

The Weekly Avocet

#394

June 21st, 2020

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

**Summer nights are here
Crickets chirp and Nature sings
Coyotes call home**

K. Millevolte - Naples, FL - kmillevolte@gmail.com

Wonderful Summer is here!!!

Clean water is life... Clean air is life...

Enjoy our poetry from Nature...

We feel blessed to publish the best Nature poets in America

The Trespass

Parked my car in front of Grandpa's old place
Pear trees all gone but stump of a fallen one
Old well with gourd for passing strangers
Now just bare ground and covered hole

Locked rusty iron gate barred my way
I climbed over and walked up to the old house
Trees along the fence row were the same old oaks
But fence posts and barbwire were missing

Old house stood nude of shingles
Roof joists a skeleton against the sky
Covered porch fallen down and carried away
Living room floorboards broken and rotted

Where once Grandpa and I listened
To Joe Louis fights and Edward R. Murrow's
War news from England Sicily invasion--
About our victories and our defeats

Old wood stove where we warmed ourselves
And told stories around no longer there
Grandpa's living room now looked so small
How could all of us have fit there

Grandma's porcelain sink, cracked and broken
Still there but not the old cook stove
Where she baked vanilla cookies
When she saw her grandchildren coming

Out back the old hickory tree
Which I had leaned against at age four
Upchucked my first drink of whisky
I had pestered grandpa to give me

This old hickory tree that shaded the yard
Filled my pockets with hickory nuts
Had now fallen with its arms
Laid at rest across roof of this old house

I looked up the path through the woods
Where Grandma and I picked Polk salad
Then I walked up to her old garden spot
Looked north across an open field

Once we raised corn and cotton here
Now the field was covered with grass
But in the center remained an old oak
That I once climbed when I was young

Though it was summer, spring wildflowers
Still danced in the breeze out in the field
I walked up to that old oak tree
Climbed it again and then went home

J. Glenn Evans - Olympia, WA - jge2@poetswest.com

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

Friends for life

They come flying every dawn and dusk
Into our pool these colorful ducks
They float elegantly forwards and back
With an occasional dip and shake

'Don't shoo them away' my husband said
But they make a mess' I groaned
'They keep me company when you are away
They give me joy when I feel gray

She takes the lead and he follows
So attentive to each other they row
With their webbed feet and feathers
Friends for life these birds of colors

I walk around tending my garden
They quack just to give me a warning
They think the pool belongs to them
So I said, 'heck, I'll share it with them

Valsa Kuruvila - Riverside, CA - valsakuruvila@gmail.com

**"I've learned that whenever I decide something with an open heart, I usually make the
right decision." - Maya Angelou**

A dream of weeds

These weeds
they have a right to grow into
their majestic selves.

Who gave us the power
to stamp them out
to uproot them
to scatter them
to destroy them.

Golden dandelions singing in the summer sun.
Shy wild violets entangled amidst border hedges.
The dangerous white devil's trumpet,
the pink blossomed field bindweed
with their lovely arrow-head shaped leaves.

I dreamt last night
that I was chased by them
across the garden,
their leaves and sharp thorns
thrashing against my bare legs
while I begged forgiveness
and the song of lost things
haunted the air.

Oh, to be able to gather
these unwanted sprouts
and plant them in a grove of paradise.

Deenaz P. Coachbuilder - Riverside, CA - dcoachbuilder@gmail.com

“You can’t use up creativity. The more you use, the more you have.” - Maya Angelou

fireflies dance romance
their love burns holes in the dark
hot salsa nights

Judy Wucherer

“Courage – you develop courage by doing small things like just as if you wouldn’t want to pick up a 100-pound weight without preparing yourself.” - Maya Angelou

Hello, please take the time to send us one of your favorite Summer Nature poems to share with the over 430 world-wide Nature-loving poets and people of The Avocet community, who just might write you about your work.

Share one of your Summer-themed poems,
photos, haiku,

Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems

Please read the guidelines before submitting

Only one poem, per poet, per season.

Summer-themed poetry for The Weekly Avocet.

Please send your submission to 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. Thank you.

(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.

Please no more than 45 lines per poem.

Please no religious references.

Please use single spaced lines.

Please remember, we welcome previously published poems.

Please put your name, City/State, and email address under your poem. No Zip codes.

Please send your poem in both the body of an email and an attachment.

We look forward to reading your Summer submission...

