



## Being Human, by Climbing PoeTree

\_I wonder if the Sun debates dawn\_  
\_some mornings\_  
\_not wanting to rise\_  
\_out of bed\_  
\_from under the down-feather horizon\_  
\_if the sky grows tired\_  
\_of being everywhere at once\_  
\_adapting to the mood\_  
\_swings of the weather\_  
\_if clouds drift off\_  
\_trying to hold themselves together\_  
\_make deals with gravity\_  
\_to loiter a little longer\_  
\_I wonder if rain is scared\_  
\_of falling\_  
\_if it has trouble\_  
\_letting go\_  
\_if snow flakes get sick\_  
\_of being perfect all the time\_  
\_each one\_  
\_trying to be one-of-a-kind\_  
\_I wonder if stars wish\_  
\_upon themselves before the die\_  
\_if they need to teach their young\_  
\_how to shine\_  
\_I wonder if shadows long\_  
\_to just-for-once feel the Sun\_  
\_if they get lost in the shuffle\_  
\_not knowing where theyâ€™re from\_  
\_I wonder if sunrise\_  
\_and sunset\_  
\_respect each other\_  
\_even though theyâ€™ve never met\_  
\_if volcanoes get stressed\_  
\_if storms have regrets\_  
\_if compost believes in life\_  
\_after death\_  
\_I wonder if breath ever thinks of suicide\_  
\_if the wind just wants to sit\_  
\_still sometimes\_  
\_and watch the world pass by\_  
\_if smoke was born\_  
\_knowing how to rise\_  
\_if rainbows get shy back stage\_  
\_not sure if their colors match right\_

\_I wonder if lightning sets an alarm clock\_  
\_to know when to crack\_  
\_if rivers ever stop\_  
\_and think of turning back\_  
\_if streams meet the wrong sea\_  
\_and their whole lives run off-track\_  
\_I wonder if the snow\_  
\_wants to be black\_  
\_if the soil thinks sheâ€™s too dark\_  
\_if butterflies want to cover up their marks\_  
\_if rocks are self-conscious of their weight\_  
\_if mountains are insecure of their strength\_  
\_I wonder if waves get discouraged\_  
\_crawling up the sand\_  
\_only to be pulled back again\_  
\_to where they began\_  
\_if land feels stepped upon\_  
\_if sand feels insignificant\_  
\_if trees need to question their lovers\_  
\_to know where they stand\_  
\_if branches waver at the crossroads\_  
\_unsure of which way to grow\_  
\_if the leaves understand theyâ€™re replaceable\_  
\_and still dance when the wind blows\_  
\_I wonder\_  
\_where the Moon goes\_  
\_when she is in hiding\_  
\_I want to find her there\_  
\_and watch the ocean\_  
\_spin from a distance\_  
\_listen to her\_  
\_stir in her sleep\_  
\_effort give way to existence\_  
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