

The Weekly Avocet - #692

March 8th, 2026

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

**the town under the snow
so quiet, it is picturesque
lone rabbit hops round**

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



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

The 2025 Bermuda Triangle 1st. Prize Winner

Mary Anne Abdo

Window View

Change and possibility,
are the sisters to growth.
A Celtic verse to ponder.
Modern society is so intertwined,
with the drudgery of automated work.
Like robots with no internal compass,
no room to breath,
natures' fresh air,
to expand your lungs,
and our minds.
We can choose our work,
to be creative and nurturing.
Be it a field on a farm.
Be it a cubical in an office.
It is how we change our perspective,
through the windows we open.
It is the many different views,
we find meaning.
Just like the windows of our souls,
we crave the possibilities of each new day.
By changing the lenses inward,
towards our imagination,
and by greeting each day,
with the untamed potential within ourselves.

Mary Anne Abdo - Scranton, PA - Eirinn919@aol.com

[2025 Bermuda Triangle Prize | the poet's billow](#)

<https://thepoetsbillow.org/literary-art-gallery/2025-bermuda-triangle-prize/>

<https://thepoetsbillow.org/2025-contributors/>

under the deep snow
nothing seems moving, even trees
why the wind howls so

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

Ask the Gardener: A Sonnet Triptych

If you want to know how the earth changes,
each year bearing one more scarring,
scalding the soil's surface, then rearranges
the system beneath the soil, marring--
Ask the gardener on her knees. She will tell
you how she's watched and witnessed
day by day, year by year, the darkened spell
of careless winds and tainted rains, the flood
and parching bi-polar seasons, distressed.
She will tell you how sorrow's in her blood
watching all the life she considers blessed--
today a lone monarch lands on milkweed,
where once a dozen hatched and danced, then sailed,
where once the creatures that she loved prevailed.

If you want to know how the earth is tipping,
with each up-close-and-personal invasion,
ask the gardener with her bucket, dipping,
filled with black beetles not in the equation
that balances the garden: creatures devouring
the native plants provided for safe keeping
of the bees, butterflies, and birds; scouring
each buckthorn, rose, and milkweed, feeding
frenzies, insatiable, in black swarms.
Ask the gardener when the bees disappear
before her eyes, or when dry earth warms
and turns from black to gray, a cracked mirror.
Where once the gardener laughed with easy sighs,
now the gardener stoops too full of goodbyes.

Goodbye monarch, swallowtail, and bees.
Hello white grubs beneath the soil, tiny whales
like the curled bodies of Orca in seas
seen one summer before the gusty gales
of their great diminishing. Too much loss
for a decade or a century to bear.
The gardener sees, feels, and knows the cost.
And yet her green thumb sends its healing, shared
amongst spider lilies and bergamot,
where hummingbirds return from year to year
to this their sanctuary. Were it not
for gardeners on their knees in greening prayer,
only scientists would speak of earth's demise,
but to the gardener, it comes as no surprise.

*(This poem was first published in CHIRON REVIEW and was nominated for a Pushcart Prize.
Also published in NORTHWEST QUARTERY)*

Christine Swanberg - Rockford, IL - chris.swanberg@comcast.net

Waiting for the Storm

All evening the ribbons of warning
speed across the television
sending people grocery shopping
checking snow blowers and generators
stocking up on salt pellets.
We feel the heavy moisture and wind
on our faces and necks
and ask ourselves again
why we live here in a Siberian climate.
But checking on the storm's progress
we see baby kangaroos
in faux pouches and baskets
tiny knitted slippers on koala bears
the scorched nose of a wombat
and ask ourselves again
why the powerful and deluded deny
the ever-slipping slope of climate crisis
when firestorms kill our precious creatures.
We are told it is arson
by those who love money more than
the paradise we could call earth.
Arsonists thrive when Australian heat
and winds brew the perfect storm.
We remember Paradise itself
burned to the ground in California
like Sodom and Gomorrah
or Dixie's driven down. We wait
for the storm, hunker in homes,
bunkers in bleak times
and ask ourselves again
what more can we do?

