

The Weekly Avocet - #704

May 31st, 2026

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

**Palm tree tall and slim
Grows decades without complaint
Unlike humankind.**

Fred Vogt - Laguna Woods, CA - fvogt45@comline.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera



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

Bare Naked Ladies

I'm not sure how you got such a name -- naked ladies,
you don't look naked at all. You do look lily-like, so
resurrection lily fits, rising as you do from the dead ground.
You come out of nowhere in late summer, appear overnight,
pink, purple blooms standing a foot or two tall, stately stems, no leaves.
Here in this neck of the woods, we call you *bare* naked ladies, one,
because we speak redundantly about everything, and two,
because you are unadorned, sexy, scandalous, strutting your stuff,
year after year, petals soft as baby hair, opening toward heaven.

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



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“Writers don’t write from experience, although many are hesitant to admit that they don’t. If you wrote from experience, you’d get maybe one book, maybe three poems. Writers write from empathy.” - Nikki Giovanni

An Unwanted Guest

In the marsh by our house
nest the Sandhill cranes.
A hundred or more
in loud refrain
have joined together
in song and dance
each paired with a mate
in spring romance.

Nearby but apart
are two mute swans.
Brilliantly white
aggressive and strong
the female attends
their unborn brood
occasionally gone
when in need of food.

A few days ago
an unwanted guest
arrived in the marsh
near the other birds' nests.
From his perch he surveys
the scene below.
While biding his time
he puts on a show

for the passersby
who flock to admire
the novelty
of his stately attire.
With bright white head
gold bill and eyes
his intentions are masked
to all but the wise.

Dale K. Nichols - Beverly Shores, IN - nichols-dale@comcast.net

“Any glimpse into the life of an animal quickens our own and makes it so much the larger and better in every way.” - John Muir

The Trees Tell the Story

They line what must have been the drive
leading to the house no longer there.
Like old men caught in the open
they reach out to grab something
that will steady their balance
as the wind catches them
this day on the brink between winter and spring.

In another season, another time,
these trees rustled in the summer breeze.
They anchored the cord that held the clothes,
suspended the swing that sailed the little girl
to faraway dreams.
They shaded the aunts, uncles, cousins
setting off for home after a sunny Sunday dinner.

Exactly what happened here?
What hard edge of life
cut the heart out of this place,
cut the ties that bind man to land?
What made this family want to leave
these trees to grow alone?
Perhaps they simply had it
with the struggle, so they left.
They left and never looked back.

If you choose to hide what has happened,
protect your past,
by all means, knock down the house,
burn the boards, bury the bricks.
But don't forget the trees
for they will tell your story.

Janet McMillan Rives - Oro Valley, AZ - rives@uni.edu

“Poetry is ordinary language raised to the Nth power. Poetry is boned with ideas, nerved and blooded with emotions, all held together by the delicate, tough skin of words.” - Paul Engle

“Without Mother Earth, we are all just homeless.”

Off-Season Sounds

April rain pings against
the flagstone walkway
such a rare sound this time of year
a month wedged midway
between our two rainy seasons.
This is not a pounding summer rain
nor a gentle winter shower
but instead, the kind of weather
one might expect this time of year
elsewhere, moisture
to bring May flowers.

Here on the desert, this gift of rain
won't bring new blooms.
Instead, we'll witness pansies
dwindle, geraniums turn yellow,
snapdragons grow limp.

We welcome rain today
knowing it is barely adequate
to fill the cistern, just enough
to offer lingering plants
one last chance at color
before blazing heat
keeps us from the garden.

Janet McMillan Rives - Oro Valley, AZ - rives@uni.edu

**“Earth provides enough to satisfy every man’s needs, but not every man’s greed.” -
Mahatma Gandhi**

Tornado Tease

Green-light sky,
danger's portend.
Storm-winds
yet no storm--
just an aroma of after-rain.

Susan K. Hagen - Birmingham, AL - shagen@bsc.edu

Spring Elegy

Spring is not supposed to be
the season of loss. Poets
and songsters and artists all
fling their metaphorical arms
wide to take in the sun
and warmed air so they
can rework them into
something bright to toss back
to the world like a
beach ball. I cannot join them.
I tend my chill-resistant,
yellow violas to seek solace,
not to partake of a
sunny moment. I walk
to numb my mind
with the rhythm, not
to admire high, brightened
clouds that float across the
impossible blue beyond them.
This beautiful, illuminated world
is two lives dimmer than
it was. Until enough time
passes, I can imagine only
them, together perhaps, sharing
the shade of some tree
with new leaves topped by sun.

