

RACHEL DILLON

PUNCHLINE WITTGENSTEIN

I spent a summer sitting
in a cemetery. Its trees wore skirts
of white lime, held the sky

above the dead.
Trees, like an apple

or slab, don't have names.
Or their names exist
through what they're not:

the apple is an apple
because it's not a year.

The sea the sea because it doesn't
end. I know I'm no longer
a child and know I'm not

dead. I have memories,
worries, a language for each.

It's some circle of hell, this
hell we're making of earth. I can name
most trees I see. I don't know

what to do about their dying.
I ask Andy if that's an American

Chestnut by the cabin,
the only one I've ever seen—
Who cares? he says. *It's not*

like it can hear you.