

Глотова Анастасия

Послан Глотова Анастасия - 06.01.2013 15:40

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8 класс

МБОУ СОШ №2

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http://www.tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Glotova_A.rar

«Mother's Day»

There isn't the sweetest word than my mother,
There isn't the warmest and the kindest word!
Next to my mother I will not cry,
I will the happiest in the world!

If something happens with you,
Who will help you?
Of course, my mum will run
Just call out "Bring me your hand!"

Our mothers were sent us by God,
To keep us and protect,
We should be grateful to them
And do not forget that.

Mum is the first word,
Mum is the native person,
She always forgives us
It will be always and always.

Her hands like angel wings
Her heart is open to us
If something happens to the child,
Mum's heart tells right.

And her smile likes the sun,
Love will shine again,
Her eyes are happy full
When you are helpful.

And your eyes, Mum, like the stars
Shine, they have so much love,
They will answer any questions
I love you, Mother, very much.

Excuse me, I hurt you
It happens, but I'm so sorry
And I understand my mistake
I will not hurt you ache!

When I see your face in front of me
I have a sense of happy,
Do you know why?
Because I love you!

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Послан Пушкина Татьяна Ивановна - 06.01.2013 16:19

Great! A good poem about the dearest and closest woman in the world - your mother! Do respect and love her!

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