

# **The Weekly Avocet - #680**

## **December 14<sup>th</sup>, 2025**

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

**autumn ends her reign  
blustery winter enters  
days grow cold and short**

Sally Rosenthal - Philadelphia, PA - [Sanford.rosenthal@comcast.net](mailto:Sanford.rosenthal@comcast.net)



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

## **Autumn has had its turn, next weekend Winter arrives.**

### **Just like her Mother**

I've never seen such a fierce  
look upon another being's face,  
staring me up and down,  
beyond determination  
her stare of near hate,  
of deep-seated anger,  
a murderous face  
once her mind is made up,  
no messing with her for there's  
no way Ella is ever going to let go  
of her end of her honking duck toy,  
with those big poodle fangs  
hanging on tight, for dear life,  
even as I pull and twist it in  
all 4 directions, even up and down,  
pulling her off the ground,  
twisting her around and around.  
I've never seen such hate  
in the eyes of another being,  
still, she hangs on in our tug of war,  
each wanting the other to slip up  
even just for a second is all  
it will take, but who will lose  
their will, their grip, first  
that is the question as we stare  
each other dead on, eyes locked,  
no blinking, wanting nothing more  
than for the other to lose, to blink,  
with your low growl menacing  
in its intensity, the whole while  
that honking duck crying out, so  
it sounded like we were at war;  
I've never seen such a fierce  
look upon another being's face, then  
you hear Valerie's voice coming  
from upstairs, from her room, and  
for a second you let down your guard,  
you let loose of your duck toy,  
as your tail begins to wag wildly,  
you race up those stairs to Mommy.

Charles Portolano

## Birdwatching

Ella's ears perk up once outside  
hearing all the beautiful birdsongs,  
while the cawing, cawing of Ravens  
always sends her running to my side,

as she stares as the black birds take  
flight, she barks a warning to them.

It's the way she watches the birds  
as if she wishes she too could fly,

I can see it in her bright eyes,  
how she twists and turns her head.

I can see when she jumps up for me  
to pick her up to get a bird's eye view.

I can feel her tiny muscles twitching  
as they fly by, as they fly high above,

and once one is out of view  
a new one appears for Ella to follow

for she never tires of watching, all  
the while I'm holding her like a baby

so near I can see her eyes dart back  
and forth focusing on each bird's flight

but oh, how she stares at the woodpecker  
pounding a tree right before her eyes,

I can see in her puzzled eyes, questioning,  
*Why get a headache when he could be free  
flying off in any of the four directions  
like all the other birds high in the sky do...*

Charles Portolano

leafless locust limbs  
frame distant bird flight  
across white overcast sky

Kate Potter - kppineline@gmail.com

## **My Sacred Nature**

I didn't know the cruel ways of man.  
I didn't know the endless wants of man  
for I was only five years old when I first  
wandered the woods behind my home,  
entering into the wild world of Nature.

I thought all trees should be free to grow.  
I thought every bird should fly high.  
I thought every creature's life an adventure.  
I thought every insect deserves respect  
and every rock has a place to rest.

I was one with all those of the woods.  
I was taught to do no harm, break no limbs.  
I was taught not to throw rocks for they  
will come down to do harm to others.  
I was taught not to taunt another being.

All I knew was every being had a spirit.  
That we are all interconnected to one another.  
That I was a visitor to their wild world.  
I had not been invited, but I came anyway, so,  
I sat quietly for hours listening and learning.

Watching the rabbits loving their young ones.  
Watching the wild turkeys teach their young  
to glean the floor of the woods for tasty insects.  
Watching the parents of birds returning trip after  
trip to the nest with food for their young ones.

I didn't think I was better than the other beings.  
I didn't think I ruled these woods my being man.  
I didn't think to just take what I wanted.  
I didn't want to be an unwelcome guest for  
I had learned being in these woods of inner peace.

As we grow there comes a time when one must go  
out into the cruel world to learn of the ways of man,  
learn how to survive in our hostile surroundings, but  
knowing the ways of man doesn't mean I have to  
want more than I need, to carelessly thrive on greed.

