

The Weekly Avocet - #693

March 15th, 2026

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

Defying the frost
Small **green weeds sprout** in a pot
Spring's advent signal.

Tasha Halpert - North Grafton, MA - tashahal@gmail.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

Almost spring

It's march
in snow covered gardens
sleeping spring smiles
dreaming of awakening

soon she will yawn
her warm breath
melting winter's frosty cover

revealing a brown canvas
ready to be painted with
yellow daffodils
purple crocuses
blue hyacinths

and for me
almost spring means
blossoming with ideas and energy
ready to color my world

Iris Levin - Rockville Centre, NY - idlevin@aol.com

hope for tomorrow

every day I awaken to
heart breaking
gut wrenching news
that push me
further under the covers

but today,
the sunshine beckons
to turn off the radio
to hide the paper
to step into a morning
filled with promise

light twinkling on the damp grass
birds singing in the blossoming trees
me inhaling the sweet scent of spring

and listening to children
free of winter coats
their laughter innocent carefree sounds
filling my heart with hope
for better news tomorrow

Iris Levin - Rockville Centre, NY - idlevin@aol.com



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

Garden Rabbit

Pampered Punxsutawney Phil
purported to have a prescience
to accurately prognosticate the weather.

How can a woodchuck
living in a climate controlled room
have any connection to nature?
Rather, he has abandoned the world,
lives a non-rodent life of luxury
and poses as the Marmot Seer.

I suspect our cement garden rabbit
knows more from standing sentry
a full year, face to the elements.
Not long after weathering two feet
of arctic snow, Bugsy defiantly hopped up,
his ears piercing sub-zero weather.

Punxsutawney Phil is a fraud.
Like him, his shadow has no meaning.
Bugsy knows. Even a carrot
will not entice him to part his lips.
He has pulled a nine-inch-thick cloak
of new white over his head.

Only to hop up today into the sun.
Bugsy sees his shadow, yawns,
and gets on with his garden duties.

He will face nature naturally.
It is the only way to be,
to see what there is to see.

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



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Maestro

The tree stands poised like a conductor,
seconds before the concert begins,
arms spread, baton frozen in place,
ready to mark four beats to the measure:
winter, spring, summer, fall,
winter, spring, summer, fall.

Rob Jackson - Palo Alto, CA - rob.jackson@stanford.edu

When a Tree Falls in the Woods

What happens when a tree falls in the woods
sound or no sound
after the storm I walk the trail
it is a woe-some thing, a dead thing so grand it knew the sky
its leaves still green with summer's soft hand
its roots ripped out of the earth like a heart missing a dream
its trunk wanton, wayward and wrong
still a natural death
the bark, roots, leaves and wood go to the ground
and I will say a prayer and mourn
and that is the sound.

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

The Soft Scent of Spring

The land came out of its frozen reverie
a green moss softening earth's hard face
but winds still shook and creaked its bed of hard slumber
tiny buds clung tight
only a few flowers flung themselves into the wind
like dancers in a sudden sun spotlight
the sign of spring though
was the scent
absent these months of ice and snow
the soft scent of spring
earth inviting us to wake up too.

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

Greening

Like a planetary prelude to Spring, a greening unfolds here all throughout the landscape beginning in late winter. A creamy-green seeps into stands of hardwood trees across nearby ridges as though a process of osmosis leaks it from the nearby pale shades of pines.

A darker shade begins to ooze from the ground like a chemical reaction bubbles beneath it swelling the loamy mixture, pushing up blades of grass, wildflowers and weeds, and assorted cultivated, early flowers.

It seems a green army has been mustered to march forth and take over the land, wiping out the drab browns and grays, from assaults by the cold hands of winter.

Wesley Sims - Oak Ridge, TN - wes4words@att.net

Last Winter

Trees remained bare,
the ground a doe
colored brown. They
waited for less chilly days.
Clouds unchanged, scurried
across a gray sky – ships' sails
in a mist, bare trees for masts.
The winter sun began to set,
too early, but the shadows
lengthened. Colors faded.
The winter ship waited to
sail when the sky became
blue and the air warm.

Unless it was winter's last show
with no curtain call.

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

“Let us love winter, for it is the spring of genius.” - Pietro Aretino (Theresa Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

Winter Promises

Some Thoughts on a Cold Winter Day

The thought of Springtime breezes
Ending icy rain,
The joy of seeing new life
Stirring once again,
Visions of the tender green
Replacing dreary snow
Upon the old familiar trails
Wherever we may go,
Of tiny buds about to bloom
That beckon us to see
A picture of the way we hope
Our world will always be!
How wonderful the promise
Of renewal and rebirth,
But we should make a promise, too--
“Take care of Mother Earth”!

