

Петухова Надежда Николаевна

Послан Петухова Надежда Николаевна - 13.01.2013 15:13

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Свердловской области http://www.tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Petuhova_NN_Mother_s_Day.rar

To my mother

Mum, I love you very much,
I know nobody, who such
Can cherish me, care off, love,
And be as trembling as a dove!

I can recall when in my childhood,
We went together to the wood,
We went shopping, played the games,
We played the cities or the names!

You read me books before my sleep,
I can` t forget the touch of lips,
Your tales, songs I can` t forget,
I always kissed you when we met!

The time slide past, it doesn` t paint us,
And each of us become all older,
Our feeling more intense,
It isn` t dead or getting colder!

After so many years, I am a mother,
I have a daughter, too, and rather
I understand your love, your care,
Without you I feel me bare!

And bringing up my daughter, I
Ask me very often, Why
My love to you increases every day,
And meeting you about love I` ll say!

How many years elapse, it doesn` t matter,
Intercommunication`s getting better,
We` ll love each other more and more
And never covers itself happiness`s door!

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Послан Пушкина Татьяна Ивановна - 13.01.2013 15:26

Your poem is full of magic words written with love, respect and tenderness. Best wishes!

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Петухова Надежда Николаевна

Послан Ремнева Ирина Юрьевна - 17.01.2013 22:39

Well done! Your poem is nice and tender! Best wishes!

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