Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: February 2012

Melora Walters · Friday, August 13th, 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

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2.1.12

The gate itself
is dark and in shadow
but it is light
in between the slats
of wood.

*

2.2.12

Very bright today.

*

2.3.12

It is cold.

The sun is bright.

There is no place to hide.

*

2.4.12

I heard ravens
when it was still dark

and knew that it would
be light soon.

The white flowers are all gone.

*

2.5.12

Black stripe in the road.

I run backwards down the hill
my shadow runs in front of me.
If I were to fall, two dark figures
would lie prone on the ground
feet to feet.

*

2.6.12

A train calls in the distance.

Cold in marrow of bone.

*

2.7.12

Some rain.

Gray.

Wind that comes and goes
lightly.

Quiet.

Full moon.
I eat a white grape.

*

2.8.12

Quiet.

Sun.

Potential.

The brush turned purple

with flowers.

*

2.9.12

Wind late last night.

I drank the moon in a gallon of milk.

*

2.10.12

Cold

*

2.11.12

It rained last night
after 12:40 am.
The ground is still dark.

*

2.12.12

Nightmares.
Every night
for the past few nights.

It is sunny outside,
the birds are singing.
It is beautiful.
The grass is wet from the moon.

But, I can only observe
because I am trapped in the darkness
of my nightmares.

No, I am aware of it now.

I try to sit outside and be part of it.
I try to let go of all that fear.

*

2.13.12

Gray.

Rain has been moving in
since last night.

Magnolia petals beginning to fall.

*

2.14.12

The pine trees are gold
in them morning sun.

*

2.15.12

Light on one side
gray on the other.

Beautiful.

Gray and then the sun breaks
through
gray again.

A dance.

*

2.16.12

I sit on the kitchen counter
in the morning sunlight
that is so bright I cannot
open my eyes.

*

2.17.12

Birds

*

2.18.12

Steam rises up from the glass cup
that the boiling water was poured
into from the teapot, to warm it
to prepare for the tea to make it

blacker and stronger.

Again birds,
and not knowing
where I am
or what day it is
when I wake up.

*

2.19.12

So many birds.

The small light on
even though it is morning
creates a different space.

So many different kinds of light.

Its too much.

*

2.20.12

Nothing.

Waiting for it to get dark.

Planted vegetable garden.

*

2.21.12

Woke up in the shadow.

New moon.

Cold.

Bright sun.

Smell of Jasmine flowers.

*

2.22.12

My computer is broken.

Red shoots of plants
I am letting grow wild
to see
what happens.

Mozart instead of Satie.

Fear is a venom
snake bite at the neck, or head
deadly.
the poison
works its way down
through the shoulders and spine
to find the other snake.

*

2.23.12

Mourning doves

*

2.24.12

The new
moon
left a
wake
of jasmine
scent
oil
that I
gladly
drown
in

*

2.25.12

new fountain pen.

strange color
blue and purple ink.

pink transparent plastic.

three dots and two lines
to start the ink flow.

overcast.
Sunny.
birds.

Let sleeping dogs lie.

*

2.26.12

The clothes on the line are wet
left there last night
it rained.

Bacon
burning on the skillet.

Gray.
The sky waits.

*

2.27.12

Vivaldi
captures the sound
of the sky when
it is supposed
to rain, and I sit
waiting for it to
rain,
but it doesn’t.
It hangs
suspended
as though
having stopped
breathing.

*

2.28.12

cold.

bright sun.

*

2.29.12

The succulent cactus

that covers the ground
has purple and pink flowers.
I didn’t know that they were
different, the cactus.

One sits alone in a glass,
two succulent arms
a pink paint
brush of hair
on a head
that splits a shoot.

No. it is a fanatic praising a god,
it is a Joshua tree, it is a dictator
calling for followers,
it is Christ nailed to the air,
dying in a glass of water.
No, it is a plant,
a beautiful plant.

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