

# The Weekly Avocet - #695

## March 29<sup>th</sup>, 2026

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

**fading sunset light  
silhouettes stately palm trees  
fronds whisper in breeze**

Eva Marie Willis - Phoenix, AZ - [jwillis42@cox.net](mailto:jwillis42@cox.net)



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

## On the Bright Side

I need a mood shift,  
something hopeful and happy  
for my heart to grab onto like a ledge.

To tap into the child artist inside me  
over the moon  
for these stacks of real watercolor paper,  
paints in every color,  
brushes in cups, their tips pristine  
pointed upward, like arrows.

I want to play with that girl  
who took a hint of sunshine to mean  
*Must be spring,*  
bundled up to play outside  
until her lips were blue,  
only lured back in  
with a promise of hot chocolate and toast.

That's it, the unashamed joy  
that children take in delightful things  
when they aren't exposed  
to news bulletins.

I want to twirl that little angel  
in daisies, get mudpie dirty,  
smudges on my face,  
nests of leaves tangled in my hair.

To roll in the snow, hear it crunch,  
blink flakes from my eyelashes,  
stare up at the sun  
through a cage of dark tree branches  
void of leaves  
still standing.

Cheri Caddick - Royal Oak, MI - [info@Chericaddick.com](mailto:info@Chericaddick.com)

frog's raucous chorus  
fills **early spring** night with joy  
after long winter

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

## Greening

I can't explain it really,  
just when I walk barefoot  
in wet grass, my body connects,  
that growing sprouts turn vein  
into vine and I twine into the soft of it.

I know nature is brutal,  
but in equal measure, Earth's bed  
gives way when something heavy lies down,  
makes a space unique to the animal  
even if it's a human.

I so desire my place in it  
that even at sixty-two, there are days I can't resist,  
roll across the lawn, in the back  
where no one can see,  
grass stains on my elbows, dirt in my mouth.  
Who cares? It couldn't be more delicious.

Someday, I'll get to rejoin it all in earnest,  
become mulch, mushroom, sprout.  
But for now, I revel in the grit and green,  
the scent of each blade of grass,  
an occasional roll in the hay.

Cheri Caddick

## Late Bloomer

I've spent the morning tending to my plants,  
ivy vines I keep in a big decanter, my hydro-babies  
ever amniotic, suspended in water, and I feel I can relate.

Women are creatures of water, rise and fall with tides,  
our veins connected to earth, moon, sea.

When doctors need to know if a pregnant woman's water has burst,  
samples under a microscope reveal a pattern--gorgeous vines,  
sprouting flowers and buds, a phenomenon known as ferning.

We have the ability to hold blossoms in our bodies,  
and I think about blooming, wonder if we get to do anything like it  
at this much later time of life, when we're told we're all dried up.

Perhaps I share some resiliency with these green goddesses I tend.  
Lop off a leaf, and in the right, warm soil it starts  
throwing out roots, grabs hold, finds a place to settle,  
just keeps growing.

Cheri Caddick - Royal Oak, MI - [info@Chericaddick.com](mailto:info@Chericaddick.com)

### **Where Comfort Lies**

My eyes are tired, but I keep staring  
at the blue crystals in  
the handle of a paintbrush on my desk.

That glistening color, like river, like sky,  
a gentle thing that comes  
when I'm sore and exhausted in my grief.

Last night my brain was full  
of bees and snakes,  
something being struck or bitten,  
a poisonous, restless heartache.

Still, there's sun this morning  
and hot coffee, the cool, gray  
palm stone in my hand  
for moments of dis-ease.

I'm reminded that seasons pass,  
and missing my brother will ease  
the way I begin to accept  
my garden fading in the fall.

I mourn each blossom  
but still look forward to spring.

Cheri Caddick - Royal Oak, MI - [info@Chericaddick.com](mailto:info@Chericaddick.com)

whirlwind kicks up dust  
blossoms and leaves blow and bounce  
swirling into dance

Eva Marie Willis - Phoenix, AZ - [jwillis42@cox.net](mailto:jwillis42@cox.net)

## **In Spring**

In Spring there will be innocence in the young  
tumbling in the warm tall grass  
frisky in fields  
birds trusting the sun  
to bestow their inheritance of color and green  
Our resignation melted with the snow  
anointed by rain  
choice and change  
carried on a breeze from an unknown land  
holding the remains of the past  
chance darting through newborn leaves.

