

# The Weekly Avocet - #706

## June 14<sup>th</sup>, 2026

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

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

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



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

# Next Sunday starts Summer...

## Thank you Spring for being so sweet!!!

### Under June's First Moon

*Also known as the HOT, MAD Moon of June*

I'm over the moon, it's officially June! A bright summer starts with a shift to nighttime under twinkling stars with stargazing. Just in time to see the last full moon of Spring, heralding in the start of summer heat with this hot moon. The Strawberry Moon is named after the season's fruit harvest and its rose glow. We celebrate by dancing under the romantic nightlight. Our favorite time of year. We heat up in full bloom with this giant moon. Lunar life illuminates the fullness of the season and reasons to continue to celebrate this glorious desert heat. The red-hot moon holds summer secrets.

The Moon chooses to show its MAD face first. Under the setting red moon, a fire ignited. Quickly, the desert was ablaze. Saguaro Highway had fires and flames on both sides, forcing it to close in both directions. A terrifying site from our balcony the silhouette of desert life being burned all along the highway. Saguaro Cacti arms up and like sentries trying to hold back the advancing, roaring blaze. The sun blocked from view by heavy, thick smog filled with pieces of the desert that flew. It stopped life in its tracks and burned everything in its path. Planes poured down a pink covering hoping to stop the advancing destruction.

Our favorite song was still playing but we were not dancing. We were hiding from toxic fumes and poison air. We were holding each other tight wishing we could go back in time just one night, when the moon was full of its rose glow shining down, with its happy face encouraging rapid embrace and lush tastes. The Strawberry Moon's red glow had turned into a harrowing night fury. Immense heat filled the morning's sky, without letting up. The opposite of a glorious season. Under The Strawberry Moon, June was set off in a blast of fire and flames. Under the red, hot, mad moon there's plenty of room for blame but first we must wait until we can see the sun again.

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

A goldfinch loops by,  
intent on his many errands--  
a postscript to Spring.

Daphne Clifton - Portland, OR - [daphneclifton@gmail.com](mailto:daphneclifton@gmail.com)

**“My dandelion heart is bursting with happiness.” - Vivian Portolano**

### **Yellow Flowers of Sunshine**

Off to Poppy’s house we go!  
We’ve come to see him all the way  
from far away Arizona to New York.  
The dogs can’t wait to play in his yard.  
The many weeds high and proud.

And I can’t wait to see the dandelions  
that spread themselves across his lawn  
beautiful little flowers of yellow sunshine.  
Maybe, Poppy and I can find a white one  
and make a wish on it together,  
just like I used to do with Grandma.  
She so loved dandelions, after all,  
one of the few things she and Poppy agreed on,  
was that they weren’t weeds, but flowers.

We’re pulling up to his house and I press  
my face to the window so excited to see  
and my hearts falls at the sight I witness.  
Poppy’s lawn is now perfectly trimmed,  
the grass cut to all the same height where  
no pretty weeds or dandelions are among  
the brown to green grass, exiled from sight.

My aunts must have had the lawn  
taken care of while Poppy was sick.  
Did they forget how Grandma sent them  
to pick the dandelion’s yellow heads as children,  
so she wouldn’t have to cut the stems?  
Did they think of the weeds or hear the dandelions  
cry out when they were cut down, their lives ended?

If I had a dandelion to make a wish on, I’d wish for them back.  
Seeing Poppy’s frown now at the sight of his front yard  
I know he’d make that wish with me. Grandma would have, too.  
After all, what’s a dandelion ever done to hurt anyone?

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

**“One person’s weed is another person’s flower.” - Valerie Portolano**

## Wind Castle

It is a waste land  
Where only the wind speaks,  
Whispers across the sands.

Wind-sculpted spires  
Rise from orange rock  
Pointing purple shadow-fingers  
Around a giant natural sundial.

Sandstone turrets rise on canyon cliffs,  
Bastions of the Anastasia  
In a desert wilderness.

Sand scoured caves  
Stare with unblinking eyes  
At the dancing wind-devils.

It is a red, blue, orange, and purple world  
Worthy of Georgia's brush.

Emory Jones - pianot@bellsouth.net

## The Courtyard

Queen Lilies preen in the morning dew,  
They're holding royal court in my back yard  
With daisies and pansies making sweet debut  
While multicolored roses stand around,  
From delicate pinks and yellows to fiery hue  
Against the lush dark green of new-mown grass  
A natural scene that is beautiful to view—  
Queen Lilies preen in the morning dew.

