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 they're from
I wonder if sunrise
and sunset
respect each other
even though they'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 she'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 they'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