Charles Portolano - Fountain Hills, AZ - [cportolano@hotmail.com](mailto:cportolano@hotmail.com)

## Why Nature Matters

sunny afternoon  
suddenly tears poured from my eyes

then I heard a voice  
you are empty, there's nothing left

I took a look at myself  
nothing but shame

I looked at humans  
little more than disrespect

then there was a sound  
meadowlark song

then there was a sight  
geese, high overhead flying south

then there was an odor  
the cinnamon of balsam poplar buds

hardly aware  
I realized the tears had stopped

nature had stepped in  
the emptiness of my life had been displaced

a debt had been incurred  
but how is a debt to a savior paid

surprisingly easy  
you become a steward to that savior

that savior is all we have  
if it is gone, so too are we

Jack Maze

willow leaf spins  
completes her arabesque  
for autumn's ballet

Christine Valentine - Sheridan, WY - [svalentine@rangeweb.net](mailto:svalentine@rangeweb.net)



**“We remember that poetry is invisible painting and painting a visible poem that must be understood by the eyes.” - Dongshan (Liangie) 807-869 CE (Jim Carney)**



Jim Carney - Middletown, NJ - [jrcarney19@gmail.com](mailto:jrcarney19@gmail.com)

By chance this evening  
Hiding in the tree branches  
An autumn moon face.

Jim Carney - Middletown, NJ - [jrcarney19@gmail.com](mailto:jrcarney19@gmail.com)

## Indoor Autumn

Arthritic knees my anchor,  
the walker stands next to my chair  
like a sentinel of confinement;  
autumn's outdoor leaf palette  
reduced to a window view.

Spiraling up and down the young maple  
a squirrel trio plays a chasing game.  
One scampers by, a large nut in his jaws.  
I crane my neck to watch him out of sight.  
Dog walkers in shorts on cell phones  
evidence the unseasonably warm  
December day. An orange ladybug  
gingerly clings to the screen.

A crimson cardinal rummages  
through dry curled leaves for a morsel.  
*Stay, stay, you beautiful creature*, I breathe,  
and he does, turning his black mask to me  
in direct gaze as though hearing my plea,  
then flying up into the century-old English elm.

A common sparrow snares a white floaty thing  
in mid-flight... lands to taste and puzzle over it.  
Burning bushes blaze and pumpkins grin  
crooked smiles from the neighbor's yard.

Evergreens trimmed flat under my window  
wear a carpet of leaves -- winter shelter  
for my resident rabbit.  
Indoor autumn.

Patricia Foldvary - Wauwatosa, WI - pfoldvary@att.net

**"I have long understood that climate change is not only an environmental issue - it is a humanitarian, economic, health, and justice issue as well." - Frances Beinecke**

I see  
fallen leaves on the sidewalk  
each one a poem

Christine Valentine - Sheridan, WY - svalentine@rangeweb.net

stony paths disappear beneath my feet  
I am the darkness  
of ginkgo trees  
and indigo skies

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net

### **December 15**

Mid-month already, and the roosters crow  
as if that were of no special importance.

The battle between the past and future  
will never completely end, we know.

Gray-wind morning, dull fronds twitch  
in brief breezes, red-mud wonder.

All will merely shift and change.  
Watching tendrils hanging from the eaves.

And then the sun breaks through, beams  
casting diagonal shadows. Something.

I breathe, smile, content to live  
in this mid-December moment.

Something seems to silently struggle to get out,  
but the light insists on coming in.

Brian Cronwall - Wailua, HI - cronwall@hawaii.edu

**Please feel free to share The Weekly Avocet with all those you know who love  
Nature poetry. Thank you! It's free, just email us your email address...**

falling temperatures  
glazed, frost covered windowsills  
sleeping tulip bulbs

Lynda McKinney Lambert - Ellwood City, PA - riverwoman@zoominternet.net



# Every day is Earth Day

intruders in the night  
evidence in the morning  
pots of cropped hostas

Susan K. Hagen - Birmingham, AL - shagen@bsc.edu

## NC Late Autumn

The trees are almost depleted now,  
charcoal lines, a papered sky,  
rising, majestic, set free.

Their leaves are motionless,  
with soft mounds,  
covering bog in silent stillness,  
until a wind suddenly swirls them,  
scattering their message  
that everything now is over,  
waiting to be gone until next time.

Barrenness ushers ease,  
the slant of light, sharp and golden,  
fades early.  
There are partings here, too,  
as bright pots of color fade, as the soft earth  
speaks to new beginnings.

A time to be known.  
The world quiet, tentative,  
sleeping over lost bones,  
stillness slowly electrifying  
awaiting its secrets.

