

The Weekly Avocet - 671

October 12th, 2025

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

**gray squirrel scampers by
dry grass filling cheeks
chilled wind chases through tree**

Susan M. Surette - Cotuit, MA - suesurette@gmail.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

Library Reverie

A dwarf palm in a terracotta
by pot stands by
a north-facing window
in my Carnegie library.
Graceful fronds like giant
paramecia yearn
upward in futility to an unseen sun.
Sitting nearby, leaning back
in a Naugahyde chair.
I close my eyes, an
Amazonian picture book
cradled in my lap.

Soon a macaw sings its
raucous serenade to
a rain-bowed mate
during an earthy shower.
An incandescent-blue Morpho
glides about to sip nectar.
Garlic, balsa and worm-ooze
vapor waft past my nose.
Tamarins chatter in the canopy.
I pause to wonder about the opaque
lake ahead, where ravenous piranha
jitterbug in shallow water
for a drinking Capybara. An intense feline
inches along an overhanging branch
preparing to pounce.
The complicity of predators disquiets me.
When I look upward to some thatch,
there's hairy tawny tarantula
dancing silently upside down, on tiptoes,
unconcerned about me.

An alien, raucous sound
rends the air: a cell phone
with a Sousa march.
Eyes open, I slowly close the book.
I rise and walk, passing a capybara
grazing placidly near the reference desk.
I exit my reverie.

David Blackey - La Crosse, IA - funkyjubu@yahoo.com

A Wise Old Owl

perches on an oak branch
and surveys the surrounding forest
at dusk, head swiveling. It is hungry.
It spots a field mouse for a snack.
It spots a green frog
croaking in the grass
and swoops down, claws
as it's weapon.
Bye-bye froggie. Not
much of a meal. In the fading
light it sees is a bunny rabbit
and his claws again do the job.

Night descends. It can barely
hear the whirr of the bats. It doesn't
compete, because he
never eats flying bugs.

It doesn't sleep much, or
dream. It knows
nothing can kill it.

David Blackey - La Crosse, IA - funkyjubu@yahoo.com

Fall

a remembrance
from decades ago
my husband was alive
my husband drove
our old turquoise
Dodge van
from Cape Cod
to Vermont
where we saw
the audacious colors
red, orange and yellow
brightening our day
on Vermont roads

Paula Yup - Spokane, WA - paulayuppoet@icloud.com

Another Year in Nature's Book

How has summer left so quickly,
And the aspens' brief golden fashion show concluded?
How time unstoppable travels on
A week into October in the high country
The first blizzard of autumn
Has netted the land
Another round headed in
As a weakening setting sun
Highlights the fresh snow
And the aspens' last foliage of the year

And now
A sleep of 7 months
Falls on the land
Recuperation,
Winter blues
But sets the stage
Of eventual promise of
The splendor of an environment refreshed

Mark Cooney - Colorado Springs, CO - aspenpoet@hotmail.com

“For those who have experienced the joy of being alone with nature there is really little need for me to say much more; for those who have not, no words of mine can ever describe the powerful, almost mystical knowledge of beauty and eternity that come, suddenly, and all unexpected.” - Jane Goodall

Bringing in the Garden

It was time to bring in the garden
the hot sun of summer had left dark dried stalks
and leaves curled in grief
a few Cosmos swayed in full purple bloom
each visited by a frantic bee
“Don't take these few,” they seemed to say
in kindness, the lavender started to re-bloom
and when there is little left for us
somewhere, there will be a kindness.

Susan Oleferuk - Buchanan, NY - oleferuksusan@gmail.com

In the Fall

In the fall, memories come back like an old sweater
ill-fitting and worn
where did the long days go
that chill that comes when a cloud covers
unwanted and forlorn

Followed by air spirited and strong
the scent rolled in pine needles down from the mountains beyond
in fall all must be forgiven
in fall all is fully given
this is the time before the leaves are curled and brown.

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

“Above all we must realize that each of us makes a difference with our life. Each of us impacts the world around us every single day. We have a choice to use the gift of our life to make the world a better place - or not to bother” - Jane Goodall

Edvard Munch Decades after the Fire

The creek babbles in gloom surrounded
by old death unable to die--
no ashes, no dust, no road home.
Held in charred hands
keen orange sap
frozen by fire
screams from blackened crevices.
Echoes appear layer
upon layer
up the mountainside
into a glowing sunset -
blind
to green in shadows hushed.

