Создано: 5 November, 2025, 09:44

## Клерикова Ольга Алексеевна

Послан Клерикова Ольга Алексеевна - 15.01.2013 20:44

Клерикова Ольга Алексеевна учитель английского языка гимназия №87 г. Саратов

My Mother's Day

My Mother's Day is a special thing, That always reminds me of my daughter's sin. Many autumns ago I was young and naive, My mother couldn't my greeting receive.

I was trying to share my care and love With her and my husband, but it wasn't enough. Some winters had passed, my mother had gone... I was, of course, married, but felt all alone.

My daughter is thirty, she has a boy-friend. She loves him, for certain, I do understand. But her best friend I didn't become. It's nearly evening, she hasn't yet come.

The daughter is breaking my mother's heart. I'm bitterly crying: we're still apart. You see, I don't want her to follow my fate. The holiday's over, it can be too late!

## Клерикова Ольга Алексеевна Послан Лопатина Елена Николаевна - 17.01.2013 21:58

I hope everything will be OK. Your poem touches a very serious problem.

## Клерикова Ольга Алексеевна Послан Касумова Залина Михайловна - 22.01.2013 09:04

Let it be the an artistic image that is used to educate the young generation but not harsh truth of life! I'm afraid to think that the content reflects a fact of life!

But in that case if it's true, let us believe that the daughter will become closer to you, as soon as she becomes a mother!

As the English proverb goes, "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry becomes satin..."

## Форум - Сообщество учителей английского языка Tea4er.ru Создано: 5 November, 2025, 09:44

I wish you all the best!