Maybe

May be I could make up some music about me in Morocco.

May be my music would be about Margaret and Mansour and Mohammed.

Maybe my memories would be about mud and markers and monsters and masks. And may be my memories would be about mornings and money and math and maps.

May be my Mom mie would make for me macaroni mush rooms, marshmallows and muffins.

May be my Mom mie would mix up some milk and mango and make me a milk shake.

May be we could move to Mexico and meet the man on the merry-go-round, and may be we could go to the zoo and meet monkeys and mooses and even a mermaid.