Lorna Volk - Cincinnati, OH - cportolano@hotmail.com

A New Day

The moon retreats behind a cloud
Of grey and misty sky,
And sunlight trickles
Through the edge
Of new clouds passing by,
A silent swift procession,
They fill the sky above,
As trees and flowers
Awaken to
The soft call of a dove.

Lorna Volk - Cincinnati, OH - cportolano@hotmail.com

Magic Moments

Outside my kitchen window
In the early morning hours,
I see the raindrops sparkle
On the trees and on the flowers,
They softly make a silver trail
Across my windowpane,
Then magically they mingle with
The gently falling rain.

Lorna Volk - Cincinnati, OH - cportolano@hotmail.com

“If lovers of poetry don’t write, publish, read, and purchase poetry books then we will have no say in the quality of our contemporary culture and no excuse for the abuses of language, ideas, truth, beauty, and love in our cultural life.” - John Peterson

Almost Spring

The ground is wet with melting snow
The sky is misty grey...
Yet we are also quite aware
That Spring is on its way...

Like little lamps along the lane
Tiny snowdrops glow,
And ice is breaking in the stream
As water starts to flow...

A robin flits from branch to branch
In the Maple tree
And squirrels scamper here and there
Very busily...

Soon buttercups will open
Out of clover rich and green
To add their golden beauty to
This early Springtime scene.

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Across the Sky

Across the sky the wild geese cry,
a sad and mournful sound,
That echoes in the misty air
and everywhere around,
What is it they are trying to say
for what do they implore?
Perhaps a bright and happy spring?
(And who could ask for more!)

Lorna Volk - Cincinnati, OH - cportolano@hotmail.com

If we fail the sky will be empty in the next century...

Waiting for spring

The snow has come again
Just a light cover.
The deer can graze through it.
A few leaves and blades are turning green
Under the dead yellow of the autumn
That has not yet been overgrown.
In the shelter of the lodgepole pine
The dead growth has been stripped away
Leaving cropped ground
And a resting place.
The leaves grow up under the snow
And the deer strip
The new buds from the trees
Reaching higher after a dry season.
More snow is to come.

Harold Sneide - Indian Hills, CO - haroldsneide@comcast.net

after a week
the snow has melted--
sweet smell of skimmia

Jack Maze

just in from the north
widgeon whistle at rest--
thick fog bank

Jack Maze

Late Winter Wind

The wind achieves its finest pitch
On a mild late-winter day,
When fallen leaves tremble like plucked strings
As it plays.

The sky is no crystalline blue
But is landscaped with gauze clouds,
The sun in chiaroscuro, cutting
Winter's shroud.

The underbrush catches the light
Like concertina coils
In the sepia tones of an old photograph,
Treasured spoils.

The wind mimics a gentle rain
As it dries the leaves on the spot,
At its finest announcing itself as something
It is not.

Nothing twitters, nothing snaps:
High def life lies still,
But the wind whispers springtime lineaments,
And the body warms to the thrill.

Mike Rydock - Middletown, PA - mrydock@gmail.com

Thank you for submitting, subscribing, and sharing.

one more cold wet day
after a tease of warm sun
still dreaming of Spring

Sally Rosenthal - Philadelphia, PA - Sanford.rosenthal@comcast.net

Laurence In Early Morning

Your gray muzzle raised
to sharp, cold air,
now-white paws step gingerly
to avoid icy patches.

Once young and vibrant,
in old age, caution abounds,
no romping, playing fetch,
or rolling exuberantly in snow.

Your frail retriever body is
ensconced in a new red coat
to mitigate biting winds.
Will you live a few more months
to feel warm sun on your back
and smell lilacs and jasmine,
or will I always remember you
resplendent in crimson?

Sally Rosenthal - Philadelphia, PA - Sanford.rosenthal@comcast.net

Late Winter Snow

Snowflakes
soft as angel wings
float to the ground,
cling to grass,
kiss the tight bloom
of the redbud trees.

They care not
that the calendar says,
it's March.

They are giddy to dance
among the bare limbs
of winters trees
one last time
before spring blooms
the earth closer
to the summer sun.

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

Kindness always comes back...

March Snow

You're a show-off winter!
Allowing a few warm days
to creep in, just enough to pop
out daffodil and forsythia,
saucer-size tulip-tree blossoms,

bees buzzing among
the hyacinths, permit temperatures
to rise into the 70s,
then wham! Dumped half a foot
of snow on everything!

