

Клерикова Ольга Алексеевна

Послан Клерикова Ольга Алексеевна - 15.01.2013 20:44

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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!

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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..."

I wish you all the best!

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