

The Weekly Avocet - #496

June 5th, 2022

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

cherry blossoms in June, Butchard Gardens picnic on the grass

William Scott Galasso - Laguna Woods, CA - scottgalasso@yahoo.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

D-Day Anniversary 2019

While the TV resounds with ceremonies
Of remembrance in Plymouth and Normandy,
I watch the estuary scene before me
When seventy-five years ago, portions of a mighty flotilla
Assembled bound for France.

This was not a regatta for sailors
This was not a parade of swans
This was not a host of seagulls
This was not cormorants snorkeling
This was not seaweed beds
This was not sightseeing planes above
This was not the huge Irish Ferry passing

Swans were troops on parade
Giant Seagulls Sunderland seaplanes
Sailboats armadas of naval ships
Seaweed muted colors of camouflage
Cormorants submarines on standby
Herons long-neck periscopes
Seabirds from nearby aerodromes
The Irish Ferry a floating hospital.

Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance commences
Sparring with the scuttling clouds
Sun silvered water blinding the estuary scene
Connecting my visit to the Normandy beaches
The lingering dirge of bagpipes echo here.

I feel the D-Day tension, the anticipation.
I watch the weather for coming storms.

Suzanne Williams - St. Michaels, MD - suzyww@gmail.com

Viridian

green tree frog
its ash leaf perch
in the bird bath
a breeze stirs eddies
in two quiet hearts

William Scott Galasso - Laguna Woods, CA - scottgalasso@yahoo.com

Lights Out

There are no lights on this dark street.
No shadows cast from lamps inside
nor solar-powered strings
at walks or lining garden's edge.
No light to shine on spider's eye,
no moon, no stars, no iPhone's beam.
Then large and small, the creatures come--
the fox, the skunks, raccoon, and birds,
opossums, squirrels, coyote too---
to claim these hours while we sleep,
to scurry and scavenge, hunt their prey,
the darkness their safe shelter.
In deepest silence they take these hours,
with softest steps they find their way,
safe passage in this lightless, darkest night.

Greer L. Fox - Knoxville, TN - greerlfox@gmail.com

“I must have flowers, always and always.” - Claude Monet (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Sea Songs

I long to sing the ocean's songs,
its sounds of pounding seas,
and listen to the seagulls' cries
in ocean-misted breeze.
The strum, strum, strum of windy surge
and lap, lap, lap on quiet shores--
the waves keep time in faithful change
through endless days and evermores.

Alas, my life is ever bound to grasslands' constant needs.
My seas are fenced-in fields of grain.
In winter -- wheat, in summer -- corn,
with planting in between.
I scan the skies for hint of rain but listen for the ocean's roar,
the lap, lap, lap of waves ashore.
I soak it in and long for more
amidst the wind-swept grassland sea.

Greer L. Fox - Knoxville, TN - greerlfox@gmail.com

Remedy

Murderous crow! Winged black death!
Robber of nests! Killer of nestling
Destroyer of hopes! Marauder of skies!

The calm of Spring's morn is ripped by your caw
and the pound of your wings.
Our babes and their nest lay shattered and strewn
by your beak and your claw, their feathers
mere shadows—wisps of young bones
and transparent flesh.
And we, bereft once again, fly on
where the force of black wings
will never be felt.

Who lies in wait for the young of your kind?
Who keeps your numbers in check?
We would search them out to counter our loss,
small sentinels on watch for advantage,
for revenge, for settling old scores
with merciless remedy.

Then hope soars by on moonlit wings,
with strength to hoist our vengeful cries.
Peregrine's flight on darkened skies --
a pact unspoken, and prayer enough.

Greer L. Fox - Knoxville TN - greerlfox@gmail.com

“One can see from space how the human race has changed the Earth. Nearly all of the available land has been cleared of forest and is now used for agriculture or urban development. The polar ice-caps are shrinking and the desert areas are increasing. At night, the Earth is no longer dark, but large areas are lit up. All of this is evidence that human exploitation of the planet is reaching a critical limit. But human demands and expectations are ever-increasing. We cannot continue to pollute the atmosphere, poison the ocean and exhaust the land. There isn't any more available.” - Stephen Hawking (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Frisco Poppies span
Sky the color of ocean
Orange like our bridge

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

Roofers upset nests
Sister worries for Swallows
Nature finds a way

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

What the Godmothers Told of the Breeze

June breeze yawns in the face of trees,
tired from the walk over the mountains,
and a brat to show disdain for cones, leaves,

and bud color. The breeze is only a slow wind
with naked admiration for its strength to carry pine pollen
up and over knolls on the Mt. Rose Highway.

Welcome or not, June breeze sleeps
here and there, naps in limbs and branches
that carve strong angles, lines that beguile air.

