

The Weekly Avocet - #690

February 22nd, 2026

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

**leaves dream
beneath the snow
winter pledge**

Byung A. Fallgren - WY - byungfallgren@outlook.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

Winter Seashore

Moonlight drops
onto a stranded cloud
trickles over its rim
and falls
to the beach
where it sprawls
on new snow
and slick ice;
from there
it dares not move.
The houses, flagpoles, trees,
this neighbor's fence,
the slats of that bare arbor
all stand pinned
by the air
to the deep blue,
deeply illuminated sky.
The sea doesn't
even lap at the end
of its advance. Instead
it pauses at its edge
then retracts its
flat, lit expanse
as if nudged by a qualm
not shared by one
who has known
this scene for a lifetime
and feels no compunction
about overstaying his welcome
or risking detection,
no unease
about freezing in place.

Robert J. Ward - Reading, MA - rjpward@comcast.net

Thank you for submitting, subscribing, and sharing.

“It seems to me that the natural world is the greatest source of excitement; the greatest source of visual beauty; the greatest source of intellectual interest. It is the greatest source of so much in life that makes life worth living.” - David Attenborough

Muddled Winter

The night air is chilly enough
to sharpen the edges
of houses, give the streetlights
extra glare, but the moon is
a fuzzy smudge of yellow
appearing blearily through the bare
branches. It's as if I'm not
wearing my glasses, but the blur
comes from clouds that
tomorrow will bring a mild
rain, removing whatever pitiful
traces of snow remain.
This time last year Old Man
Winter did his job, buried us,
confident in his hibernal mission.
Must have had a tough off-season,
for now he doesn't know
what he's about; he moves in
fits and starts of cold
and snow, but then turns away,
can't seem to stick to his purpose.
We stand by and watch, hoping
that by the time he makes up
his mind, fresh young Spring
will bound in to let him know
he has dithered too long.

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“Plant seeds of happiness, hope, success, and love; it will all come back to you in abundance. This is the Law of Nature.” - Steve Maraboli

The Owl Awakes

In a tree,
silhouetted by dusk
still glowing,
an owl awakes
to contemplate
possibilities.

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

Tormented Rest

Manna from heaven
paints the land white,
feeds the silent needs,
snugs winter in fluffy wool.
Resting flora and fauna
gently drift toward spring.

Yet one species of fauna
finds it impossible to sleep.
In our winter of deep despair
our days are assaulted,
ears clang with echoes of guns,
eyes see what brains can't process.

Horrors on our streets
turns a time of rest and renewal
into soul wrenching helplessness.
We witness cruel inhumanity
imposed on humanity,
a shocking unnatural assault.

Our souls can bear no more.
If the season can find any hope
it may be through the snow artists
who carved thirty-four hearts
along my daily walk path,
lifting me from my funk.

We must relearn how to love,
love the best and all the rest.
The horrors cannot end
until love fills our breasts
and spills over in the sun
into nature's nurturing nest.

Aimé E. Duclos - South Berwick, ME - ajduclos47@gmail.com

where there is love
hope will grow in the warmth
dark ice will melt

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Snow Hearts



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The Wren's Song

In the darkest days of winter
right before the dying light
a woman plays with her dog
and a wren sings

The woman and the dog hear the wren
singing the notes of the curves of time
harmonic motion rising and falling with the wintery ways
every evening before the coming of the night

When the dog is long gone
and the woman no more
the wren's song will still be heard
a syncopation of the season's shadowy light.

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

“It is not so much for its beauty that the forest makes a claim upon men’s hearts, as for that subtle something, that quality of air that emanation from old trees, that so wonderfully changes and renews a weary spirit.” - Robert Louis Stevenson

Moody Winter

The winter winds hold no malice
the cold no hurtful intent
Earth has moods and this is her time to brood
throw a fit
dream and sleep
restlessly create
cover her tracks with deep sneaky snow
complain with a sleety blast
wake remorseful
with a sky of forgive-me-blue
grumble with a final blizzard or two
Thankfully, Earth's coldness doesn't last
her new birthing will soon come to pass.

