

Candice Wuehle

HOW TO INFUSE SPIRITS

FOR REASONS, TODAY, THE CAPRI LODGE MID-CORAL RIDGE GLOWS: NO.
ON THE AURAL BRIDGE, ACROSS, ANOTHER BROKEN LOCK HONOR BAR—WHAT
CLICK I MEANT *THERE* WAS SOME CONFIDENCES ARE ATHLETES INTO OVER COACHES,
SOME SOUTHERN SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER IS SAYING SAY *PALMETTO BUGS, NOT ROACHES.*
NOT EXACTLY. EXACTLY: SOME PILOTS ARE BURNT INTO LIGHT. NEON: THE SPECTRUM
WE CAN HEAR. ANY ANGEL'S THROAT BURNS HOT PINK. BUT I DIDN'T MEAN TO BRING IN THE
BEYOND.

THE MARQUE FLAMES: COUNTRY GREEN AND SUNBURNT MIRTH—KEATS
AND UNDERNEATH: QUIET ROOMS, COOL POOLS AND CLEAN SHEETS.
EVEN MY LIPSTICK INVESTED IN THIS EMPIRE. SMOKED ROSE. SOFT SILVER. SYNESTHESIA
OF POCKET PROOF THE TRIBE'S JUST TRYING TO PLEASE YOU. MY OWN MEMORY
OF THIS CITY REMEMBERING THIS CITY IS THE SLAKE THAT SEEMED TO BRING
THE SCENT OF THE SKY DOWN, SEEMED TO SQUEEZE THIS GORGE UP TO A SING
OF SALTED HE—LLO MOTHER, YES I'M HERE. NATURALLY, I WAS NEAR
ASKING WHICH TOWNS, WHICH DEAR, EXALTED ESTRANGED TOWNS OUR FRIENDS HERE
NO LONGER CAN NEVER GO NEAR? IT'S NOT EVER THE LAW YOU LIED AND SAID YOU
BROKE...I HAD A WOMAN KIN, DIED OF "ROPE".

HERE: STREAM RUNS CLEAR

GRANTED TIME. THIS IS THE SLAKE SEEMED TO BRING THE SCENT OF THE SKY DOWN,
BROUGHT THE SCENT OF THE EARTH UP! HYMN.

TO TESTIFY—THROUGH THE FOG AND FILTHY AIR

REMEMBER THOSE 3 WITNESSES AT THE OUTSET OF THAT PLAY:
THEY ENACT THE TESTIMONY AND FOR FIVE ACTS THE TESTIMONY DOES
DO WHAT THEY SAY. DOUBLE. NOTICE THE WORD *ANGER* ALMOST
IN ASYLUM IN *LANGUAGE*. DOUBLE. NOTE THE ABSENT ARE. TOIL.
NOBODY AROUND HERE CAUSE ANY TROUBLE, NOBODY NOTICE THE FIX
THAT COMES FIRST, O O NO TROUBLE. TROUBLE. THIS DOCUMENT IS
DEAD; ANSWERS CANNOT BE RECORDED. ARE YOU BEHOLDING EVERY WORD?
DROP YOUR G. PICK UP YOUR I. OBSERVE WIT/WITNESS.
OVER/HOVER. OBSERVE THE REASON IN TREASON. DON'T SAY YOU DON'T
LEVITATE. DON'T SAY YOU ARE IN ONLY ONE WORLD. DON'T SAY YOU DON'T SEE THE WORD WORD.
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU SEE IN BLEND, IN COMBINE.
YOU ARE NOT DEAD.

WRITE: I AM

CONFUSED

1000 TIMES. HAND IT TO THE COURT REPORTER.

'TIS

CHRISTMAS CAME AND THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE ABOUT IT.
I FOUND A REFLECTIVE GOLD SEQUIN AFLOAT IN MY BATH FIVE DAYS
BEFORE IT FELL FROM THE MARDIS GRAS MASK. I FORGAVE MY MOTHER
BEFORE SHE ASKED. I FORBID THE SEQUENCE
OF EVENTS TO OVERTAKE ME AND I TOOK THEM AS THEY CAME.
AT LAST I TOOK OVER THE TELEVISION SET IT ALL TO ADVENT AND SO
I FORGOT TO WATCH THE FILM IN BLACK & WHITE ABOUT A MAN WHO
DREAMS A SÉANCE HE DOES NOT DESIRE. A BLIZZARD BLEW THROUGH TO BLEACH
THE NEW YEAR'S BABY'S BONES. EVERYONE UNDERSTOOD WHY SLEEP SOUNDS LIKE A
Z, EVERYONE WANTED A RADIO AT ONCE, EVERYONE PUT DOWN THE REMOTENESS. ALMOST
EVERYONE AND
ALSO I WENT TO THE GROCERY AND GOT IN LINE UNDER BRIGHT LIGHT AND ADMITTED EXPIRY
TO BE THINKING AT LENGTH ABOUT TOMORROW
WHEN TOMORROW

WHEN TOMORROW

WHEN TOMORROW

CAN ALREADY NOT BE UNDONE.