On this spring day, the sky is gorgeous blue  
Reflected in the pond as still as glass  
So full of water lilies that you knew  
That they could form a flower crown

They're holding royal court in my back yard,  
A flower kingdom that we hardly knew,  
Queen lilies preen in the morning dew.

Emory Jones - pianot@bellsouth.net

## To Be Stoic In Plague Times

Oak wilt is fatal, a tiny unseen fungus.  
The oaks are strong, uncomplaining.  
They die and fall, die and fall.  
They were my cathedral.  
Now in their silence, they scribe  
The verses of dignity in plague time.

The old oak does not move an inch  
As a two-hundred-year-old friend  
That lived its entire life nearby  
Falls gracefully, drawn back to earth, mother,  
To nourish the next life;  
Dignity in plague time, stoic.

On entering a stand, the wilt reaps its harvest.  
Most of the oaks of the stand will die,  
As once infected there is no saving them.  
They live every day until they die, then

Yielding nobly, they sound their barbaric yawp\*  
With a thunderous blow and a towering fall.

A new future awaits, but still, I cry.  
They were my cathedral.

*(\*W. Whitman, Song of Myself; "I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world")  
(For the last 10 years an unseen fungus, generally called "Oak Wilt" has spread through the oak tree forests around me. It is a bitter pill, that the fungus, just like our virus, are part of nature as much as anything else. They bring death and make way for new life I guess, but I still mourn the loss. Once infected the tree dies, the illness is fatal and very contagious. Red Oaks are more susceptible than White Oaks. The forest I walk through so frequently has been forever changed by this. I have watched over the last ten years as most of the oaks fell. They cover the forest floor like huge dropped matchsticks. Most are already dead, but after dying it takes a few years for them to fall. One just came crashing down last week in the high winds. I'm sure they are nourishing a new forest, and the small trees are all visible and growing. The other main species in this forest are Hickory, Maple and Black Cherry. I can't help think about these trees and the illness they have (mostly unsuccessfully) battled, and also the Emerald Ash Borer that is in the process of killing all the Ash trees in Wisconsin, and comparing the trees experience to our experience with the virus that is currently stalking us. It's not a particularly cheery poem, but there are still so many things that I am cheery about and thankful for, so I will try to write a poem about that also sometime.)*

Jason Talbot - Sussex, WI - jwta1bot@live.com

A goldfinch loops by,  
intent on his many errands--  
a postscript to Spring.

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

### **Mockingbird**

You rise with me in the predawn  
sky so gray that the rooftops barely  
etch the clouds, moon just slipping  
into the cedar ridge and yet you rise

with first song, a trilling medley of  
everything you know and I wonder if  
you choose or simply sing, the spill  
of notes some benediction for the day.

What stirs you in the still dark to come  
and dance the ridge pole, to pour out  
every bird from one throat? Do you call  
them, an awakening cockerel when

there is none to shatter the dawn and  
start the day? There is nothing to do now  
but await first light, that time of day between  
moon set and sun's rise, but you fill the space

and pose cascading possibilities, now robin,  
now dickcissel, chickadee, cardinal and countless  
others you've imagined as you chant.  
To you then, herald of the morning, hear, hear.

Pat Anthony - Fontana, KS - metpvan@gmail.com

**Please share The Weekly Avocet with all those you know who love  
Nature poetry. Please spread the word! Thank you!**

**“Anybody who doesn’t see the impact of climate change is really, and I would say, myopic. They don’t see the reality. It’s so evident that we are destroying Mother Earth. This is not the problem of one country or a few countries: it is the problem of mankind. We need to work together to stop this. Otherwise, our future generations will simply disappear.” Juan Manuel Santos**

Reaching up, a young rabbit  
finds the tenderest fig leaves, then  
nibbles them contentedly.

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### **Egret's Return**

Our great egret has returned from Winter migration.  
It's black legs, long white plumes, and short fluffy feathers  
bring joy to all who observe our familiar neighbor.

Regally, she saunters down a sidewalk  
or over landscaping in search of lizards.  
Spotting one on the bark of a tree, she advances ever so slowly.

The lizard, sensing he is in danger, tenses into flight mode.

Stopping just within snatching range, she remains perfectly still  
and stares at him for what seems like thirty seconds or more.  
Her long neck begins to sway and gyrate  
like a cobra dancing and writhing to a flute's music.  
Yet, her head remains statue-like, frozen in time.

The lizard, believing this is only something blowing in the wind,  
fatally relaxes his tense body.

Simultaneously, her head spears forward.  
Her sharp yellow bill deftly plucks him up.  
A quick flick of her head lands him in her mouth.  
Only his hind legs are visible struggling to grip the air.  
One more flick, and he is gone.

