



About the author

Anna Holina is in 9th grade. She has lived in v. Serzhantovo's orphanage since 1996. She considers this orphanage her home. She is a good student with great artistic ability. Her poems convey her creativity and give a glimpse into her feelings and dreams.

Mom

I want to help my mom around the house
So that everything is tidy and neat
So that she'd like to tell me
Words of love, spoken plainly and wisely

I would remember her advice
It would be wiser than anything
I would remember them as her greetings
To warm my soul with joy

I want to help my mother around the house
To cook and wash
To touch her warm hands
To see a smile on her lips
And to return the smile back
2004

Winter Dreams (about summer camp)

On vacation with my friends.
We will go to summer camp
I close my eyes and imagine
Here are kids on the starting line
Getting ready to run a relay
Will we finish or not?
I don't know...
Although we hope to win.
Now I am playing chess
Not hoping for victory ...
But of course I triumph
I'm happy for myself in my dream
Sun, sea – splendor!
We sunbathe and dive
These are the miracles of life ...
But now, my friends, I wake up.
I look outside –it is winter.
2004

Among the mountains, among the seas
Live boys and girls
With many friends
They sing and read.

We would like to tell you honestly,
Forget us not,
Because we will always
Be happy to meet you, yes!

We can sing and dance,
Read poems and be merry
So take this into account –
We would like to share it with you.
2004

I'll lie in bed,
Pen in hand, I'll put down the notebook on my pillow.
The paper is smooth and virgin.
The dreams will lie down, the dreams that I keep quiet about.
I'll write in my notebook about my friends, myself,
And my piece of mind.
2003

Winter

Winter, winter!
Storm is dancing.
Close the windows and the shutters.
Swarms of snow girlfriends
Pass by the window
Suddenly one of them – Snowflake –
Most beautiful of all
Came slowly and quietly down to the window
Maybe a princess had sent her to us
From a palace
A magic, crystal palace
Where wonders come to life
Those wonders,
We hope to see, even if through a window.
2002

[Notes from translator and editor:

Because Christmas was not celebrated during Soviet years, the standing tradition was to decorate a fir tree and to celebrate it as New Year on December 31. Around this time it is common to hold masquerades, especially for kids. Uncle Frost comes with his younger female companion Snow Girl and gives away presents, usually in exchange for poems, songs or dances from kids.]

Christmas Tree

We came to your fir tree party
To look at the kids.
Here is a fox, a wolf
And even a goat is here.

Snow Girl sports a braid
And Father Frost – a beard.
Fox has a bushy tail,
What a beauty!
2001

Uncle Frost

Uncle Frost, Uncle Frost,
Warm your red nose.
Smile, turn around and show yourself
Light colorful needles on the Christmas tree
Sing, dance and heartily make us happy!
1998