

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Weather: September 2012

Melora Walters · Monday, October 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. This is the weather of September 2012.

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9.1.12

Lying under the dining table with my dogs
a good place to escape and rest.

There is a wind that comes from nowhere,
and then is gone, as though something is breathing.

Last night the moon came down
and ran across the yard
drove the dogs crazy.

Heat.

*

9.2.12

This morning a dragon head lay in the sand,
a quail called from the ridge,
and a peregrine falcon flew overhead.

*

9.3.12

Cooler.
Quiet.

The lynx spider is brown,
the flower is dried and
wrecked burnt used up
old paper in an attic
that nobody cares about
tissue her abdomen
is distended with eggs.

*

9.4.12

Cooler

earth still wet
from sprinkler last night

hummingbirds

Bougainvillea
tired and hanging over

7:41 am

Moon still in the sky-
I am safe.

The smell of fresh cut lumber
drifts across the cement river.

*

9.5.12

As I watered the plants
that are rooting
and need extra water
in the heat
I felt raindrops
the sky gray
a sense of relief.

*

9.6.12

6 am

Walk the dogs
below the moon
a coyote
stops to watch
as we go home.

There is nothing on the street.

Pure quiet.

*

9.7.12

The young dog barks
in the middle of the night
short sporadic barks.
The old ones don't bother.

2 homemade bird houses
from the retired neighbor
named Frank. He was a dentist.
the dogs stole the bag of seeds
and ate them.

They are redwood and crystals
and oxidized copper.

Thorn trunk tree
raged fireproof
bone ground
alone, by the
freeway.

*

9.8.12

The smell of oil paint
and cigarette
smoke
incense.

Something calls in the distance.

*

9.9.12

Green Lynx Spider

now brown

guards

her egg sac

another egg sac

hangs nearby

Lynx's

is dark

looks like a fig

strands of web near it

a dead fly hanging.

*

9.10.12

A sound of water from somewhere

spiders not hatched yet.

*

9.11.12

Giant green praying mantis.

She has no fear

turned her head

to look at me

as I turned the branch

and moved away the leaves

to look at her.

*

9.12.12

Woke up early

6 am

It's dark.

The sun is coming up now.

It happens too quickly.

*

9.13.12

Misty in the morning.

The floor was cold when I woke up-
cold enough for a sweater.

And, yet by midday it could be hot enough
to shatter the nerves on the left side
of my face as I drive in traffic.

The back of my shirt is soaked and stuck to the seat.

The birds have finally discovered the seeds
in the bird houses.

*

9.14.12

There was a wind
as the light moved in.

It will be Fall
it is unavoidable-
but to watch it
and wait for it
is like sitting by the pot
of water waiting for it
to boil.

*

9.15.12

At night the pine branches and trunk
are thick black ink brush strokes.

In the morning they are almost flesh colored
red reflects the rising sun, the volume
of each cylindrically shape, perfectly shaded.

*

9.16.12

New Moon
New Year
every religion has a different date.

I can't do it anything today.

And, the dog was trying to eat
the praying mantis-

and a bee is trying to get
through the screen in the window-

and its hot and I feel terrible
letting the plants fend for themselves
but, I can't do anything
I can't help
I can only lie here.

*

9.17.12

They say
“To a sweet new Year”
ate cake
chocolate roll
black and white cookies
bread and honey
apple and honey
for the first time
last night.

Hot.

Vines are blooming
honeysuckle
jasmine
gardenia
tiare.

*

9.18.12

Cooler last night and this morning.

I don't know if it was dream or imagination
of standing in the yard looking at the plants
with rain pouring over us drenching everything-

lines of light slant down the hill
knife cuts into the white bread
through the dark crust.

*

9.19.12

dreams

late afternoon
yesterday
a snake in the driveway-
I don't know what kind

2 deer on the ridge

Deer on the downside of the hill.

*

9.20.12

Nothing.

Fear of nothing

I want to write nothing

but there is so much pink
rose bush against a tree
with yellow flowers.
Birds that continue
and rabbits
and dogs that have the power
of 2 horses
and fear and anger and hopelessness
and why, always why, and texts
from the part that I would rather avoid.

I sit at a small round table
and write in a red book.

*

9.21.12

Today is dedicated to color-

colored stones, bleached, and recolored-
over dyed carpets, bleached and dyed.

Fuchsia
forest green
Prussian blue
that my dog stole a tube of

ate and walked for a week
with his front paws blue.

Spigelia(Pink Root)
is for the 5th cranial nerve.

Pomegranate crush
is the name of a lip stain.

*

9.22.12

waiting for it to rain

*

9.23.12

Today.
This morning
feels as though it will be even hotter
than the last few days.

But, in the shade the air is soft.

*

9.24.12

The first day

every day is the first day

the day before having been swallowed
and then birthed out of Nut,
who arches over the earth.

The green lynx spider had her babies,
tiny specks, that scatter when you touch
the flower.

*

9.25.12

Train in the distance.

Mist on the mountain.

Sweater.

Coyote standing in the middle of the street.
He would not move.

*

9.26.12

Mist again

and then the sun in the afternoon
from which there is no escape
but to hide in the shade
until it goes down
behind the mountain.

*

9.27.12

Bird on the bird house
and more seed.

In emergency room with Tom
through midnight.

The people slide in and out behind curtains,
pulled shut quickly,
sounds of machines, alerts, alarms,
and standing always
standing
watching
and
waiting.

While he was there his eyes turned green.
When he became himself
they went back to brown.

*

9.28.12

Wasp in the house

heat in the afternoon.

The Green Lynx Spider surrounded by her babies
has laid another egg, or built it ? on the dried brown
rose flower, ythe only one I have not cut, for her.

*

9.29.12

Black widow and a baby.

Sleep and sleep.

Driving.

The heat will not let up.

*

9.30.12

Full Moon.

Stillness.

Belladonna.

More heat

and its buzzing carriers.

Perfume of the moon on my hands
it needs to cry, moon tears
that are out into rain.

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