

# The Weekly Avocet - #694

## March 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2026

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

**greening occurring**  
leaves and buds come into view  
ice soon disappears.

Denny Seitz - [dennyseitz20@gmail.com](mailto:dennyseitz20@gmail.com)



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

# What an amazing time of year, new life, a rebirth begins...

## Open Windows

Mother Earth wants to entice us to sing,  
It's Springtime again!  
Her entire new season is an extended  
Explosion of energy and growth.  
Filled with joyful ways to get us outside  
To play like children again!  
The longer days of increased daylight  
And glorious rays of sunshine capture  
Our hearts with the promise  
Of new beginnings.  
Yet, in essence the beauty of Springtime is  
It's a promise fulfilled, it returned.  
This fulfillment is essential to our survival  
As it renews us with hope.  
It is this affirmation of renewal and rebirth  
That fills our souls with new light.  
Spring adds new life and new joy to all that  
Exists continuing to build the  
Merriment of springtime.  
Our renewed energy in the future  
Is one of the best parts of springtime.  
We want to sing aloud when we hear the  
Chirping of birds with babies in their nests.  
We sing as we throw open the windows to  
Let the fresh air rush in and with it the exquisite  
Scents of honeysuckle and roses on the vine  
Beneath the window, with  
Every sign of spring it starts to converge  
With the beauty of how change can be a  
Powerful reminder to be mindful of each day.  
Mother Earth puts on the best show in spring.  
I make a wish to enjoy each blossom, baby chick,  
And new fruit on the vine.  
This Springtime is my time to sing my heart out  
With the enchanting, greening of the Earth.

## Daffodil Days

A flurry of beds filled with daffodils  
wave right on time. It's glorious Springtime!  
After a long, cold, dreary winter, it's the antidote.  
Yellow, bright, smiling faces shout for joy that  
"sun" and "cheer" are here!

Across the globe, a celebrated welcome to  
spring's spectacular display of eagerness and  
energetic youth, they blanket gardens and hillsides  
delivering a golden moment  
of readiness to start the festival.

Their sunny disposition infuses the air  
with intense sweet fragrance to wrap a  
bunch with rapture along with ribbons.  
A perfect bouquet is given to mothers  
and lovers to reclaim that hope springs eternal.

Upturned faces complete with bonnets  
signal freshness. A bed can bloom for decades  
confidently continuing a magical recipe  
that attracts pollinators to guarantee plentiful blooms  
that lead to centuries old tradition on their special day.

Now as I look at an old 4x6 photo of my mother holding  
her Daffodil Day bouquet, the sunshine jumps out and  
upon me, warming me. Their golden color forces me to  
let go of years gone by. I rejoice in the sentiment of these  
cherished days, the wish-fulfillment of the arrival of spring.

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

**Check out this beautiful video:  
10 flowers that symbolize freedom and independence**

**[10 flowers that symbolize freedom and independence | Watch](#)**

chilly, gray, cloudy  
yet blue skies shine to the north  
orioles return

Kris Rued-Clark - Arpin, WI - [kruedclark@yahoo.com](mailto:kruedclark@yahoo.com)

## **Then I Thought...**

*Morning is my inspired time; woke up with this:  
'Each spring a new beginning.'*

*Then I thought:*

'new beginning' sounds trite; might even be redundant.  
But, then again, not really;  
each spring can have a different start.  
White-blooming trees (probably the dogwood family)  
fleshed out much brighter this time; whiter than I've ever seen.

*Then I thought:*

have mourning doves returned earlier than last year?  
Do they all migrate or do any 'hibernate'  
(their plaintive call is conducive to sedation)?  
Might they dig in deep beneath the sheltering hedges  
preferred in their waking hours?  
Not likely in this northern clime, but then again, search me?!

*Then I thought:*

I don't know squat about spring.  
Questioning... all I'm doing is questioning...  
So, I'll await next March/early April  
to note the date and time I see  
a rabbit scamper, starkly freeze  
as if perfect stillness brings invisibility.

*Then I thought:*

woodpeckers black-red-white -- only ever seen two in the Valley.  
My ears await their staccato; to hear it morph into a drum roll.  
And I have spotted one stray hunter aloft this spring.  
Pleasure me; do tell: when will black vultures return en masse  
to lord with grace the skies above the evergreens;  
their shadows to skim the surface of Beacon Mill stream?

*And then I thought:*

what a gift to witness different ways the seasons change!  
To see and hear the nuances, surprises, nature offers.  
To welcome the new beginnings of each coming spring.

