

## Тихонова Анна

Послан Тихонова Анна Валерьевна - 27.03.2013 16:27

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Тихонова Анна  
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Angels invented me,  
Again visited the Too 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.

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 ...

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**Тихонова Анна**

Послан Зотова Галина Вячеславовна - 08.05.2013 07:27

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Желаю удачи! Продолжай любить английский язык.

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**Тихонова Анна**

Послан Ремнева Ирина Юрьевна - 10.05.2013 13:49

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Your poem is nice and tender.  
Best wishes!

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