Summer

Early summer

The days
of summer ripen
and are gone

Mid summer

within fullness
of flower
the seed

Late summer

Yellow summer
the last chicory flower
still blue

Molly Bellman - Portland, OR - molly@mollyscottbellman.com

“Without courage we cannot practice any other virtue with consistency. We can’t *be kind*, true, merciful, generous, or honest.” - Maya Angelou

June

June is a blossoming month,
blooming, booming with burgeoning,
bigger and bigger and more and more.

Month of morning glories and marigolds.
Roses rampant assault the nose
their scent fragrancng air, sharing sweetness,

hither and yon, like birdsong echoing in the garden,
like sunshine warming gardener's shoulders.
The garden glows, growing her mantle

woven of petals, bright in the long day's sun.
Glistening in the glorious morning dew
June gardens brighten heart and warm eye.

Tasha Halpert - North Grafton, MA - tashahal@gmail.com

Our Swan Song

Swiftly the swan glissandoed across the the lagoon.
I, on a perfect Summer's morn, began a tune.

She slid by, gleaming white body crowned by ebony beak;
It was if she wanted to speak.

Gently fluttering she adjusted her beautiful wing.
Did she, too, then, want to sing?

Back and forth she glided, full of grace
Her lithe body adorning the space.

I sang, I hummed and then sang some more
Hoping, perhaps, she'd come ashore.

But she remained, flowing to and fro
Until it was time for me to go.

Margaret Guzzardo - Rockford, IL - splash62@hotmail.com

Lost Flight

Our landlord
threatened eviction,
compelled us to remove
our bird feeders,
which nourished our regulars,
finches, woodpeckers, jays,
as well as migrants,
chickadees, juncos, orioles.
Avian customers
found our restaurant in the sky
more than satisfactory
judging by repeat customers,
delighted us with their presence.
Now the birds have departed
hopefully finding
other dining establishments
to sustain them
in an unhospitable environment
designed by man,
in the ongoing crusade
against Mother Nature.

Gary Beck
New York, NY
garybeck@yahoo.com

Sunshine awakens
Grandma's budding rose garden
Happiness in bloom

K. Millevolte - Naples, FL - kmillevolte@gmail.com

“Without Mother Earth, we are all homeless.”

Worth The Wait

(1979 “17 Year Cicada hatching”, Long Island, NY)*

It's time to wake up after 17 years
to unearth yourselves
pull back your blankets of soil
and emerge by the hundreds
and hundreds of thousands
to shed your shells
fly high and full of life
overwhelming the world
with the magnitude
of your mating songs
and in a three week crescendo
of revelry
burn yourselves out
leaving behind
millions of eggs
and emptied-out husks
of happiness
clinging to trees

Joan Kantor - Canton, CT - joankantor@comcast.net

**“If you don't like something, change it. If you can't change it, change your attitude.” -
Maya Angelou**

lavender on throne
oversees herb garden
her scent mingling

Sara McNulty - Staten Island, NY - sablonde49purple@gmail.com

June's To-do List

Again, the scent of new-cut grass
and of blue lilac
suffusing the air,
and of mother's petunias planted
about the house.

And the wind makes paper chimes
of poplars where
I lie on my back
looking through them.
Clouds turn blue to white

And back to blue.
Sunrays are slanted--
filling the trees with silver dimes.
I have no duty.
And the woman in the white dress

Says, "Welcome.
Welcome, child." And there
is nothing I have to do
but look upon the beauty--
where never is it night.

Daril Bentley - Elmira, NY - dbentley@ohiologistics.com

Arizona Game and Fish Department accepting photos for wildlife calendar

PHOENIX (3TV/CBS5) -- Think you have a knack for wildlife photography? The Arizona Game and Fish Department (AZGFD) is now accepting photos for its Arizona Wildlife Calendar photo contest.

The best-in-show photo is published on the cover of the issue and as one of the photos representing a month.

This year, AZGFD is partnering with Arizona Highways to provide an easier way to submit photographs. Use the online form [HERE](#) to submit your Arizona wildlife

photos. Each contestant may submit a maximum of three photographs, which must be uploaded as separate submissions through the form.

The deadline is 5 p.m. on Aug. 14, 2020.

Winners will be announced online on the [AZGFD website](#) and the [Arizona Highways website](#) after Nov. 1, 2020.

