

CAROLINA EBEID

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*Epithalamium*

*for Alejandra & Wojtek*

If a tree falls in a forest  
& if we make our dining  
room chairs out of its freight  
& if we were meant to haul  
it, haul that behemoth tree  
the way one hauls faith,  
debt, imagination, a car  
from a slushed-over ditch  
& if the tree is older  
than we are, older than our entire  
life separately or added together  
& if we put the tree back  
into the ground in our yard,  
a Christmas come in June  
& if we were to unspool gold  
ribbons through its lower branches  
& name these *soft rememberancers*  
& no one, not a single  
person is around to hear that