

The Weekly Avocet - #591

March 31st, 2024

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

**buzzing little bees
make some sweet honey for me
buzz from rose to rose**

Paula Goldsmith - Mesa, AZ - wiinger@aol.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

My Lilacs

I love to look across my backyard
and savor my lilac bush's beauty.
It could have died.
I willed it alive
after last summer's two-week heat wave
dried it, scorched it, brittled it.
My sprinklers could not quench
its thirst,
a broken pipe stopping their supply.
I pathetically tried
with a watering can
in the cool of each day's evening,
but the browned branches
did not bode well.
"You will not die," I told it.
"You will bud and bloom next spring."
And this week, as I smiled at spring
budding elsewhere,
I hesitated to look,
fearing what I'd feared.
But then, this morning,
as I gazed from my kitchen window
across my backyard,
I saw a haze of green
circling the brown bush branches.
I rushed out for a closer look.
Buds, so many,
healthy, happy nascent lilacs!
I willed it alive.
But it wouldn't have happened
without its will
to survive.

Barbara Novack - Laurelton, NY - bnovack@molloy.edu

Mother's reminder
fast approaching global warming
with balmy March

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

I Noticed You This Morning

It's been a long time since I've seen you
but I noticed you this morning,
even though you're not scheduled to arrive
until tonight.

It wasn't your ghost
or your echo, but
perhaps it was your messenger
with a note from the future
that is sort of here
since I saw you
in the pink blossom on the tree
in the haze of green circling branches
in the lilac and hydrangea buds
and in the daffodils.

What had been winter gray
is hinting green
in the softer rays
of your longer days.
Thank you, Spring.

Barbara Novack - Laurelton, NY - bnovack@molloy.edu

We want to do a few Weekly Avocet issues on Eagles. Please send us your best Eagle poems to share with The Avocet community. Deadline is 4/24/24.

And

We want to do another Special Earth Day issue, April 22nd, 2024. Deadline for submissions is 4/7/24, but then again, as Nature poets, we should always be writing Earth Days poems!

Please follow the same guidelines as when submitting your work to The Weekly Avocet. Guidelines found at the end of each Weekly Avocet issue.

high sun frees clenched fists
harried drivers slow and wave
in sky smiler's thrall

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

Crossing the Equator

Winter solstice finds a reluctant sun
rising over Mrs. Hodgdon's woodshed
whereas the summer solstice glows strong
by the chimney of the old Billings place.
This morning, at first light, the sun peeks
hopeful from behind the Hodgdon's barn.
A quick scan of the calendar
confirms the sight -- the equinox.
Equatorial spring has arrived

Like a switch has been turned on
or a gun fired to start a race,
chickadees flit to find homes and mates
robins hunt the easing brown earth
bluebirds display and claim territory
cedar waxwings swarm the branches
of red-budding red maples, dazzling
like the cardinal topping the arbor vitae
trubadouring his love.

Winter's grasp is weakening but has yet
to be defeated. Icy winds still blow.
Snow and sleet again shower about
even on this the first day of spring.
But tomorrow it will melt away
leaving snowdrops by the garden's edge
dancing victoriously through the last
of the snow, singing sunny praises
of the spring equinox.

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

winter chill fading
lilacs awaken with buds
life warmed in spring's smile

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

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



...from the frozen tundra I call home..... Happy Spring in South Berwick,
Maine. Aimé Duclos - ajduclos@gwi.net - 3/24/24

Sea Smoke

wisps of steam waft and swirl
from our portico peak
as a sparkling morning's
energetic high sun burns off
another dying winter's frost
sublimes a cold solid to gas

for a terrifying moment
it seemed a smoldering
fire was broiling
but the sun and the season
were working their will
on the portico's prow

like a lobster boat at dawn
serenely humming off
from harbor mooring
silently slicing the water
parting the sea smoke
our portico emerges cleansed

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

Crocus

They know how to shelter
the ovary underground
and bloom when the weather
is ripe in spring.

Like them
I sometimes hide
from the elements,
that tribal dance of human kind.

Needing space and time
to blossom on my own.

Lester Hirsh - Watsontown, PA - lesterhirsh@hotmail.com

To a Whitetail

we met this morning
for the first time
like old friends

less than two hours spent
your spirit and final breath
had quit your body

fragile in its young spotted fur
with tufts of cream
coal dark eyes
lashes longer than Maybelline

in my wildest dreams
nothing this enchanting
could love me so quickly

but you, who refused the bottle
the aquifer water dribbled from my fingers
to make her music for you

you rested your chin in the crook of my arm
which you licked
like irresistible sweets

chewed my hair
nuzzled my neck
you rested your soul against mine

and it was you who comforted me
as you left by a route
straight through my heart

Kate Potter - Allentown, PA - kppipeline@gmail.com

barmy March drive
a couple of swallows frolic in the air
magically veering collision

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

Marching

With firm footsteps,
I progress away from cold, harsh winter darkness,
toward hopeful, warm spring light,
leave behind subzero temperatures, snow, and ice,
say hello to sunshine, warm breezes, flowers, grass.

