Weathergrams .................

The Weathergram is a very short poem of about ten words or less. It comes as a sudden insight; & hence brevity is essential.

The weathergram is hung on a bough or branch in the garden, at a campsites, or along a mountain trail.

Raw & incomplete when just written, the weathergram needs the graphic touches of wind, rain, sun & ice depending on the season. During its three months of weathering, it starts going back to nature; this makes it a true weathergram, a "weather-writing."

The weathergram is written on brown kraft paper cut from grocery store paper bags. The strip is 2½ x 10 inches, before the top is folded over.

Crylic vermilion is used for the first initial & a. It gains waterproof India ink for the rest. The writing will last as long as the paper does - or longer.

They are to be given away & are strictly non-commercial.

_________________________ Lloyd J. Reynolds ___________________
Weathergrams

The Weathergram is a very short poem of about ten words—or less. It comes as a sudden insight, or hence brevity is essential. Furthermore, no one will stop to read any lengthy statement while standing in wind or rain.

The weathergram is hung on a bough or branch in the garden, at a campsite, or along a mountain trail. The subject matter is usually seasonal, and the weathergram is left out between solstice or equinox or between equinox or solstice.

The weathergram is written on kraft paper cut from grocery store paper bags. The strip is two and a half inches by ten inches, before the top is folded over. A larger size would be too conspicuous. White paper would look like a washing hung out to dry. It should be part of the scene.

Acrylic vermilion is used for the initial, or Higgins waterproof India ink, for the rest. The writing will last as long as the paper does—or longer. Any other color or ink will wash out or fade away.

Current-cursive Italic is the letter form for the weathergram—not formal calligraphy. The writing should be spontaneous or should not look contrived or self-conscious.

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Listen...
the dialog between
the bird and the garden

The space
between flowers
is a flower

Night sky
sends dewdrops;
morning sky
recalls them.

Snow
in the robin's nest
as if it belonged there?

The first
lawn-mowing
of spring—
& the dandelions
are spared

Lightning—
or the sky unscarred

Lightning
joins heaven.
& earth
instantly

Snowfall
at year's end,
the curtain
down, down,
& down.

Scampering leaves
& the kitten
stop
the garden rake.

Stalks
& the yellow maple leaf
floating

Pussy willows
purring

In the beached
rowboat

The valley
wedges down
between
its mountains.