

Печенина Ольга

Послан Печенина Ольга Алексеевна - 02.01.2013 19:41

Печенина Ольга
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Mother is the word that means for me home

Mother is the word that means for me home,
She is my happiness, my heart and my soul,
I am the part of her blood and her bone,
I know she'll defend me and try to console.

Nobody can take her saint unique place,
You can't find a human like her even in space,
The life without her isn't shiny and bright,
It's like a dark night without a lively light.

Her warm hug makes me happy and strong?
I remember all the names of her favorite songs.
We may fall out over the smallest things
But she is my best friend with her magical wings.

Mum, I love you so tenderly and much.
You're the reason why I am not scared of night,
With you I'll never be alone,
You are the main heartbeat of our home.
http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/___Mothers_Day-20130102-2.rar

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Послан Пушкина Татьяна Ивановна - 23.12.2012 16:29

I am very happy that your mother is "yourhappiness, your heart and your soul". Good luck in the contest!

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Послан Печенина Ольга Алексеевна - 23.12.2012 17:06

Thank you. I am glad to hear it.

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Послан Левина Светлана Сергеевна - 18.01.2013 15:25

It's difficult for me to describe what I fell when I read your poem, because the words and the comparisons are very sincere and sensible. I wish you good luck in this contest

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Послан Печенина Ольга Алексеевна - 21.01.2013 00:29

Thank you.

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