

Трусова Дарья

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War. Terrible years –
Purplish-red clothes
From the blood of the wounded soldiers
Covered the ground of battlefields.

And every year, and every hour
Anxiety beat us in the night.
Everyone felt difficult, and the time
Was only for two breakthrough.

The Victory follows us
The Victory comes close,
Take the Victory «with sleeves»
It really has come close.

Noticeably've subsided cries and moans,
And our enemy's begun to weaken at all,
And spots of blood red
Just a reminder to everyone.

Victory's close. It's a miracle,
I do not believe my happiness,
But only my grandkids from their daddy
Will learn I'm going to die here.

And every year, and every hour
Anxiety beat us in the night.
Everyone felt difficult and the time
Was only for two breakthrough.

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

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