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Please be the reason someone smiles today...

“It is not the strongest of the species that survive, not the most intelligent, but the one most responsive to change.” - Charles Darwin

Winter Paradox

Slip, slide, ice, and snow
shovel salt, stomp, and plow
scarf frozen, icy winds blow
hands numb, toes cold, muscles ache, feeling old
puffed up coat an ogre to dread
hat looking like something dead
nose and eyes Rudolph's red

Early evening warm and home
the full moon takes from stars one magic rune
Moon's pours a sea of silver on ice
a silvery realm to all in moon's sight
and she makes us all kings and queens
of magnificent, regal winter.

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“For most of history, man has had to fight nature to survive; in this century he is beginning to realize that, in order to survive, he must protect it.” - Jacques-Yves Cousteau

Full Force of Winter

The moon stands lean
sliced by winds that moan over bare hills
like burial mounds
barrows of silvery bones and knives
the small lights ahead gleaming like bared teeth

In this cold night we walk
not numb, but alive
facing the full force of winter
feeling the hardness that marks each age.

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“Nature is one of the most underutilized treasures in life. It has the power to unburden hearts and reconnect to that inner place of peace.” - Janice Anderson

Snow Shadows

If it were not for blusterous winds
I wouldn't mind winter;
but snowdrifts pile higher and higher,
a season more persistent than I remember.

So tired are my thoughts
being trapped inside,
I walk out against all advisories
into the night worn like a glittery gown.

Cars appear like chicks out of a cracked eggshell.
And while you may be asleep, free of stress,
rooftops shoulder the weight of it all.

I feel alone.

Back inside, as snow eaters arrive
scoop it up and push it aside,
create mound-high sloppy joes,

I am alone...

look out at snowmen,
broom in hand and glistening,
waiting for announcements of school closings.

They stand tall in streetlight shadows
with a sure-buttoned smile, never allude
their longevity depends
on clouds overshadowing the waking eye of morning.

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

The Rain, a Window, a Street

Rain steady beads the window glass
but does nothing to obscure
the quiet beauty of a street.

The ground is soft and settled. I walk
the pavement wet with purpose.

Eugene O'Connor - Columbus, OH - eugene@osupress.org

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

Yet a Stranger to This Winter World

(with lines adapted from Mary Oliver's poem "The Egret")

It's snowing now: white froth
cascades down and spreads
its spume and bubbles in the freezing air.

White froth shivers
in the wind, ice gathers
on the window glass in tiny circles.

I look past and up
toward the sky. White shadows
hover over everything.

Still snowing, now a foot and more.
Against the window, skeletal branches
signal their regrets

and mourn the passing
of another summer and fall's
too quick demise.

The white door peeks open
to a burial of sorts. Those same
shadows tremble over me

yet a stranger
to this winter world.

Then comes a sudden avalanche,
its growl and snap, the very bones
of winter me inside,

every bone of me snapped
like brittle branches.

Eugene O'Connor - Columbus, OH - emoconnorpd@gmail.com

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

A Winter Path

nearly hidden
under snow, frost, and
dead leaves. Home to
hibernating denizens hidden
'neath fallen trees, inside
rocky crevices--
numb to winter's bite while
whispering winds, and
crystal gems decorate the
bleak earth and disguise its
forest path.

Madalin Bickel - Tallahassee, FL - madalin60@verizon.net

The lesson on the Trail

The brilliant red leaves of the shrub
shrugs off the snow, like a stubborn child
of Mother tucks it under the blanket.
The lodgepoles in the white coat
toss the snows at the passersby, as if warning.
Feeling it, I turn my head but see none,
not even him. move along the trail, indulging in
the peace. yet hear a sound in the no sound,
feel an eye in the no eye zone.
There, it groans; I turn back and meet it.
The mountain lion on the boulder on the slope,
hungry, fierce eyes. I froze then slowly
pick up the big stick. mistake. It jumps off
the boulder and slinks toward me,
toward... the hare playing a statue.
I run to the car, inside it, I see
the beast chases the hare into the
dense woods that whispers,
whatever it is, I only wish for
the hare home safe. and so, do I.

