

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](#)

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 vermilion,
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.

*

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

*

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

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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