How you must be laughing
as the bees shiver looking
for the sweetness that was here
only yesterday, as the birds peck
at frozen food in their feeders and try

to keep their eggs warm. You can be cruel.
It's a wonder spring even arrives at all
the way you cripple her sometimes.
But beware, others can play this game.
Next year, fall may slam the door, shut

you out. Don't think she won't do it,
either! She can be as cold and calculating
as you, or should I say Christmas sandals,
warm January days and grass-mowing
in February! Don't mess with Mother Nature!

She gave you three months. Use them wisely.

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

“In a way Winter is the real Spring - the time when the inner things happen, the resurgence of nature.” - Edna O'Brien (Theresa A. Cancro - phoenixlady@comcast.net)

I am in awe of our Earth and the beauty I have been blessed to play in.

Twig Poem for Archie - (Chamonix, 1978)

Motions spring
from melting snow: a twig regains consciousness,
weight released from former state.
Support comes from the main stem
as things begin to loosen.
Corn snow we call it back home,
hard buds whose melting makes way for motion.

Each day another layer of destruction is
revealed: littered needles, lichen,
moss on thirsty rock,
But today it's a poised, trapped twig
that catches my eye.

Older stuff would have cracked,
but not this green!
It knows to breathe in
the mountain crystalline,
and make no bones about it.
It's high time to start growing again,
to reach higher stature,
saturated in an optical osmosis
some call breath, others air.

And so I say, *where is there not change?*

A twig breaks out
without even breaking,
but with just enough force
to kick aside its prison snow,
then keep me
still, astonished.

*There's a story behind every bump in nature:
sudden jumps have their reason.*

The morning sun did nothing unusual,
just continued to bleed
a Winter cloak away
till new life sprung
seed from water: *a twig that throws corn snow!*

Carolyn Clark - Newfield, NY - cclark707@gmail.com

His Shadow

Stopped dead in his tracks,
his ears perked up, picked up
the slightest whisper on the wind,
a whimper like his little sister's cry
when she is hungry or needs a hug.

He knew every inch, every tree
in this ancient forest of his ancestors
for he had become as one, wild,
after hours and hours alone
learning the ways of the woods.

There among the dangling, uprooted
roots of a massive, old oak,
a female wolf pup, a rut,
her weak cry from hunger
moved him from fear to helping her.

He fed her a handful of walnuts
which she greedily devoured
with her young, sharp canines
that were already apparent,
which his kind feared, the pack's bite.

She let him pick her up, licked him,
for she knew this one's wild side
was alive within his being,
unlike the others of his kind, who
hunt us just for fun, cruel creatures.

She follows him back to his cave,
where fear of wolves made some
to want to put her down, never
within the walls of their own cave,
but he stood his ground and won.

They slept together, keeping warm,
silently moving around the cave,
silently moved around the woods,
hunting, gathering together,
inseparable, as if they were one.

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

A Gem in Ella's Eyes

In the Sonoran Desert,
where water is a rarity,
our yards are small stones,
no maintenance, no water,
perfect for a small dog
as Ella loves her yard,
guards every inch,
every leaf, every stone
as if they were her own.

So, when I picked up
a shiny, orange one with
mica specks sparkling
and 3 times the size
of the other stones for this
was a rock among stones
as I turn it over and over
in my hands admiring
how the mica bits
glisten in the morning sun,
Ella stares in wonder,
wondering what I had
taken from *her* yard

for she guards every inch,
every leaf, and every stone
as if they were her own and
when I toss this rock back,
Ella pounces upon it,
sniffing every inch of it
and to my surprise picks
it up by her teeth and
carries it into *her* home.
I, of course, take it and toss
it back among the others.
Unbeknownst to me, Ella
sniffs it out and secretly
sneaks the rock back
into our home and runs up
the stairs into our bed
concealing and protecting
her perfect, little gem.

Then when I hear a big thud,

I fear Ella has fallen but she
comes racing down the stairs,
looking as guilty as can be
jumping on the couch.
Soon the shiny rock sits be-
tween her long legs. Ella
won't look me in my eyes.
Why am I not surprised.

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

Enjoying our morning walk

My nosy neighbor watches us,
eagle-eyeing every sniff that
Ella takes for every bush.
Oh, how she loves to sniff.

We see through human eyes.
Ella's world comes into view
through her 300 million receptors
embedded in her stout nose.

Her love of exploring is obvious
with her wild curiosity wanting
to learn of her surroundings,
to be secure in her world.

