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Послан Тихонова Анна Валерьевна - 27.03.2013 16:27

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Angels invented me,
Again visited theToo highest price globe.
Immediately reduce the distance
Immediately stopped parted
And suddenly showed up in the family
Missing political instructor.

Like someone it with living water Sprinkled on the front-line path To his wife not to be a widow, An orphan son would not grow.

I - the enemy of grief and separation, Loving his fellow Extended his hand to help: Stay, dear, dead!

And now he is sitting between us Every science and example Three times a decorated, Missing officer.

He sits quietly and seriously, Not hiding his happiness. Quietly and almost religious Relatives look at him.

The point was simple: in an open field He is one. From blood loss and pain He lost consciousness, but

With music, the soldiers encounter death. And when they want to die, Angels successfully teach Harmonica playing.

No we do not have paradise! Only necessary that came an age Where he lived and grew up without dying, Noble thoughts.

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Sometimes the most difficult to Luggage seemed easier on the shoulders ...

But back to our hero, Today we had a guest.

He paid for all the price of blood, He came to his family, he sleeps with his wife, And hovering over him at the head of Angels invented me ...

Тихонова Анна

Послан Ремнева Ирина Юрьевна - 10.05.2013 13:49

Желаю удачи! Продолжай любить английский язык.

Your poem is nice and tender. Best wishes!
