

The Weekly Avocet - #696

April 5th, 2026

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

**rain batters my windows
the bird feeder
hangs forlorn**

Marilyn Grant - Mission Viejo, CA - marilyngrant@cox.net



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

Constant Spring

If the season clock breaks
and seasons never change
let it be in spring.
It's the time when everything blooms
like marigolds of yellow, orange and white
winking at the bees in proud satisfaction
that their colors will last forever.
little red robins break out of their shells
feeling the warm sun
on their moistened heads
as they breathe in new life;
knowing they have nothing but time to grow.
The frogs and crickets busily play
when the perfect days of balmy breezes
becomes the only recognized change
through the passage of time.
Tall wide oaks will wave to the sun
in thanks for sturdy strong branches.
plush green grass will stand up and cheer
as gentle droplets of rain
refreshes the dark, rich soil
that nourishes the earth
during the magic of these never-ending days
called spring.

Debra A. K. Thompson

April Speaks

April showers lift the spirit of every flower
Winter gloom is washed away.
Grays and browns disappear
as the voice of nature
bellows with pastels of pink, yellow, and violet.
Remnants of melancholy
no longer exist.
Soothe by the songs of hummingbirds
Lifting their melodic voices
to welcome spring.
The aftermath of silence is covered
with explosions of peach and purple hibiscus
that echoes joy throughout nature.

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

A Spring of Sweetness

A Spring so sweet
In time for liveliness

Of blooms and petals
Of love and healing

Of beauty and surroundings
To a world of joy

A song of hope
A song that lifts

Sometimes we forget
The world around us

Stepping outside
Hearing birds surround

What are they saying?
Just as we are

Life is
A mirror of reflection

Natalie Warren

Spring Song

Engaging in bird songs
Brings the season to liveliness

Their rhythm of calls
Mirroring the rise and fall of life

Sun rays glistening over leaves
Shimmering with joyfulness

Tree branches stretching out to greet
Warm welcoming home it feels

Spring song brings a new beginning
A note of beauty that rings in the air

Natalie Warren - Laguna Hills, CA - nataliepwarren@yahoo.com

The warm spring sunshine
Awakens the infant seeds--
Sprouts climb out of bed.

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

Playful Spring: a kyrielle

The Spring sunshine caresses earth
Like a lover. It is the birth
Of green shoots and buds on the trees--
They rustle, kissed by playful breeze.

The chirping birds are such a treat
The grass is moist on my bare feet
The wind plays music on the trees--
They rustle, kissed by playful breeze.

Blue sky above me smiles to see
The new-born Spring surrounding me--
A crown of green leaves on the trees,
They rustle, kissed by playful breeze.

Murmuring brooks laugh in the sun
It seems they're having so much fun
While running through the shade of trees
That rustle, kissed by playful breeze.

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

Baby robins chirp
Their parents bringing them worms
Which they gobble down.

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

Jewel Bush

Around my backyard redbud bush, a vine
Of honeysuckle is intertwined,
A magnet to hummingbirds that I call mine
Because they always come each year.

I love to watch the little jewels dine
Around my redbud bush.
They feed on honeysuckle wine
And dip and dart in a craze

Of ecstasy. They whirl around and flit
As if in an inebriated state
Because they just cannot get enough of it
And come back for more.

In green and cherry pink and fiery red
These little jewels suck
The heavenly nectar and then they head
To the next luscious bloom.

It is like they are hovering jewels there
As they in frenzy feed.
And I can only sit and stare
At this too brief a show.

Emory D. Jones

Rain Regiment

While standing in my living room
I watch a regiment of rain. It sweeps
Across the hills like infantry,
Attacking the dusty crests and tumbling down
Valleys to pause and climb the other sides.

Nearer it approaches with its steady drum,
Marching in ranks and files--
It batters across the asphalt road,
Each drop a shattered diamond in the wind.

My flowers flutter and dance a wild fandango
As it now stalks across my yard
And smashes against my picture window,
A blurry meld of liquid rainbow
It prances on my roof and then is gone.

I walk outside and smell the breath
Of grateful, moist earth--
Greens, yellows, reds, pinks and blues
Are richer for the assault of rain.

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

Daffodils spout sun
Into robin's egg blue sky
Like waving sunshine.

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

The Heron

Listen to chickadees, juncos, and wrens call
out their *good mornings* while river otters
play hide-and-seek and a great blue heron
fishes intently in the shallows. Firs stir

gently in scented breezes as slate-black stones,
volcanic basalt, slide and ring bell-like underfoot.
Choose a stone that weighs less than an apricot.
Flat, oval, it's a perfect fit. Curve your fingers

just so, to fling that stone away, skipping seven,
eight, nine times, dimpling moss-green water
with concentric footprints. When it sinks you'll
feel a kind of vertigo, as though time is standing

still. Choose another stone, curving your hand
around ideas of distant thunder, waves of pre-
historic lava, Earth as timepiece, as the heron
lifts broad, shaggy wings into lightening skies.

