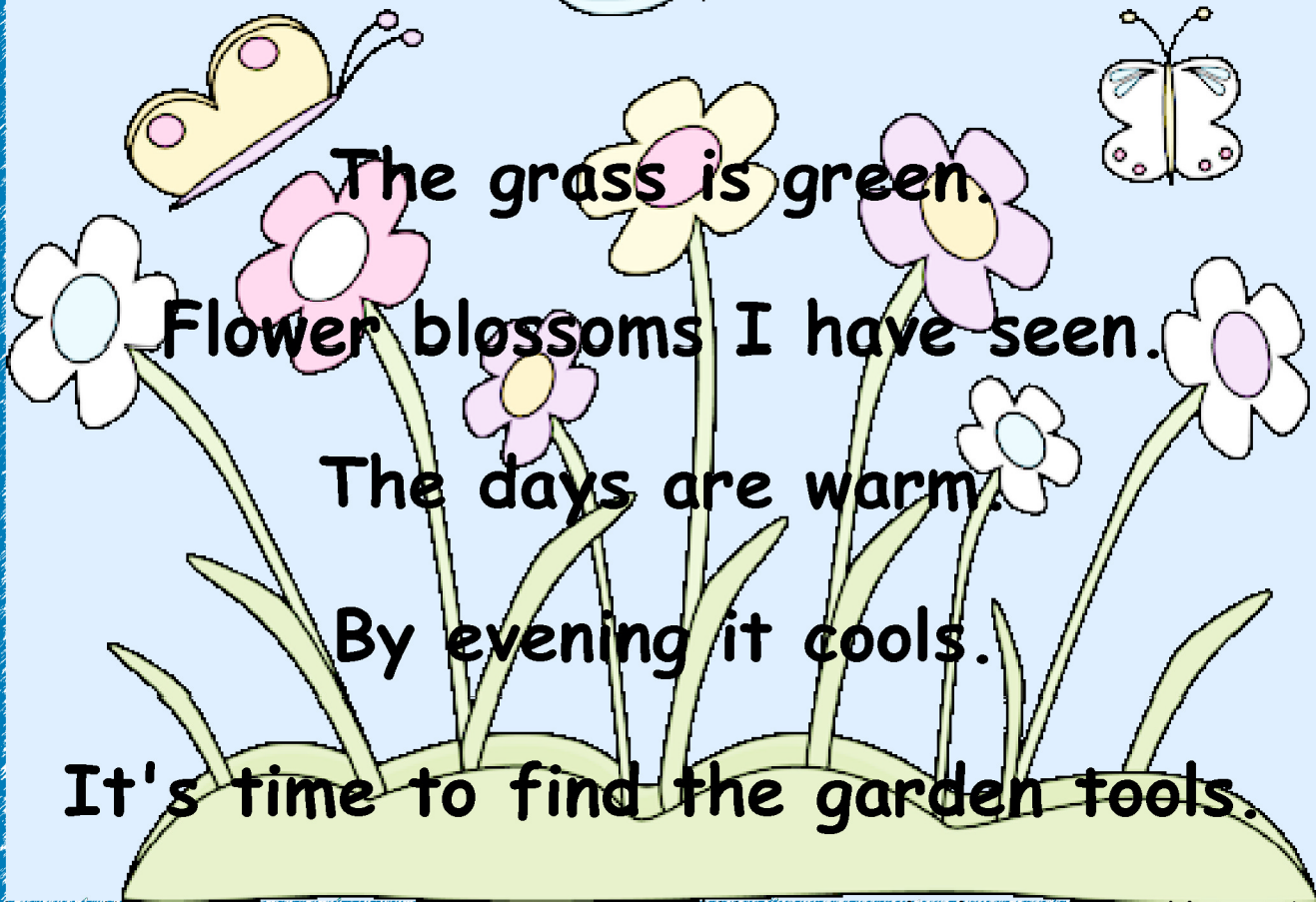


# May

May's a month of happy sounds,  
The hum of buzzing bees,  
The chirp of little baby birds  
And the song of a gentle breeze.



The grass is green.  
Flower blossoms I have seen.  
The days are warm.  
By evening it cools.  
It's time to find the garden tools.