Christine Swanberg - Rockford, IL - chris.swanberg@comcast.net

Winter move over for Spring is soon coming.

late winter sunrise--
crystalline frost melts away
crocuses wait in the wings

Susan K. Hagen - Birmingham, AL - skhagen47@icloud.com

Small Wonders / Small Wonderings

I wonder how long it takes
a star fish to creep from one
side of a reef to the other.

I wonder how much space
exists between two clouds
floating side by side.

I wonder how often a dragonfly
passes between tall cattails
lining a misty marsh in March.

I wonder how small a screech owl shrinks
camouflaged against the bark
of a pine tree in mid-winter.

I wonder how soft the fur is
a mother rabbit lines
her nest with each spring,

I wonder how these quiet scenes
will change if the next generation
forgets or abandons them.

I hope it's not too late
for nature's small wonders
to amaze and awe.

Theresa A. Cancro - Wilmington, DE - phoenixlady@comcast.net

winter sky...
cardinals flit and call
through snow-tipped pines

Theresa A. Cancro - Wilmington, DE - phoenixlady@comcast.net

Sanctuary

in lucid dreams
on hands and knees
I squeeze
through narrow passages,
crawl back in time and space

I trace
handprints on the wall,
the reverse shadows
of ancestors,
links to Mother Earth

masked shamans
dance with ochre bison
across ceiling and floor . . .
will Gaia revive
before it's too late?

*(This tanka sequence was first published in *red lights*)*

Theresa A. Cancro - Wilmington, DE - phoenixlady@comcast.net

Hints of Spring

On this March day,
the first above forty degrees,
I'm wearing tall boots
So, I can splash through puddles.
I discover the snow has vanished
from the south side of my house.
Viewing the leaf litter
scattered in the flower bed,
I spot one-inch tall green spears
clasping tiny white buds
still tightly furled,
all pointing toward the sunshine.
Waiting for another burst of sun,
perhaps tomorrow,
I will see snowdrops in bloom.

Vlasta Karol Blaha - Colby, WI - vkb66@frontier.com

Early Harbingers

Eager for the sun, camellias push
nascent buds from glossy green
toward the sun's rays only to turn brown,
their coral-colored petals a reminder.

I dismiss the warning as I
pluck burnt petals from the bush;
nature's time-tap to use each hour
well. And searching for other

signs of spring as I stroll
the neighborhood where snowdrops,
forsythia, foliage of daffodils flock like children.
And if Mother Earth can warm to

the task of rejuvenation, who
am I to shrug in despair or to
ignore her homing call?

Kit Zak - Lewes, DE - kit.and.bill.zak@gmail.com

Winter Rain

An Acorn Woodpecker joined me as I sipped my morning coffee
Soon we were joined by a House Finch,
Then an Allen's Hummingbird

Sitting under the carob trees I hear a crackling sound, a gentle snapping, as rain drops land on the
round green leaves, and drip from the long leathery carob pods
Some of the drops make spots on the outdoor sofa, a drop now and then wetting my ankle, wrist,
and hair

As the rhythm of the water gets faster, and more complex, it smells like fresh baked brownies,
and maybe something too ripe, and sour, fermenting.
The rain is singing now, the birds a mere whisper
I make my way inside to shelter from the rain, hoping to hear the bird symphony again
tomorrow

