

Гоняйкина Татьяна Борисовна

Послан Гоняйкина Татьяна Борисовна - 20.01.2013 15:59

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To Mothers.

So many holidays we have,
But only one is special.
On this November day we crave
For kindness, care, adoration.
We thank our mothers for their affection,
For their warm and sleepless nights.
For their big and silent patience,
For their never-ending light.
All our life we should remember
Mother's eyes, their unique reserve.
Her anxious glance is always tender
Sometimes reproached, but well-deserved.
And time is never found again
And mother's hair already is grey.
But year after year you feel mother's support.
You need her advice, her wisdom a lot.
Mother is the life's beginning!
She always prays for your happiness, health.
Even short meeting with you is her dreaming.
For mother her child is special wealth!

http://www.tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/Gonyaikina_TB_To_Mothers-20130120.rar

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Послан Наливайко Ольга Григорьевна - 20.01.2013 17:13

Very true your poem is! You speak with great feelings, from your heart. I wish you good luck!

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