

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## The Weather: October 2012

Melora Walters · Thursday, October 14th, 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 October 2012.*

Read: [January](#), [February](#), [March](#), [April](#), [May](#), [June](#), [July](#), [August](#), [September](#)

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### 10.1.12

October

The ravens gathered at the top of the hill,  
morning but the moon is still out  
as though it was the sun-

and the trees are upside down  
as I walk in circles to train the dog.

\*

### 10.2.12

The moon is wobbly.

\*

### 10.3.12

The moon is still out

rolling smaller

as though it is sinking  
into the ocean

or another horizon.

\*

### 10.4.12

Cooler this morning

I carve eyes into the linoleum to wake it up.

\*

### 10.5.12

chilly wet morning air

as the sky lightens it is soft gray  
with some purple mixed in  
which brings out the yellow  
in the green and the plants glow-  
soft-  
rounded and smudged by the mist.

\*

### 10.6.12

Belladonna  
&  
Spigelia

\*

### 10.7.12

Relief?

no pain?

A memory of what I was yesterday.  
Frightening.  
What I was beginning  
and now freed of it  
like the dry caked earth  
from Summer heat.

Nothing lasts forever  
nothing stays the same forever  
there is no forever  
only moments  
unbelievably free from pain.

\*

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### 10.8.12

Cold wet damp.

The earth lies back,  
supine  
odalisque  
against the clouds  
and gray pillowed sky.

\*

### 10.9.12

Emptied  
marrow  
bones  
scatter the yard  
like  
Hansel and Gretel  
bread crumbs  
to find their way back home.

\*

### 10.10.12

honey bee in the house  
trying to get out  
of the window  
trapped in dog hair  
nest spider webs  
minotaur maze  
I gather it in my hands  
and place it in the middle  
of a large rose flower  
outside.

\*

### 10.11.12

Cold enough to the heat on in the car.

Storm clouds in the South East  
bright sky in North West.

Thunder showers are predicted.

\*

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### 10.12.12

The sun is pushing back the gray.

\*

### 10.13.12

And the sun wins

But in the shadow and shade  
there are remnants of the rain,  
and two large mushrooms  
attest to the darkness and water  
everywhere.

\*

### 10.14.12

Last night pruned and moved giant branches of pencil cactus

gloves-long sleeves-boots-glasses

but the milky poison got on my arm, my stomach,  
and melded into the sweat which dripped into  
my right eye.

I have been baptized.

\*

### 10.16.12

Hot again.

I thought it was Friday.

Watering pencil cactus  
that I pruned and replanted.  
It stands, leans against the fence-

fingers point to the sky.

\*

### 10.17.12

Too hot

dogs panting.

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\*

## 10.18.12

Stigmata

my palms cut and bleeding  
from opening old matted and framed prints-  
beautiful frames that hold dreams  
of possibilities-

opened  
disemboweled  
to make room for something else.

\*

## 10.19.12

I thought it was Thursday  
when I woke up.

Hot but looming darkness  
and streaks of cold in the air.

\*

## 10.20.12

light rain

light darkness

\*

## 10.21.12

My birthday

light rain in the morning  
I felt it-

clouds alternate with sun

rose blossoms.

\*

## 10.22.12

Cold,

I lie against the half moon

relieved

The gray and yellow that illuminates the green  
again so that the plants emit lights from inside  
the pockets of chlorophyll.

It rained last night  
I only know from the dark pattern  
on the concrete steps.

\*

## 10.23.12

Rain.

I can hardly hear it  
for the birds in the bush  
with orange flowers.

The sky is half white and half blue  
divided by a ragged tear of the edge  
of Unryu rice paper.

And then my house is filled  
with yellow and orange  
tinges of pink as the sun comes up.

\*

## 10.24.12

getting warm again

but a wind is there,  
here,  
it makes the trees bend,  
blown  
drying clothes off  
the line.

\*

## 10.25.12

Only the wind  
  
and dry heat that rides it

like a naked woman  
drunk and unnerving

fist raised  
carrying a flag  
to conquer everything in sight.

\*

## 10.26.12

mountains camouflage at night.

6 am  
the stars are so white and close.

freeway car lights must look like stars  
and planets from above.

\*

## 10.27.12

The gray stepping stones at night  
look white like bread crumbs  
dropped behind  
Hansel and Gretel

like the plotting of a planet  
across the sky.

The pine tree stands straight  
while their shadows lean  
against the mountain and rest.

\*

## 10.28.12

Every morning that I wake up  
when it is dark and watch it  
go light  
become light  
I am shocked  
I sit now in light  
and I can't believe  
that it happened.

A murder of crows fly above me-  
their wings with their sound  
whispering leather flap-

and the wind made visible  
for a moment.

\*

## 10.29.12

Full moon

I watch the landscape  
emerge from the darkness again.  
It's cold, but by the middle of the day  
its hot again.

I can't take it  
feel bloated  
as though  
I am stuffed into a skin  
like a sausage  
ground pork meat  
roasting in the sun.

\*

## 10.30.12

While there is a hurricane on the East Coast

it is hot here

with a heat that clenches in rigor mortis

the iron fist

the iron maiden

only to lose it's power  
when it is dark and night

which melts everything to black.

\*

## 10.31.12

With the people in costumes in the street  
the two people sitting on the folded cloth  
below the freeway are at home now.

The air has more water.  
The clothes on the line take longer to dry.



What if nothing feels safe?  
What if nothing is safe?  
And you cannot hold onto anything-  
everything changes.  
The earth is turning on itself  
as well as moving in an orbit.  
What do you do with that?

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