

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## The Weather: February 2012

Melora Walters · Friday, August 13th, 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](#)

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### 2.1.12

The gate itself  
is dark and in shadow  
but it is light  
in between the slats  
of wood.

\*

### 2.2.12

Very bright today.

\*

### 2.3.12

It is cold.

The sun is bright.

There is no place to hide.

\*

### 2.4.12

I heard ravens  
when it was still dark

and knew that it would  
be light soon.

The white flowers are all gone.

\*

### 2.5.12

Black stripe in the road.

I run backwards down the hill  
my shadow runs in front of me.  
If I were to fall, two dark figures  
would lie prone on the ground  
feet to feet.

\*

### 2.6.12

A train calls in the distance.

Cold in marrow of bone.

\*

### 2.7.12

Some rain.

Gray.

Wind that comes and goes  
lightly.

Quiet.

Full moon.  
I eat a white grape.

\*

### 2.8.12

Quiet.

Sun.

Potential.

The brush turned purple

---

with flowers.

\*

## 2.9.12

Wind late last night.

I drank the moon in a gallon of milk.

\*

## 2.10.12

Cold

\*

## 2.11.12

It rained last night

after 12:40 am.

The ground is still dark.

\*

## 2.12.12

Nightmares.

Every night

for the past few nights.

It is sunny outside,  
the birds are singing.

It is beautiful.

The grass is wet from the moon.

But, I can only observe  
because I am trapped in the darkness  
of my nightmares.

No, I am aware of it now.

I try to sit outside and be part of it.  
I try to let go of all that fear.

\*

## 2.13.12

Gray.

---

Rain has been moving in  
since last night.

Magnolia petals beginning to fall.

\*

### **2.14.12**

The pine trees are gold  
in them morning sun.

\*

### **2.15.12**

Light on one side  
gray on the other.

Beautiful.

Gray and then the sun breaks  
through  
gray again.

A dance.

\*

### **2.16.12**

I sit on the kitchen counter  
in the morning sunlight  
that is so bright I cannot  
open my eyes.

\*

### **2.17.12**

Birds

\*

### **2.18.12**

Steam rises up from the glass cup  
that the boiling water was poured  
into from the teapot, to warm it  
to prepare for the tea to make it

---

blacker and stronger.

Again birds,  
and not knowing  
where I am  
or what day it is  
when I wake up.

\*

## **2.19.12**

So many birds.

The small light on  
even though it is morning  
creates a different space.

So many different kinds of light.

Its too much.

\*

## **2.20.12**

Nothing.

Waiting for it to get dark.

Planted vegetable garden.

\*

## **2.21.12**

Woke up in the shadow.

New moon.

Cold.

Bright sun.

Smell of Jasmine flowers.

\*

## **2.22.12**

My computer is broken.

Red shoots of plants  
I am letting grow wild  
to see  
what happens.

Mozart instead of Satie.

Fear is a venom  
snake bite at the neck, or head  
deadly.  
the poison  
works its way down  
through the shoulders and spine  
to find the other snake.

\*

## 2.23.12

Mourning doves

\*

## 2.24.12

The new  
moon  
left a  
wake  
of jasmine  
scent  
oil  
that I  
gladly  
drown  
in

\*

## 2.25.12

new fountain pen.

strange color  
blue and purple ink.

pink transparent plastic.

three dots and two lines  
to start the ink flow.

---

overcast.  
Sunny.  
birds.

Let sleeping dogs lie.

\*

### **2.26.12**

The clothes on the line are wet  
left there last night  
it rained.

Bacon  
burning on the skillet.

Gray.  
The sky waits.

\*

### **2.27.12**

Vivaldi  
captures the sound  
of the sky when  
it is supposed  
to rain, and I sit  
waiting for it to  
rain,  
but it doesn't.  
It hangs  
suspended  
as though  
having stopped  
breathing.

\*

### **2.28.12**

cold.

bright sun.

\*

### **2.29.12**

The succulent cactus

---

that covers the ground  
has purple and pink flowers.  
I didn't know that they were  
different, the cactus.

One sits alone in a glass,  
two succulent arms  
a pink paint  
brush of hair  
on a head  
that splits a shoot.

No. it is a fanatic praising a god,  
it is a Joshua tree, it is a dictator  
calling for followers,  
it is Christ nailed to the air,  
dying in a glass of water.  
No, it is a plant,  
a beautiful plant.

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