**As I see it, as I feel.**

9th of May? What can I say?

Can I imagine mystery?

Having my thoughts

What can I say, about the day in history?

Can I imaging my grandpa’s path

From my native land to… that

Unknown hill where he lies still and

I know what?

Was he a hero or may be not

Nobody had said.

He was my dad, his part is in me

And in my future kid.

We all live on EARTH, with our dreams,

They had feelings too, who died.

They had love, lots wishes and laugh

But war’d taken things away.

So, what can I say?

We live and we breath,

We fear and suffer as you did!

You wanted me greatly, never had seen,

And I’m admire days.

So, I see, the 9th of May is my life and fate’s part

And never that hill forget I and kid

to find the whole inward.