

# 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

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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.

\*

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### 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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