

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: August 2012

Melora Walters · Saturday, September 25th, 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.

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8.1.12

Los Angeles
Philadelphia
Akron/Canton

Almost trapped in the elevator
Best Western

The moon is almost full.

Watching the football field
lit up at night, all the actors
playing football players.

I need to cry.

*

8.2.12

sleep
and
sleep
and
sleep

*

8.3.12

Humid

There was no sidewalk.
I walk next to the highway,
run across it
to get to the
other side.

pink flip flops

The sky comes down
as I lean
into the heat
that holds it up.

The clouds are
pink and apricot.

*

8.4.12

The frame on the wall
around the tv is crooked.
no. the tv is crooked
and not centered in the frame,
unless it was attached first,
then the frame does not
properly frame it,
too much space on the left,
too little on the right.

The window does not open.

Flying home tomorrow.

*

8.5.12

home.

sage in every breath of the house
pillows outside on the ground
in the sun
bedding in the garden
to be burnt clean.

My mattress is alive.

I feel it breathe beneath me.

New life.

Dom Perignon
saved for a special occasion-
today because I am alive.

*

8.6.12

lavender flowers

white oil enamel paint

sage incense
mixed
with perfume
and the heat
from the sun
that does not
stop.
ever.

*

8.7.12

Raven wakes me.
Light out
but the moon is still directly above.

I stand outside,
then go back in
back to sleep.

*

8.8.12

Heat.

The walnut looks like
a slice
of the human
brain.

*

8.9.12

heat.

My body gave off heat
as though I was the source
so that even
in the shade
there was no
escape.

*

8.10.12

White butterflies
everywhere
in the back yard

as though someone
ripped white paper into shreds
and threw them off the ridge.

Deer on the ridge.

The dog barks at night.

*

8.11.12

A giant bright green spider
the color green of the fat caterpillars in Dhahran
lime puce green lives in the apple sized orange
and pink rose blossom, now fading.

For the past few days
I have seen the spider
holding a dead bee,
I'm guessing to eat.
He catches them,
there is no web,
white butterflies
like angels
surround the pieta.

*

8.12.12

heat.

3rd day of being sick

maybe more

I want this
I'm soaking it as though a sponge.
undisturbed
alone
with the quiet heat
soothing
it holds me.

It calms me.

*

8.13.12

heat

The dogs lie
on the cold cement
in the shade.

*

8.14.12

A wind at some point last night.

Rustling in the bushes.

A skunk disappears into the neighbor's hedge.

Bees conquer the rose and pampas grass near my window.

*

8.15.12

Cooler this morning

Last night I slept
in pitch black.

*

8.16.12

Pure humidity inside and out

I water everything and saturate the air.

I can hardly move.

I drink hot tea.

The green spider is still there.

*

8.17.12

The yard is still wet and cool
from all the watering last night.

The air is still, gray, and yellow
which makes me feel as though
it will storm.

so I wait,

for the storm to come in.

It's hard to concentrate or do anything else.

*

8.18.12

Heat that cools at night

with the insects.

*

8.19.12

4 deer in the driveway
under the pine

2 large

2 small

*

8.20.12

owls. mating.

one's call has been altered to a squawk.

She or he, I think it is a she,

has been accepted-

was here last year, too.

I think it is a she because the one
who calls back to her is definitely a he.

*

8.21.12

Something sparkles in the grass
like a piece of tinsel from a Christmas tree.

It is only water
drops of it
reflecting
in the sun
hard brutal
unrelenting.

*

8.22.12

Thought for the day-

when does a wall protect
when does it provide shade
when does it imprison
when can you lean against it
when does it become oppression
when is it simply
stucco covered
cinderblock
with a lizard
that crawls on it

*

8.23.12

The weather has shifted.

Fall on the edge.

*

8.24.12

6:30 am
overcast
chilly

I am putting a sweater and jacket on

to go to the beach to see tide pools.

low tide
somewhere
between
8-9 am

*

8.25.12

Flies and bees.
I step into the sound
and it intensifies.

Skunk last night.

rattlesnake at the neighbor's house
across the street this morning.
The fire department had to come.

*

8.26.12

No insect sounds last night
or this morning.

Skunk last night, early morning.

*

8.27.12

Bugs are back

and a wind.

The moon is getting full-

a sweet white melon
squash blossom
marshmallow
love bug, bed bug
fat albino tick
frog egg
snake egg
boiled egg
mocha
rice ball.
Chewy sugar cookie.

*

8.28.12

A wind has started.
I hear it call.

It slams the bathroom door shut.

My old dog is fading.

I took out the Summer garden.
all dead. no tomatoes this year.
I saw them green, but something
must have eaten them.

*

8.29.12

The wind is gone.

The bees are intense.

The green lynx spider is fading
brown like the blossom he haunts.

The pine trees are red and orange
in the sunset.

*

8.30.12

Waiting for the rain.

The wind was there,
the color
the feeling
but it never came.

*

8.31.12

The pencil needle whatever the hell cactus is poisonous.
I am still going to prune and transplant.

Full moon.

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