Have an amazing photo of AZ's wildlife? Enter our photo contest! 📷 This year we're making it even easier to enter, thanks to [@azhighways](#)' digital submission platform. So, show us your skills & your photo might be featured in our next calendar! Details: <https://t.co/9Tnz9IKGwb> pic.twitter.com/dJPCmmAvzp— Arizona Game & Fish (@azgfd)

roof on an old garage
with a thick mat of mosses
tree nursery

Jack Maze - Vancouver, B. C., Canada - erry@shaw.ca

Impending Thunderstorm

The sweltering heat
presses down
on the thirsty barberries
and the low drooping white hydrangeas.
The sparrows and gray squirrels
retreat to their nests,
and the cottontail rabbit
slips under a low hanging
blue spruce branch.
All of nature quietly anticipates
the precious rain,
while the fragrant moisture in the sky
drifts on the wind like a secret.
Suddenly, the sky explodes
with a (crack, clap, and piercing light),
and the life-giving deluge arrives--
or it doesn't.

John F Zurn - Yorkville IL - johnzurn@yahoo.com

**Please email us if you would like to receive The Weekly Avocet for
free**

Taken Away

Your gift arrived today, and I as a bed ridden shut in
was more than elated to see a huge glass globe
placed on the far side of my picture window.
so I could gaze at day or night
to my surprise a monarch flew in through my open door
rested on my cheek, and before I knew it
I became Lilliputian and was quickly whisked away
riding on her back then gently dropped
upon a wee pebbled path into a magical glass kingdom
So I began my journey...
I came upon an exquisite porcelain birdbath
onto which my winged steed landed
splashed her face and then flew off
I continued on warmed by the light
to my right I eyed a miniature wooden bench
beneath a tiny bonsai tree with wide branches
farther on I looked up to see a blue owl
sitting on a hollow log
I crept along through the soft moss
that opened up into a meadow
an angel by a pond took my breath away
Climbing a hill, I looked down
to be surprised to see a thatched roof cottage
complete with porch swing.
I never saw the atomizer from above.
felt the cool water drops fall upon the ferns and grasses.
How did you get all this beauty in here?
Far more beautiful than any ship in a bottle.
Looking up I see the opening I flew in from.
How will I get back out? Do I even want to?
It's already summer
I should just stay.
I doubt that the butterfly
will return for me...

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

If you like a poem, please let the poet know it...

A Poetry Challenge for all Nature-loving poets in 2020. I love writing Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems. I am always on the lookout for an article about our wondrous Mother Earth. Please find an issue about our precious planet and take the Saving Mother Earth Challenge, and, then send it to us to share with the community...

Please write a poem for Mother Earth, let her know of your love...

We all call Earth our home - Have your voice be heard through your words!!!

**Please do not send those poems that have already been in The Weekly Avocet.
[Saving Mother Earth for the Next Generation](#)**

**Please put Saving Mother Earth Challenge/your last name in the subject line
of your email and send to angeldec24@hotmail.com**

If you have enjoyed reading this week's issue, please forward it to all poetry loving people that you know, with a little note about us. Please help spread the word about the wonderful world of Nature poetry. We do feel blessed to publish the best Nature poets in America. If you belong to a writing group, please share our weekly and our printed issues with your group members. Thank you. And, if you already did this for us, thank you!

If you would like to become a subscribing member of The Avocet community and help us in our mission of promoting Nature poetry – for just \$24 you receive 4 printed issues of The Avocet (64 pages of pure Nature poetry) and 52 weeks of The Weekly Avocet, every weekend, directly sent into your email box. A steal of a deal, and, we believe, the best in all the small presses.

Subscribe now and receive a free copy of our printed Spring issue... Start your subscription with the Summer printed issue.

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**The Avocet
P.O. Box 19186
Fountain Hills, AZ 85269**

Please email us for information about how to pay by Paypal.

Thank you for supporting Nature poetry and The Avocet community.

Charles, Vivian, and Valerie Portolano, Editors

We hope we provoked you; that you leave having experienced a complete emotional response to the poetry. 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.

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



Enjoy your stroll through our pages to find yourself in nature.

Every day is Earth Day

“We must all be fighting for Mother Earth, no time to waste. We must stand up together for clean, clear air for all. We must stop the polluters, those that take in the name of greed and leave our Earth, our only home, scarred. I am fearful of what we will leave our children and our grandchildren. Will they enjoy their home as much as we have? Will they look up at the smiling sun or will they run indoors when a new day is about to dawn, hiding away from the scorching sun or one that never gets to shine through the dark clouds that cover our Earth? There is no time to waste!” - Charles Portolano

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