

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: November 2012

Melora Walters · Friday, October 22nd, 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. This is the weather of November 2012.

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11.1.12

Gray outside the coffee shop window
my car's blinkers are getting tired, old,
dying on All Saint's Day.
My car, a saint, at the sanatorium
for cars taking the waters.

*

11.2.12

Dia de los Muertos

A bird steps into the house,
comes close,
to look at the paintings,
then walks out.

My old dog lies on the low couch
and dreams into the other side.

*

11.3.12

ravens
crows

before its light

after
they follow the dark
like bits of it
left behind.

*

11.4.12

The time changed

and I lay in bed even longer than before.

I put curtains up,
and old Irish tablecloth,
stained that I washed, cut and hemmed,
then cut wood for the rods
and then the wind came through
and finally found the chime.

*

11.5.12

In the morning with the curtains
the house could be near the ocean.

*

11.6.12

Obama is president again.

Relief.

*

11.7.12

Pain cannot be measured.

Quiet.

Cold in the morning.

Birds.

The weather
that I do not want to write anymore

and which will continue
after I stop writing,
the weather,
time's consort.

*

11.8.12

When I open my dog's mouth to give him his pills
the teeth are so sharp I feel the possible shredding.
They only knew he was a shepherd mix.
I wonder if the other half is coyote.
the feel of his teeth on my hand
as it pushes and slides the pill down his throat
matches the sound of the coyotes
when they have caught something.

The other dog, the old one, is half Rottweiler.
I have seen him catch, kill, and eat skunk.
His teeth are bigger, strong, but softer the kill
with a ripping fast powerful into my throat
and then shake it, crush the neck dead,
and pull out the entrails the sound is dark
from the under earth, the maw open
for a moment to hear the groan of the plates
and burning core.

The weather in my dog's mouth.

Gray morning
rain in the sunlight
cold enough
to turn the heat on.

*

11.9.12

5 coyote one after another
diagonal across the hill
still wet, fast, not looking
or taunting the dogs
who run to the fence
but getting away from something
bigger than they are
with more teeth.

*

11.10.12

Sun turned to gray
wind that makes the house whistle.

The coyotes hungry
and come down
to look at the dogs
2 of them
calculating
if they were to get mine
one old two young enough to fight with
teeth that shred.

Black Raven
flies against
the gray sky
so perfectly black
saturated
charcoal.

The house howls and creaks
I hear dry leaves move across
a branch taps the window

Lean back and the smell of roses is there.

*

11.11.12

cold cold cold
in the morning

The only place to get warm
is outside in the sun
lying next to a dog.

Raven lands on top of a pine tree
that bends down and moves
but he stays.

Rose branch reaching for freedom
maybe 12 feet now.

*

11.12.12

Cold in the morning

hot in the afternoon.

Veteran's day
celebrated in banks and offices.

The shadows of the man
falling beneath the mini malls
in Virginia
still falling.

*

11.13.12

The seeds look wrapped one each in tissue paper
like a Japanese dessert or wishing paper
from a birthday of long ago
dropped by the tree from the wind
float in the water of the dog bowl
underneath it they look like tadpoles.

*

11.14.12

Nothing

I don't want to write
it doesn't matter
no one will remember or care
the weather
continues regardless
we all die, forgotten
moth smell

I threw away 7 years of paper
of writing collected in a box.
It was written on a computer
it floats in cyber space
in space of nowhere.

*

11.15.12

Sleep.

Mexican Sage
falls over
looks stalky
needs to be cut.

Lost its wildness
with the heat.

*

11.16.12

The branch of leaves in the street
having fallen off the tree
glazed with rain
looks like plastic.

*

11.17.12

Rain

*

11.18.12

Sun is winning over.

*

11.19.12

Joanna
15

The tree with no leaves still stands
its lines create the traced movement
of notes and their sound across the page.

The other tree frozen in my perception of it
sensuality.

*

11.20.12

I walk the trail from Coldwater Canyon to Laurel Canyon

off the path there are stones stacked,
2 piles,, and steps to them
as though to a long ago home.

*

11.21.12

I walk the trail again.

This time I take pictures
of the tree I found yesterday

she is stunning

natural light
points at what
she holds.

*

11.22.12

Thanksgiving

Food
all day
cooking
and cleaning.

Rosemary sprigs are growing.

At night the clouds come down so low
that they immerse the land with water
without the act of rain.

*

11.23.12

Quit caffeine.
Sick.

Cars drive by in rushes.

*

11.24.12

hollow

it's too bright for the end of November,

check the weather forecast for when it will cool.

Wind at night
coyotes.

*

11.25.12

My dreams are colored in sepia ink.

The old dog's breath
smells of dried seashells
from the beach
in the bottom of
the blue plastic bucket.

Red and yellow leaves
on the street
and the sidewalk
and not shadows
but imprints
of leaves that are gone
tinge the cement.

*

11.26.12

Cooler today.

Crickets in the garage.

A baby lizard
in my daughter's room.
She screamed
and ran out.
I caught it, easily
and carried it
outside.
It watched me
crawled up my arm
and did not want to
leave.

The moon is so full its heavy
falling low onto the mountains
but according to science
it is not full-
if it gets fuller
how will it stay in the sky.

*

11.27.12

Cooler.

Twigs in my garage.
I cover them with clay
carve with a toothpick
and after 10 hours
I am surrounded
by snakes.

*

11.28.12

full moon

Raindrops for a moment
on the windshield
and then gone.

A crow hidden in the pine tree
across the street a sound
like a frog croak.

2 small wreaths
hang on the front door
lights on the cactus
and top of the window.

The snakes hang in the garage
tied by their tails to the clothesline
to have the clay dipped in a sealer.

*

11.29.12

Rain.

Some cars drive slowly
others speed with aggravation.

2 owls call
in a canyon before
it is dark.

The snakes in the garage
now drip with a clear coating
that collects at their mouths
like extracted venom-

the needle pencil cactus drip
poison, too, it only takes a few drops.

*

11.30.12

2 Ginkgo Trees turn yellow
and drop leaves in front
of a cerulean blue mixed with white
house.

The rain poured all night,
even now
it comes and goes
the cars drive through
small lakes sending tidal waves
to the sides.
It makes it bearable. this rain.

Pencil cactus thrown around
the fence perimeter
to draw trees into the sky.

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