

The Weekly Avocet - 669

September 28th, 2025

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

**sea of burgundy
pressed to my window
oakleaf hydrangea**

Norma Bradley - Asheville, NC - normabradley1@gmail.com



Submitted by Edwina Kadera

Falling Leaves

Walking down the street, strolling through the woods
Feet sweep across the crisp sound of leaves
Knowing it an arrival of a new season
From green leaves turning to fall colors
With shades of yellow, orange and red

Strolling through the nature walk of beauty
Reminiscing the warmth and heartiness
Every season welcomes a change in the air

Trees of visible stems and branches
Becoming barren yet standing strong
Swaying leaves on trees up high
Swirling with the breeze and sweeping across ground

Falling leaves
A note of change taking place
Bringing us the charm of autumn leaves

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

Love of nature:

Joy, I find in nature, provides a soothing breeze, a comforting sound, and boundless spaciousness. No matter where I am, nature is a place for reflection and rejuvenation. It is the start of my every day, to breathe in all that nature provides, its beauty and its love that it brings in all seasons.

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

Pernambuco Pygmy Owl

5 inches, 2 ounce
Pernambuco Pygmy Owl
Brazil, critical
White face, brown with streaks
So are your under feathers
Tail dark with light spots
Your songs rise in pitch
5 to 7 lyrics fine
Just like a haiku

Kristin Ruth Lawrence - Sebastopol, CA - webwalker17@aol.com

Solar Deer

Solar Deer loves Rich & Laura's garden
She is little, alone, but glad
She is bright
Solar Deer sleeps under the stand
Of solar panels
She flicks her ears & dreams of
Fences, sheds protective
She is safe from humans & lions
She dreams of fruits, vegetables,
Colorful flowers
Moos from the valley of the cows,
Hails & neighs from neighbors
Sometimes she dreams of Great Blue Heron
Who likes to stand like a sculpture skinny
Near the gateway
She dreams of sea breezes
Grasses soft & tasty
Solar Deer dreams of a field
Of yellow wishes & this autumn's warmth

Kristin Ruth Lawrence - Sebastopol, CA - webwalker17@aol.com

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

Time Ravaged

A canyon, gouged from
red, orange, ochre sandstone,
descends through layers
of millennium-old rocks--
silent witnesses to storms,
upheavals, and melding,
fusing forces.

Now, as we ride rough roads
through this ancient, barren,
gash of earth, we marvel
at the ravages of slow torture
as the earth strained, heaved, and tore
to give birth to such majesty.

Vaughn Neeld - Cañon City, CO - vaughnneeld@hotmail.com

Perceived Security

Buried alive
under six layers of blankets
a tight fiddle head
safe.

Joyous deafening of silence.
Deep darkness.
Dew dropping on a
standing seam.
Tracks rumbled by a
distant train.

An empty slate ahead
Dawn beckons
Cardinals call and
I resist unfolding.

A list awaits like a wasp tending a mud nest
it buzzes
creeps into the quiet and
breaks the bounds of
nothingness.

A harsh crack crow call
the flock of chores mob my peace
eyelids rip open
limbs unfurl
light streams in.

Marilynn Deane Mendell - Fredericksburg, VA - mmendell@wenspincic.com

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

the neighbor's dog
killing wild bunnies for sport
copying humans

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

Autumn,
late September
aroma of pawpaws,
sounds of falling acorns and lush
chestnuts.

Madalin Bickel - Tallahassee, FL - madalin60@verizon.net

Nature's Autumn Gifts

The leaf twirls like a majorette's baton
without the flames. A gentle breeze stirs.
One-by-one golden leaves begin to move,
shutter and fall gently to the ground.

It is autumn again. Squirrels have gathered
acorns for winter, birds have migrated south,
butterflies have disappeared.

Smoke from burning leaves drifts through
the air. The warm sun of an afternoon
enhances golden days while a nearby forest
creates memories.

Images of small scurrying mammals,
pinecones scattered across the path, and a
cornucopia of fallen leaves imprint the
mind.

Autumn, a preface to a white winter.
Nature's gifts to be enjoyed and
remembered.

Madalin Bickel - Tallahassee, FL - madalin60@verizon.net

She walked
through the forest
gathering leaves before
Autumn stole their green and winter
arrived.

Madalin Bickel - Tallahassee, FL - madalin60@verizon.net

Woot! Woot! sings the train 🚂

Quack! Quack!
sing the ducks 🦆 🦆
Clang! Clang!
sound the boxcars on the track 🚆
Clickety, clickety! Clack, clack, clack!
Up and down the track!
Honk! Honk! Here come the geese 🦢
Feel the power released! ✨
Flying so high in the sky ☁
They flash by the window—
No time to stop and say hi! 🙌
No! No! No!
Places we've got to go!
Winter will be here soon ❄
Don't ya know?
Fly away on a wing and a prayer 🙏
Going along with great care.
Pray for protection for all who are in need,
Send white light energy quickly—
Feel the need! 🌀
The current of the creek
Runs alongside the street 🌊
The cool wind in the morning blows
Through the fog... 🌫
Sunshine glows ☀
Count the fogs in September, then you'll know
How much snow will blow! ❄
Truth, I say--
Grew up knowing things that way,
The grandfathers do say... 👴

Patty L. Fletcher - Bristol, VA - patty.volunteer1@gmail.com

Homecoming

Reading, painting, and writing fill
My world; yet poems have taken
Root in my fall garden of verse.
Opening up, I have come home.

Judith Lyn Sutton - Campbell, CA - jlsutton46@comcast.net

Old Friend

After rain on the dusty road,
Doves again rest on the fences
As a Foursquare Sunday choir
Sings from the cold distance.