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

sky turns black look out  
monsoon storms rage and crackle  
hidden rabbits cringe

Eva Marie Willis - Phoenix, AZ - jwillis42@cox.net

## **Night and Day**

The orange sunset whispers  
to me behind the silhouetted trees  
It says  
It's almost time for everything  
to rest  
Put on your nightcap  
Enjoy the night

The golden sun rises from behind  
the mountain peaks  
the doves coo  
the wrens sing  
the mama hummingbird feeds her chick  
The morning says  
Everything begins again,  
renews, and comes to life  
Put on your smile  
Enjoy the day, the freedom, the secrets

Eva Marie Willis - Phoenix, AZ - jwillis42@cox.net

spring heralds the thaw  
coyotes howl, bears cavort  
already for warmth

Eva Marie Willis - Phoenix, AZ - Jwillis42@cox.net

### **Awakening**

I can scarcely contain  
my excitement:  
days grow longer,  
warmer  
oatmeal and cocoa  
breakfasts give way to  
fruit and veggie smoothies

I long to work in  
the yard again,  
neglected  
for so long  
to establish a gifted  
plant in the  
hardened ground  
put away the cotton  
batting and towels used  
for cold protection

buy tulips to grace  
my dining table with their  
bright red smiles

Eva Marie Willis - Phoenix, AZ - Jwillis42@cox.net

**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...**

mock me if you must  
still jacketed for a month  
wind whips and whispers

Eva Marie Willis - Phoenix, AZ - Jwillis42@cox.net

### **First Garden**

I knew little of gardening,  
Just basics, like the need  
For a space of earth and the seed.  
My Pioneer gene  
Sprouted, fervently, unseen,  
While I surveyed the ground,  
Claiming a wild, unwanted crescent.  
The air resounded with possibility.  
I drove the pickax down  
To carve a garden space,  
To turn the fertile ground.  
Earthworms emerged,  
Dredged from Ancient depths  
Under great protest,  
Recoiling from the sudden Sun,  
And from pickaxe plunge  
To the depth of the blade,  
To where spring surge  
Had already begun.

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

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

### **Kate's Plant**

Kate's plant, abandoned  
To its own sad reaching  
For pure sunlight, inaccessible,  
Pressed to the ceiling.  
Blind fingers, setting out, amoeba-like,  
On constant search,  
Green surge, crawling across white plaster,  
As the sun called impatiently  
From just beyond the window glass.  
Twisted trunk has followed  
Many seasons Round,  
Indomitable Spirit rising  
From indifferent ground.

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

## Daughter of the Mountains

Growing up in the mountains of Appalachia,  
it really snowed,  
glazing the circling peaks with sparkling white powder  
that made children pray for a day off from school,  
and mothers cast their grateful eyes skyward  
when the yellow bus showed up anyway.

Snowy mornings still conjure images of my dad  
carrying buckets of coal to fire up the big iron cooking  
stove. The aroma of sizzling bacon and hot biscuits  
still evokes the chill of icy linoleum under my feet  
as I dashed from beneath a mound of warm quilts  
to shiver beside the roaring stove.

When the mountains gave up their icy crown in spring,  
crystal water gurgled down the steep slopes to settle  
in rocky creeks, home to bass that would grace our table,  
served with cornbread and ramps—the wild onions dug  
from the deepest, darkest places in the woods, their  
secret location passed down, grandfather to father to son.

My dad and his brothers were indentured to coal,  
black gold they dug from the bowels of the mountain.  
When the wailing sirens signaled a cave-in,  
families huddled at the mouth of the mine,  
waiting to see who the angry mountain had claimed.  
The mountains gave and the mountains took away.

At twenty, I packed up my few possessions,  
my brand-new husband,  
and I left the mountains, forever, I thought,  
only to learn as years went by,  
the mountains never really left me.  
Like demanding parents, they continue to call me back.

Sharon Canfield Dorsey - Williamsburg, VA - shargypsy@aol.com

First day of spring break -  
criss-crossing the river  
killdeer sing *now, here*

Matthew Friday - storytellingfriday@gmail.com

## Spring Love is Strange

A chickadee approaches the window cautiously,  
flying back and forth, fluttering closer,  
teasing, backing off, then **contact!**  
pecking the glass as he helicopters in mid-air.

For three days, again and again,  
he zeros in, pecks at the bird in the glass,  
retreats a few feet, assesses the situation,  
then buzzes in one more time.

