

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## The Weather: August 2012

Melora Walters · Saturday, September 25th, 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](#), [May](#), [June](#), [July](#)

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### 8.1.12

Los Angeles  
Philadelphia  
Akron/Canton

Almost trapped in the elevator  
Best Western

The moon is almost full.

Watching the football field  
lit up at night, all the actors  
playing football players.

I need to cry.

\*

### 8.2.12

sleep  
and  
sleep  
and  
sleep

\*

### 8.3.12

Humid

There was no sidewalk.  
I walk next to the highway,  
run across it  
to get to the  
other side.

pink flip flops

The sky comes down  
as I lean  
into the heat  
that holds it up.

The clouds are  
pink and apricot.

\*

### 8.4.12

The frame on the wall  
around the tv is crooked.  
no. the tv is crooked  
and not centered in the frame,  
unless it was attached first,  
then the frame does not  
properly frame it,  
too much space on the left,  
too little on the right.

The window does not open.

Flying home tomorrow.

\*

### 8.5.12

home.

sage in every breath of the house  
pillows outside on the ground  
in the sun  
bedding in the garden  
to be burnt clean.

My mattress is alive.

I feel it breathe beneath me.

New life.

Dom Perignon  
saved for a special occasion-  
today because I am alive.

\*

### 8.6.12

lavender flowers

white oil enamel paint

sage incense  
mixed  
with perfume  
and the heat  
from the sun  
that does not  
stop.  
ever.

\*

### 8.7.12

Raven wakes me.  
Light out  
but the moon is still directly above.

I stand outside,  
then go back in  
back to sleep.

\*

### 8.8.12

Heat.

The walnut looks like  
a slice  
of the human  
brain.

\*

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### 8.9.12

heat.

My body gave off heat  
as though I was the source  
so that even  
in the shade  
there was no  
escape.

\*

### 8.10.12

White butterflies  
everywhere  
in the back yard

as though someone  
ripped white paper into shreds  
and threw them off the ridge.

Deer on the ridge.

The dog barks at night.

\*

### 8.11.12

A giant bright green spider  
the color green of the fat caterpillars in Dhahran  
lime puce green lives in the apple sized orange  
and pink rose blossom, now fading.

For the past few days  
I have seen the spider  
holding a dead bee,  
I'm guessing to eat.  
He catches them,  
there is no web,  
white butterflies  
like angels  
surround the pieta.

\*

### 8.12.12

heat.

3<sup>rd</sup> day of being sick

maybe more

I want this

I'm soaking it as though a sponge.

undisturbed

alone

with the quiet heat

soothing

it holds me.

It calms me.

\*

### 8.13.12

heat

The dogs lie

on the cold cement

in the shade.

\*

### 8.14.12

A wind at some point last night.

Rustling in the bushes.

A skunk disappears into the neighbor's hedge.

Bees conquer the rose and pampas grass near my window.

\*

### 8.15.12

Cooler this morning

Last night I slept

in pitch black.

\*

### 8.16.12

Pure humidity inside and out

I water everything and saturate the air.

I can hardly move.

I drink hot tea.

The green spider is still there.

\*

### 8.17.12

The yard is still wet and cool  
from all the watering last night.

The air is still, gray, and yellow  
which makes me feel as though  
it will storm.

so I wait,

for the storm to come in.

It's hard to concentrate or do anything else.

\*

### 8.18.12

Heat that cools at night

with the insects.

\*

### 8.19.12

4 deer in the driveway  
under the pine

2 large

2 small

\*

### 8.20.12

owls. mating.

one's call has been altered to a squawk.

She or he, I think it is a she,

has been accepted-

was here last year, too.

I think it is a she because the one  
who calls back to her is definitely a he.

\*

### 8.21.12

Something sparkles in the grass  
like a piece of tinsel from a Christmas tree.

It is only water  
drops of it  
reflecting  
in the sun  
hard brutal  
unrelenting.

\*

### 8.22.12

Thought for the day-

when does a wall protect  
when does it provide shade  
when does it imprison  
when can you lean against it  
when does it become oppression  
when is it simply  
stucco covered  
cinderblock  
with a lizard  
that crawls on it

\*

### 8.23.12

The weather has shifted.

Fall on the edge.

\*

### 8.24.12

6:30 am  
overcast  
chilly

I am putting a sweater and jacket on

to go to the beach to see tide pools.

low tide  
somewhere  
between  
8-9 am

\*

### 8.25.12

Flies and bees.  
I step into the sound  
and it intensifies.

Skunk last night.

rattlesnake at the neighbor's house  
across the street this morning.  
The fire department had to come.

\*

### 8.26.12

No insect sounds last night  
or this morning.

Skunk last night, early morning.

\*

### 8.27.12

Bugs are back

and a wind.

The moon is getting full-

a sweet white melon  
squash blossom  
marshmallow  
love bug, bed bug  
fat albino tick  
frog egg  
snake egg  
boiled egg  
mocha  
rice ball.  
Chewy sugar cookie.



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\*

### 8.28.12

A wind has started.  
I hear it call.

It slams the bathroom door shut.

My old dog is fading.

I took out the Summer garden.  
all dead. no tomatoes this year.  
I saw them green, but something  
must have eaten them.

\*

### 8.29.12

The wind is gone.

The bees are intense.

The green lynx spider is fading  
brown like the blossom he haunts.

The pine trees are red and orange  
in the sunset.

\*

### 8.30.12

Waiting for the rain.

The wind was there,  
the color  
the feeling  
but it never came.

\*

### 8.31.12

The pencil needle whatever the hell cactus is poisonous.  
I am still going to prune and transplant.

Full moon.

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