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

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

Beneath the Snow Dream Pulsates

I remember the little girl
Who fed the wounded doe the pine nuts
Under this big pine tree, partially charred black
By the fire years before. Some of us the seeds
Had slipped through her fingers and lodged
Between the rocks, but a squirrel came and
Ate, except me hidden deep in the crevice.

Following spring, I saw a miracle:
A tiny sprout pushed out of the soil and
Grew. A spindly fella,
With soft green pine needles!
I watched him smirk, growing stronger.

Dormant in the soil, I keep my hopes up.
The little girl's mom got her high school GED,
After failing the exam five times!
I've failed only one season.

That spring, the girl and her mom planted
A little tree near the spindly friend,
Making me sigh, with envy.

Beneath the snow,
I flex my muscle and keep
My desire strong and high
As my ancestors, the regal pine trees,
To be a part of this mountain where
The little girl and her mom picnicked
On the grey moss-covered boulder. Where
The black pine trees stand meditate revival.

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Below zero
yesterday
spring-like today
capricious
old soul

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Winter at Sunset

Orange nestled in the dips of rooftops
pink streaks catching on invisible clouds
backlighting bare branches
on a snowcapped landscape
merging into a purpling
winter
at sunset

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Prism

Crystalline grass
crunches underfoot --
the Life Saver spark:
winter green.

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Snowscape

The sun shines equally
on the front of my house and on the back,
the front with canyoned shoveled paths
and grimy piles of frozen slush,
the back pristine:
white blanketed backyard and
stark branches
of bare lilac and naked forsythia
clipped hydrangea
and empty rose bush.
The front is busy with cars,
traffic smooth on the well-plowed main street,
while spinning ice-caked wheels slur my side street;
the rear is still, sun-soaked and frozen
with one animal's track embedded
from the day of softness
after the storm.

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Frozen Fish

He was 16 inches long, bulky
in body, always treading in

two feet of rippling creek water
flowing behind the farm, where

I watched him, marveling at how
graceful he was sitting still,

especially on hot days and winter
stormy days, I wondered how old he

was and if it was the same fish (how
else would he know this same spot?),

rocky, shallow, clean water, until,
I realized one day when my snowshoes

were sliding in a foot of icy snow,
two degrees in blustery wind, coldest

winter in years they said, that when
I brushed snow and ice from our spot

he was not moving or treading, encased
in ice, solid, clear, I watched, sad

that where he always was cost him his
life, hoping that he would thaw out,

tread, still be here all year, not just
forever in winter, this one being the

coldest winter in years.

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Slate gray winter drips
From shivering evergreens
Wrapped in mist blanket

Emory D. Jones - Iuka, MS - pianot@bellsouth.net

Lunch Is Served

It appeared the whipping, snapping ice
pellets were thin, disappearing rapidly
at first, soon obliterating the trees
from sight, the dried grasses and berries

nowhere to be seen under heavy snow that
outlined red fox fur like a coloring book
picture, as the family snuggled in the open
cave-like den sheltered by towering pines.

watching from my spot, the black eyes darted
back and forth from under the fur lifted dirt
waiting for lunch, suddenly jumping for joy
as mother appeared, a rabbit kicking a little

still, dangling from her mouth, she pushed her
way to the back and began to tear the rabbit
apart giving a piece to each of the three babies
as yelps and growls got louder, sharing not

what they had, she ate a little herself,
nipping a small one when the disagreement got
out of hand, awestruck by the sheer beauty, I
stayed hidden, watching as lunch was served.