My heart feels lighter,
and a smile crosses my face,
as I think of what's to come.

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

Spring Pain (A Villanelle)

The bird likes the first day of spring,
but today, there's been nothing but rain.
Her heart is unable to sing.

The bird should be having a fling.
Her life should be more humane.
The bird likes the first day of spring.

It's time for her to take wing.
Instead, she sits in the rain.
Her heart is unable to sing.

She likes everything about spring
except for the driving rain.
The bird likes the first day of spring.

Instead of taking wing,
the bird takes shelter in pain.
Her heart is unable to sing.

Life can be so inhumane.
It fills the bird's heart with pain.
The bird likes the first day of spring,
but her heart is unable to sing.

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

a murder of crows
diesel engine roars to life
murdering nature

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

Spring Winds

Wild and free,
In every part of the world,
Not caring about life or limb,
Destructive, they swoop over and around the Earth,
Sometimes calming, mostly upsetting.

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

Spring Harmony

Suddenly comes a day when a bleak branch and shivering shrub
reveal themselves splendid
in pink, white and gold
the resurgence of the repressed
while the soft honey tongued air touches from forgotten lands
the grass in soft ground humming in small jittering creature clover
inviting a dance
while the irises laugh and sway
not an idyllic illusion of peace
but a soupcon of love memory and much harmony
unnatural to disturb.

Susan Oleferuk - Buchanan, NY - soleferuk@yahoo.com

Kindness always comes back...

near the tilled wheat field
the lone haystack, still robust
Jackalope Hill

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

a couple of ducks argue
in the river with the melting ice
sun-glitter on the ducks

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



MBK Krishna - India - mbalkrishna672@gmail.com

Bird Song

The birds are back
And in the trees.
I don't know where they went,
But I'm glad they're here again.
They sing such pretty songs.
Each bird sings a different tune.
So many birds.
So many tunes.
Lovely sounds blend like a chorus.
I can just sit and listen for hours,
Mesmerized,
Happy.
The air is warm.
The sun shining.
I can smell flowers too.
This is spring.
I'll take it.
I'll keep it.
I also hear landscapers and cars going by.
But the birds still sing their songs
Oblivious to humans below the trees.

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



MBK Krishna - mbalkrishna672@gmail.com

Mud Pines

Rolling hills of grass
Crispy Temperatures
Oil rigs travel the logging road above

Bell shaped clouds low on the horizon
The sun sets
While winters last icy patches melt

Chicago IV plays out my parked car window
Pine trees stand in stillness
While my feet dig deep into the mud patch below

A flock of black birds chirp above
And fly to their resting place
The night's first stars will be blocked
By a deep grey haze

I am hidden away in Nicola Valley
Highways loop and cross in the distance
Town upon town scattered in between
Swaths of mountains and valleys

And I stand here
Feel the stillness of now
Dimming into the brightness of tomorrow

John Reid - Vancouver, British Columbia - jhreid@shaw.ca

Please be kind, write to each other...

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

Please read the guidelines before submitting

We love previously published poems!

Please send your submissions to angeldec24@hotmail.com

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

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

Please send your submissions to angeldec24@hotmail.com

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

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

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

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

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

There is no line limit per poem.

Please no religious references.

Please use single spaced lines.

Please remember, we welcome previously published poems.

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

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

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

The Burning Question for us Earthlings is:

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

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

Well, there is, even if we all do small things it will make a great difference. Alice C. Hill (**the David M. Rubenstein senior fellow for energy and the environment at the Council on Foreign Relations.**) states the first thing we all need to do is not shy away from the subject. Talk about, write about, climate change to everyone you know and meet. Write to your Congressperson and Senators. Let them know what you think and fear!

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

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

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

The American Avocet

I watch unseen this large,
long-legged shorebird,
with its pied plumage
and a dash of red
around its head and neck,
scampering along
the coastline
searching to snatch-up
some aquatic insect
or a small invertebrate
hidden beneath
the brackish waters

of this saltmarsh.
I watch unseen
it swing its odd,
long, up-curved bill
through the shallow,
still waters, catching
a tiny creature,
trapping it in its bill,
racing off to its nest to
feed her four hatchings
with this feast she found.
I watch in awe
as the male
grows protective,
fearlessly fending off
an encroaching
common black raven,
attacking this intruder,
striking at it with its bill.
I watch in wonder
as they swim as a family
just days after
the young ones are born,
then back to the nest to
rest where its kind flocks
together in a community.

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

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.

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