Robert J. Ward - Reading, MA - rjpward@comcast.net

“Excellence is an art won by training and habituation. We do not act rightly because we have virtue or excellence, but we rather have those because we have acted rightly. We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act but a habit.” - Aristotle

Chirping sounds echo
over spring vernal pools
peeper frogs waken

R. Duke Liddell - Valley Stream, NY - dukel@optonline.net

“True freedom comes only from living your own path.” - Robert Frost

What Sedona Says

A rainbow slivers over Cathedral Rock
here, in Sedona, where molecules spin,
buzz up your spine, tingle your scalp, and knock
at the portal of your third eye. Within
each breath you take upon this vortex,
the meditations amidst red towers
cleanse and sharpen your cerebral cortex.
Then you might decide to pass the hours
communing with the great benevolence.
And if the ghost of Edward Abbey flies
as a vulture, or if you have the sense
that a restless spirit from Jerome cries
in the lightning of an afternoon monsoon,
breathe in, be one with each sacred ruin:

With each sacred ruin and cave dwelling,
with each red spiral and divine design,
with each hovering rock and cloud swelling,
with every desolate abandoned mine,
with every crystal, misguided or not,
with every hummingbird and mountain quail,
with the rattlesnake tied neatly in a knot
behind the cactus, and the wind's wail
over spires, through never ending canyons,
along green rivers winding, and sage brush
rippling by its side, sweet smell of pinyons
high upon the great red rocks, the green, lush
surprise near the rim of clouds, then the sun
like a thousand painted ponies on the run.

Like a thousand painted ponies, sunset
thundered through the ever-changing sky.
The wind, rocks, spirits and the rain all met
that night just beneath the moon's cat eye.
Here is what the wind said: Keep moving.
The great red rocks shouted: There's always more.
And the dime store psychic said: Keep grooving.
And the rain whispered: Don't close the store.
They call to the secret shaman that lives
within your heart, the one who remembers
the soul of every living thing, who gives
the earth its sacred space, who numbers
herself among the little lizard, desert doves,
among every creature that she loves.

Christine Swanberg

Nothing in Nature Dismisses

The lily does not dismiss the sun.
The cardinal does not ignore its mate's call.

The trees have no choice but to obey the wind.
The rain responds to the clouds.

The dog does not roll its eyes when spoken to.
The cat's detachment is not a choice.

Nothing in nature dismisses the other.
Only humans dismiss.

The lilac does not refuse to lend its fragrance to the May breeze.
The maple does not choose to keep its leaves when fall arrives.

The sun is not selfish nor does it eclipse for spite.
The moon does not refuse to reflect the sun.

Christine Swanberg

Why I Ride

It is good
to trot beside the goldfinches
that scatter from fences,
to balance while beneath you
the horse races flushed ahead,
to know how to jump over logs,
the comfort of old leather,
to have strong thighs,
to know the names and places of egrets, nuthatches and herons,
when there will be trillium near the river,
to seek the fox and fawn as friends,
to gather rosehips and chamomile when the stalks are dry,
to make horse tracks in the snow,
to ride a buck,
to fall off and get on again,
to know something of Pegasus
and the nameless sound
that glides through wheat fields.

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

Poetry is everywhere, in everyone...

Dream Vacation

The dead volcano lies off Maui's coast,
An easy voyage by catamaran.
One half of the caldera has collapsed
To form a clear pool full of neon fish.

My daughter and I snorkel to the lip,
And, treading water, are abandoned there.
At head-height, the Pacific justly vast,
We duck beneath the surface and we see

The crumbled lip that falls off like a cliff
Where far below dim shapes dissolve like smoke.
The water sends a summons from the depths,
From primal memory the tourist lacks,

The silent, unseen current starts to draw
My child, unknowing, alien, and small
Across the scree and down into the cold.
I hope she cannot recognize the dread,

With which I clutch her disappearing arm,
The soundless scream that, damning god, demands
He give her back from darkness for a time,
Till, trembling, I turn her toward the boat,

And as we leave the shadow of the rocks,
And cross the winking stillness of the sea,
Can she sense falsehood in my confidence,
As I sip Mai Tais now she's safe on board?