Rain means winter in San Diego

Julie Potiker - San Diego, CA - juliepotiker@icloud.com

Winter Nights in the Desert

It is winter in the desert. Night comes early.
As the sun sinks low in a cloudless sky, temperatures drop.
Darkness creeps in. Whip-poor-wills send out mournful cries.
Tiny cactus wrens seek sanctuary inside giant saguaros.
Snakes crawl back inside their dens,
the day's warmth rapidly leaving their sluggish bodies.
Gila monsters slumber on, undisturbed by earth's rhythms,
Mesquite trees give shelter to roosting birds,
roadrunners, quail, woodpeckers.
Lizards, geckos and horned toads find safety among their roots.
But the desert does not sleep at night.
Coyotes roam alone or in packs.
Scent of javelinas wafts through the air.
Kangaroo rats venture forth searching for seed.
Jackrabbits bound away from their predators...sometimes.
Badgers leave their burrows and forage for food
Tarantulas and centipedes crawl, scorpions stalk,
and bobcats wait and watch.
An owl swoops down upon an unwary rabbit.
The rabbit screams as talons pierce its flesh.
A frenzied yipping signals coyotes have made a kill.
The moon makes its slow journey across a starlit sky.
Nights grow colder, sometimes below freezing.
Nocturnal creatures retreat to their homes.
The moon slips beneath the horizon.
Stars disappear one by one.
All is quiet in the blackness.
Dawn will come, but for now
the desert sleeps.

Wilma Lentz - Peoria, AZ - jlentz2@cox.net

“All trees hold secrets. From tiny saplings just piercing the earth to the old sentinels that stretch toward the sky until they founder, what the trees have witnessed, we can only dream. They harbor the winds and the changes of time, recording reunions, catastrophes, even unremarkable sunrises in concentric rings that lie concealed in darkness, deep within. Trees are consummate listeners. A fibrous canopy above the earth, they gather into their taut, hollow bodies all the stories of the world. Like the angels, trees will not interrupt, disagree, or offer advice. Perhaps this is why the ancients thought them wise. Trees are the first libraries, the oldest houses of wisdom and knowledge.” - K. Hollan Van Zandt - *Written in the Ashes*

Cathedral

Tiny stained-glass windows
snowflake crystals swirl,
coming to alight
on my purple sleeve bright.
Fur-lined boots in muffled steps
trudge clouds of snow,
billowy pathways that fade and go--
old footprints in ghostly array
seeking a horizon of mottled gray.

Every evergreen sculpted in white
heavy symmetry shelters at night
little eyes tucked under wing
dreams of blue skies
and forests that sing.
Or a squirrel curled at rest
her long-fingered hands
near her heart-beat chest.

A streamlined nuthatch
darts past my eyes
well defined in formal attire.
He waits on the fence, feathers fluffed out
then dives through the soft-speckled air
to the walnut pieces I threw about.
How did you know they were there?

Did you see me float through snow
with my puffy coat and my high-step boots?
Go ahead, snatch a piece fast, and off with you!
Dash to a branch, then fly to your bower
aloft inside cedar's gleaming cathedral,
at home in winter's tower.

Anne Stackpole-Cuellar - Forest Grove, OR - romitaj244@hotmail.com

Green is coming soon!
Today is not for despair.
Help Earth breathe, plant trees.

Anne Stackpole-Cuellar - Forest Grove, OR - romitaj244@hotmail.com

Future of the Sun

We can laugh because we are warm
we can point because of light
we can dance, leap, and run,

But can we know
the future of the Sun?

The long-ago lights
of other stars arrive
through prism and lens.
Via space-missions we spy
cosmic rhythms and rhymes,
traces of gargantuan
expansion, contraction
beginning, middle, and end.

Yet who knows
the future of the Sun?

Sunlight touches delicate
orbits, the tilt of Earth
animates and creates
a living continuum.
Through seasons and cycles
all can anticipate
eating and being eaten.

Who will know
the future of the Sun?

When our lifetime is done
how far have we come?
Will time implode
all we have not known?

What will be
the future of the Sun?

Anne Stackpole-Cuellar - Forest Grove, OR - romitaj244@hotmail.com

Thank you for submitting, subscribing, and sharing.

Stella's Symphony

(For W.A. Wilson Alwyn "Snowflake" Bentley and Winter Storm Stella)

I wake to Stella's Overture
beginning in the low tones
heard by bones.
Down through the breathlessness
of waiting
First Fall, soft as silt, layers down.

Under cover of cancellous Bone,
secret trabeculations hum,
beginning Erythropoiesis,
form the perfect Drums
within my Red Blood Cells
which swell and pulse
response to Stella's
midnight tones.