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“We do not inherit the earth from our ancestors. We borrow it from our children.” - Native American Proverb (Theresa Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

tea kettle hissing--
letting our dog in
out of the cold

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

**“We must not only protect the countryside and save it from destruction, we must restore what has been destroyed and salvage the beauty and charm of our cities ... Once our natural splendor is destroyed, it can never be recaptured. And once man can no longer walk with beauty or wonder at nature, his spirit will wither and his sustenance be wasted.”
- Lyndon B. Johnson**

Meeting of the Minds

In the swirling snow, all six meet
under the bare oak out

front, in a circle, they appear
to be talking, waving small paws

up and down, switching furry
tails, looking right and left

as the snow squall worsens,
they all run in different directions,

until, under a pale sunrise, they
meet again to confer, one with

the dry bread slice I had thrown out
earlier, dangling from his mouth,

standing on his back legs, two
chasing each other up a tree, others

with fur blowing in the winter wind,
maybe deciding the best way to survive

winter is to help each other, sharing
the bread slices, I marvel that they

do this circling, meeting every morning,
maybe, there is a lesson for us here,

helping, meeting, often.

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Stark frozen treetops
alight with moonlight and rime
arrested in time

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A Winter Walk

Feeble sunlight wavers
through snow-laden pines.
I venture into blue shadows,
discover fresh rabbit tracks.
I'm meandering anyway, so I follow
until I'm deep into the quiet forest.
My heart labors as thin air and deep snow
drag against my legs.
The track ends. I pause.

Snow cascades from a nearby branch,
which flings upward,
startling both the hidden rabbit
and me.
It springs away. I watch

then retrace my steps.

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“If you truly love nature, you will find beauty everywhere.” - Laura Ingalls Wilder

Winter Song

I'm frightened of slipping on ice,
falling and breaking my ribs.
The days are as quiet as mice.
“More nice days,” the weatherman fibs.
Conditions are ever so cold.
The forecast is ever so nasty.
Still, I must be so bold
when I'd rather enjoy a hot pasty.
I'm wishing the weather were fine.
It's too frigid now for ice cream.
If only I'd see the sunshine.
Is it really a crime to dream?
I wish we could have warmer days,
get rid of this wintery haze.

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Kindness always comes back...

Snow and Moonlight

Snow and moonlight paint the woods, even
at this midnight hour. I see tiny footprints
in the snow and wonder what passed this way.
I cross the road and round the post that marks
the fencerow by the road, curiosity pushing me
to investigate. All seems quiet at this late hour
then I hear the mewling sound. A kitten shivers
near the gate, his eyes show fear of all he sees,
so, I pull a cracker from my pocket crush it a bit
and lay it on the snow. I step back, knowing

the creature may bolt at any fast move. He sniffs
the snow and reaches for a bit of the cracker
then gobbles the other pieces in quick succession.
While it is eating, I draw a little closer, squat down
to get a better look. I dig in my pocket for another
cracker, glad now I hadn't emptied them like I
sometimes do. I ease a little closer and offer
some more in my hand then reach to lift it
with the other. As I tuck the helpless cat into
the warmth of my sweater, I can feel his soft body

wriggling around. I hold him from beneath cupping
my sweater around his chilled body, speaking softly
to him, I open the door to my cabin and take him out
and lay him on the rug near the fire. I bring him a tiny
bowl of water and he laps at the clear liquid as though,
nothing ever tasted so good. I go to find him something
more to eat. When I come back, he looks up at me
from the same spot, lies down, curls up
and is soon fast asleep.

Patricia Hope - Oak Ridge, TN - thetwohopes@aol.com

He slapped me so hard
That I was taken aback!
Winter's brutal winds.