John Maclean - Croton-on-Hudson, NY - j.maclean3@verizon.net

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

I am the Avocet

I stalk stiff stilted in verdant wetlands
silently stretching each sinuous leg
searching crustaceans deep in the sands
striking my bill like a murderous peg.

R. Duke Liddell - Valley Stream, NY - dukel@optonline.net

Spring Thaw

Winter and spring, like to giants
tug at one another wresting for control
freezing then thawing the slumbering forest.
On the mountainside sits a giant boulder
in angle of repose
its granite head thrust outward
through tons of rock, as if to take a peek.
At sunrise this iconic figure frames
a silhouette, a one horned buffalo
later amidst evening shadows
its shape conjures the imagination
a shaggy headed man with cocked arm emerges
beckoning to hikers far below.
On this spring morning the mountain begins to thaw,
sounds of cracking, groaning ice echo across frigid ponds,
slowly the warmth of sunlight melts icebound buds
releasing them from winters bondage,
drop by sparkling drop, flow silent tears of freedom.
Trees, bent by winters tenure, their leafless bows
reach skyward to begin their slow ascent.
Today, the mighty boulder, icon of icons
will slowly lose its angle of repose
plummeting down the wooded hillside
to rest within a gully far from any view
Spring thaw has won... at least until the fall.

R. Duke Liddell - Malverne, NY - dukel@optonline.net

Spring Tree Song

for my granddaughter

Dance with the mom-and-child swinging
sitting in the tier hanging,

a squirrel watches from the bough
happy for their return, miss the stolen game though,
see the tears of the tree in delight
hear the whisper of melting snow polite,
what does sunbeam say to the tree
set on fire of star-shine glee?

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

Observers

I stand at my window and observe two gray doves
on the tilt of the roof dressed in pink from the rising sun.
In the trees chattering birds yo-yo along the barks, their
sharp black eyes scanning the dark recesses. As tails disappear
between the branches others skip over the lawn
picking bits of straw and twigs, transporting all to a selected site.

I can hear faint chirping,
curious, I walk under the tree,
as small open beaks become visible agitated birds dive at my head.
The roof doves, feathers darkened from the sun slipping down
alight on a nearby limb and glare.
Do they know it was me at the window?

Dolores Cinquemani - Central Islip, NY - dcinquemani@optonline.net

Turtle

A new sun lifts the morning chill.
I drink the tranquility even as we stir it,
my crunchy steps and furry flash of yellow dog whipping his stick.

The long canal of dark blue water cuts the land into banks,
its breezy surface sheered like the back of a sheep.
Mists hover, pine-tree shadows like long dark hair spill over the bank.

A mud-green baby turtle lies on the path
helpless on her back, in a cloud of gnats.

My dog sniffs. I look for a stick to help her.
She chomps the stick! Flips over. The dog backs up with worried eyes.

The tiny turtle commands respect.
What a feisty hold on life!
I nudge her for her own good into the water.

Oh, to be inside her kind of shell
with that wild snap that turns us all gentle.

Yellow dog and I press on.
I take her with me in my heart.

Cynthia Chadwick Linkas - Hamilton, MA - linkas9@gmail.com

Buzz on, O Honeybees! Buzz on!

Despite diminishing resources, disappearing habitat,
exposure to parasites and pesticides,
infection Foulbrood leading to colony collapse
decimating half of existing hives, honeybees now gain reprieve
through application of Dalen Animal Health prophylactic,
approved by US Department of Agriculture,
a safe version of paenibacillus larvae to
protect offspring immune system,
permitting continual free foraging to pollinate a third of our food.

While buildings decay, nations crumble into dust,
humble honeybees keep pollinating our food
providing energy dense, nutritionally rich preservative,
antibacterial salve, upper respiratory clearative,
with journeys day after day from flower to flower
surrendering to longing to submit to something
larger than selves, a choice to squeeze out
this or that bright nectar for hive and community,
endowing regular forays into nature most worthy.

