

W H Y?

Have you ever wondered, bothered to posit,
 Why in nature these weird things exist?
 Questions that lingered in my mind for long,
 Answers to which don't seem to come along.

Like why those strange sensations we feel,
 We call tickle; and, why do we giggle?
 The riddle of why along spine, axillae and girdle,
 Neck, palms and soles; chest and limbs but feeble?

Why on laughing hard do tears streak?
 And always at enjoyment's peak?
 Why indeed unhindered, do tears flow,
 From mere proximity, to onions below?

Why we grow hair in pubis and axillae,
 But never on forehead, palms or soles?
 Why men lose hair from their apex,
 Forehead and vertex, not from temples?

This 'male pattern' has been accepted,
 But what purpose has nature intended?
 Why women sport on body scant hair,
 But retain on scalp, hair with flair?

Why do we assign feelings to heart,
 And not to brain, reasoning's seat?
 The heart that's at best a lowly pump?
 And brain makes this assumption!?

Is it not more rational, logical indeed,
 That we feel emotions through our brains?
 The body then will experience and feel,
 Love, desire, pleasure, or sorrow and pain.

Isn't it strange, the brain feels no pain,
 From stimuli arriving not from within?
 This bundle of nerves that has in abundance,
 Ability to see, hear, taste and, smell scents?

Why do cocks crow, and know when to crow?
 To brag, or just wake us up, do us a favor?
 And why don't hens crow, even in ersatz,
 Could this just be nature assigning task?

Why do horses, cattle and others with hoofs,
 Walk and run on tiptoes, even on all fours?
 Why do frogs close eyes before they consume?
 Is it they wish not to see their own crime?

Why do male sea horses get ‘pregnant’,
 ‘Deliver’ his progeny and then attend?
 Likewise the fierce male “Siamese fighter”,
 Keeps his brood in mouth with care tender?

Why 24 hours a day make, why not a hundred?
 Likewise 100 minutes and as many seconds?
 Why not decimals rule as well our rhymes,
 Make keeping time, keep up with times?

Why at times rainbows flash their double?
 Why inverted come companion’s hues?
 Why blue-green colors Northern Lights dabble?
 Why not another tinge of color on cue?

What makes light, other rays race?
 And race they do at ferocious rates!
 Is it power packed at their inception,
 Then carried true to their destination?

How in orderly fashion do ripples advance,
 Yet up and down, water but bounces!

Why human off springs of white and black,
 They sport no colored spots and specks?

Why is number five the nature favors,
 From organs vital and fingers and toes?
 Five are also the senses humans have.

What is magical this the nature favors,
 For number of leaves also in many flora?
 Special in nature it seems, number five.

Beliefs and assumptions are plenty,
 In nature we humans take for granted.
 Harder it is to explain why we accept,
 And why we let common sense depart!

Certain it is as we continue to ponder,
 Stranger phenomena oft we encounter,
 For us to consider and continue to wonder,
 This poem to do a semblance of justice,
 These short pages simply won’t suffice!