Crystalline movement
glides between adoring trees
with symmetry of sound.
Red Maple buds hold Dreams of leaves
against their hearts
to wait for the waking music from the ground.

Snowdrift rounds
weave through the music tribute,
sweeping down from the deep abiding Arctic Snow,
and I must go into the night.
No mute watcher by a window,
I laugh with the snowflakes up to the stars;
the girl within a snow globe.

Margaret Fox - Middletown, NY - foxblue1973@gmail.com

The Avocet and The Weekly Avocet are publications devoted to poets and readers who find meaning in their lives from the world of Nature; poets who write of the beauty, the peace, and the fury of Nature in all of its glory...

Evening Ice storm

Intrepid Poet ventures forth
as if summoned by Siren Song.
Beckoning warmth of the Poetry circles
crackling Hearth: Irresistible call.

I slither three steps from my door.
Valiant Nordic resolve snuffed out swiftly
by this wretched half-light ice glare.
If wearing ice skates, I could slice

across this sloping trace of treacherous ice;
ride out the long diagonal to land
like surfing green Pacific swell,
Propelled to sand.

I deplore unfortunate Fear of Falling,
consider catastrophe: broken bones
and no collateral circulation; nearly forgo Pride
with the innate sense of a little child.

I should lower into a sit and slide
yes, down to the street to meet what might
possibly be the newest glacier forming.
So, it's back to bed for me!

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“I am going to try to pay attention to the spring. I am going to look around at all the flowers, and look up at the hectic trees. I am going to close my eyes and listen.” - Anne Lamott

You Really Don't Know What You Have Until It's Gone

Blazing scarlet sun
sinks behind brush fire of clouds
consumes winter day

(Previously published in Haiku Journal)

Suzanne Cottrell - Oxford, NC - cottrell_suzanne@yahoo.com

Thoughts in the Silence of Morning

Coffee snakes its way to the tender core
as I drink greedily, the cup which does not sustain.
Of wine, I would have always wanted more,
seeking elusive comfort, waking alone in Pain.

Yet, now, for solace I cannot dream of my only Love.
He has surged ahead, as light rain
fallen all around,
And he has soared above.

I am locked in Life insignificant as stardust.
Someone calls me Bitter
But dramas in the sea of Life are what is Bitter.
Partings are Bitter; losses are Bitter.

My Bones ache during the coming Winter of my Life.
Sometimes I contemplate Dissolution
as the gentle parting of flesh from Bone
on the swell and drift of the Sea.
Compare to the stabbing to the Heart,
And carving away of the Rope and Joy of Spirit,
such as passes for Existence,
through the present, unnecessary Strife.

Margaret Fox - Middletown, NY - foxblue1973@gmail.com

Please be the reason someone smiles today...

Sky

When the trees are talking, you know Sky
is there. He swallows cumulus clouds and
rainbows, and teaches baby birds how to fly.
Sky sees his reflection in lakes and is glad.
He sometimes rests in trees, and every kind
of tree is his favorite.
When the Sun sets at nightfall, Sky woos her
with rose-colored air, protecting her from all
of night's shadows until dawn.

Daphne Clifton - Portland, OR - daphneclifton@gmail.com

Ocean Puzzles

Wander along this meandering shoreline's scallop-like ridges and depressions. Peek at jumbles of flotsam and jetsam entangled with seaweed; like the tides, they are always changing -- ebb tide, flood tide, neap tide.

Come up close to a spaghetti-like heap of sea wrack to watch clouds of ghost shrimp hopping about their temporary shelter, then follow milky-green ribbons of eel grass, sea lettuce, and bullwhip kelp.

Leave your footprints alongside lost feathers, sand dollars, smooth agates, gelatinous sea cucumbers, the broken shells of little-neck, butter, cockle, and razor clams, mussels, and errant Dungeness crabs.

Keep looking. Everything you find is a puzzle piece, a part of something bigger, revealing the ocean's work on our finite Earth. With the help of the moon and gravity, she gives us glimpses of mysteries we have yet to uncover.

