

Тихонова Анна

Послан Тихонова Анна Валерьевна - 27.03.2013 16:27

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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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Послан Зотова Галина Вячеславовна - 08.05.2013 07:27

Желаю удачи! Продолжай любить английский язык.

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Послан Ремнева Ирина Юрьевна - 10.05.2013 13:49

Your poem is nice and tender.
Best wishes!

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