She continues her regal walk in search of her next treat  
as we watch in wonder, completely enthralled.

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

In an overheard conversation,  
the littlest bird has the last word--  
crow and hummingbird.

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## A Gaggle's Farewell

He lay dying.

His gaggle stood twelve feet away,  
every eye staring at him  
in hopes that he would miraculously fly.

A singular honk came from the group's center.  
He answered weakly.  
Another honk came from the left.  
A weaker answer.  
Still one more honk came from the right.  
No answer.

He stretched out his wings  
in mighty effort and flapped.

The Canadian goose rose  
six inches off the grass,  
but his head remained grounded.

He tried to flap once more but  
it did not lift him up.

They all stood at attention.

A very weak honk to the gaggle  
came through his broken neck  
as his eye lids slowly crept shut.

Seeming to know the exact moment of death,  
the gaggle turned in unison and  
marched slowly away.

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backlit magnolia  
white petals brightly shining  
morning traffic

Jack Maze - Vancouver, B. C., Canada - [erry@shaw.ca](mailto:erry@shaw.ca)

Earth, it is your day  
a rebirth of green and kind memories  
of all we had forgotten

Vera Haldy-Regier - Hastings-on-Hudson, NY - veritaldy88@gmail.com

### **Summer Plenitude**

Spring laid her shy and gentle hand  
on the roses of summer,  
coaxing buds into fragrant unfolding  
towards a newly nourishing light

Yet there is faint melancholy  
in the blossoming of fullness  
as it abandons  
the faint pulse of promise

For in promise is infinitude,  
A door open to all possibilities:  
A bud stilled in late frost  
Or love in full bloom

The pleasure of plenitude  
waits in the wings of spring's stage--  
bursts into the moist green of pasture grass,  
the chestnut's proud white candles of radiance  
and the voluptuous pink peonies  
that seduce all my senses

Summer is promise fulfilled:  
hunger sated for lush lavish months;  
anticipation has awakened from dreams  
to stretch and lean lazily  
into this June morning of radiant fullness.

Vera Haldy-Regier - Hastings-on-Hudson, NY - veritaldy88@gmail.com

Wandering lost among low-hung trees  
universe whispered that shelter was everywhere  
beneath each bough bending my way

Vera Haldy-Regier - Hastings-on-Hudson, NY - veritaldy88@gmail.com

## June Transpiration

Cobweb,  
Moth, Mustardseed,  
and PeaseBlossom,  
enchanters of stones and herbs,  
oft knavery and roguery--  
you fair folk, as the Welsh knew  
of the *tylwyth teg*--

atop robins' wings  
piercing the last  
breeze of Spring--  
you sun-dappled  
the pavement and  
cloaked me in  
an arc of iridescence.

Escorts to steaming June  
between the sidewalk  
and the sycamore--  
an air shower  
of fairy fern dust,  
a pale touch  
of moss-tinted dew.

A canopy conjured,  
a tree's kiss--  
for this mere mortal  
aboral evapotranspiration--  
an infinite infusion  
in green perspiration.

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**Please be kind, write to each other...**

sea spray...  
dolphins gather bits  
of sun

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## Beyond the Limits

When the stresses of this world start to be too much,  
get away from the hustle and bustle of it all.

Once you get out of your vehicle,  
and step from the concrete to grass,  
leave your stress within those city lines.

As you look skyward  
at the top of the trees,  
take in that first of many  
deep breathes of fresh air.

Look around.

There are no buildings in sight,  
only Mother Nature's beauty.  
There is no traffic to be heard,  
only Mother Nature's sound.

Take the time to enjoy  
the peacefulness around,  
and the vibrant colors  
that all too often  
are not given a second thought  
from within those city limits.

When the stresses of this world start to be too much,  
get away from the hustle and bustle of it all.

Once you get out of your vehicle,  
step from the concrete to grass,  
leave your stress within those city lines.

Amy Hrynchuk - Alberta, Canada - ahrynchuk\_poetry@yahoo.ca

## Poetry is everywhere, in everyone...

early sunrise...  
beads of water  
in the gosling's fluff

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**Poetry - 1a: verse. b: the production of a poet: poems. 2a: writing in a language chosen to create a specific emotional response through meaning, sound, and rhythm. b: a poem communicating to the reader the sense of a complete emotional experience, of having a complete emotional response when the reader finishes the poem. 3a: a quality that stirs the imagination. b: a quality of spontaneity and grace (her dancing is pure poetry).**

### **The Doe**

steps down to the creek on silent silken hooves,  
bends her graceful neck and drinks, unafraid.  
She has come to know I am no threat.  
Perfectly still, I sit on the stone wall facing west,  
watching sundown backlighting the trees,  
rouging the creek. She drinks a baptism  
of light for the new life she carries within.  
Her time must be close, her belly  
as big as the laughing Buddha's.  
Thirst quenched, she turns and in parting,  
looks my way. Be safe, dear one, I whisper.