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My Lonesome Pocket

Whatever I do in the meantime,
it's not for want of trying. I want
to go back to the sea again, back

into its calming soothing ways,
to dwell where hope plays gently
with lost forgotten things, to scope

out cockleshells, sand dollars, sea stars,
and moonstones, footprints of kitty-wakes
in the sand, where each shiny translucent

agate is a surprise for my lonesome pocket.
I search the strand for magic to hold
whenever I close my eyes.

Daphne Clifton - Portland, OR - daphneclifton@gmail.com

forsythia-yellow dotting
green-brown winter background
dust stirs indoors

Susan K. Hagen - Birmingham, AL - skhagen47@icloud.com

Dream-weaving Rivers

Make me dance-partners with the Sun,
with the ancient rivers flowing far below.

If I had feathers, no glint of light could
reach my hollow bones, my quills, my

webbed vanes, my barbs and barbicels--
intricate in flight. I go wherever the rivers

go, soaring into the intangible stillness
of my long journey, resting my sight along

each river as I pass -- her primordial beauty,
her invisible light. I call out to other flying

beings in this fierce mecca wind, in the brisk
whirlwind of sunset, in the scolding of that

radiance, until I find the place where
everything is feather-light, is falling asleep,

is making peace with the shapely form of
our luminous Moon in her graceful splendor.

Daphne Clifton - Portland, OR - daphneclifton@gmail.com

“Nature inspires me to believe!”

beans simmering on stove
beneath hawks screaming descants
bringing outside inside

Pat Anthony - Fontana, KS - metpvan@gmail.com

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

Eye on the Ides

Wind still chills as I tug dried petunias
skeletons of periwinkles and intertwined pinks
free from webs of woven roots
roll out maroon sweet potatoes
buried secrets spawned from rollicking vines
racing to snag ankles last summer

shake dirt free from anchoring roots
hoarding every bit of rich soil
work loam loose and friable
then sprinkle on trusted magic:
Black Seeded Simpson, oak leaf, and butter crunch
broadcasting circles in the old whiskey barrel
finally adding Bloomsdale’s Best Spinach
to the other barrel on this Ides of March
rites of Spring treasured, sacred

finger comb tiny gray crescents of lettuce
and orbs of spinach so each sifts into its own
tiny crevice between bits of compost and loam
sealing them in with sections of white wooden fence
once prized by another grandmother known
for her spring asparagus and berries
fencing used now to keep out inquisitive cats

not mine the worries of seeds per inch
a days-to-germination, bred to be
a Missouri dirt farmer the lot of us
known for throwing seed into ground
leaving Nature to take her course
our faith anchored in rain and sun and
not a little chance bolstered by
a dash of backwoods common sense
all of it steadied by Mother’s unshakeable belief
in her patron saint of farmers and his ability
to somehow answer all her askings.

Pat Anthony - Fontana, KS - metpvan@gmail.com

How to Hope

Hike sere pastures high stepping
through skeletons: last season's goldenrods
and ironweed, believe in browsed canes
maroon blackberry on the ridge
that will burgeon with white
cruciform blossoms come spring
promising drupes of tangy purple fruit

envision wild strawberries soon
to blanket hearts imprinted/hoooves
pressed into trail mud

even now intertwining circlets of daffodils
and paper white narcissus stretch slowly
in their paper husks gathering
their own kind of flowery hope
to begin the push into sunlight, moon nights
their own rising from tombs' frigid soil

and oh, the slumbering rose with blackened thorn
the peony preparing to send pink shoots
through dead clumps of brome so that
you will taze new and old apart like some
neglected thread basket then

searching out the perfect skein
that is but a piece of this tapestry
breathe in the scent of
mid-March and remember
its recurring pledge that lets you know
earth withstood the winter
celebrate days that lengthen into hope.

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Please be kind, write to each other...

Showcase your work in The Weekly Avocet.

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

Spring photos (4),

Spring haiku (up to 10),

**Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems
(as many as you can write)**

Please read the guidelines before submitting

Please send your submission 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.

(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 poem in both the body of an email and an attachment, **no pdf file.**

We look forward to reading your Spring 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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