MISSING MY MOTHER…

If only she were here with me,

My sweetest Mum, my dear…

I’d love her nicest face to see,

Her warmest voice to hear…

She’s not with me, she’s far away,

Floating on the Heaven cloud.

But I’d love her to stay with me –

That’s what I often think about.

I want to call her, but the bells

In silence voiceless fly,

I take a pen, but cannot spell

A single word… and cry…

She taught me everything on Earth –

To LOVE and UNDERSTAND.

She taught me ALWAYS BE MYSELF,

But not at once pretend!

My Mother, dear, I know you watch

My life at every moment here.

And when I’m gone I’ll also search

My son’s misfortune or success, being near…