Betty O'Hearn - St. Petersburg, FL - mimiohearn@gmail.com

perched on an oak  
an eagle seeks prey--  
no leaves to block the view

Jack Maze

Leaves--yellow, brown, red.  
Behind my feet, damp footprints,  
transitory, fade.

Vaughn Neeld - Cañon City, CO - vaughnneeld@hotmail.com

**“Anyone who thinks fallen leaves are dead has never watched them dancing on a windy day.” - Shira Tamir** (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

### **Autumn's First Snow**

It's  
Monday.  
Raindrops beat  
a symphony  
of late-fall song--  
a melody of sounds  
pinging upon the steel roof.  
I sigh a lamentation for  
crickets, hummingbirds, and columbines  
as waves of winter winds sweep past my door.

Wind-driven raindrops kiss my face and hands  
as with cold fingers I fumble keys,  
and I push open the door to  
the comfort of warm cocoa,  
a cozy fire, and -- hush --  
as the rain wanes and  
moonlight glimmers  
on pristine,  
blue-white  
snow.

*(Published in Quill and Parchment)*

Vaughn Neeld - Cañon City, CO - vaughnneeld@hotmail.com

**“It is the job of poetry to clean up our word-logged reality by creating silences around things.” - Stéphane Mallarmé** (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

### **Sunset on the Ferry**

barely rippled water  
reflects an orange and gray sky--  
night can come

Jack Maze

### **Crows - 6:00 am**

Cacophonous cawing disturbs my reverie  
crows are at it again!  
There must be thirty of them  
meeting on the hill behind  
the wrought iron fence

It appears to be a convocation of sorts  
could be a court the crows have convened  
to judge a wayward one of their own  
who broke some inviolate crow law  
did something that angered his cronies

We're told that crows are quite clever  
that they have a well-ordered sense  
of what can be done and what cannot  
still to see them meeting in a circle  
on the brush covered California hillside  
seems an unexpected confluence

Perhaps instead they are at Crow Church  
it is Sunday after all -- could be the first service  
how funny to imagine the central crow  
the biggest, baddest of them all  
comforting his crow buddies  
with hymns of praise and consolation

Or maybe it's a war council  
they have come together to plan  
a concerted attack on a rival crow gang  
sort of 'Westside Story' for corvids  
also-called 'murder of crows'

Marcy Wingard - Newbury Park, CA - [mrwingard@hotmail.com](mailto:mrwingard@hotmail.com)

**Please be kind, write to each other...**

### **Persephone Says Farewell**

Soon you can rest from your labors  
who are gathering Ceres' gifts  
of golden grain--corn, wheat, rye  
from fields--shining apples, pears, from orchards--  
plump grapes from sated vines--  
to feed and nourish  
in the coming fallow season.  
Drink barley water tangy with mint  
to cool your work-worn bodies,  
slake your thirst.  
Though I must now go  
to Hades' dark demesne,  
I leave you adornments  
of red, yellow, and amber leaves.  
I do not die, but will return in Spring  
dancing the land green again,  
trailing flowers.

Katherine A. Hogan - Forest Hills, NY - ednastv@aol.com

**“He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not but rejoices for those which he has.” - Epictetus**

### **Landscape Artist**

Meandering through woods  
and gardens, Nature takes out  
her paint box, peruses its hues.  
She daubs gold on these leaves,  
scarlet on those, broad strokes  
bright yellow onto sunflowers,  
paints late-blooming roses  
crimson.

When fields and forests  
surrender burnished colors,  
to winter's starkness,  
she covers the Earth with snow,  
returns her canvas  
to pure white.

Katherine A. Hogan - Forest Hills, NY - ednastv@aol.com

## **Mother Nature Has a Fever**

Have you heard it in the breezes  
Have you seen it by the water,  
By the rising of the oceans,  
by the melting of the ice,  
Mother Nature has a fever  
Mother Nature's got a fever  
And you better had believe her  
That she isn't feeling nice.

Mother Nature's got a fever  
And she isn't feeling well,  
She's expressing her discomfort  
in a way she hopes to tell  
that pollution is upsetting her  
in many different ways,  
and her clothing is in tatters  
you can surely see it fray.

Mother Nature's yelling louder  
and we'd better hear her soon,  
her lullabies are changing  
to a very different tune.  
Listen hard and listen well, for you  
might hear her cries of war.  
She might just start all over  
As she's likely done before.

