
Дуров Артем

Послан Артем Дуров Дмитриевич - 04.04.2013 11:03

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6 класс

школа №93

г. Воронеж

учитель английского языка Форофонтова Марина Владимировна

My Great-Grandfather Could Have Left Me Medals...

In a simple overcoat without any signs,
Over the fields, meadows, days and nights,
My great-grandfather's blood was spilled.
Near Kursk he was killed.

The Arc... It was the most terrible fight!
The black sky...And there was no light...
And there in Castorensky poligon
Many Russian soldiers were gone.

The ground there was spilled by blood.
The shells have been still finding in mud.
How terribly we live with such pain
To whome we never will see again!

July and Augast, every morning
The earth under the tanks was moaning.
Live in our memory, my great-grandfather
There will be no such a Hero another!

And though no medals were left of yours
You'll live among all of us because
You gave your life for us whome knew you never
Let burn the fire of immortality forever!

http://www.tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/_St.zip

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Послан Дьякова Светлана Анатольевна - 09.04.2013 18:25

Very well.Thank you!

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Послан Усманова Людия Маритовна - 09.04.2013 22:27

Your poem deserves high appreciation. Well done! Good luck in the contest!

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Послан Левина Светлана Сергеевна - 11.04.2013 15:41

It is very good job! Good luck!

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Послан Ремнева Ирина Юрьевна - 10.05.2013 22:06

Your poem impressed me deeply! Best wishes in the contest!
