

Songs of Poetry

Written By Mai Le



Ode to Shopping



Oh, shopping, it is such a joy.
So much to choose from, shoes to toys.
Visa, Mastercard, Bank One, too .
Credit cards make shopping easier for me and you.

The Mall, my sanctuary, with so much inside.
Yet, so little time to shop with pride.
Oh, Armani and Gap and Saks Fifth also,
how to cover the mall in just a few hours?

Day is done, shopping now over.
Money is gone, bags all full,
just a few more hours, if only I could...



Mai Le

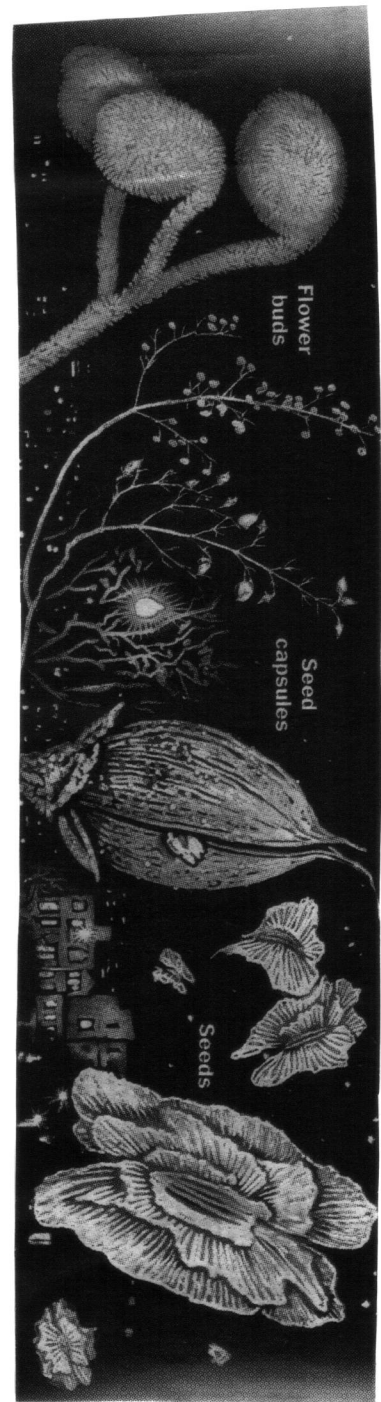
I am Mai Le.
I like chocolate.
I like to play laser tag.
I dislike homework.
I am creative.
I am very talkative.

My favorite dream is to be
locked in the Mall of America.
Oh, all those stores and all that time.

I would like to talk to Van Gough.
I love his paintings and his artistic style.
I would like to be able to paint like him.

If I had enough money,
I would stop world hunger and
all the poverty in the world.

If I could change my name, I wouldn't.



My Little Brother

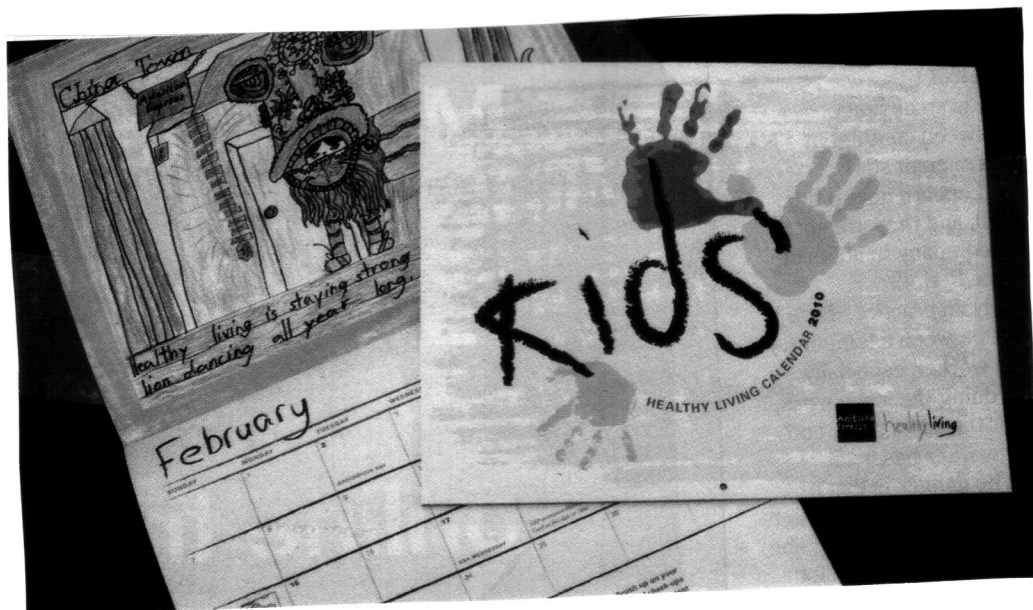
Kind of nice (to his parents, maybe.)

Everything I always wanted in a little brother (kind of.)

Vivacious (maybe a little too much.)

I love him, really I do. (Even though I don't always act like it.)

Nicest little boy I've ever met. (Really, he honestly is.)



School's Out!

In
a few
Fridays, school
Will finally be over!
I cannot wait for summer!
But now it's time for good-byes.



*Flowers smell so sweet
Fresh aroma fills the field
Taking in the scent*

The sun is shining
Not for long, thunder crashes
Oh well, sun is gone.



Christmas Scents

The sweet smell of cinnamon fills the room,
As sugar plum faeries fill my dreams.
The scent of pine needles fills the air,
As sweet as a potpourri filled teddy bear.
Now comes time to open presents,
The highlight of everything that is pleasant,
But how to concentrate on such a thing,
When Christmas scents sing and sing!

A Snowflake...

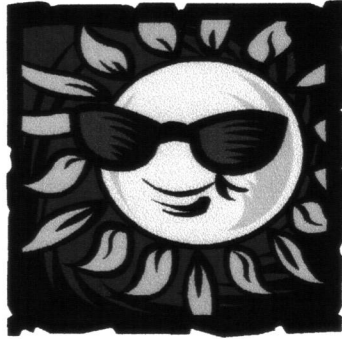
Snowflakes sparkle,
snowflakes sing,
snowflakes gleam,
snowflakes beam.

Presents, Presents, Presents!!

Presents, oh, presents, they are such fun,
a brand new red sweater or a nice water gun.
But after the ripped wrapping paper,
and the bows stuck on heads,
then come the thank-you notes,
the part we all dread.

Ring, Bell, Ring

Pencil tapping on my desk,
I'm just so tired I need to rest.
Please, bell, ring and ring!!
Please, make me so happy I could sing!!



Sunny Daze

Sun shines over all,
It's so hot I'm gonna fall,
Today's not the day to play ball,
Hey, how about we go to the mall?



Clumsy Old Me

I'm as clumsy as a cow,
always falling then and now.
Falling flat upon my face,
If clumsiness were a class, I'm sure I'd ace!
Tripping Over loose shoelaces,
Looking up at all the laughing faces!

My Best Friend
My best friend is perfect in every way.
She's as funny as a circus show,
as sparkling as a field of snow.
Her face is like a field of flowers,
always bright through summer showers.
A friend like this is hard to dig,
it's as rare as a flying pig.

Final Exams are living death.

Broccoli is a disgusting green thing.

School is a prison for kids.

A little brother is a hyper puppy.

A cat is a curtain-ripping machine.

Play
Fun, energetic
Laughing, running, talking
Balls, friends, computers, colleagues
Sitting, writing, typing
Quiet, boring
Work