

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: June 2012

Melora Walters · Saturday, September 11th, 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](#), [April](#), [May](#)

6.1.12

The dried husk
of the Iris
flower cicada
shell left over
in the burnt
out sun.

Under the aqua umbrella
blue from an ear infection
found in the Capri
Sea -water of rancid milk
the plants crawl
to eat green butter.

*

6.2.12

The quail sounds like a cat
imitating a bird.

*

6.3.12

How can it be so cold in the morning-
the air with the water in it-

plants as though rained on,

and in the afternoon
desert air and heat
with no escape?

Peonies wide open
with insect inside
anemones of pollen
and the one next to it
a tightly bound
ball of tea.

I found 3 memories in an old can
that held stray pencils
as I cleaned out the garage-
I held them in my hands,
and then put them back

*

6.4.12

The full moon

the colorless peony petals fall
to the black
polished table
with a sound
a body that falls
a weight
a soft weight
and its afterbirth.

*

6.5.12

Fear.

Something walked on the hill last night
with enough weight to dislodge a large rock,
that rolled down to the fence.

5 seconds later, or more,
a growl,
like a big cat.

I ran.

*

6.6.12

Venus transit across the sun last night-

small black dot that moves across a large red circle.

*

6.7.12

Bees in the back
now they move
to a different area
of the yard each day.

The sound were it louder,
could be terrifying-

the dogs sit and look-
keeping their distance.

Tibetan monks chant.

*

6.8.12

The light is filtered through a curtain.

The birds are not.

*

6.9.12

Before it became light
and as it became light
it appeared to be raining
in slow motion.

*

6.10.12

The bees continue their
harvest, having moved now.
South-
in the back
with orange flowers
across the epazote.

*

6.11.12

I lie sideways on my bed
and look at the mirror
on the wall across from
the window
and see outside.

*

6.12.12

A dark green jade dragon sits on my desk.
He arrived in the mail from Holland, yesterday.

Don't turn the page until the day and night have gone.

*

6.13.12

Standing at the foot of the agave plant-
it must be related to the crocodile and the porcupine.

The small curved branches against the hillside,
cleared for brush clearance, dried snakes.

Flattened fish, small, purple fronded tails
smeared on the sidewalk, gray cement,
the jacaranda blossoms, fallen dead.

*

6.14.12

The day held nothing but voices
doors open and close, footsteps,
car doors close.

Peregrine falcon calls,
a higher sound than the red tailed hawk,
smaller, and white as it flies over.

*

6.15.12

Pain through the night.
It rolled in my head and neck

pieces of it
I became a rain stick
that predicted a storm-

decapitation.

*

6.16.12

From the vantage point of the kitchen floor,
which is cement, and provides coolness for my head,
the sound of the water in the kettle, as I wait for it
to boil, sounds like the airplane that flies low over
the house, and the ocean that pulls away only to come
back, rear up, and smash itself onto the shore.

*

6.17.12

The tea kettle whistles
like the police alarm in France-

decapitation.

*

6.18.12

The morning is gray.

*

6.19.12

3:08 am
The dogs growl at an out of focus landscape
milk trees on a black chalk board
wiped the day before, not well.

*

6.20.12

New Moon last night.

Always
in the morning
it looks like its going to rain.

New day.

Solstice.

*

6.21.12

There seemed to be always
some light in the sky
last night.

*

6.22.12

The day is bright.

There is an insect that makes a continual
high pitched sound, electric, strung out
like a stretched wire.

*

6.23.12

Quiet.

Another day.
It becomes light early.
Then slowly it becomes dark
after many hours.

*

6.24.12

When water is poured on the sand
when it and the dirt are so hard
dried out from the sun
that it does not absorb the water-
small pools and rivers are created
for a moment.

*

6.25.12

Golden eagles.

The tree drops yellow flowers

on the street and sidewalk –
yellow flowers that I did not
know were there.

*

6.26.12

The eaves of the house
are made with thick wood
painted white.

3 Golden eagles
fly in circles
above me,
beneath the half moon.

*

6.27.12

I listen to rain and thunder
while the sun burns the day.

*

6.28.12

The two highways converge,
the outer of one lane,
and the inner of the other,
like the edges of 2 parabola,
cars almost touch
separated by a line.

*

6.29.12

Golden eagle.

Lizards mating on a pine tree branch.

Hummingbirds.

Plants with blue flowers
next to one with orange,
looks as though
there is a light inside.

*

6.30.12

Hot.

Blue nail polish
to cool off
my fingers.

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