Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: May 2012

Melora Walters · Saturday, September 4th, 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

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5.1.12

rain last night

I drink tea from a field in Belgium
grass saturated water with a memory
of a picture behind glass outside.

*

5.2.12

strange dreams

Gray and yellow air
a woolen blanket worn thin
and draped over pine branches.

*

5.3.12

Gary again.

Miraculous.

*

5.4.12

The floor is more forgiving than the bed.

*

5.5.12

A coyote who was big and strong
came down the hill in a diagonal
movement

he was too close.

The birds are coming
in closer to the house,
nests under the roof.

*

5.6.12

Bright sun.

Cedar incense
burning dried cedar
everywhere
she asked me to
the stick broke
that held the feathers
20 years old
I glued it together
with pine sap
and stuck in
two purple crystals
wrapped with ribbon.

*

5.7.12

Full moon last night

lost in the mist

the honeysuckle is blooming.

*

5.8.12

The air has water in it

cold drops.

The honeysuckle had been blooming
without me knowing

and blue iris blossoms
open
to swallow the sky

bird mouths.

*

5.9.12

The roses are open

The air is like water
everything moves
like seaweed
the sky ripples.

*

5.10.12

sun

humid

lush

crazy grass

*

5.11.12

gray

left over

in the pan

in the sink

½ filled with water

to soak away last night.

*

5.12.12

Not gray

but out of focus
filtered by a rain
that didn’t happen

low clouds
that left.

*

5.13.12

2 bouquets of flowers

stock.
roses. peonies.
giant daisies
wild colors

sent to
the queen of the gypsies.

*

5.14.12

Quiet

*

5.15.12

The sprinkler is a water font.

I sit inside

as the walls turn to glass.

*

5.16.12

On a dog walk before the sun went down.
I saw a dried leaf in the middle of the path,
a line, but dark too, the stain of the soul
left as it emerged through it’s own mouth,
4 ft shedded skin of a rattlesnake, white,
nobody else saw it.

It had been stepped on.
I don’t know.
Later I drove back.
I picked it up with a stick,
it hung as though dead,
more people stood by talking,
I brought it home in the back of the car
un-sprung, uncoiled, the snake, light
it whispered and crinkled like paper
but still holding the potential
and I drove so that it would not be disturbed.

*

5.17.12

gray

mist

as though it might rain

the clock makes a sound every second
like the windshield wipers on medium.

*

5.18.12

Bad dream last night.

Disturbing, so much,
that I got up
walked around the house
to see if all the doors
were locked.

*

5.19.12

Sun

*

5.20.12

New moon in broad daylight.

I break a pill in half to make it stop.

The sound of flies reminds
me of something

far away.

*

5.21.12

Three roses
full bloom
in a glass
of water.

*

5.22.12

The morning has a weight to it,
a coat that wraps around my shoulders.

A notice of non-compliance from the fire department
for the property I sold 2 years ago.
I think of those trees and plants,
the hillside that I stepped with fire wood and rebar.

*

5.23.12

Too early.

I search for a quiet place to sit.

Signs
invisible signs
that make your body move
react like a snake
warning-the rattle-
the hand moves fast
to move the other hand
away.

*

5.24.12

Gray
low clouds

like white eye lashes
on an eye
that cannot wake up.

Bowed
under the curved limbs

crawl through bones

to find the gate

locked shut
standing single
while the walls are gone.

*

5.25.12

Rain.

But at the end of the day
the sun so hot the black
bird turns red as he flies
into it.

*

5.26.12

lush

*

5.27.12

Coyote at the front door.

The grass is yellow from the sun.

*

5.28.12

10 years or more of sleep deprivation.

The garage cleared out.

The lost block found.

Heat that sits above the ground,
hovers,

waits,
watches.

*

5.29.12

Barking dogs.

Potential with the sunlight and water air.

*

5.30.12

nothing
nothing
and
nothing

*

5.31.12

New day

The rose leans over as I pass by.

Grass is going yellow,
plants drying out.

But, at night its cold

and still cold in the morning
with thick condensation
that makes my feet cold.

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