Cheryl Miller - Canon City, CO - camcraig49@gmail.com

“Each one of us matters, has a role to play, and makes a difference. Each one of us must take responsibility for our own lives, and above all, show respect and love for living things around us, especially each other.” - Jane Goodall

celebrating the days of fall

(a series of haikus)

autumn days arrive
there's a crispness in the air
birds are flying south

after the first frost
purple red brown-yellow gold
underneath the trees

farmers harvesting
bringing in and preserving
food for the winter

apples squash and corn
hay for the cows and horses
maybe hard cider

Halloween arrives
small folks out trick-or-treating
bags filled with candy

Thanksgiving turkey
mashed potatoes and stuffing
cider and cookies

rising before dawn
dressing for work in the dark
leaving at sunrise

first sign of winter
overnight snow on the ground
melting by morning

walking in the woods
dry leaves underneath our feet
winter's coming soon

Gordon Gilbert - New York, NY - gordonagilbertjr@usa.net

“To me, cruelty is the worst of human sins. Once we accept that a living creature has feelings and suffers pain, then by knowingly and deliberately inflicting suffering on that creature, we are guilty, whether it be human or animal.” - Jane Goodall

Rain while Wildfire Burns

Like slim wooden mallets
on thin metal keys, it goes
tap tap on the downspout
welcome rain, you renew us
bright green needles reach up to white sky
your heavier fall descends, and sky darkens
Drench us--millimetres, centimetres; inches, feet
as far down as you can
our welcoming Hallelujah boughs expand

Jasper goes wild cat skipping, slipping and scuttling his claws on the floor
mad about insects sheltering close to the building
as the rain grows more vigorous
tap dancing on the roof
the air dampens washing the smoke from the sky
sometimes the blessings come when they are most needed
and a water avoidant cat gets in on the thrill of it

Louise Osborn - Vancouver Island, Canada - louiseosborn639@gmail.com

Nature at its Worse

Fires! Fires! Fires!
And more fires! Burning homes,
Leaving people homeless
Burning acres and acres of forest
Smoke seen from miles, miles, and miles
Covering the sky like a warm winter blanket
Bugs interfering with fire fighters' jobs
Biting and nipping at them
While they work hard at their jobs
Could it be due to climate change
Or nature at its worse?
Floods! Floods! Floods! And more floods!
Water! Water! Water! Everywhere!
Leaving people stranded on tops of houses,
Or hanging from trees
Only way out
Rescued by people in boats
Could this be due to climate change
Or nature at its worse?

Terra De Lora - Cornelius, OR - terradelora@yahoo.com

Women of Autumn's past

They went every week out of their homes,
children running forward,
toward a place that offered a tasty reward
to families young and old.
To a world that doesn't exist anymore,
a congregation of women on an Autumn's morning,
carrying the tools that were used by their mothers before,
flour, yeast and more, loving hands creating a secret mix,
a pilgrimage to a community's oven, centuries old!

Hands full of flour,
hard at work kneading the dough,
children with white noses watching attentively to what was going on,
women singing songs that were old from a long time ago,
a silent man attending to the burning wood,
inside a cavity that would turn a creation of flour
into an edible object as precious as gold!
Delicious Autumn's scent permeating the air,
slices of warm bread wet with olive oil, oregano and a little salt,
filling the hunger of all, children asking for more,
I was there many times before,
a time of Autumn that flew away with my youth,
memories floating in a dark room at night,
dreams of yesterday in the tasteless world of today!

Joseph Sanfilippo - Brentwood, TN - ziogio@comcast.net net, Brentwood TN

the window view

the window view
was a pleasant one
bright blue sky
pretty puffy clouds
light breeze blowing
through the colorful
treetops
a few leaves
fluttering down
red, gold and orange
autumn's beauty
in October

Wendy Wasner - West Seneca, NY - wendyew3@yahoo.com

“Your life matters. You can't live through a day without making an impact on the world. And what's most important is to think about the impact of your actions on the world around you.” - Jane Goodall

The Wager

Two celestial beings weary
of endless rituals often dreary
proposed to make their time more merry
by wagering for their favorite theory
of how the world would be destroyed.

Said one, I forcefully surmise
twill be because they fill their skies
with soot and such, it's no surprise
of what will be their swift demise
and by which avenue deployed.

The other said I'll take the view
that their final exit will be due
to contaminating oceans blue
into a brownish toxic brew,
and not some wayward asteroid.

So now I'll peek behind the veil,
said one, since time does not avail,
and see which one has better sail
for casting lots beyond the pale.
We'll see which path earth should avoid.

Oh, would that I could swear, I swear
the tortured earth will be laid bare,
but not by poisoned sea or air--
the lack of bees will bring despair
and make the land grow dark and void.

John McPherson - Searcy, AR - jmcpherson@cablelynx.com

**“To reconnect with nature is key if we want to save the planet.” -
Jane Goodall**

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

**Time to share your Fall-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 do not stack your info when submitting submissions, 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 put (early or late) Fall/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 Fall 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 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

We hope we provoked you; that you leave having experienced a complete emotional response to the poetry found in each issue of The Weekly Avocet. 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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