Mother Nature's disappointed  
We have truly done her wrong,  
We've treated her most shamefully  
ignoring her so long,  
if we only pay attention  
we may still forestall our blight.  
Let us all work hard together  
Before she says, "Good Night."

Tasha Halpert - North Grafton, MA - [tashahal@gmail.com](mailto:tashahal@gmail.com)

**Intelligence Isn't Everything: Despite being one of the most brilliant people to ever live, Stephen Hawking didn't have time to suffer fools. Regarding people flouting their IQs, he once said, "People who boast about their IQ are losers."**



## **Autumn Equinox through Winter Solstice**

The heat of summer wanes away.  
Water in the creek behind our home  
running slow and shallow.  
Local animals leave footprints in mud.

Grasses have withered, now mere  
yellow sheathes on bare earth.  
Local trees will soon show their seasonal  
leaves--carnelian, marigold, amber.

In the air above, migrating birds  
call out their intentions,  
leave their summer homes,  
head south to gentler climates.

Hibernating animals are busy eating,  
eating everything they can to prepare  
their bodies for the time of ice and snow.  
They will seek warm dens for months of sleep.

Other creatures who live here year-round  
gather nuts and seeds into hiding places,  
food banks that will keep them fed when  
winter's blanket covers the land.

Foxes, coyotes, bobcats, pumas  
grow longer fur to protect themselves in  
the coming colder season. Their hunts will be  
more difficult when snows are deep.

Yesterday, I watched a yearling fawn  
nurse from her patient mother.  
Baby was nearly as tall as mom. I will  
miss seeing these two in coming months.

Deer will move down to warmer regions  
until the Spring Equinox.  
When the young deer returns  
she will likely be a mother herself.

Sandy King - Lafayette, CA - [sandyaking@yahoo.com](mailto:sandyaking@yahoo.com)

**We feel blessed to publish the best Nature poets in America!**

## **Bittersweet Goodbyes**

Well into the days of Fall  
Cottonwoods, no leaves at all  
Branches rising all askew  
Tinged by sunset's orange hue

The trail of regrets I take  
Aspen colors, reservoir lake  
Awesome beauty is unmatched  
All the pan fish you can catch

I have no desire to fish  
What it is I really wish  
I could wave my magic wand  
Sit forever by this pond

Looking up into the sky  
Breathing deeply with a sigh  
Setting sun is sinking low  
Clouds above with orange glow  
Walk away in dimming light  
Watching pond fade into night  
Loss weighs heavy on my mind  
Bitter-sweetness left behind

Roger Funston - Marysville, CA - rogerfunsto@yahoo.com

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

**“I have always been afraid to talk about climate change. The barrage of doomsday numbers and the overwhelming magnitude of the problem leave me feeling small and powerless. Apparently, that feeling of insignificance I was so afraid of, well, it turns out it's kind of the point. Kimberly Blaese, a Chippewa poet, scholar, and member of the White Earth Nation, encouraged me to embrace the feeling of insignificance. For her, that feeling was crucial for reorienting and reapproaching one's relationship to the Earth. Acknowledge how small you are, accept it, and now play your small part. Still, since so much of the climate crisis feels insurmountable, I turned to an artform to help express the inexplicable: poetry. I wanted to use poetry as a way to set the scene, to help others imagine an area they may have never experienced themselves.” - Grace Lynch**

## Autumn's Passing Scenes

Late autumn's chill-edged wind, harbinger of winter,  
alights like a resolute red-tailed hawk  
on the bared limbs of birch trees.  
The halcyon days of early autumn have passed into  
the confines of memory.

Tonight, a severe frost will silence the last evening  
melodies of katydids and crickets. Their serenades  
will not resume 'til the summer's warmth is felt again.

Earlier, the harvest moon's lambent face brought joy  
to me as it rose over the Cascade Mountains and lit  
the night. Now beclouded skies conceal the Luna glow.

By October, trees had traded their verdant summer gowns  
for autumn's bejeweled vestments of scarlet and gold.  
These have been cast aside to lie at the feet of sleeping trees.

Farmers' fields had held rows of late-grown corn and  
waxy orange pumpkins until crops were harvested,  
gleaned, and the earth was left fallow.  
The bared earth has yielded earthworms to sate the hunger  
of crows and other birds.

With autumn's advent, squirrels and raccoons prepared  
as if they sensed a change to leaner times.  
In the orchard, I watched a pair of bandit-faced raccoons,  
partaking of ripened apples, glance up at me.  
Mischievous danced in their smiling eyes. I let them be.