Fred Simpson - Beacon Falls, CT - simpsonfny@gmail.com

**Thank you for submitting, subscribing, and sharing.**

## Memory and Desire

*When I'm not in the season I wish to describe,  
I rely on memory and my desire  
to capture in verse that season's wonder.  
Case in point: this spring...*

In mid-winter I write,  
it would be nice to be accompanied by  
a mourning dove's plaintive *coo*  
to put me in a springtime mood.

New cones on the pine outside my window  
would also be good, like that first afternoon  
with no trace of winter's chill  
(just a light sweater will do).  
Then pocket-size notebook and gel pen record  
thoughts of my favorite dogwood in bloom.

Bird calls are sweet cacophony as I approach another tree.  
A romantic am I; took years to surmise  
they are *not* serenading me  
but alerting fellow avians to my proximity.  
*That instinct to survive* -- thus their migration  
from harsh Nor'easters.  
They fly to southern climes.  
Return in sync with vernal equinox  
as it prompts wildflowers to bloom again.  
*But knock on wood!*

*Step up, global warming; take the heat!*  
for multitudes of flora/fauna forever lost or soon to be.  
We rejoice for mother nature and creatures we *will* see  
starting in late March of this spring.

Fred Simpson - Beacon Falls, CT - simpsonfny@gmail.com

**Kindness always comes back...**

wrapped in the mundane  
easily we blunder past  
season's miracles

Kris Rued-Clark - Arpin, WI - krueclark@yahoo.com

## Water

On first day of spring, it is raining in Africa  
Dry riverbeds host the newborn streams  
Young girls exchange glances with boys while  
they fill their terracotta jugs with fresh water

It is raining in Africa  
Women bathe their faces, their arms, their feet, and wash  
their cloths, then break for lunch with flat brown bread  
that is made on an iron-dome over burning dried-sticks

This spring, it is raining in Africa  
Gardens will offer roses and morning glories  
to familiar and new walkers  
Fertile fields will cradle sowed seeds of wheat and corn

It is raining in Africa  
Men repair their broken canoes  
or make boats from fallen trees  
Fishermen look for their stored nets

This spring it is raining in Africa  
Poets dip their toes in traveling streams, listen to water's hum  
They add a few drops of water to half-dried-ink-jars,  
Then dip their pen in diluted ink and write their poems

It is raining in Africa  
Death takes a break giving life a chance,  
Bitter tears become sweet,  
Thirsty soil waits for rivers arrive to once a forgotten land

Rain season is too short, soon dry season will return to old hot desert  
Harsh rays of sun will dry bodies of thinned waters  
Polluted watersheds and stagnant swamps will alter the landscape again.  
For now, the land and the sentient of the land are grateful for the blessing.  
Last night, I took a shower, drank a glass of cold water from faucet,  
and turned out the light, last night, I dreamt it was raining in Africa.

Narges Rothermel

lunar disk -- red, orange  
meteorologic gem  
adorning our world

Denny Seitz - dennyseitz20@gmail.com

## Every Day in the Serengeti

Resolutely focused  
and eternally patient  
her eyes do not leave her target  
for hours.

Well-practiced,  
the rhythm of her breathing  
never changes  
(not like ours, we who watch  
holding back our breathing  
so as not to make a sound).

In the distance  
an elephant bellows:  
one gazelle charges  
into action, flees;  
but the other--  
curious about another  
who shares this veld,  
turns toward the sound  
--his undoing.

In an instant  
the leopard is upon him  
clamps her muzzle over his  
flips the bulk of him  
breaking his neck.

Her jaws remain fastened  
to him as his breaths shallow  
and hers return to calm.

Methodical in all things,  
she disembowels his innards  
pulling them out his rear  
(yes, entrails do steam) and  
samples her catch, leaving  
her paws and face a bloody mess.

Regally composed,  
she licks each paw, wipes her face twice  
returning it to pristine.

Her place in the scheme of things assured,  
she closes her eyes for a cat nap.

Sheri Lindner - Bondville, VT - [Serial@aol.com](mailto:Serial@aol.com)

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

## **Each Birth**

Like a phoenix  
my being has risen  
from confronting  
my own mortality  
to a time after  
to listen  
to the voices  
within my heart,  
each day  
a gift  
to be unwrapped  
sometimes with abandon,  
sometimes with care,  
often in remembrance.

If I could be a bird  
I would choose to be an eagle.  
It is not only  
the hilltop and a mountain meadow  
my eyes would seek...  
but the deep tracks  
that mark the soul  
and a memory of things past...  
a glimpse  
beyond,  
a night sky filled  
with the silence  
that separates  
the stars.

