Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: April 2012

Melora Walters · Saturday, August 28th, 2021

In 2012, actress, poet, filmmaker, artist Melora Walters recorded the weather each day in her own unique way. The entries will be published once a week, covering one month each time.

Read: January, February, March

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4.1.12

Wind.

I brush out
the dog's winter
fur in a white
blizzard.

*

4.2.12

Swarms of tiny winged insects
emerge
from the ground.

*

4.3.12

The tea tastes better in another room.

The air is a blue gray with crows in the background.

I am off,
switching letters and words-

and my whole body leans over the continent
and other ocean to go home.

*

4.4.12

I am thinking of Easter in Holland.

I am thinking of pictures of when I was a child.

Outside in the backyard
the ducks quacked for Oma,
who would cut the old bread
into cubes for them.

*

4.5.12

The full moon.

sleep and wake
I do not know what time it is
morning
afternoon or night

A child falls asleep leaning sideways
against the chair like a pre-raphaelite
portrait
the chair is upholstered in a light blue velvet.
Her hair is dark from jet lag.

*

4.6.12

I watered the yard
but it was dry at the end
of the day.
Plants dehydrated.

The full moon
is on the other side
of the glass.
He says hello to me.
I love him.

Tonight the moon is a man.

*

4.7.12

Easter is tomorrow.

I have a desk.
I'm sitting
writing at it.

Tonight I will plant flowers
in the yard under the less
full moon on behalf of
the Easter Rabbit.

I water the dry yard at night.
The smell of dirt moves up my legs,
it is hard to keep still
my body reacts
as I watch the water
pour from my hand.

Dark-

and the moon comes up
yellow.

*

4.8.12

Easter.

Single Cypress
far away
in the distance

purple flowers
on a vine
on a wooden fence.

*

4.9.12

4 owls last night.

*

4.10.12

4 coyotes on the hill this morning.

*

4.11.12

The rain poured down.

I thought it was time to get up,
but it was only 5:41
which I misread as 7:41,
or 8:41
but I thought I would go back to sleep
until the alarm went at 8.

And the rain kept pouring
each time I woke up
and thought it was 8.

*

4.12.12

The shadow of the cactus
that has needle in its name
is drawn on the wall,
a sketchy pencil drawing
with scratched lines.

*

4.13.12

rain

hope

*

4.14.12

Yesterday has something
that I cannot write about.

The day was dark with thunder.

The white leg was whiter
than I had ever seen it-
held up-
white-
against the darkness
of the thunder.

*

4.15.12

Questions

cut down by a battery operated weed whacker

lie

dead and watered

to mulch

something new.

*

4.16.12

Too bright

and I watch as though in a movie theater
engage in conversation.

The sky in the North West is too dark
and too heavy for the mountain.

*

4.17.12

The coyotes stand on the hill
behind the naked pine trees.

Last night 2 owls close
2 in the distance
frogs
cicadas.

*

4.18.12

Bright pain.

There are many cars in the streets today.

The sky is shallow behind the trees.

*

4.19.12

pumpkin pancakes thawed
from a colder time.

The shaman with antlers
from the cave painting
has been copied onto
a small piece or paper
and taped to the cover
of a book.

The sky is angling
through the thick sky
like a knife through
a loaf of bread.

I kiss my dogs feet.
They smell like earth and rosemary.

*

4.20.12

It is bright.
the air
like green
tea from Japan.

*

4.21.12

The hillside in the distance
is covered with a milky wash of white.

Young lizards on the doorstep
or the sidewalk
under the chair
on the chair
under the rock
on the rock
in the bushes
under my feet
up my legs inside
veins running
scattering through
the blood in the chamber
pumped out into that
on that

new moon above
the stars and rocks and tall ferns
with fronds like pheasant feathers
bottle brush untangling my hair
as I walk under the nonexistent
tree in the black unlit landscape
of tomorrow.

*

4.22.12

Clouds

Clouds came in
and a coldness
that cut through
the sun.

Last night
driving through
breaths of clouds,
as I went down
the hill to the lake,
ghosts that rushed
past and over the car.

*

4.23.12

unexpected
rain

like an open arm
around your shoulder
someone sitting next to you
close and telling you
that everything is going to be all right.

*

4.24.12

Gray

2 Chopin Nocturnes on the radio
at the Laurel Canyon Exit
from the 101 North.

Flowers grow everywhere.

Trees.

People cry for no reason
water pouring from the right eye
for instance
as they drive past a certain tree.
Water that pours down a drain
and into the river that flows North to South
and then empties into the ocean with the salt-
the salt from the tears.

*

4.25.12

waiting for the storm

*

4.26.12

The rain from last night
makes a perfect frame
around the house.

The plants stand taller
and shake themselves
like dogs.

And, I watch.

*

4.27.12

Left over rain

left over wishes
in small pieces of paper
between dried bits of cedar

the pits of the cement empty now
from small stones dislodged and gone.

weathered down to dividing particles.

*

4.28.12

Tropical air.

cold sun.
birds.

Be still.

*

4.29.12

Bijou
our cat
died yesterday.

Coyotes.

*

4.30.12

TOM
16

The stars sang last night.

Birds singing.

otherwise quiet.

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