



Ponderings

Lisa Haman

When I was younger
I used to ponder—
Thing about things
And really wonder—
How trees grew
To be so straight and tall
I used to sit—
And ponder it all.

How zebras got so many stripes
Why ducks waddled
And windshields wiped—
Why Winter's snow
All feathery and light
Melted in my hands
Right before my sight.

As I grew older,
My ponderings grew.
The world around me
Was so bright and new.
There were many things
I wanted to know.
I had questions to ask
And oats to sow.

I'm older now,
But I still ponder—
Think about things
And really wonder—
How trees grow
To be so straight and tall
I just sit—
And ponder it all.