Days, then weeks go by with so sign of her.  
She must have fawned by now, but what do I know?  
Anxious as a mother with a wild child, tormented  
by her absence, I search the roadsides on my way  
to and from each day, fear of finding her broken  
body my unmerciful companion. What madness  
is this? She's a creature of the wild.

One work-worn day, while driving down our  
rutted lane, I see movement in the thicket.  
Out she steps, her fawn following, a spotted  
miniature so lovely I am moved to tears,  
my relief as great as if I had given birth myself.

I round the bend, astonished by the scene  
unfolding. Our once feral mama cat  
leans into the back-door screen, her nose  
pressed to the nose of a second fawn  
on curled knees before her.  
Oh, consider the arithmetic of life,  
its sweet perfection squared.

Lynn Palumbo - Knoxville, TN - [lynnpsychotherapist@gmail.com](mailto:lynnpsychotherapist@gmail.com)

### **the glorious valleys, one two three**

there were three valleys, each with its own river, all emanating  
from one mountain, three glorious valleys, one two three

the first valley was full of evergreens, the second full of  
hardwoods, and the third full of fruit trees

one day a wayward spark started a fire in the middle valley,  
spreading steadily and threatening the hardwood valley

smoke and flames rose, the animals began to run, and the smoke  
could be seen from the mountain and all the valleys

and then in a miracle the two outer rivers somehow, somehow  
redirected their waters, all their waters, to the middle valley

and in this miraculous way the flames were doused, the fire was  
swept from the middle valley, and the animals returned

but the story doesn't end there because the rivers' waters then  
all returned to their own valleys and all three again flowed calmly

but the story doesn't even end there, for in the mixing of  
the waters from valley over to valley, new tree seeds were carried

and in ensuing years and decades and centuries  
the trees in the valleys were thoroughly mixed

and all three valleys had evergreens and all three had hardwoods and  
all three had fruit trees and all three drew all the animals

and the story doesn't even end there because it's an unending story  
and you kind reader are free, you kind, kind reader are free

you are free to add to the story and to take the story wherever it  
goes, and take to the valleys yourself

take to the glorious valleys  
one two three

Ian M. Shapiro - Ithaca, NY - [imshapiro@taitem.com](mailto:imshapiro@taitem.com)

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

**“... poetry and our close reading of it demand that we focus our thinking, pay attention with all our senses, and grow in imagination. Healing our relationship to the earth demands exactly the same.” - Scott Knickerbocker**

### **Tapping on my window**

Cool water in the birdbath all  
summer long for our Avian friends  
so, I can watch the different birds  
fly down and splash around  
then take flight to be soon out of sight,  
but each day there on the high,  
massive branch of the old oak tree waits  
a big, black crow, (a male by the size of it),  
patiently, ever watchful, taking everything in,  
but by mid-morning, it's his moment  
to descend to drink his share--always  
staring at me with his keen, shiny eyes  
all the while his drinks, studying me--  
stopping on this day to fluff out  
those glossy, black feathers of his,  
spreading out his wings and fan-tipped tail,  
then bowing repeatedly as if thanking me.

Now I wait all morning for his tap,  
tap, tap upon my windowpane  
for there he waits on the windowsill  
for unshelled peanuts, his favorite,  
with his long, descending “caaaaaw,”  
he waits to study my face, my smile, my mood--  
always with his beady, black eyes dwelling  
deep into mine, searching to understand me,  
before ever pecking through the shells  
to retrieve his favorite, tasty treat  
and when he is done, he pushes the shells off,  
then he struts his stuff, fluffs out his feathers  
takes a bow or two to thank me for the peanuts  
before flying off to dip and drink  
in the cool water of the birdbath,  
then he circles around overhead before  
he takes flight off into the unknown.

I wait all morning for his tap,  
tap, tap upon my windowpane  
for now this crow knows I will not  
harm him and I know not to touch him  
for he is wild, and wants to remain wild,  
so having words with a wild one  
who looks deep into my eyes  
searching to understand the soul,  
the meanness of most men is wild  
for this crow knows men only bring  
harm and pain to those of his kind, so,  
I know this is a gift given to only a few,  
as we “caaw” away on this golden morning,  
me in awe of this friendship, his trust, I see  
there between his legs, a big, black, shiny  
shirt button waiting for me on the windowsill,  
he studies my face, my smile, my mood...