Awake, it traces the lower lip of a cloud's
nimbus like slender fingers. It warms
water surface like openhands

before rippling the Truckee into a river of wrinkled foil.
June breeze is a flirt -- sometimes gladly invited in
through screen doors or windows, sometimes

closed out when someone wants to block
its ease, which is often when this breeze,
tumbles through tall grass loose-limbed

with its transparent and scanty freedom.

Melanie Perish - Reno, NV - mperish@unr.edu

“The future will be green or not at all.” - Jonathon Porritt (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Gray Whale of Cali
Mexico to Alaska
Takes break at our cove

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

Tahoe Meadows: The Story as Told by the Creek

Part 1: Spring

New green
roots of white
yarrow,
coral paintbrush
web
the current-carved banks
held
in place.

Like
early love,
I look for
furl
new blooms.

It is in my nature
to share myself. I
racket staccato
bubble and burst
to shout
spring.

Slender stream,
I travel, ravel
Unravel--
creek source
with force
with gravity

humans live
and lean.
Committed to clarity,
not crystal,
but translucent. I change.
I am changed.

Melanie Perish - Reno, NV - mperish@unr.edu

“You cannot get through a single day without having an impact on the world around you. What you do makes a difference, and you have to decide what kind of difference you want to make.” - Jane Goodall (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Iris far & wide
Hanging like purple rain &
Watercolor sun

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

Affairs of Spring

Sweet spring fragrance fills the air. Majestic blossoms and blooms appear everywhere. The hillside's aglow in variegated shades of green, while everything radiates a newborn sheen.

All of nature is in an unfolding clamor to show off its seasonal display. The newest of spring finery vying its time in the limelight, on the first spring day.

Buds bursting open, for all to admire and view, bulbs have poked their heads above ground, still shiny with dew. They all preen and show off with individual flair. Such springtime magic, a glorious affair.

Bees and Hummingbirds buzz and hover from plant to plant, gathering nectar they can't resist. New flowers and blooms nod as each gives its gift, of the new season that spring has kissed.

Sue Crisp - Shingle Springs, CA - crispsue@hotmail.com

“Even if you never have the chance to see or touch the ocean, the ocean touches you with every breath you take, every drop of water you drink, every bite you consume. Everyone, everywhere is inextricably connected to and utterly dependent upon the existence of the sea.” - Sylvia Earle (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Big Spring in Big Sur
Wildflowers wave into sea
Goats follow horse friend

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

Spring Bouquet

Leaning in
to a branchful
of lilac scent,
I turn away
from the peonies--
for a second or two--
the buds
stretch their necks
another few inches,
delight in the rain,
swell and prepare to open--
to fill me
with more fragrant awe.

Carol Mikoda - Hector, NY - caro.miko@gmail.com

“Men argue. Nature acts.” Voltaire (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Fickle Spring

The fog wraps trees in layers of moisture and doubt.
Wind and raincoat newborn leaves, already weary
already heavy from sudden withdrawal of Springtime warmth,
cruelly replaced with crisp coldness creeping up tender branches
dripping with almost-frost these late May mornings.

Wind and fog haunt the gardens in tandem this freeze-dried Spring.
Like ghosts they howl through valleys and over summits.
Steadfast oaks look down with little concern, they have seen it all.
Scattered, lonely as soldiers, they mark the area history.
Windblown bark, branches, early buds swirl in seasonal confusion.

An ethereal world, beyond the taffeta veil of mist parts the landscape.
Tree limbs shiver in cold rebellion, flags waving proudly before battle.
They'd gladly fight for warmth and sunshine,
for the birthright of the season.
But to bend down in the cold in late May is treason,
branches grow stronger in fickle Spring.

Diane Funston - Marysville, CA - noparadise@me.com

June Night

Beyond the window
a choir of frogs sing
in luminous grass lit
by a spring moon.

Stars fall below the horizon
and others circle into
the night sky like
new constellations
or selves.

(previously published in Brevities)

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



Emily G. Schreiber - Bellmore, NY - cre8em@aol.com

The Hammock - A Pantoum

The hammock cradles my body.
I feel safe and secure.
The breeze touches my skin
Like soft gentle fingers.

I feel safe and secure.
Slices of nature all around me
Like soft gentle fingers.
So simple yet so complex.

Slices of nature all around.
Why is it here?
So simple yet so complex.
Why am I here?

Why is it here?
I look up at the sky.
Why am I here?
I love the peace and tranquility

I look up at the sky
A baby blue color.
I love the peace and tranquility.
Where did it all come from?