Terri Winaught - Pittsburgh, PA - terriwinaught2@gmail.com

My Treestand

On this moonless night soon merging into morning,
I walk a path by heart my feet know well,
beyond the frozen pond, down into the snow-filled wood,
arriving before first hint of dawn at my stand,
to climb the icy ladder rungs to my seat in this old oak tree
high above the forest floor,
where I sit cocooned against the biting cold
in my winter garb and woolen blanket,
waiting for first light to reveal the edge
where woods meet field in front of me,
as night gives way to morning,
and all nocturnal creatures bed down for the day,
while other denizens of day of these woods and fields,
first squirrels, and then the birds,
awake and emerge, playing out their daily lives
below and all around me.

Here I will remain, silent and still, keeping watch
on the odd off chance, a deer may show itself,
ere the night comes round again,
when in darkness I'll again descend
to trudge my way back home to dinner and to bed.

Tomorrow morning, I will wake at 5 am,
and still half-asleep, I'll dress for the cold
before I stumble down the stairs.
After coffee and a bit of breakfast,
I'll leave the warm kitchen behind,
going out the back door and down the porch steps.
Then, shouldering my shotgun,
I will make my way out into the night,
along the same well-worn path
to my stand again.

Gordon Gilbert - NYC, NY - gordonagilbertjr@usa.net

The neighborhood
in the deep snow
sleeps
and dreams
of spring

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

Crossings

One curved in carved wood
like a spring moon.
I dropped petals over
the railing.

One floated low and wobbly
over a warm marsh.
I dipped fingers
into the water.

I crossed over
the stone one in Winter.
The water churned white below,
and I remembered
others.

Previously published in Brevities, 2006

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Winter on My Doorstep

Winter appeared on my doorstep.
She opened her tattered suitcase,
tossed a ripped white blanket on the ground,
then hung her cheap trinkets on the trees.
Icicles glowed under the street lamps
as snowflakes performed a pirouette.
They melted before they could land.
Fall still played her fragile violin.
Ruthless Winter ripped the bow from Fall's delicate hands.
Fall begged Winter to give it back,
but Winter conducted her orchestra mercilessly.
She always dreamt of replacing all the seasons.
Why does she have to retreat every year?
And now, with climate change,
scorching Summer could replace them all!
"I will not surrender!" Winter screamed—
and bit my cheeks.

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Snow-covered
streetlight
stands
like
a blind man

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

When I Am a Bird

I am a bird flying to the South.
Magnetic fields help me find my way,
but artificial lights in the cities are blinding me.
I collide with a glass skyscraper;
I am falling down.

I am a little penguin,
marching along the shore with my colony
from the icy sea to the open ocean.
But the ocean is warmer every year;
the ice is melting fast.
I am alone. I am lost now.
Will my parents ever find me
in this white vastness?

I am a sea turtle,
I come ashore on a sandy beach
to nest and lay eggs.
But I worry these eggs will never hatch.
The sand is getting hotter.
Sometimes we get tangled in plastic,
left by careless humans.

When I am a bird,
I look at the sky and at the earth.
My heart is full of the songs of spring.
When I am a penguin,
I marvel at the blue sea.
When I am a turtle,
I observe the silver luminescence of the sea.
I swim into the vast universe,
and I hope this beautiful world won't disappear.

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Ten Poetic Forms

by Byung A. Fallgren

HAIKU:

*Haiku is Japanese poetic form, one of the most popular poetic forms in the world.

*Composed with 3-lines, 5/7/5 syllable pattern (first line has 5-syllable, second line has 7-syllable, third line has 5-syllable.) Many contemporary Haiku poets don't even pay attention to syllables.

*The essential components of Haiku are three short lines, a cutting word that connects two juxtaposed images, and an element emblematic of a season (nature); to simply put it, the first line or third line brings together the two-related lines.

*Haiku poem should be untitled; should not use simile (like, as); should not use metaphor; don't capitalize the first letter of each line.

Simile: She looks (like a flower). She is thin (as reed).

Metaphor: The sun (smiled). The nature (moaned).

Below is an example of Haiku I wrote, using my daughter's photo.