Previously published in Homing Pidgeon

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

Sea Charm Cento

Sea charmed, we spoke to fish and nurtured flowers, coaxed
drops from the clouds, salt from the waves. Sea charmed -- all
we can see is water and seaweed; there's that sound absence

makes even before it arrives. Time, honeyed and slow, where
sleep wanders till waking, where sky and moon do meet with
what must be told, not this winged thing only dreamt of.

Oh, silver tree, oh singing tree, oh silver rivers -- the stars
went out and so did the moon, and in the night's dusky air,
an endless street so dark you could not tell where it ended.

About tomorrow, where all paths go? Beyond the rim of day
the wind has undressed the moon, the sky, the sun, the stars.
I have almost forgotten my dream, it was a long time ago,

but dream ships sail away. Sea charm, moon-glimmer: she is
like a nymph for some wild faun. I've know rivers, to the swish
of rain. I've known rivers, only dreamt of, honeyed and slow.

*(Cento sources: words selected from poems by Danusha Laméris,
Kevin Young, Madeline Miller, and Langston Hughes.)*

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

Silvery Sands

Follow a shaded path through fragrant hemlock,
Sitka spruce, and Oregon grape down to the rush
and retreat of sea-water against our patient shore

as amber light glistens golden upon incoming tides,
and tiger beetles and black-tailed deer leave footprints
for us to follow across these silvery sands.

Mussels, slipper snails, butter clams, and periwinkles
lie scattered along the tide line, their shells tangled-up
with pungent sea lettuce, golden sea hair, and ribbon kelp.

Find jet-black, tawny, and cinnamon-red pebbles to hold
in your sandy palms as acrobatic swallows swoop down
low to scoop up bugs, their shadows skipping lightly

over ripening sea-grass, while sandpipers, sanderlings,
and Western gulls call out into the wind, and blue-violet
silver-spots and swallowtails slip into evening's light.

Daphne Clifton - Portland, OR - daphneclifton@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...**

Crepe myrtle bursts forth--
A riot of small flowers
In pink explosion.

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

Bird-watching in the Rain

How to
celebrate this
day? Tell me a story,
take me bird-watching in the rain,
savoring

so many
melodies, sweet
and mellow, lingering
until an osprey tilts into
the clouds

as a
rosy golden
sun slips over the edge
of the world, coloring sea and sky
with amber

evening
light, and then we'll
tuck memories of this
extra-ordinary day into
our dreams.

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

Thank you for submitting, subscribing, and sharing.

beside the creek
black-crowned heron waits
oh my racing mind

Marilyn Grant - Mission Viejo, CA - marilyngrant@cox.net



Gail Denham - booksgal2@gmail.com

Night's Captive

...triolet

Moon bores holes in whip cream clouds
Tries to distract my sad tears
Dark winds howl discordant sounds
Moon bores holes in whip cream clouds
Heart tries to fight the lowering shrouds
Shadows feed the pounding fears
Moon bores holes in whip cream clouds
Tries to distract my sad tears

Gail Denham

Sunset Thoughts

Land cradles the beauty. Twisted
Juniper trunks and skinny pines,
shelter feather ferns; the pole fence,
meant to stop dirt bikes, glows yellow;
a broad old stump (with attitude) gleams.

It's my evening walk on our dirt road.
A pink, purple, orange, bluish sunset
touches even the brush along the path.
I wave at Grace, walking her lab, Sadie.

\
Soon picket fences and wild roses
begin to hum along with the birds' twilight
song. Lava rock piles are shiny. Shadows
turn soft, mellow, while sun slips,
quietly behind our blue-grey mountains.

A breeze blesses my forehead, dries sweat
pillows under my eyes. Deep in nearby
woods, big cats, coyotes, bears maybe,
wait for prowling time. I sense
their eyes, their hunger, and pass quickly.

If I squint and peer close, will I see night
fairies practice their twirls in a darker clearing,
right here, close to our neighborhood?

Scurry sounds make me wonder.

Gail Denham - Bend, OR - booksgal2@gmail.com



Gail Denham - booksgal2@gmail.com

a gray drizzly day
permission to stay indoors
tea kettle whistles

Marilyn Grant - Mission Viejo, CA - marilyngrant@cox.net

Treesongs

A quaking aspen dances in the breeze, rounded leaves
shaking like castanets outside the elk museum,
where we learned that the creatures' velvety antlers
nourish, protect, and act as a summer coolant.

Purple and red huckleberries crop up in forests
near Glacial National Park; we feast on the fruit
in ice cream, cocktails, pies, and jam.

Where trees need fire to thrive, where you can hear
water gusts at Roaring Mountain a mile away,
grazing bison fuel the rainforest's temperate climate.

Colors tantalize--Grand Prismatic Spring's bright orange clay,
stark white steps and sienna terraces at Mammoth Hot Springs
where a big black rock juts out, the scene edged by protective forests.

Ponderosa pine, Western redcedar, paper birch, and larch trees
dot Montana timber country; they conserve energy, clean air,
feed birds, preserve ecosystems, add elements to life-saving drugs.

Steam from geysers, mud pots, and thermophiles
rise in a supervolcano birthed in prehistoric times.

When Canadian wolves were brought back
to Yellowstone Park in '95, the River got bigger,
songbirds returned, and berries grew wild.