A baby blue color.
The breeze touches my skin.
Where did it all come from?
The hammock cradles my body

Emily G. Schreiber - Bellmore, NY - cre8em@aol.com

“To put it in more shocking terms, it doesn’t matter if the skeptics are right or not, because the assumptions on which the debate is based are already enough to doom us to a dystopian future.” - Charles Eisenstein,

Fuchsia pirouette
Pink tutus, purple slips show
Bush ballerinas

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

Words Engraved in Birch Bark

In early morning, I walked beyond the graveled
garden path to a grove of white papering birches
where a flock of small brown finches perched,
warming on the sunlit tree boughs.

The words, Jab, Jab, Jab, engraved
by a sapsucker last spring had been worn away;
perhaps eroded, by a bitter-mouthed wind,
howling over the weight of travails
it had borne during a harsh winter storm.

As the renaissance of this spring unfolds,
sapsuckers will return to proclaim ownership
of the birch trees and make their marks,
with calligraphic precision.

Beaks chiseling into each tree's outer bark
let the birds sip the life-giving nectar
and gather errant insects held fast
by their primordial desires
as the wheel of existence plays forth.

The sapsuckers will leave behind reminders
to mankind of their tenancy in the cycle of life.
Their avian words arranged into rings or
vertical lines of an ancient script, skillfully carved
into the trees dark inner bark.

Wendy N. Bell - Edgewood, WA - wendynbell@hotmail.com

Palette

In late Spring
you see why Monet
painted his tunnels of flowers.

Soon will be Summer

and longer days
will flame into trellises.

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

Corona Moon

72 degrees after dark
intermittent rustling of palm fronds
in this new silence.
Pneumonic carts sweep through the gated community
delivering dinners to the sequestered--
the saguaro crested with white blossoms,
the quail pleads for a mate.

Distant landmarks come into view
There is constant news:
Parisians pace their terraces
in the seizième;
the last cruise ship sails in,
and dolphins have surfaced in Venice.

Here, we breathe creosote and remember rain
trails closed to night hikers--
no lights pinpoint Camelback;
just the stark crescent
and its bright planet
in unflinching trajectory

Ingrid Arnesen - Ithaca, NY - ia11@cornell.edu

A Joyous Marriage

This spring again the plow, shares sharpened
to a fine edge, scraped and rubbed until
the sun squints off the silver blades,
slices its first cut in the black earth,

turning the hard sod, the cornstalks, brown
and brittle, left over from the fall.

It is a joyous marriage, that first cut,
the earth laid bare inside itself, fat earthworms,
crows flocking to the feast, new beetles hanging

on the dead roots of the past,
the earth cool and inviting, the seed
almost straining to be planted.

Edward J. Rielly - Westbrook, ME - erielly2@earthlink.net

So Easy to Make Things Smooth

The shares sliced neatly through the sod,
rolling the black soil up in twists,
exposing worms to sunlight they had never seen.

The disk sliced that black soil into small
clumps that pushed and squeezed against
each other, a lumpy bed of soft, rich earth.

Then came the harrow, its flat, rectangular
sections of hard spikes dragging first one
direction, then another, flattening, smoothing.

Finally, the field was ready for planting.
It was so easy those days to make things smooth.

Edward J. Rielly - Westbrook, ME - erielly2@earthlink.net

Our walks along creek
Blue Swallowtail on white blooms
We wish every Spring

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

The Crow

Caw! Caw! Caw!
At dawn, the horrid noise jerks me back to reality
from a world where my boss isn't writing me up every five minutes.
If anyone should be disciplined, it's the crow.

I imagine being in the sky,
flying to the far side of the moon
to a place where I can't get into trouble.
Is there such a place?

Caw! Caw! Caw!
My thoughts interrupted, I leap out of bed,
slam shut the window, climb back under the covers.
There, that's much better.
the dream weaver kicks in, and I escape.

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

Woody Woodpecker

“Listen to that,” says Dad,
as we walk through the park one spring morning.
I’m a teenager,
and my father is walking me to school.
We stop for a moment.
I hear it, a power drill without the motor.

“That’s a woodpecker,
boring holes in that tree over there,” Dad explains.
He points, but I can’t see.
Preoccupied, I wonder why I should care.

That day after school,
I’m watching a cartoon on television with my younger brother.
Again, I hear the motorless drill,
this time followed by Woody Woodpecker’s cheerful tune.

Why is he boring holes in that tree?
Why is he so happy?
With limited vision, I can’t see the screen.
I listen while brother watches, says nothing.

I’m amazed at how cheerful Woody is,
despite the curveballs life throws his way.
Maybe we could all follow his example.

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

**“The Earth should not be a worse place after my life than it was when I was born here.” -
Rob Stewart**

A Song Before Sunrise

A bird sings me to sleep
after two hours of tossing, turning,
while a train whistles far away
and a nearby food bank’s refrigerator hums and rattles.
These are the only sounds in the still dawn.