There is repose  
at night  
in the sheltering wings  
of loved ones,  
the living  
and the dead,  
and the desire  
later  
for other worlds  
to dream in.

Deenaz P. Coachbuilder

Screens of dirty snow  
quickly melt in early spring  
hyacinths seek sun

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

### **Let There Be Spring**

Winter rain cold as ice  
Soaks the skin and chills the bone  
Frosty haze glistens like stars  
The overcoat of winter covers all.

Let there be spring  
The ducks and geese ecstatically proclaim  
Shaking off their rusty feathers  
From a long winter's flight.

Let there be spring  
Bears stretch forth their empty paws  
Like starving giants ready for succulent berries  
Sweetened by the Sun's kiss.

Let there be spring  
School is now in session  
For guppies and tadpoles ready to learn  
Breaking through the thawing ice

Rainbows of flowers wink at the sun  
Busy bees share their sweet nectar of love  
New birth explodes like hot popcorn popping  
The circle of Spring has finally begun.

Debra A. K. Thompson - Riverview, FL – debrathewriter55@gmail.com

### **Spring Fresh**

In the wind  
laundry drying  
dance like wild things  
smelling of bleach  
and sunshine

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

## **The Verge of Spring at Equinox**

On the verge of spring at equinox, I watch winter's misty veils  
lift from the fir trees on the Cascade Mountain foothills.  
Dawn's pastel hues embellish fair weather skies.

The air is replete with the trilling and chirping of robins  
and red feathered finches as they perfect their melodies,  
beguiling would be mates.

Encouraged by the warming day, I explore the garden.  
When I trod the soft, fresh-grown grass, a sweet scent rises  
from the warming loam.

I listen to the gentle krek-krek of tree frogs,  
as they emerge from their slumber in the muddied debris  
of last autumn's leaves.

Along the walkway, white snowdrops and purple crocus  
have bloomed in anticipation of nature's time of renaissance  
in the ebb of long dark wintry hours.

As spring begins her dominion, my flower beds are gifted  
with throngs of golden daffodils, unfurling petals and  
raising their frilled trumpets towards the sun.

This floral abundance signals an annual rite.  
Families pack picnic baskets filled with sandwiches,  
soda pop and joy to celebrate the advent of the season.

We journey north to the Skagit Valley's farmer's fields  
where long rows of daffodils are chaperoned  
by hard-worked tractors and aged red barns.

Wendy N. Bell - Edgewood, WA - wendynbell@hotmail.com

## **Herald**

The first dandelion  
green and gold  
amidst winter umber--  
spring's promise

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

## **An Early Walk on Spring Solstice Day**

The calendar says March 20, Spring Equinox,  
yet the rain and snow have ignored the Sun's  
new presentation. Winter remains.  
I am bereft from losing my daily walks.

Today a small patch of blue peaks through  
the darkening, heavy, gray cumulus clouds.  
Just enough blue to entice me outside  
to a path along a nearby small creek in the woods.

I need to see if the snow mounds are receding  
and if the oaks are starting to leaf out.  
Has the meadow's melting snow been replaced  
with wild Snowdrops that will soon bloom?

Stellar Jays are noisily squawking, sounding off an alarm:  
*Beware a human in our midst. She's near the tall maple tree!*  
The chief sentinel flies from tree to tree, his calls keeping  
his clan aware of my presence as I continue down the path.

The path becomes muddy, my rain boots stick in the goo,  
slowing my pace and eliciting a curse or two.  
Rain quickly soaks my hat and drips down my face.  
With a sigh, I turn around, head back home

As the path leaves the woods, the rain falls harder.  
There is no sign of that blue sky that lured me outside.  
Mother Nature seems to be sending a message:  
*I decide when the seasons come and go.*

When I reach home, I make a fire in the fireplace.  
I peel off my soaked, muddy clothes, and take a warm shower.  
Sipping hot cocoa, I watch the rain through the windows.  
Maybe it will be sunny tomorrow.

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

Spring's early green shoots  
herald the lowly crocus  
first to break cold ground

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## For Those in Vernal Glory

Well, it's coming again, my friend.  
A hint, and then a wide burst of bud, bud.  
It's that fling of Spring thing,  
coming fast, hitting hard, and smelling good.  
A mass of a flash of green, seen  
...plus, the famed and fabled flower scene,  
kicking poets and lovers in that sacred heart part.  
Rejoice!  
Fresh start. New hope.  
Warmth; a luminous inspiration to every artist's eye!  
Rebirth, and the dearth of death.  
A time of aspired plenty.  
The Earth reverberates in new song  
and every natural creature knows the tune.  
Come join the chorale, pal,  
for I sing with the best:  
Verdant trees a'twitter with a clamor of birds,  
elk and bear and ferret know all the words,  
the salmon in the lifeblood of the land;  
the froggies courting loudly in their swamps;  
cicadas wondering if their year to shine,  
and emerge in obnoxious splendor of their kind...  
Squirrels, roses, white-tails, dogs,  
pigeons, yaks, apple and plum,  
cats and cattle, roses and hogs;  
the renaissance of the world, chum!  
Awaited hope... and promise to come,  
and what else could any blessing bring?  
All senses pitched to high delight:  
Brace yourself for the thrill of Spring!

