

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## The Weather: July 2012

Melora Walters · Saturday, September 18th, 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](#)

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### 7.1.12

wind had a coolness in it  
last night and this morning

A small bird sat on top of the stalk  
that jutted out from the yucca.

\*

### 7.2.12

The dog dug a huge hole  
beneath the gravel  
and into the sand.

There is a smell of gardenia.

\*

### 7.3.12

The sun comes out later in the day,  
and then the heat starts.

The heat has the same sound  
as the bees and the flies.

\*

### 7.4.12

The new growth on the rose plant  
is a dark red vermillion,  
blood velvet.

\*

### 7.5.12

The ravens call to each other-  
the span between the calls grows shorter  
until they are at the same time.

It almost sounds human.

\*

### 7.6.12

2 police men,  
their car parked next to them,  
stand at the corner of  
Saint Charles of Borromeo's  
Church on Lankershim and Vineland  
and go through books and papers  
stacked in a stranded shopping cart.

\*

### 7.7.12

With the sun almost directly overhead  
the shadow of the trees on the gray street  
is spilt black tar.

\*

### 7.8.12

The moon is still in the sky in the morning.

\*

### 7.9.12

The clouds leave water on the grass.

The raven calls from the top of the pine.

\*

### 7.10.12

When I took off my clothes  
there was a dried skeleton  
of a leaf pressed against my chest.

\*

### 7.11.12

Wednesday is garbage day.

The trucks drive up and down the streets  
loud, comforting,  
getting rid of the unnecessaries  
taking all the garbage away.  
The men who drive the trucks wave hello.

\*

### 7.12.12

3 checkmarks on the horizon.

Black birds.

Overcast.  
The light is gray  
and makes the yellow come alive.

So humid,  
until the water  
broke through  
and it rained.

\*

### 7.13.12

Dread

fear to open my eyes,  
hiding under the sheets  
until I looked to see bare trees  
saturated  
stark against the sky  
also heavy

and heard the rain.

\*

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**7.14.12**

There is a sigh of relief  
in the smell of the brush  
and trees  
when the hottest part  
of the day  
is over.

\*

**7.15.12**

Today I give up.

\*

**7.16.12**

Preparing to leave  
for work in Ohio.

2 sprinklers aren't working.

Scorpions in the garage.

\*

**7.17.12**

Owl in the distance.

3:30 am

Dark.

Quiet.

\*

**7.18.12**

Canton. Ohio.

humid  
hot

The old Hoover house  
smells like my grandmother's  
house in Branch, Arkansas

\*

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### 7.19.12

Storms  
every few hours  
lightening  
and thunder  
sometimes  
even when  
the sun is out.

The Great Serpent Mound is in Ohio.

\*

### 7.20.12

humidity  
like a blanket  
heavy wool.

I like it.  
I love the storms.

cooler at night.

bugs are very loud,  
like an electrical  
outlet gone wild.  
malfunction  
lost control.

\*

### 7.21.12

Akron/Canton

to  
Charlotte NC

to  
Los Angeles

\*

### 7.22.12

home

\*

### 7.23.12

Cut roses  
in a glass vase  
on the table.  
One is at the bottom  
an underwater  
lotus treasure  
dragon's lair.

Yucca in a large glass  
container roots growing  
out thin white snakes.

\*

### 7.24.12

Los Angeles

Denver

Canton/Akron

Best Western

Fall asleep

The sun is setting.  
The window is near the freeway.  
The light goes black  
when a truck passes by  
as though  
the window is an eye  
and needs to blink.

\*

### 7.25.12

Bright  
sun morning

Then darkness  
thunder  
lightening  
rain.

now nothing

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**4:10 pm**

to travel  
back to Los Angeles.

\*

**7.26.12**

LA

white butterflies  
everywhere  
in back yard.

\*

**7.27.12**

Cleaning  
and cleaning  
to get rid  
of fleas.

\*

**7.28.12**

Young cat fixed.

Owls in the pines.

insects.

everything cleaned

\*

**7.29.12**

Butterflies  
make no sound.

flies and the feel of sand  
on the hardwood floor

\*

**7.30.12**

patches of yellow grass  
and yet oases of grass sprouting

---

like a green geyser

Crickets at night.

dead leaves  
swept into piles

The stillness of  
the night air  
waiting always  
on the other side  
of glass.

\*

**7.31.12**

Owls last night  
4 deer on the ridge  
in broad sunlight.

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