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

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

Rescued coyote pup meets foster brother on Cape Cod

By Melanie DaSilva

CAPE COD (WPRI) - A coyote pup that was found abandoned in Smithfield last month is “getting along swimmingly” with her foster brother in Cape Cod, according to the Cape Wildlife Center.



© Provided by WPRI Providence Rescued coyote pup meets foster brother on Cape Cod

The center has been taking care of the male pup after a family inadvertently brought him home earlier this month, thinking it was a lost puppy.

Two wildlife rehabilitators brought the orphaned pups together to help them “maintain their wild instincts,” the Cape Wildlife Center said in a Facebook post.

“It was a little slow at first, but once they felt each other out they quickly began to bond,” the post read. “Before long they were wrestling and playing with each other, which is a crucial to their normal development.”

Coyote pup found abandoned in Smithfield

The Rhode Island pup is about two weeks younger and a bit smaller than the Massachusetts pup, so the rehabilitation center waited until she caught up in size to formally introduce the two.

Due to the difference in size, the facility said they won’t be fully left alone just yet, but they will continue to spend a couple hours per day together so they continue to bond.

“Once the female is a little larger, they will move into a larger cage together where we will provide natural climbing items, enrichment activities, and regular health checks. Our primary goal is to raise the pair as naturally as possible,” the post continued.

The center said in order to prepare the pups for life in the wild, they will each need about 300 pounds of “specialty food,” along with regular veterinary checks and preventative medications and vaccines.

“When it comes time for release, it is critical that they have the skills they need to survive and have a healthy fear of humans,” the post said. “Having a sibling to model behavior from goes a long way towards maintaining their wild instincts and we are so grateful that these two bonded so quickly.”

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

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!

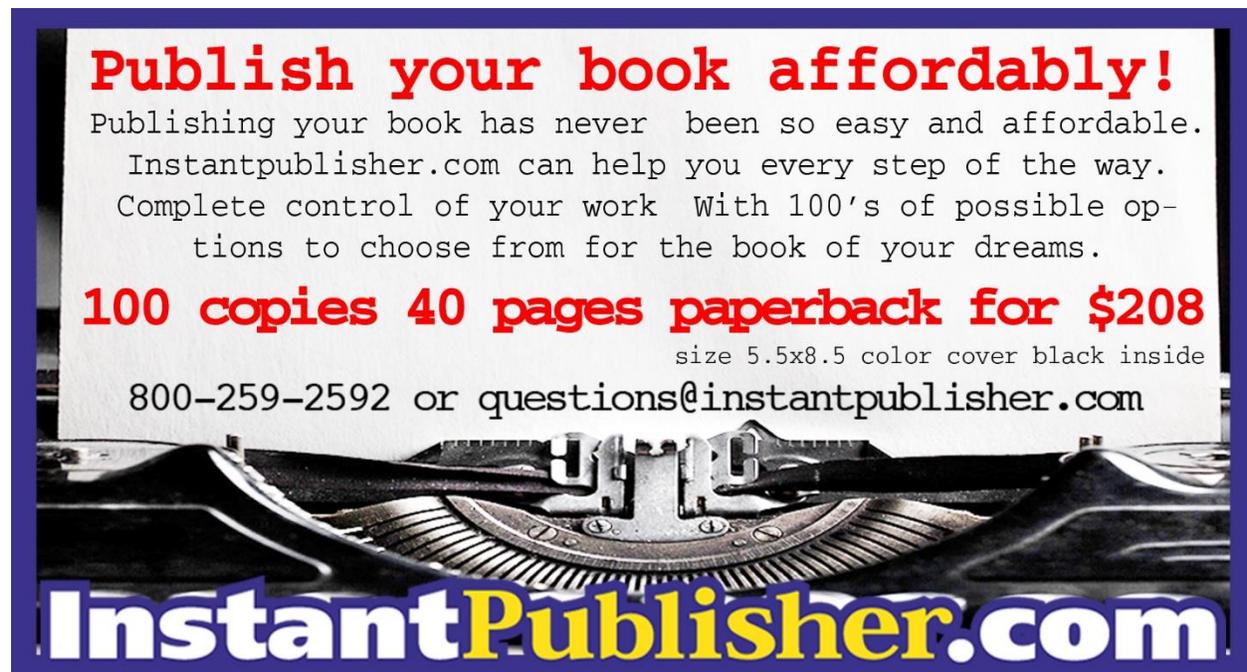
I want to do another Saving Mother Earth Weekly Avocet issue, so I am looking for poems that address the most important issues of today, so please write about what you think and fear of the coming end of our world as we know it. But if we join together, work together, we can make a difference to Save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

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
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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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