Steven P. Pody - Fredericksburg, VA - s\_pody@msn.com

## What Is Spring

Singing birds emerging.  
Pretty flowers are blooming.  
Rabbits are hopping.  
In spring things start living.  
Nests of eggs are cracking.  
Gardens are now growing.

Paula Goldsmith - Mesa, AZ - wiinger@aol.com

## Awakening to Spring

a gentle vibration  
at the edge of the pond  
a mallard duck  
unwinds her head  
from under her wing  
and slowly paddles  
ballet on webbed feet  
rippling the surface softly  
maintaining glassy mirror  
of sky and bare branches  
blending with her  
feathered design.

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

## Resurgence

7

Daffodils now awaken,  
slender green fingertips  
reaching toward the sun,  
emerging undeterred  
by frigid nights or dint  
of unexpected snow,  
resolutely heralding  
the return of spring,  
season of renewal,  
new growth, and hope,  
despite human strife  
and turmoil elsewhere  
that, like winter winds,  
chill a body to the bone.  
I quietly wait and watch  
for trumpet blooms of yellow  
to show forth and once again  
attune my heart to joy.

Gay Marie Logsdon - Oak Ridge, TN - gmarielogsdon@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...**

## New Friends

A mother doe wandered a short distance after securing  
Her newborn fawn in the tall deer grass.  
A small fluffy grey bunny hopped across a soccer field.  
The fawn watched from her hiding place.  
Standing to get a better view, she stepped into the open.  
The bunny stood still as the fawn approached.  
Staring into each other's eyes, uncertainty,  
Fear mingled with curiosity at this new creature.  
The bunny tentatively hopped towards the fawn.  
Sensing no fear, the fawn moved closer.  
The bunny hopped away a short distance  
And the fawn followed.  
Soon the two babies were playing  
A makeshift game of run and chase on the field.  
Caught on a security camera.

Carol Farnsworth - Ada, MI - carolfarn@aol.com

## Nature

The wood had been shaped by time and nature  
to fit well with other nature shaped items.  
I placed the curved wood in the hugelkultur.  
It seemed to sink in with awe and wonderment.  
My mound garden was growing.  
I must be selective and intentional to express my emotions and  
Ideas. But growing is good!

Karen Linstrum - Jackson, MS - ktsul@live.com

**The Hugelkultur method is a sustainable gardening practice that involves creating raised garden beds using layers of decomposing wood, organic matter, and soil.**

**It starts with a base of large logs, topped with smaller branches and organic materials, and finally covered with soil.**

**This method improves soil fertility, enhances water retention, and promotes plant health, making it an eco-friendly choice for gardeners.**

**Hugelkultur beds also help reduce waste by utilizing fallen branches and other organic debris.**

**Overall, it embraces natural processes to support sustainable food production with minimal inputs.**

## **Spring's Magical Return**

Again  
with snow on me  
I awake from my sleep  
the warmth from the big yellow sun  
brings pretty flowers peeking their heads out  
birds start to sing joy to the world  
squirrels scamper quickly  
springtime is here  
again

Paula Goldsmith - Mesa, AZ - wiinger@aol.com

## **March Thaw**

At last  
The change is here  
You can smell it in the air

The ground is damp from melting snow  
As tips of bulbs begin to show  
The outside beckons... linger here  
The sun is warm, the sky is clear  
The robins seek among old leaves  
And I hear rustling in the eaves  
I feel such joy, my heart is light  
As nature wakes from icy night

So even if the wind turns brisk  
My morning walks are worth the risk  
I am renewed, my steps are light  
I banish winter from my sight

Meryl Smith - Rumson, NJ - Meryljbs@gmail.com

## **Spring...**

So fresh and full of expectations  
(Snow and ice were such vexations)

Meryl Smith - Rumson, NJ - Meryljbs@gmail.com

## The Season of Love

Winter is cold and cruel  
as the skeletons of trees  
with their bare, bony branches,  
appear to hover over  
the barren, haunted landscape,  
but the worst is how colorless  
life gets when heavy snows fall  
with temps far below freezing,  
and those mean winds chasing  
after you, laughing as they do  
chasing you back into your home  
for fear takes over of falling  
on the slippery black ice.

