Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: October 2012

Melora Walters · Thursday, October 14th, 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 October 2012.

Read: January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September

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10.1.12

October

The ravens gathered at the top of the hill,
morning but the moon is still out
as though it was the sun-

and the trees are upside down
as I walk in circles to train the dog.

*

10.2.12

The moon is wobbly.

*

10.3.12

The moon is still out

rolling smaller

as though it is sinking
into the ocean

or another horizon.

*

10.4.12

Cooler this morning

I carve eyes into the linoleum to wake it up.

*

10.5.12

chilly wet morning air

as the sky lightens it is soft gray
with some purple mixed in
which brings out the yellow
in the green and the plants glow-
soft-
rounded and smudged by the mist.

*

10.6.12

Belladonna
&
Spigelia

*

10.7.12

Relief?

no pain?

A memory of what I was yesterday.
Frightening.
What I was beginning
and now freed of it
like the dry caked earth
from Summer heat.

Nothing lasts forever
nothing stays the same forever
there is no forever
only moments
unbelievably free from pain.

*

10.8.12

Cold wet damp.

The earth lies back,
supine
odalisque
against the clouds
and gray pillowed sky.

*

10.9.12

Emptied
marrow
bones
scatter the yard
like
Hansel and Gretel
bread crumbs
to find their way back home.

*

10.10.12

honey bee in the house
trying to get out
of the window
trapped in dog hair
nest spider webs
minotaur maze
I gather it in my hands
and place it in the middle
of a large rose flower
outside.

*

10.11.12

Cold enough to the heat on in the car.

Storm clouds in the South East
bright sky in North West.

Thunder showers are predicted.

*

10.12.12

The sun is pushing back the gray.

*

10.13.12

And the sun wins

But in the shadow and shade
there are remnants of the rain,
and two large mushrooms
attest to the darkness and water
everywhere.

*

10.14.12

Last night pruned and moved giant branches of pencil cactus

gloves-long sleeves-boots-glasses

but the milky poison got on my arm, my stomach,
and melded into the sweat which dripped into
my right eye.

I have been baptized.

*

10.16.12

Hot again.

I thought it was Friday.

Watering pencil cactus
that I pruned and replanted.
It stands, leans against the fence-

fingers point to the sky.

*

10.17.12

Too hot

dogs panting.

*

10.18.12

Stigmata

my palms cut and bleeding
from opening old matted and framed prints-
beautiful frames that hold dreams
of possibilities-

opened
disemboweled
to make room for something else.

*

10.19.12

I thought it was Thursday
when I woke up.

Hot but looming darkness
and streaks of cold in the air.

*

10.20.12

light rain

light darkness

*

10.21.12

My birthday

light rain in the morning
I felt it-

clouds alternate with sun

rose blossoms.

*

10.22.12

Cold,

I lie against the half moon

relieved

The gray and yellow that illuminates the green
again so that the plants emit lights from inside
the pockets of chlorophyll.

It rained last night
I only know from the dark pattern
on the concrete steps.

*

10.23.12

Rain.

I can hardly hear it
for the birds in the bush
with orange flowers.

The sky is half white and half blue
divided by a ragged tear of the edge
of Unryu rice paper.

And then my house is filled
with yellow and orange
tinges of pink as the sun comes up.

*

10.24.12

getting warm again

but a wind is there,
here,
it makes the trees bend,
blown
drying clothes off
the line.

*

10.25.12

Only the wind

and dry heat that rides it

like a naked woman
drunk and unnerving

fist raised
carrying a flag
to conquer everything in sight.

*

10.26.12

mountains camouflage at night.

6 am
the stars are so white and close.

freeway car lights must look like stars
and planets from above.

*

10.27.12

The gray stepping stones at night
look white like bread crumbs
dropped behind
Hansel and Gretel

like the plotting of a planet
across the sky.

The pine tree stands straight
while their shadows lean
against the mountain and rest.

*

10.28.12

Every morning that I wake up
when it is dark and watch it
go light
become light
I am shocked
I sit now in light
and I can’t believe
that it happened.

A murder of crows fly above me-
their wings with their sound
whispering leather flap-

and the wind made visible
for a moment.

*

10.29.12

Full moon

I watch the landscape
emerge from the darkness again.
It’s cold, but by the middle of the day
its hot again.

I can’t take it
feel bloated
as though
I am stuffed into a skin
like a sausage
ground pork meat
roasting in the sun.

*

10.30.12

While there is a hurricane on the East Coast

it is hot here

with a heat that clenches in rigor mortis

the iron fist

the iron maiden

only to lose it’s power
when it is dark and night

which melts everything to black.

*

10.31.12

With the people in costumes in the street
the two people sitting on the folded cloth
below the freeway are at home now.

The air has more water.
The clothes on the line take longer to dry.

What if nothing feels safe?
What if nothing is safe?
And you cannot hold onto anything-
everything changes.
The earth is turning on itself
as well as moving in an orbit.
What do you do with that?

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