White spruces and cottonwoods crowded riverbanks,
their subtle soundscapes sending catkins aflutter,
trumpeting the region's stillness and splendor.

Amy Barone - New York, NY - amybbarone@gmail.com

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

Rings

Timelines, weathervanes, signs of decay,
new tree rings spring each year.

They define struggles with bugs and fire,
age, health, and climate change.

Wide rings sing to a warm wet year;
fine ones mark a cold dry spell.

Adding a new layer of wood to a trunk,
maybe thousands of years old,

Earth's gems are land memories,
the key to a tree's history.

Amy Barone

High Evergreens

Where irises rise and azaleas bloom in spring,
maples sprout in late fall, a forest of 100,000 trees
flanks the Meiji Jingu Shrine in Tokyo.

Volunteers planted over 200 varieties of plants
chosen for endurance; they house rare birds and insects.

Two camphor trees are entwined, connected by a sacred rope.
Singles flock to the duo to pray for love and happiness.

A ginkgo, thought to be over 1200 years old,
adds to the spot's role as a beacon of Shinto faith.

Built for the first modern rulers who worked closely
with other nations, the shrine sits between two conifers
beyond a massive torii gate,

where we could buy amulets, make offerings,
write out wishes or words of gratitude
on a wooden *ema* to hang among others.

Barred from walking through the woodland,
we bow to Japanese custom and view nature from afar,
keeping it protected, close to spirits and gods.

Amy Barone - New York, NY - amybbarone@gmail.com

Bearly

Abruzzo's Brown Bears,
calm creatures who roam
the Apennine Mountains and woodlands,

summer in meadows up high
and sleep on branch mattresses by day,
are at risk of extinction.

Fifty Marsican bears, activists for ecotourism,
remain—to search for beloved Buckthorn berries,
embark on twilight *passegiate*,

near the land of my ancestors
in a grand national park on a tourist-ridden
peninsula that's in hibernation.

Amy Barone - New York, NY - amybbarone@gmail.com

lunch time
the gardener's sandwich
sun-baked

Marilyn Grant - Mission Viejo, CA - marilyngrant@cox.net

Frog Music

This March thaw flows down my spine,
warms spring along my ribs
from the breastbone out.
Lying awake, I inhale this magic:
fingers of rain fondling the earth.
Daffodil blades scalpeling the damp soil.
Deep inside the sodden woods,
mating frogs singing exuberance.
Even the air tastes like cantaloupe.
Curling myself to your body's shape,
breathing the clean smell of your skin--
bathed in this rich darkness,
I bask like an old cat in the sun.

Jane Sasser - Indian Trail, NC - janesasser2@gmail.com

Carl and Carla

Carl and Carla are the cardinal couple
Who winter over in the burning bush
Outside my dining room window

They've done so for the 22 years
I've lived in this 85-year-old house
Where the *Euonymus alatus*
Was the first thing I planted

I should say "a" cardinal couple
In SE Michigan, cardinals live 3-5 years
So the current pair is not the original
Still, the nest and names get passed along

Aware that my own life span
Is approaching its limits
I fret about the fate of plant and birds
When the time comes to sell the house

Real estate law says I can require
That the new owner maintain the bush
And even add a deed restriction
For long-term preservation

Reason says the cost of
Pursuing such arrangements
Would mock any price I could
Sensibly ask for this old house:

A small brick abode as modest
As Carla's buff-colored plumage
Alighting on bare mid-March branch
A bush as immodest in October
As Carl's bright red feathers
Interrupting a gray January day

Cost be damned, shouldn't today's stewards
Extract pledges from tomorrow's keepers?
If people prepare advanced care directives
Why not landscape and avian directives?
A minor legacy, oft multiplied, would be
A major gift to nature's paired progeny

Ann S. Epstein - Ann Arbor, MI - annsepstein@att.net

a lone surfer
rides cresting waves
with the moon

Marilyn Grant - Mission Viejo, CA - marilyngrant@cox.net

Maple Syrup Season

The Maple Woods come alive
Sap begins to rise
Holding close its sweet surprise.
Bit and brace to mine the gold
A driven spigot; a bucket to hold
Syrup season begins to slowly unfold.
Trudging through knee deep snow
Gathering the sweet, early sap flow.
The temperature is 45
Each trip's bounty goes into the tank
Building our savings, much like a bank.
An open pan stands ready to cook
Unique in its style, its size and its look.
Placed on the stove to start the first batch
The cook lights the fire with a flick of a match.
White steam rises in a twisting coil
Sap begins to bubble and boil.
The process is a delicate one
Deciding when the syrup is done
Thermometers are used by some
Hydrometers have lately come
Others use the ways of old
Passed down through practice and stories told
Grateful for the syrup we see
We pay homage to the Maple Tree.

Bryce Luchterhand - Unity, WI - bryceluchterhand@gmail.com

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

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All donations are greatly appreciated, so if you have been enjoying all the Nature poetry, please think about making a small donation. Each year it gets harder and harder to keep our doors open. Thank you for supporting The Avocet and The Weekly Avocet.

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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