storm approaches
one lone bird sings cheerful tune
unaware of fate

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

“The shift to a cleaner energy economy won’t happen overnight, and it will require tough choices along the way. But the debate is settled. Climate change is a fact.”- Barack Obama

Tentative Steps

The morning lightens.
I let my breath out
half in the shadow
of leafing Jurassic ginkgoes.
A dragonfly alights
on a garden iris
in first sun.
I touch the moist ground
with the tips of my fingers.
I move into Spring.

(previously published in Brevities)

Greg Gregory - Antelope, CA - greggkg@gmail.com

After Years

First flowers floating,
sounds of spring songs,
love for this place
breaks the surface
like a green shoot.

(previously published in Brevities)

Greg Gregory - Antelope, CA - greggkg@gmail.com

**“Sometimes we can only find our true direction when we let the wind of change carry us.”
- Mimi Novic (Theresa A. Cancro, phoenixlady@comcast.net)**

spring storm in May
snowflakes flutter in circles
wind blows cold and dry

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

My Special Stones

Even in the seemingly ordinary
there is higher order
when poet's perception
experiences exquisitely
stones in a riverbed;
at first glance
stolid and mute
then suddenly sonorous
in rhyme and chime
as they tumble and mate with the stream.
Standing by those nuptial waters
my ears ring with stones' silvery peal;
in that moment
I embrace celebrate and lift
their union into
its essential sphere
where this day will remain
forever framed
in light and sound.

Vera Haldy-Regier - Hastings, NY - vhaldyregier@optonline.net

Spring Grass

in the helmet
of morning dews
the blades
prepare
for the seasonal allergy

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

For the Spring Sun

Walleye
in the river
plays
jumping & jumping
for the spring sun

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

Dandelion & Iris

like good friends
forget
each other's fault
just enjoy
being a good company

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

Learning the Eyes of Sky, Turtles

We listen to the silent language of
the water and air around us,
they change moment by moment,
like the river's flow, with tailored wisdom
just for each of us; learning the eyes of Sky.

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

Spring Pasture

She greets the old cowboy
who shares the tears and joy,
who loves her as the cows love
the grass, beneath the deep snow.
The haystack grows low, as the days near
the spring; she embraces the blue,
seeing the cowboy move his cows,
to the high-country, where the blue bells bloom.
She dons purple dress,
put on a spring perfume;
greet the doe and fawn.
The old cowboy plans for the first harvest
of hay, forgets yesterday's sorrow
of Wife perished from the COVID;
she cheers him; wishes for the grass grow slow,
blossoms stay longer;
she enjoys May's gentle hands a bit better,
than the passion of July;
she loves all the ups and sillies of spring.

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

Spring Tree Song

Dance with the mom-and-child swinging,
sitting in the tier hanging,

a squirrel watches from the bough,
happy for their return, miss the stolen game though,
see the tears of the tree in delight,
hear the whisper of melting snow polite;
what does sunbeam say to the tree,
set on fire of star-shine glee?

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

“Where flowers bloom so does hope.” - Lady Bird Johnson (Theresa A. Cancro,
phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Mother Earth

How are you doing now that we've plundered
your gifts to us? Fires, floods render flora, fauna,
humans desiccated, eradicated. You don't seem
like the judgmental type but how can you not
be disappointed, wounded and enraged?
Maybe Bezos and Branson have it right we
might need to take flight for changes of place
somewhere in outer space. The moon or Mars
I know not where in either case I'm loath
to think about emigrating there.
I love my feet planted on earth's soil,
walk along the ocean and mountain
oaks unspoiled. I want to live under
warmth of the sun, feel soft rain
fall from the sky until the day I die.
Let's listen to Greta who advocates
to take stock and do all we can to turn
back earth's climate changes clock.

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

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

**Time to share up to four of your
Spring-themed poems,**

**Photos (4), haiku (up to 10), Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems
Please read the guidelines before submitting**

Now you can send up to FOUR (4) Spring poems

Please send your submission to angeldec24@hotmail.com

**Please put Spring/your last name in the subject line. We are not accepting
early Spring poems any longer.**

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, City/State, and 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...

We feel blessed to publish the best Nature poets in America

**The Burning Question for our generation is:
What are 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 your congressperson and Senators. Let them know what you think and fear!

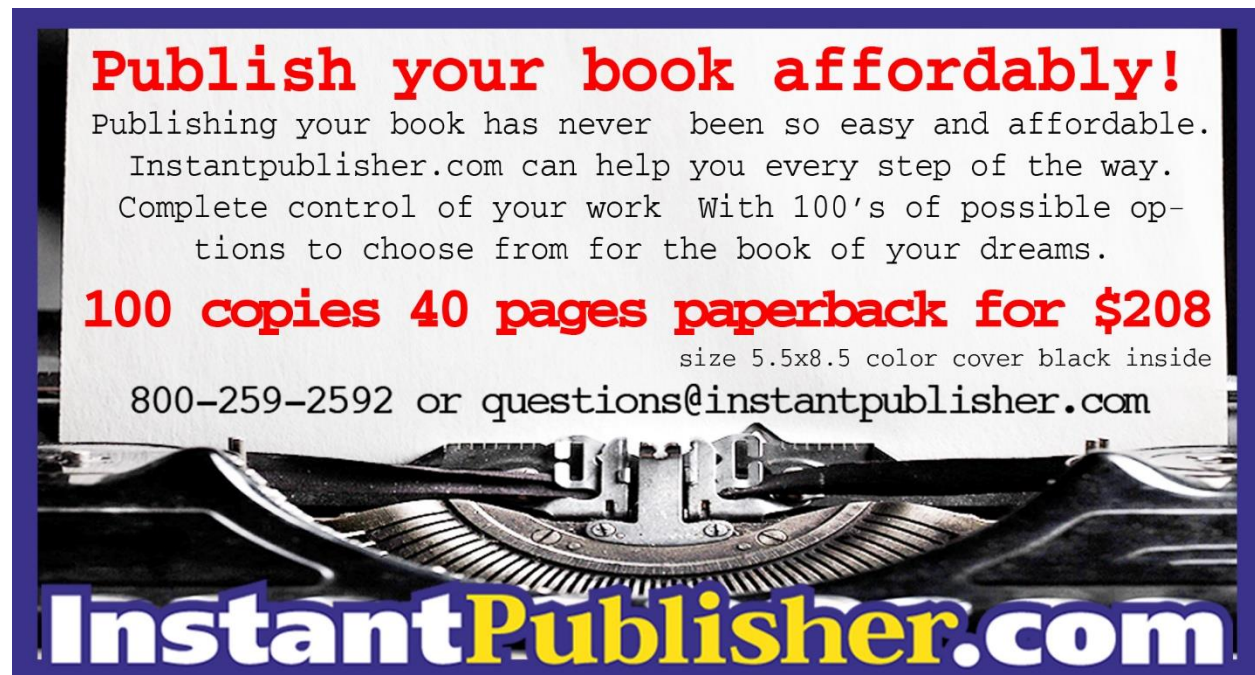
I want to do another Saving Mother Earth Weekly Avocet issue, so I am looking for poems that address the most important issues of today, so please write about what you think and fear of the coming end of our world as we know it. But if we join together, work together, we can make a difference to Save 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!

A Poetry Challenge for all Nature-loving poets in 2022. 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

(Warning, warning, if you don't write them, then I will!!!)



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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.”

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 \$12.00, 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

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**

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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