Diane Tehrani - Portland, OR - tehranid@pdx.edu

Praise for Morning Glories

You populate a poor man's
flower garden, sprouting, persisting
here and there with little or no attention.
You vine and twine your way around
and climb whatever plant or post
will lend assistance to grow higher,
reaching toward the sun.
Your multi-colored blooms trumpet
sunshine and warmth, spread little cups
of cheer, secure my admiration.
You remind me of a squirrel
climbing a fence post to perch
on top, bask in higher sunshine
and strike a pose worthy
of a photographer's snapshot.

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

My Passionate Affair

At first,
I didn't kiss the daffodils
I touched each petal
slowly with my fingers
I slowly picked
bunches of Lilies of the Valley
held their blossoms
close to my face
I breathed in slowly
holding the deep aroma
of their fragrance
until my lungs gasped for air
wild violets beckoned to me
to come closer, lie down with them
in the soft warm green grass
ferns danced wildly in the breeze
tickling my ankles
giving me goosebumps
purple iris's opened their wombs
tall red poppies reached out
took my hands
a trellis of clematis whispered,
"tie my loose strands
don't let them fall"
every new bloom begged
to be caressed, and I,
like a long-lost lover
awakened
from a deep cold sleep
am now alive, making love
with spring

(Previously published in Last Stanza Poetry Journal)

Rita Yager - Deerfield, IL - yagojohn@aol.com

abandoned garden
scruffy shrubs, unkempt lawn--
snowdrops and crocus

Jack Maze

“Poetry is an act of peace.” - Pablo Neruda

Cousins

Agile in the extreme,
squirrels are birds
without wings.

Nesting,
topmost branches cradle
bulging aerie abodes.

Braver than birds,
leaping from floating
tree limb to tree limb.
Diving directly
into thinnest air.

Tiniest paws
clasped atop deeply furred cloaks,
blowing freely in red-hot
or cold-blue breezes;
they are out and ever about.

Cousins of the air
I feed them,
alongside the many birds.
Myriad mixes of seed,
cracked corn,
peanut butter smeared thickly
over whole wheat seeded bread.

Creatures great
and yet small,
landing safely within my heart,
the wide year long.

Edwina Kadera - Warrenville, IL - ekadera@yahoo.com

horsetails
growing in a crack in asphalt--
paved urban lane

Jack Maze

Better Place, the Forest

My sister has chosen her final resting place
and it is regenerative like the season of spring:
Better Place Forests of Litchfield Hills, Connecticut.

She purchased her memorial tree, a young Red Maple,
in this 130-acre forest preserve in the northwest hills.
Her ashes will be mixed with soil and placed at its foot
then absorbed to become part of its sustaining roots and earth.

My sister, hale and in her fifties, was profoundly impressed
by the peaceful vibe when led by her guide
through a verdant glade that met small stands of trees.
On her very first visit she opted for eternal rest
in this protected ecosystem, undeveloped habitat
that supports wildlife like the scarlet tanager, white-tailed deer,
bobcat, wood duck and flora such as red oak, chestnut oak,
milkweed, mountain laurel.

I applaud my Sis for following her gut, indulging her foresight
to choose to *truly* rest in peace;
to support the protective restorative efforts of the crew
of *Better Place Forests*;
to be *content* with the knowledge she will always be renewed
along with her young Red Maple...

*Ashes in death are now promised an afterlife
in concert with each coming spring.*

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

Please be kind, write to each other...

**Please feel free to share The Weekly Avocet with
all those you know who love Nature poetry.
Thank you!**

Robert Frost never considered himself a nature poet. He considered himself a parabolist and that nature was the perfect setting to teach some truth about the human experience.

The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

"**The Road Not Taken**" is a poem by Robert Frost, published in 1916 as the first poem in the collection *Mountain Interval*. The poem may be the most widely recognized of all poems.^[1]

History

Frost spent the years 1912 to 1915 in England, where among his acquaintances was the writer Edward Thomas. Thomas and Frost became close friends and took many walks together. After Frost returned to New Hampshire in 1915, he sent Thomas an advance copy of "The Road Not Taken."^[2] The poem was intended by Frost as a gentle mocking of indecision, particularly the indecision that Thomas had shown on their many walks together. Frost later expressed chagrin that most audiences took the poem more seriously than he had intended; in particular, Thomas took it seriously and personally, and it may have been the last straw in Thomas' decision to enlist in World War I.^[2] Thomas was killed two years later in the Battle of Arras.