Oh, how I crave color  
after long, dreary dark nights,  
many months of a colorless life,  
but time is cyclical: suddenly,  
magically, mystically, Spring  
sings her song, blasting  
color everywhere and light  
so pure and so innocent  
after a sudden Spring shower's  
warm raindrops cleanse the earth,  
so, we dash outdoors to dance,  
celebrating Spring chasing  
Winter away for life is now full  
of form and color creating  
an inner harmony for the eyes  
as all the trees grow green  
with their buds bursting  
the birds sing along with Spring,  
flashing their colors as they fly by  
and flowers fill the fields  
blooming an array of colors  
like the rainbow streaking above,  
across the blue, clear sky and the  
sun smiling down on everyone  
for life is now awash with color,  
lifting one's spirit for Spring  
is otherworldly, a blessing of love.

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

## **Spring in Our Step**

We can go outside once again,  
no longer hiding from the madness  
of Winter's will, Winter's way,  
for the cruel, coldness that crept  
over the landscape of Winter  
has melted away to the warm,  
gentle rain showers of Spring  
as we dance, holding hands,  
to the magical music rain makes,  
feeling young again, like children  
being cleansed of the dirt and grit  
of this Winter we have survived  
as we splash and laugh jumping up  
together in the growing puddles,  
forever holding hands through  
the long months of darkness, for  
the cold was cruel to the touch, as if  
this Winter had gone on for far too  
long, but the dreaded darkness has  
bent a knee to the renewal of love  
for Spring brings the breath of life  
for a new day, for a new dawn,  
a rebirth to the beauty of Nature's  
endless, lush paintbrush as the sun  
suddenly shines through the clouds,  
warming the earth below with  
her rays showering down of her love,  
for Spring breathes joy and happiness  
into our step, into our souls, so  
we can finally feel free to let go,  
to turn over a new leaf in life  
watching the trees budding with  
the tiny green sprouts shooting out  
for the long darkness is over  
and we can now dance together  
forever looking to a bright future  
where the sun's warm rays and rains  
shower us with love for the coming  
rebirth and renewal of life on earth.

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

## The Fight for our Future

So many harbor such great  
hate in their hardened hearts;  
there is no joy  
in the doming, orange sun  
rising over the horizon,  
promising a new dawn;  
there is no joy, no love, for  
a swift-winged hummingbird  
hovering over one's shoulder,  
for those that hate lack love  
for the beauty the abounds,  
surrounds us on this gift given.  
Their hate begins the  
                    downward

                                    spiral  
for all of humanity.  
The beginning of life on earth  
came from a spark of love...  
Will the end of life on earth  
be done by the forces of hate  
that couldn't care  
about the air we breathe?  
For life means little to those  
who know no love,  
somewhere, somehow,  
they were hurt or had no one  
to hug or protect them,  
so, now, many harbor  
such great hate in  
their hardened hearts,  
they can laugh as life  
starts its downward  
                                    spiral,  
spinning out of control,  
chaos swirling, whirling,  
whipping around us,  
leaving little left standing  
for those that wait to be born  
into a world of love,  
for life on earth began  
with a spark of love, and  
can only continue if our love,  
hope, can stop their great hate.

Charles Portolano

## **To the victor goes the spoils**

We Lord over the land,  
our claim is we own earth,  
it's our domain, ours alone,  
once we became top  
of the food chain  
for we boast about ourselves  
as Wise Men (Homo Sapiens),  
the dominant figure  
casting long, ugly shadows  
over the landscape  
for our unchecked, misused,  
self-serving ways  
of the power we taken  
for our own pleasure  
rather than for the greater  
good for all of our Creator's  
creatures who live on earth  
but then,  
absolute power corrupts  
absolutely  
as we claim all we see  
in the name of progress  
but with change comes  
casualties, consequences:  
global warming,  
ocean acidification,  
habitat destruction,  
biodiversity loss,  
widespread pollution  
and endless wars  
as we alter Earth,  
its atmosphere, its oceans,  
the land and all biodiversity  
humanity sees itself  
as the center  
of its own universe  
and as human power  
increased our moral fiber  
faltered for absolute power  
corrupts absolutely  
for earth has become  
a crime scene and our  
fingerprints and footprints  
are all over the landscape

as we write our own myths  
of our great love of earth,  
we are guilty of crimes  
against ourselves, but since  
we are judge and jury  
for now our crimes will go  
unpunished, to be served  
by those we claim to love  
long after we are gone...

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

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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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