Charles Portolano

### **A river that flowed**

In my lifetime,  
not that many years ago,  
when I was young  
this river ran wild, free...

We fished this spot,  
its shoreline lush with life.  
How long ago  
did this river last flow,  
not that many years ago,  
its high banks showed it  
ran deep and swift.

Fish traveled downstream  
to spawn when the river  
was teeming with life,  
but now without water  
brittle skeletons of fish  
and opened half-shells  
litter the floor bed, while  
rocks and boulders burn  
under the angry sun,  
turning to dust, taken  
away by the hissing wind  
for without water

the landscape is barren,  
little life can exist under  
this blistering sun as  
deserts appear everywhere.  
Is this our fate as  
fresh-water rivers worldwide  
dry up, turn to dust, then  
taken away by the hostile winds  
and glaciers melt rapidly  
before our disbelieving eyes  
as salty, sea levels rise up,  
taking back our land  
under an unforgiven sun.  
How long ago  
did this river last flow,  
I don't know, but  
I do know this,  
it happened in my lifetime...

Charles Portolano

### **The Stag**

I heard your call  
whispered on the wind  
standing downwind  
of where you hide  
your scent finds me, and  
I must catch a glimpse,  
taking the smallest steps  
I make my way to where  
you hide, carefully, slowly,  
not to crack a twig or stir  
the leaves on the bushes.

I make my way to where  
you hide, careful not  
to stir you before I can  
catch a glimmer of you  
behind a copse of aspen trees  
growing, glowing together as  
the sun glistens golden leaves,  
creating an aura around him.

He hears me approach,  
turns his massive head

to stare at me standing there  
so still, in awe of, unable  
to breathe or move,  
staring at his twelve antlers,  
an old buck who has  
outsmarted, defied hunters  
to live a long, productive  
life for the forest is full  
of his many offspring,  
he'd fathered, protected.

He catches a glimpse of me,  
stares without a care  
of my being there before him  
for he can sense my innocence.  
Camera ready, click after click  
to catch shots of his  
majestic being before me.

Minutes pass, as if hours,  
as we stand in silence  
then you bound away  
into the deep, dense forest.  
I do not chase after you,  
but take shot after shot  
of you to savor forever  
our peaceful crossing paths.

Charles Portolano

### **Warmth of a Weeping Willow**

You picked the perfect spot,  
a sunny, well-drained area  
deep in our backyard  
for me to dig a huge whole  
to plant our baby weeping willow  
far away from any other objects to  
give the tree enough space to grow.

Growing quickly that first year  
to over 6 feet, we knew  
our tree was happily home  
and would grace our yard for years  
for you tend to all this tree's needs  
to make sure its deep roots succeed  
in taking a firm hold in the rich soil.

As the years pass our Willow grows  
and grows like our two children  
who play tag and fort among  
the delicate weeping branches  
that graze across the ground  
with fluttering, silver-tinged leaves  
the canopy grows round and wide.

Having weathered many fierce storms  
and even our drought years,  
Willow grows to over 60 feet high  
and 30 feet wide providing  
a safe haven on hot, muggy nights  
hiding from the world beneath her  
dangling down, delicate branches.

Always cool under Willow's canopy  
and even warm on cold, winter nights,  
always offering a place of peace  
whenever we sat at Willow's base  
for the world seemed to disappear  
as if we were in our own dream world  
inspired into deep reflection.

How you loved hearing the whimsical  
wind breezing through our tree,  
sounding like a woodwind section of  
a symphony as the swaying branches  
rustling, whooshing around  
and around hypnotically  
putting us at rest and ease, free.

And with the sun setting, my love, we hide  
beneath Willow's long, drooping branches  
rejoicing in our shared memories  
as a flow of emotions overwhelms us,  
we reflect back to us sitting at the base,  
holding hands, making deep connections  
and remembrance of our life together.

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

## Showcase your work in The Weekly Avocet.

Time to share up to four of your Summer themed poems for The Weekly Avocet, Summer photos (4), Summer haiku (up to 10), and Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems.

Please read the guidelines before submitting

Please send your submission to [angeldec24@hotmail.com](mailto:angeldec24@hotmail.com)

Please put (early or late) Summer/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 and sharing your Summer 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](mailto:cportolano@hotmail.com)

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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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