Squirrels hatched schemes to dupe others of their kind.  
Each furtively pretended to bury a cache of acorns or nuts  
in one place, but with caniness hid it in another.

As autumn draws to a close, I review the season's earlier days.  
Remembrance of them will soothe and delight me when I wake  
to winter's fingers scribbling frost on my windowpanes.

Wendy N. Bell - Edgewood, WA - wendynbell1990@gmail.com

**The Comedy of Life: Stephen Hawking was a wheelchair user for most of his adult life. While he suffered from the harrowing ALS for 55 years, he made the most of his time on earth. About life, he once stated, "Life would be tragic if it weren't funny."**

## Late Fall

It's early, it's not yet five.  
The rain tap, tap, taps lightly on the roof,  
giving proof our wet season has finally arrived,  
the days grown short, less and less hours of light.  
Where now do we find the light to light our spirits?  
Where do we find the strength to lift our melancholy?  
Where do we find the hope to hope for better days?  
Knowing the solstice will, in the near future, add minutes,  
then hours to our days, can shorten bleak thoughts that come  
so often these dreary, dark shrouded days of late fall.  
Sometimes even knowing that magnolia blossoms will  
return relatively soon,  
and that they will brighten our world and Daphne will  
perfume our world  
may not lift the veil of darkness and gloom that pervades  
each year as the days outside grow shorter, ever shorter  
and shorter, ever shorter.  
as Apollo's chariot appears if at all, but too briefly.  
Still there will be this year a winter's solstice,  
and after the timber tones of late fall and early winter  
the skeletal branches of oak and maple and ginkgo  
will swell slowly, slowly, slowly and in due course  
their new leafy gown will appear even if sometimes it seems  
so very tardy,  
the time of longer days and shorter nights  
will, we know, grow minute by minute by minute,  
and tailwinds of season change will appear,  
then Persephone\* will wake from her slumber  
shaking off the shrouds of sleep,  
return to renew our hills and renew our fields.  
Knowing all this will surely happen each year  
should bring us to more than a glimmer of hope and joy,  
should bring us to a gratitude practice each year,  
and lead yet again to moments of radical amazement.

*(\*Persephone in Greek mythology is said to be the daughter of Zeus and Demeter. She was kidnapped by Hades, God of the Underworld, and is thought to emerge each year from the underworld to herald the spring. The agreement reached with gods after the kidnapping was that she will remain in the underworld in fall and winter and emerge to herald the spring and stay in the world above till summer's end.)*

**“At the heart of each of us, whatever our imperfections, there exists a silent pulse of perfect rhythm, a complex form of wave forms and resonances, which is absolutely individual and unique, and yet which connects us to everything in the universe.” - George Leonard**

### **What are we?**

Are we merely a collection of just a few types of atoms,  
made into differing complex molecules or  
is there something else?

Surely evolution had to make many, many choices  
to evolve into the collection of these parts that  
Homo sapiens are today.  
So many seemingly simple parts that became  
the complex conscious species we have become.

Yet most scientists would explain all  
by simple random mutations,  
each providing some advantage,  
thus surviving and developing  
through the millennia.  
With even a few surviving mistakes  
here and there such as our rudimentary appendix.

We now know we are  
made of trillions of bacteria and archaea  
and even more viruses,  
made into simple combinations  
of mainly a few different types of atoms.  
And yet is this collection of bacteria, archaea and viruses  
all we are?  
Yet how is it that this simple collection of just a few types  
of atoms has resulted in conscious thinking beings?

Sam Doctors - Petaluma, CA - [samdoctors701@gmail.com](mailto:samdoctors701@gmail.com)

**On a Sense of Wonder: Stephen Hawking was known for his wry and cutting sense of humor. That said, he wasn't without his wonder and appreciation for what lies beyond our planet. He once stated, “Remember to look up at the stars and not down at your feet. Try to make sense of what you see and wonder about what makes the universe exist. Be curious. And however difficult life may seem, there is always something you can do and succeed at. It matters that you don't just give up.”**



## Autumn Winds

Each autumn afternoon the wind seems reborn,  
announcing the coming change of season,  
and always heralding the lowering of the light.  
Yesterday a roaring despot shaking trees,  
timpani and brass on full display,  
dead and broken branches littered streets and tracks.

