

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: March 2012

Melora Walters · Friday, August 20th, 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](#)

3.1.12

nightmares

I don't know what I am supposed to do.

It was supposed to rain.

suppose

suppose

suppose

empty

It is bright. smell
wind, there must
have been rain last night.

*

3.2.12

The chair is cold.

The floor is cold.

The sky is clear,
no clouds.

The pine tree bends-

seductively.

*

3.3.12

The sun is
everywhere.
bright
bright
sun.

I can't see.

*

3.4.12

Too much sun

*

3.5.12

Birds.

I write in pink ink.

I don't feel good,

but it's beautiful outside.

*

3.6.12

Yesterday was hot.

This morning it is gray and cold.

The wall is lilac.

The shower curtain an aqua turquoise
I hold the pink washcloth close to my face
I see a moiré pattern in a kaleidoscope.

I walk across the canyon
when I walk back the trees have more blossoms

A helicopter hovers above me.

The water hums from the vibration.

*

3.7.12

wind.

last night, too.

wind.

wild beautiful wind.

the house whistles.

sun.

*

3.8.12

I am lost.

FULL MOON

The sun.

fierce shoots growing out of bushes.

arrows

or long lines with hands on the ends
radiating from the sun

make sense.

*

3.9.12

I love the moon.

I hold my breath
until it is dark.

*

3.10.12

Too bright

*

3.11.12

It is gray today.

Beautiful.

I miss something
that I don't know,
or can't remember,
that I can't put a word to
but this
sense of loss or remembrance
has great comfort and safety

*

3.12.12

This morning is darker with the time change.

Yesterday I planted purple.

*

3.13.12

little hummingbird in a shoe box

I fed him almost every hour
last night
slept through 2 of the hours
so every 2 hours for a sequence.

He is still
alive.

*

3.14.12

The two stalks
brown and dried
with seed pods
protrude from two antlers
on a sage brush bust

the plant scrub brush sage
I don't know

*

3.15.12

Gray,
but the weather forecast does not indicate rain.

The cats
killed a hummingbird.

I buried it next to the jasmine.

I would like to be buried
next to jasmine.

*

3.16.12

dark clouds moving in.

relief.

birds are quiet.

*

3.17.12

RAIN

WIND

STORM

I AM HAPPY

*

3.18.12

-was supposed to rain

nothing

*

3.19.12

It's cold.

Everyday

and another
and another

The tree was trimmed
branches all around it
a jungle

A tree was dead.
Young trees.
Old trees.
Trees that will live longer than I will.
Trees that swallow telephone poles.

*

3.20.12

cold.

2 large branches lie down
in side yard.

A motor is running somewhere.
I can hear the cyclical turn.

EQUINOX

*

3.21.12

Cold outside,
warm inside.

A white cat cries at night.

*

3.22.12

New Moon

Something moved on the hill in the dark
silent except for frogs in the distance.

*

3.23.12

gray

*

3.24.12

5 am

its dark
everyone is asleep

*

3.25.12

RAIN

pouring
flooding the street

so numb and
so much wind
it blew in
through open windows

The freeway was white
and sightless.

*

3.26.12

saturated ground

everything is saturated with dark and wet.

The sun
continues
oblivious
no
not oblivious
regardless
she doesn't care.

In my world
the sun is a she,
so is the moon.

*

3.27.12

birds

gray

left over rain

*

3.28.12

The sky lightens in the morning
and darkens at night.

We call it morning.
night. In other languages
there are other names,
in other cultures,
in other times,
ancient times,
it had even different names.

It was a being.
Everything was a being.
Insatiable gods that did not stop
goddesses who leveled mountains.
I find it so hard to comprehend time and change-
it doesn't stop for me to think.

Nothing has changed.

*

3.29.12

There is a frog in the back yard.

The air is green.

Insomnia.

*

3.30.12

pain

the bird calls.

The gray hovers
with a tinge of pink
a blanket.

I'm cold and turn toward it

lean into empty air.

*

3.31.12

Rain

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