

Qingchen LI (Melody)
(Age: 10)

I started learning piano at four years old. In my leisure time, I like writing novel and solving math problems. Here I share with you some of my poems.

I am a girl with imagination
I pretend to be wandering through the milky way
I feel the calming waves, telling me the stories of sea
I touch the hands of the little prince, who lived with
a self-obsessed rose
I worry about the changes in my life
I cry out loud when I grew up, when I can't imagine
anything, when I was alone



I will play the following four pieces

Shadow Dance by MacDowell

The calm the tranquil tide of the sparkling, glittering, silver sea.
The flickering candle lights in the heart,
Of people in sad bereavement and sorrow.
The resonance of music echoed, in the sunset of valley.
Under the light blue sky, the flaxen hair of the girl.

Asturias Luis Fernando Perez by Isaac Albéniz

Strong as a lion,
smooth as a kitten,
hard as the rock,
soft deep inside.

Golliwogg's Cakewalks by Claude Debussy

Alone, a snowman stands, staring out at the unexpected world.
The children have made him as effortless as they can.

A nice bright red check scarf, a crimson carrot nose,
Which he can nibble on, if he gets really hungry!
Nice black velvet hat, which he feels is worth having,
Cause' it makes him feel grand, and makes him a gentleman!

They usually build him a friend, someone he can chat to,
But not for this Christmas.

When the children hurried by, gathering under the ornamental Christmas tree.
He knew that he has no choice.

Apart from a robin who sings, way up above his head,
In the holly bushes, he's alone,
and time hangs heavily upon him, especially when the long nights descend.

But, he's just a snowman, a no-man,
Yet he gives the children such pleasure,
Which cheers his chilly heart and makes his 'life' honourable.
And melt his body.

The Well-Tempered Clavier Prelude and Fugue in C Minor, BWV 847 by J.S. Bach

When she opens her window of night.
Her shiny and broaden ways,
Releasing the kindness and trapping the injustice of night.
Stopping the criminals, helping the police,
The lawyer of the world the centre of universe.

The places she arrived, flowers and plants,
Hurrying out the soil, trying to greet her well.
She's the gardener of the world, the centre of universe.

Just then, tears trickled down her rosy cheeks,
Her bright and balmy feeling, turns deep, dark and grey.
Her father thundered through the sky, dark clouds followed by.
Anger in his eyes flashed by, without a sound before the monstrous roar!

By Qingchen LI