I admire his persistence but worry  
he will dive-bomb the glass and hurt himself.  
I close the blinds, trying unsuccessfully  
to dull the reflection that keeps him coming back.

I suspect the chickadee is male,  
based on memories of my own experiences  
with a six-year-old playmate with a crush.  
Subtlety was never his strong suit either.

He also relied on teasing, and running away,  
persistently chasing me around the playground,  
once stealing a peck on the cheek,  
then hiding behind a tree to watch me blush.

They're not so different,  
the chickadee and my first suitor.  
They were saying the same thing.  
See me. See me.

Sharon Canfield Dorsey - Williamsburg, VA - shargypsy@aol.com

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

First cherry blossom -  
14 billion years ago  
the first star

Matthew Friday - storytellingfriday@gmail.com



Jim Carney - Middletown, NJ - jrcarney19@gmail.com

Early Spring flower  
Waking in the flower bed  
A gift from Nature.

Jim Carney - Middletown, NJ - jrcarney19@gmail.com

**Please when submitting submissions do not stack your info, please have it: name - town, state - email address, in a line, just like it appears in both publications. Thank you.**



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

**turn of the season**

so many hopeful seeds  
sowed  
for outward expression  
of polychromatic bloom  
to spread  
through the garden  
homegrown

Robert Savino - West Islip, NY - [dynsus@aol.com](mailto:dynsus@aol.com)

## Things That Go Slurp in the Night

Lying in grass as green as my mother's thumb,  
I watch the sky above the pines. Blue explodes--  
yellow, orange, pink--then dissolves  
into colorless gray, fading to memory.

Slowly starlight creeps in, bringing screeches,  
howls, and lonesome whistles. Katydid,  
do you not fear what lurks in the darkness,  
things that go slurp in the night?

Not far from me, your gladiator-red eyes shine.  
Sword-like ovipositors stand alert--two antennae  
atop your tiny head and green armored body,  
V-shaped legs clinging to a razor-thin blade.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

Your soft trill swells to full volume.  
You won't be the first to end up  
on my husband's fishing line or inside  
my son's glass jar of grass, holes punched

in the lid so you'll be content living  
in a glass house. Every night I haul garbage  
to the outside can while your symphony thrums.  
But tonight, in the moonlit field, you and I

hum our songs

in the coming darkness

covering us like death's shroud.

Richelle Putnam - [richelle1putnam@yahoo.com](mailto:richelle1putnam@yahoo.com)

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

Getting closer  
the singing frog stops  
being still, it sings

Matthew Friday - [storytellingfriday@gmail.com](mailto:storytellingfriday@gmail.com)

## **A Splash of Water**

A splash of water misses the sink.  
I feel its touch, soft and moist  
on my cheek, yet so small, if I  
were not aware, I might miss it.

It calls up another memory, a beach  
layered in sand, pebbles, starfish,  
and yes, dreams. I once thought my life would  
be here, a home above the rim of shells, waves,  
and unknown marvels.

I pictured the house, white-shingled with  
weathered, rusty-hewn shutters, perhaps  
a porch, the two-seater swing I always  
wanted. There would be the sound

of gulls, not trapped in urban and suburban  
settings, but here, where fish are plentiful, where  
crabs crawl in among kelp and seaweed. Clouds  
chase after the sun uninhibited, free.

The smells catch me and hold me.  
Here I am home, home and grateful,  
Here, the smells of the sea anoint my  
heart filling me with memory and blessing.

Ricki Aiello - revricki3@gmail.com

## **Describing Forsythia**

Driving me to an appointment,  
a friend remarks that Spring is here  
despite the day's chill and bluster.  
Passing glimpses of yellow in gardens  
yearning to burst forth in splendor,  
she reminds me of Springs I used to see.  
I conjure them in my mind's eye  
and embrace the here and now  
of my friend describing forsythia.

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

## **Nature Lovers of the World Unite**

Blossoms of the pink plum tree  
soothes my sorrowed heart  
but how much longer will our bees  
survive to pollinate our paradise?

Summers, Honeybee colonies die off by 30%  
While climate change and loss of wildflower habitat  
share some blame, pesticide poisoning is skyrocketing.

If you care about nature and your health,  
donate to NRDC and Friends of the Earth.  
CA, NY and VT have banned these toxins in their states.  
The EPA won't act against neonics! We need a lawsuit.  
Start a movement to save bees and to save ourselves.  
Turn your love of nature into action.