Analysis

"The Road Not Taken" is a narrative poem consisting of four stanzas of 5 lines each in iambic tetrameter (though it is hypermetric by one beat – there are nine syllables per line instead of the strict eight required for tetrameter) and is one of Frost's most popular works. Besides being among the best known poems, some claim that it is one of the most misunderstood.^[3]

Frost's biographer Lawrance Thompson is cited as saying that the poem's narrator is "one who habitually wastes energy in regretting any choice made: belatedly but wistfully he sighs over the attractive alternative rejected."^[4] According to the Thompson biography, Robert Frost: The Years of Triumph (1971), in his introduction in readings to the public, Frost would say that the speaker was based on his friend Edward Thomas. In Frost's words, Thomas was "a person who, whichever road he went, would be sorry he didn't go the other."^[5]

While a case could be made for the sigh being one of satisfaction, the critical 'regret' analysis supports the interpretation that this poem is about the human tendency to look back and attribute blame to minor events in one's life, or to attribute more meaning to things than they may deserve.^[6] In 1961, Frost commented that "The Road Not Taken" is "a tricky poem, very tricky" implying that people generally misinterpret this poem as evidence of the benefit of free thinking and not following the crowd, while Frost's intention was to comment about indecision and people finding meaning in inconsequential decisions.^[7] A New York Times Sunday book review on Brian Hall's 2008 biography Fall of Frost states: "Whichever way they go, they're sure to miss something good on the other path."^[8]

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Road_Not_Taken

Summary

The speaker stands in the woods, considering a fork in the road. Both ways are equally worn and equally overlaid with un-trodden leaves. The speaker chooses one, telling himself that he will take the other another day. Yet he knows it is unlikely that he will have the opportunity to do so. And he admits that someday in the future he will recreate the scene with a slight twist: He will claim that he took the less-traveled road.

Form

"The Road Not Taken" consists of four stanzas of five lines. The rhyme scheme is ABAAB; the rhymes are strict and masculine, with the notable exception of the last line (we do not usually stress the *-ence* of *difference*). There are four stressed syllables per line, varying on an iambic tetrameter base.

Commentary

This has got to be among the best-known, most-often-misunderstood poems on the planet. Several generations of careless readers have turned it into a piece of Hallmark happy-graduation-

son, seize-the-future puffery. Cursed with a perfect marriage of form and content, arresting phrase wrought from simple words, and resonant metaphor, it seems as if “The Road Not Taken” gets memorized without really being read. For this it has died the cliché’s un-death of trivial immortality.

But you yourself can resurrect it from zombie-hood by reading it—not with imagination, even, but simply with accuracy. Of the two roads the speaker says “the passing there / Had worn them really about the same.” In fact, both roads “that morning lay / In leaves no step had trodden black.” Meaning: Neither of the roads is less traveled by. These are the facts; we cannot justifiably ignore the reverberations they send through the easy aphorisms of the last two stanzas. One of the attractions of the poem is its archetypal dilemma, one that we instantly recognize because each of us encounters it innumerable times, both literally and figuratively. Paths in the woods and forks in roads are ancient and deep-seated metaphors for the lifeline, its crises and decisions. Identical forks, in particular, symbolize for us the nexus of free will and fate: We are free to choose, but we do not really know beforehand what we are choosing between. Our route is, thus, determined by an accretion of choice and chance, and it is impossible to separate the two.

This poem does not advise. It does not say, “When you come to a fork in the road, study the footprints and take the road less traveled by” (or even, as Yogi Berra enigmatically quipped, “When you come to a fork in the road, take it”). Frost’s focus is more complicated. First, there *is* no less-traveled road in this poem; it isn’t even an option. Next, the poem seems more concerned with the question of how the concrete present (yellow woods, grassy roads covered in fallen leaves) will look from a future vantage point.

The ironic tone is inescapable: “I shall be telling this with a sigh / Somewhere ages and ages hence.” The speaker anticipates his own future insincerity—his need, later on in life, to rearrange the facts and inject a dose of Lone Ranger into the account. He knows that he will be inaccurate, at best, or hypocritical, at worst, when he holds his life up as an example. In fact, he predicts that his future self will betray this moment of decision as if the betrayal were *inevitable*. This realization is ironic and poignantly pathetic. But the “sigh” is critical. The speaker will not, in his old age, merely gather the youth about him and say, “Do what I did, kiddies. I stuck to my guns, took the road less traveled by, and that has made all the difference.” Rather, he may say this, but he will sigh first; for he won’t believe it himself. Somewhere in the back of his mind will remain the image of yellow woods and two equally leafy paths.