Today the branches on the bay and oak cling and touch,  
the sound of the violins and cellos playing in sotto voce,  
no littered streets or tracks impeding our way.

The leaves now deepest jade with hints of amber  
only await the first near frost to blanket the roots,  
to protect seed and keep dahlia corms warm.

Flights of blue-tailed teal and bright-hued mallards'  
all fly in patterned formations  
to find winter nesting sites, safe from roaring tyrant winds,  
safe from freezing rain and snow-covered fields  
and frozen ponds and lakes.

We are often oblivious of changes all around,  
Each year the winds of autumn send us a  
reminder of wet and cold to come,  
just as a hasty post may alert us to an unwelcome guest.

When we stand oblivious to season's messengers,  
we are surely lost in time and space.  
If only we stand and listen, they will surely find us.  
If only we stand and listen, we will come to awareness.

Sam Doctors

**The Growth of Mankind: Despite being a member of the human race, Stephen Hawking could be rather cutting regarding other people. With this in mind, he did have a keen appreciation for humanity, once saying, "For millions of years, mankind lived just like the animals. Then something happened which unleashed the power of our imagination. We learned to talk and we learned to listen. Speech has allowed the communication of ideas, enabling human beings to work together to build the impossible. Mankind's greatest achievements have come about by talking, and its greatest failures by not talking. It doesn't have to be like this. Our greatest hopes could become reality in the future. With the technology at our disposal, the possibilities are unbounded. All we need to do is make sure we keep talking."**

## **Spectral Shapes**

Late fall a somber spectral grey  
pervading all and every niche and narrow,  
the trees reveal their skeletal shapes  
with hands and fingers pointing in all directions.

The whole a quiet silver tint as in an Adams print,  
each day a new print ready in the developer,  
each day a new scene in black and white  
and somber spectral grey.

Yet beneath these skeletal shapes,  
beneath the spectral greys,  
the tiny buds that are now just barely nubs  
have suddenly appeared.

These nubs that will be the citron breaks  
of early spring, then pink flowering plum  
then tulip magnolias in pink and white,  
only our imaginations limit our view,  
only our limited ingenuities limit our insights.

Sam Doctors

## **Seeing What Is There**

Seeing what is there  
in trees and mountains,  
in Daffodils and foxes,  
in half-hidden falls,  
in lichen covered trunks,  
requires only new eyes.

Each season opens  
to these hidden treasures,  
if only we resolve to see,  
to open ourselves,  
to be fully present,  
to become mindful.

We can pass over and over  
the same terrain, the same space,  
not seeing the squirrel staring at us  
from an overhanging branch,  
not hearing the sound of quail at peak of roof,  
not seeing the swelling magnolia buds,  
not hearing the quiet as night falls,

not seeing the tiny tips of tulips  
barely breaking early spring sod,  
not hearing the first cries of a robin's hatchlings,  
not seeing the first yellow-green  
on a willow branch just before leaf,  
not hearing leaves scudding cross the track,  
not seeing the buckeye anticipating  
its early spring opening,  
not hearing the last gurgle of a winter creek  
as the summer solstice begins,  
not seeing the last bright hued leaves  
of lemon-yellow Ginkgo trees,  
not hearing the cricket's spring song,  
not seeing the amaranth-red of elephant heart,  
not hearing the doe's tread across the soft scree,  
not seeing the rust-green of late bosc pears  
each only requires quiet hearing,  
each only requires fresh eyes,  
each only requires our attention,  
each only requires a move to mindfulness.

Sam Doctors - Petaluma, CA - samdoctors701@gmail.com

**Please be the reason someone smiles today...**

**Winter is waiting, just around the corner...  
Make this Winter a wonderland of happiness.**

**Time to share your Winter-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](mailto:angeldec24@hotmail.com)**

**Up to four Fall themed poems,  
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 send your submissions to [angeldec24@hotmail.com](mailto:angeldec24@hotmail.com)

**Please put (early or late) Winter/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 Winter submissions.**

Please think about becoming a supporting member of The Avocet community. The Avocet is only \$28.00 for 4 - 64 pages, perfectly bound 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

All donations are greatly appreciated, so if you have been enjoying all the Nature poetry, please think about making a small donation. Each year it gets harder and harder to keep our doors open. Thank you for supporting The Avocet and 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](mailto: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.

Copyright © 2025 by The Avocet (for our poets)