

Лукьянова Мария

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About my mother.

Sometime I think about all
About nature, space and home,
About the only chance for life,
Which give us God and dear mum.

We should be grateful mums for happiness
For sunny, pleasant, lucky days
Which they gave us in spite of sadness,
And troubles, more than boundless space.

I don't forget mum's strong will, care
When we, my sister, brother, me,
Were little gadabout babies
Who couldn't be obeyed Mummy

We've never seen that mum had rest,
Or walked outside without haste.
She gave us all her spare time
She thinks about our mind.

One life to live gave us a fortune,
Presented with mother, loving me.
She always helps in every moment
Whenever I feel need for it.