Ironic as it is, this is also a poem infused with the anticipation of remorse. Its title is not “The Road Less Traveled” but “The Road Not Taken.” Even as he makes a choice (a choice he is forced to make if does not want to stand forever in the woods, one for which he has no real guide or definitive basis for decision-making), the speaker knows that he will second-guess himself somewhere down the line—or at the very least he will wonder at what is irrevocably lost: the impossible, unknowable Other Path. But the nature of the decision is such that there is no Right Path—just the chosen path and the other path. What are sighed for ages and ages hence are not so much the wrong decisions as the moments of decision themselves—moments that, one atop the other, mark the passing of a life. This is the more primal strain of remorse.

Thus, to add a further level of irony, the theme of the poem may, after all, be “seize the day.” But a more nuanced *carpe diem*, if you please.

<http://www.sparknotes.com/poetry/frost/section7.rhtml>

Why Robert Frost took the road less traveled

An Personal Analysis of the Road not Taken

What do his words really mean to me?

“The two roads diverged in a wood, and I, I took the one less traveled by and that has made all the difference.” - Robert Frost (The road not taken)

After reading this poem a few times, it is right for one to wonder what exactly Frost was thinking when he etched these simple yet convincing words onto his paper. This poem has become a source of inspiration for millions who look to his words as a way of being ‘adventurous’. I think that Frost’s message for us goes deeper than just adventure. I think that he realized much about life, and the path that it has set for us.

The above excerpt presents the reader with a choice between two separate paths. Both leading to different outcomes. The first path, the most taken. Is trusted, tried, and true. We know that it is safe, and leads to ease of living. The second path, is not tested. Few take the path because there are unforeseen obstacles lurking in the shadows.

Frost, expressed how he took the road less taken. One he knew would be more difficult. One he knew would have ups and downs. One he also knew would be an adventure. A journey of a life.

I find his concluding statement in that sentence to be the most inspiring. “That has made all the difference.” To me, Frost’s statement here is a statement of rejoice. Expressing gratitude for all the turmoil and challenges that life has thrown at him. He could have lived the easy life, he could have settled for something less, but he didn’t. He went above and beyond. He tested himself, and he was a better man for it.

Frost is known for the last two lines of his poem, but there are other great one liners, such as “long I stood” or “sorry that I could not travel both.” Even the two lines, “Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back,” express his deepest thoughts and convictions. See, I think that Frost knew the consequences of his decision. Every life decision has consequences. He stood long pondering for he knew that his decision would be final. We cannot choose two paths in life. We must choose the one we see fit and do our best to make it work. As he said, “way leads on to way,” not everything in life is an end, but everything builds off of something else. He also knew that once he exposed himself to the untamed, he’d never be able to return to simplicity.

In many ways, I think that travelers face the same dilemmas. We are often torn between choosing a life path that best suits us. On the one hand, we see what average people in society do. On the other, we see a destiny of dreams before us. We see everything that we have ever

dreamed of being and more. It is just often difficult to work towards, which is why we ‘stand’ for so “long” pondering our outcomes. When we pursue our dreams at full speed, we know that we can never return. We can never recapture the simplicity and innocence of life. We are exposed to a different dimension. We doubt if we should ever come back.

Frost’s message is a powerful one. The two paths can represent a number of things metaphorically. Perhaps, Frost knew that pursuing the more traveled road would be living someone else’s life. Not his own.

He realized that life wouldn’t be as easy. He knew that there would be new challenges and obstacles along the way. Frost also knew that his new path would lead to personal glory. He realized what few ever do: *true freedom comes only from living your own path.*

The beautiful thing about writing and poetry is that the meaning will change depending on who is reading the words. Much like art, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. We interpret our current life by using our past experiences. *Frost’s words speak to me in a certain way, how do they speak to you?*

<http://www.backpackingdiplomacy.com/why-robert-frost-took-the-road-less-traveled/>

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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