

Чиркова Анастасия

Послан Чиркова Анастасия Ивановна - 31.03.2013 14:04

Чиркова Анастасия

9 класс

МБОУ " Гимназия №8" г. Рубцовск

Алтайский край

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"I was as if a piece of history"
When the ocean hit into coast,
It was simple and strong, as before.
And the hurricane blew as a ghost
And drove waves back to English Channel.
Under a ring of chains, under a clang of chains,
In steaming rush, in a current engine gains,
From Dover to Vladivostok
The old continent had rushed about.
Barracks and banks,
And temples, prisons,
They were the darkest black and dearest dead.
Had furrowed the earth by greyest scars –
Had trenched the thrown ditches.
There were the wars that would be always
They seemed the young the only from first sight,
Were quite obedient, decent and light,
And had to go where they were order.
They would get used to discipline,
With eagerness valorous burning,
And they would die in trenching clay
For their Kaiser or for tsar and it's no turning.
As in St. Petersburg or in Berlin
The staffing clerks had not to sleep,
Or railways lines like metal sleepers
Were gleaming in the dark as vainest stars...
And they would die in trenching clay
For their Kaiser or for tsar - had nothing say?
Where you would look - you saw the same
The ominous reflection of bad weather came.
The century became the end of adolescence
It looks as if it's fourteenth year.

http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Chilkova_Anastasia_St_George_Ribbon_doc.rar

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Послан Дьякова Светлана Анатольевна - 09.04.2013 18:30

You are a talented girl! I like your poem very much.

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Послан Левина Светлана Сергеевна - 11.04.2013 16:10

It's brilliant poem!Best wishes.

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Послан Чиркова Анастасия Ивановна - 20.04.2013 10:26

Thank you very much.

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