

*Pedagogy*

Which is the difference  
between valley and prairie?

Far as you can see,  
Find your way home.  
Will we ever smell pine again?  
I do dream of wheat – kid from the plain  
Embodied arrow, in any situation devoid  
Distraction, I do return. Never traveled far  
Without a map

(Wind & Farm & Field)

I.)

I am wishing

well. The little girl

with the lisp says:

the tomato is coming. Wind

flirts well.

Do you suppose hot breezes ever weary of tossing

Into frigid gusts? Ever wish they'd just stayed West?

Me either – natural phenomena: one nights usually stand.

Well! Did you hear the one about the three holes in the ground?

So did the drought.

I am wishing

well.

~~PH~~ask Ask me

anything.

II.)

You know

some people

You know

some people

will tell you

all prairie looks like all other prairie.

(air air air air dirt dust air animal dirt dust shine)

(You know in the way/we learn where to land/ by what falls from the skies)

(You know/in the way/ we learn to speak/by what falls/ from the airs)

(You know/ in the way/ we learn)

(You know)

III.)

As if if I carved

a heart about your initial

s, as if that would be

phenomena: a thing that

occurs.

As if I would not have first to learn  
your name

as if I would not have first to learn  
to speak

as if I would not have first to learn  
the locus and lines of

the origin.

As if blood comes from bone.

As if sap has no home.

As if the prairie remembers its own name in the long history as the field which is best for the long  
call, best for hailing god; prairie, best for prayer, best for longing,  
best for that which is taught over time.

CANDICE WUEHLE

## *Lost to Space*

Lost to Space, Earth Is Not Composed Of Its Original Atmosphere, But Rather Of A Composition Of Gases From The Impact Of Comets And Planetesimals Full In Volatile Materials; Notably The Earth's Original Atmosphere Did Not Contain Oxygen

*The day I realized there's no one day to realize anything – you keep realizing, see? and saying: the day I – there was a storm hovering on the town's edge. A neighbor boy in a tree said he could smell it, and it smelled bad. Three days later, the clouds had not moved. I could smell it too. By then. The block received notices to retain their own waste. The day I realize the landfill is on fire is the same day I realize I am not going to stop hating him.*

Everything aligned: I could have seen this world would happen.

I

In the future, I will wish the landlines functioned.

I will wish the necromancer's number was in the telefax.

Wish is a word with no interior modification.

Wish is a word with no synonym.

I was wishing this were not happening and then I wished it, this does not change.

I know you see, just like my ex-husband saw what I did not see yet, but would soon.

Oh, gravity.

It is you we have come up here for.

The boy in the tree says we need to see what he is seeing.

He says: it's a hell of a view.

Bring it down. 1...2...

1...2...3...on purpose we burn out the prairie, call  
out the ghosts. They listen if we cant, they speak if we offer. One warm winter  
my body went Ouija dial

and scraped across the spirit states to settle  
on a swampsoil south of a blood slaked city  
appellate for a God.

You explain the graves here append above the earth  
because the land will not take the bodies.

I understood: it is full enough already.

Bring it down. That much clear the atmosphere itself gets light gets low

79% nitrogen, 20% oxygen, 1% sundry but slow. Because  
names like layers of strata are unstable bounty, I tender *dear* –

After all that breathing fire, how easy  
breathing air

After all I fell  
In [a common expression]