

Дмитриева Ксения

Послан Дмитриева Ксения - 28.12.2012 22:32

Дмитриева Ксения
студентка 2 курса
Южно-Уральский государственный университет
преподаватель: Федюнина Елена Николаевна

Everything for Mum
“My mother is a poem
I'll never be able to write,
though everything I write
is a poem to my mother”.
Sharon Doubiago
We all do live in a magic world.
We all have our worth.
But the most essential is not gold
But women gave us birth.
Sometimes we go to their hearts
So, they are crying bitter tears.
On birthday make we sapid tarts
And they forget all torment fears.
Thus, celebrate we Mother's Day
When bring offerings, hug and kiss.
“I worship you”, we always say,
“When you are far away, I miss”.
“I love you, Mum. You are the best,
The most sincere and allied.
It's true: with you my soul rests.
It's true: you are my leading light.
I'm taking off my hat to you.
I give my thanks for all you've done.
I wish the sky was always blue,
I wish you weren't ever gone”.
Let's deify Mummy every day,
Let's make her feeling blest.
In that event her living way
Will be exciting like a fest!

We all do live in a magic world.
We all have our worth.
But the most essential is not gold
But Mum who gave us birth.

http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Dmitrieva_KB_Everything_for_Mum.rar

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Послан Зотова Галина Вячеславовна - 01.01.2013 21:49

I am very glad to read your poems dear students! You could find time and write poetry. Thanks a lot for such warm words! Be healthy and happy!

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Послан Пушкина Татьяна Ивановна - 02.01.2013 18:43

The best thing in your poem is the understanding what "the most essential" part in our life is. Sincere and nice words devoted to your mother! Great!