**autumn morning stroller
a moose under the autumn leaves
surprise the passerby**

au.tumn morn.ing stroller (five syllables that sums up the two related lines below)

a moose under the au.tumn leaves (seven syllables)

sur.prise the passer.by (five syllables).

This is 5/7/5, three lines Haiku. If you prefer to ignore the format, this can be written like below:

**fall morning stroller
a moose under the orange leaves**

oblivious of the passerby

Or, if you want to put the line that sums up the two-related lines on third (last) line, you can write like below:

This one is written ignoring the format of 5/7/5 syllables.

**a moose rests
under the canopy of fall leaves
passerby stops to see him**

SENRYU:

is the same as Haiku in format (5/7/5, three lines), but Senryu is usually written in past tense (nowadays people write Senryu in present tense.) and only reference to some aspect of human nature or emotions. They possess no reference to the natural world and thus stand out from nature seasonal Haiku. Below is an example:

**mother worried
daughter moved away
on a snowy night**

I wrote this just to show the example of Senryu, ignoring 5/7/5 syllables.

TANKA:

*Tanka is a Japanese poetic form that translates to “Short song.”

*Usually five lines with 5/7/5/7/7 syllables.

*Unlike Haiku, this form allows simile, metaphor, personification.

*Tanka cover wide subjects than the nature-based Haiku.

*Tanka do not rhyme or have titles and can have variety of forms.

*Often this form disregards syllables. Any form short five-line poem as below:

A. tonight
she is lonely
writing
love poems
to an old friend

B. (5/7/5/7/7 syllable tanka)

street lamp makes golden
ghosts on wet streets, steam rising
pavement, setting on
cherry blossom on the lawn
I reminisce about your promise

GOGYOHKA:

*This Japanese poetic form is composed of five lines with one phrase per line.

*concise (five lines) and free (variable length with each phrase), have title.

*Phrase: group of words with no subject (noun) and predicate (verb).

*Sentence: group of words with subject and predicate.

Below is example of Gogyohkas.

The doe

when her son

was excluded

she

walks with him

in the night

Morning Fog

with his cool breath

on her face

her wings of passion

unfolds to be gathered

into his infinite embrace

SEVERED SEVEN LINING:

*A Seven Lining is a poem that consists of seven lines, with the lines split up into two

three-lines stanzas and one final that brings everything together.

Below is an example written by me of the Severed Seven Lining, adding my photo images:



Carefree Moment

Now and then, we resort to our favorite
observation point
to clarify the thoughts that tend to
scatter away like petals in the wind
today, we even forgot why we were here
enchanted by the song of the pastel clouds
might as well be a carefree soul for the day.

FREE VERSE:

*Unlike prose poem, Free verse has stanzas (a group of lines of verse forming one of the divisions of a poem or song).

*Prose poem is like a short story in appearance, but do not separate lines. Continuity of the lines give the poem strong feeling.

SONNET:

*14-lined English poetic form.

*Choice of how these lines is divided, and it has strict writing technic.

(This form is not my favorite. But learning the technic improves the writing skill—using concise, short words, etc.)

CENTO:

*Cento has 8 stanzas, 2 lines per stanza.

*A Cento is composed of lines from poems by other poets.

PROSE POETRY:

*Simply write poem with no line breaks. It looks like, in some cases, sequence of phrase lines or short-short story.

*Rules: 1. Write a poem.

2. Don't break your lines.

RHYMED VERSE:

Verse poem that rhyme occurs at the end.

Below is an example I borrowed from Writer's Digest for learning purpose:

December

No more the scarlet maples flash and burn
their beacon--fires from hilltop and from plain;
the meadow—grasses and the woodland fern

in the bleak woods lie withered once again.
(This pattern repeats as the poem gets longer. Or, it can be two-line stanza poem.)

There are many other poetic forms. But I prefer these ten. To me, they are like my friends—work and have fun creating great or just plain poems. These days, I mostly write Free Verse and Haiku and some other short forms, like Tanka, Gogyohka, Seven Lining, which are introduced above.

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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.

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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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