Kit Zak - Lewes, DE - [kit.and.bill.zak@gmail.com](mailto:kit.and.bill.zak@gmail.com)

## **The Return of the Sandhills Cranes**

Against a crisp blue sky  
Where the sun and the wind have arisen  
I harken a noise in the distance  
Tiny specks I can barely envision

Legions in v-formations  
Parading from wing to wing  
Back at last from fall migrations  
As harbingers of spring

Loudly and proudly they trumpet  
Their long-awaited return  
Majestically they circle in search  
Of rest and new nests they have earned

A truly spectacular sight  
Midst their strains of joyful refrain  
Hopping and squawking, commanding the stage  
The return of the sandhill cranes

Dale K. Nichols - Beverly Shores, IN - [nichols-dale@comcast.net](mailto:nichols-dale@comcast.net)

The first singing frog  
in a dank, uncared for pond--  
spring hope

Matthew Friday - [storytellingfriday@gmail.com](mailto:storytellingfriday@gmail.com)

### **Storm Warning Maui**

Cells in the area may bring  
Possible lightning and thunder.  
Singular drops of rain  
Portend the wind's arrival.

Seconds later...  
Wind waves dominate  
All the way to ocean's horizon.  
Lightning flashes are followed by  
Ear-splitting claps of thunder.

Whale spouts, once a lazy eight feet high  
Now stretch horizontally thirty feet long.  
Newborn calves seek mama's security.

Waves boomerang from the sea wall  
Jut back to attack incoming surf  
Creating pyramids of sea froth.

Whales cease surface activities.  
No spy hopping, no flipper flopping,  
And absolutely no breaching.

All is turbulent surface pandemonium  
Until wind waves subside,  
Foam dissipates, and  
Whales spy hope to make sure  
Their world has returned to normal.

Fred Vogt - Laguna Woods, CA - [fvogt45@comline.com](mailto:fvogt45@comline.com)

sleek black racer stirs  
as sun graces warm spring day  
glides out of woodpile

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - [djohnson8251@yahoo.com](mailto:djohnson8251@yahoo.com)

## **Homecoming**

Sweet scent of clover  
Wafts over trail  
As robin leads the way

First redwings arrive  
With their aerial tweets  
And flashes of red and yellow

Faint odor of fox  
Signals den is near  
Kits should be born soon

Fish jumping in river  
Leads to welcome surprise  
As kingfisher zooms overhead

All signs that bring us joy  
As well as hope that  
Mother Earth will survive

Dawn McCormack

glittering diamonds  
replaced by tiniest buds  
nature begins to sing

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - [djohnson8251@yahoo.com](mailto:djohnson8251@yahoo.com)

## **Vernal Equinox**

Magical night marks  
Time of growth and  
Sweet rebirth  
Celebrations ensue  
With fire blazing  
In open pit  
While white grape juice  
And cinnamon donuts  
Provide a feast  
Fit to welcome Spring

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## Kindness always comes back...

### Yosemite Bliss

Early one morning, while  
Camping in Yosemite many  
Years ago, I set out alone,  
Eager to start exploring on  
This beautiful Spring day

As I entered a lush meadow  
Filled with knee-high grass,  
Wild flowers, and animal trails,  
The still-rising sun was glinting  
Off Half Dome in the distance

What a feeling of freedom,  
Following the paths made  
By unknown creatures!  
It was truly exhilarating.  
And then, I saw them:

Doe, fawn and, most  
Unbelievably, a buck,  
With antlers in full array  
I knew that males were  
Seldom seen with family

But there he was; as if  
Sensing my presence,  
They quickly vanished  
Into the forest on the far  
Side of the clearing

Gathering my astonished  
Self, I continued on my  
Journey, knowing that  
Nothing could ever top  
What had just happened

Yet, rounding a bend on  
The path, I soon encountered  
A coyote who was probably  
Late returning home to his  
Den after the night's hunt

Startled, and not knowing  
What else to do, I said “hello,”  
And the poor coyote, who was  
Undoubtedly as surprised as  
I was, turned and ran

I stood frozen for a moment,  
Savoring these two magnificent  
Sights; but then realizing I’d been  
Gone a while, I turned and began  
The long hike back to camp

Still, even after all this time  
That early morning walk  
Remains fresh within my mind  
Doe, fawn, buck, and coyote  
Memories I will always treasure

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - [djohnson8251@yahoo.com](mailto:djohnson8251@yahoo.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.

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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