Canals flow in morning stillness
As wind greets orchards of peach
And almond. Crows, now silent,
Witness the dying of the leaves.

Near brown and gold vineyards,
The lone walnut tree still lives
As a marker of the westward turn
To once-working Wesson Ranch.

Sturdy, he remains, an old friend
Ever pointing the short way home.

Bill Peck - Santa Clara - CA bwillysjr@aol.com

**Fall in the desert is fantastic.
Fall is an uplifting time of year to relax and reflect.
Enjoy... Get out... Soak in Nature before Winter arrives.**

The Lesson

Upon the hill, half-hidden
They stand so still and silent
Young fawn watching intently
As Mother sniffs the air

A valuable lesson for baby
Yet, although I'm also frozen
In place, the wary mother
Soon realizes I'm close by

And like a flash, she dashes
Into the nearby wood, followed
Closely by her sprinting fawn,
Who is, indeed, a very fast learner

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com

cold, blustery wind
brown leaves dance their way to ground
fall is here at last

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com

Truce?

Lennox, my mischievous tabby,
Lay beneath a bush, casually eyeing
The grey squirrel who was perched on
A low branch, within arms-length, of her
And munching cheerfully on a peanut

The squirrel, however, appeared to be
Non-plussed, as he chewed happily away,
Glancing over from time to time at Lennox,
Who was usually a mighty huntress
Apparently, though, not this time

Spellbound, I watched this silent interaction
When suddenly the squirrel, upon finishing his
Peanut, made a sudden move toward my cat
Amazingly, he reached out his little paw, gently
Touching my surprised kitty on her head

Lennox didn't move, and they stay liked that
For a few seconds until little grey scampered
Off to his home. Would they still be friends
Tomorrow? Who knew. Either way, I felt I
Had been witness to a very special moment

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com

sun glints off fallen
maple leaves, turning the ground
to rubies and gold

Dawn McCormack - Plainfield, CT - djohnson8251@yahoo.com

Please feel free to share The Weekly Avocet with all those you know who love Nature poetry. Thank you! It's free, just email us your email address...

Autumn comes early
this year, fallen leaves cover
the landscape again.

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Turning Tide

Summer's farewell,
the sun disappears behind the mountains
a long, trembling breath shivered
from my lips.

The forecast calls for rain,
a fresh loop is closing in and
the landscape wears its most vibrant
celebratory attire

Leaves fall gently swayed by the wind
painting the ground with a mosaic of dazzling hues, a quiet crisp morning naturally
encourages a peaceful walk

Sunflowers stand tall reaching for the sky,
scattered across the lawns
the first pumpkins of the season
look like fallen suns!

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Mother Earth's perfect
timing paints the scenery
in colorful hues.

Virginia Tello - Forest Grove, OR - tello.virginia0102@gmail.com

Please be the reason someone smiles today...

**Time to share your Fall-themed poems
for**

The Weekly Avocet.

**Please read the guidelines before
submitting**

We love previously published poems!

Please send your submissions to:

angeldec24@hotmail.com

**Photos (4), haiku (up to 10),
Saving Mother Earth Challenge poems
(as many as you can write)**

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

Please put (early or late) Fall/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.

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 poems in the body of an email or in one attachment, no pdf file.

We look forward to reading your Fall submissions.

The Burning Question for us Earthlings is:

What are you/we going to do to stop or even just slow down Climate Change?

Do you feel like there is nothing you can do about climate change?

Well, there is, even if we all do small things it will make a great difference. Alice C. Hill (**the David M. Rubenstein senior fellow for energy and the environment at the Council on Foreign Relations.**) states the first thing we all need to do is not shy away from the subject. Talk about, write about, climate change to everyone you know and meet. Write to your congressperson and Senators. Let them know what you think and fear!

I want to have, at least, one Saving Mother Earth poem in each issue of The Weekly Avocet, so I am always looking for poems that address our most important issues of today, so please write about what you think and fear of the coming end of our world as we know it. A world our great grandkids will never know. A Mother Nature who is no longer kind.

But if we join together, maybe, just maybe, working together, we can make a difference to Save Mother Earth, the only home we have. Show you care. There are so many topics to write about when it comes to Climate Change. Please find one you are passionate about and write about it!

Write a Tell-off poem letting the world know what you are feeling about what is being done right before our eyes by those who claim to want what best for all of us.

Think it out in your head, then put it down on the page, then fight with it, get your rage out, then send it to us to share, so you can see your voice, your words, being read, being heard...

The American Avocet

I watch unseen this large,
long-legged shorebird,
with its pied plumage
and a dash of red
around its head and neck,
scampering along
the coastline
searching to snatch-up
some aquatic insect
or a small invertebrate
hidden beneath
the brackish waters
of this saltmarsh.
I watch unseen
it swing its odd,
long, up-curved bill
through the shallow,
still waters, catching
a tiny creature,
trapping it in its bill,
racing off to its nest to
feed her four hatchings
with this feast she found.
I watch in awe
as the male
grows protective,
fearlessly fending off
an encroaching
common black raven,
attacking this intruder,
striking at it with its bill.
I watch in wonder
as they swim as a family
just days after
the young ones are born,
then back to the nest to
rest where its kind flocks
together in a community.

Charles Portolano - Fountain Hills, AZ - cportolano@hotmail.com

We hope we provoked you; that you leave having experienced a complete emotional response to the poetry found in each issue of The Weekly Avocet. I want to thank our Poets for sharing their work with us this week. **And “Thank you for reading, dear reader!”**

Be well, see you next weekend,

Charles Portolano, Editor/Publisher and Vivian and Valerie Portolano, Co-Editors
of The Avocet, a Journal of Nature Poetry and The Weekly Avocet, every weekend.

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