We see other fancy poodles
proudly parading around
with their heads held high, but
Ella's nose is on the ground,

searching for the next scent,
gathering canine information,
while leaving her mark for others
to know she was there to say "Hi."

Suddenly she veers off, pulling me,
after a paper-thin, pink leaf that
the wind carries across the street,
with Ella happily in instant pursuit.

My nosy neighbor is still watching,
laughing at me for being pulled,
zig-zagging across the street
with Ella's nose glued to the ground.

"Who's walking who," he yells out.
"This is Ella's walk," I answer.
"I'll take my walk later in the day."
Ella turns her back on him, walks home.

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

"Nature inspires me to believe!"

Like a fox

He didn't want to play
the role of the rabbit
in their tracking game,
but they left him no choice
when they circled around him,
taunting and teasing him,
to dash off deep into the forest
as if he were small prey.

But
he knew the forest,
every inch, every tree,
having become one with the forest
after hours and hours alone
learning how to still his stirrings
so countless creatures,
his favorite the fox, small, but clever,
never knew he could reach out
and touch them as they passed
or where to find the sweetest apples,
figs, walnuts and pears,
for he could climb like a monkey
to the top of any tree in seconds,
lost among their leaves
as if they were hugging him,
oh, how he loved the sheer freedom
found only among the trees.

So,
while the other boys were
sharpening their spear making skills
or listening to the men when
they returned to the cave
after a successful hunt to tell tall tales
while sitting around a raging fire
of their heroic deeds done
against some wild beast
to feed the clan a feast that night;
he had learned how to hide
in plain sight, to be invisible,
leaving no footprints,
and to move with the wind
to leave no scent to survive in the wild

So,
while the other boys raced around
the well-worn path of the forest
to track down their small prey,
he slips past them,
back to the cave and waits
for them by the warm fire as
the sun starts to set in the evening sky.

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

Ides of Winter

Swirling wind rushes
blowing hard
under trees over bushes
touches embraces
rising higher
in one sudden shudder
gushes forth with unabashed desire
wild and untamed like a lover's fling
sighing promises of all
each new equinox might sire,
the sharp pleasure of waking
still keening and wanting:
believing the vernal credo
of Spring.

Joan Vullo Obergh - Seaford, NY - Lydia82@verizon.net

Good morning

How are you today?
What do you have planned
for this lovely, wintry Woden's Day?

Here, the coffee is hot.
It's 35 degrees out and snowing,
so the weather is not--
but later, they say,
the high for today will be 52 degrees.

Mother Nature, she's fit to split,
but I promise you--Spring, she's on her way!
I learned today
Spring is only days away.

Hold onto your hat.
You can stand that.
Oh, yay!
Spring, she's on her way!

The geese are in flight,
it seems both day and night,
honking and flapping away.
Their voices are filled with glee:
"Wee, look at me!
I'm flying, and I know where to go."

The weather is fine for their planned flight,
but first they'll meet and mate.
I watched it last year--
something to experience and hear--
while a nice neighborly man described it all to me.

This year I hope to do some video
with my nifty Meta glasses.
"Hey, Meta," I say,
"Look and see."
And the next thing I know,
I've started a new journey.

It tells me what it sees--
descriptions, if you please.
And yes! I get the scoop.

The creek is flowing.
The geese, ducks, and other animals--
they're a-going.
And my heart fills
with a mix of emotions
far beyond what I believe it can hold.

Some animals come to play.
Some come to stay.
Others, they must visit
then go on their way.
Same way with friends.
The flow of life never ends,
even when you fear it might.

But I know my place.
On this earth, it is safe,
for I have much yet to do.

I'll close with this happy thought--
happy thoughts are what we've got.
So here it goes:

Spring, she's on her way.
Oh, rise up and say--
say it and believe the decree.

Don't be sad.
Don't be mad.
Just embrace what Mother Nature
tosses your way.

For sure, if you wait,
it will soon all change,
and so, too, will your grumble.

Let the frown crumble.
Smile--don't stumble.
Make ready for a better day.

Oh yeah--
Spring, she's on her way!
Spring Salutations!
Nature and Tech coincide by

Patty L. Fletcher - Bristol, VA - patty.volunteer1@gmail.com

We want to thank all our poets and subscribers who keep our vision alive of bringing Nature poetry to the forefront of poetry in America. We, Nature poets and Nature-lovers, are keeping a watchful eye on our disappearing natural world around us, and hopefully provoking others to rethink about how truly special and of vital importance Mother Earth is to all of us and our future generations

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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