

Tiny sister

Sistars

It's round noon, Your toys look so dumb
Nobody wants to play anymore
A lot of people seems to be asleep
Except Your mother - the person with milk

In one room, deep gloom
She's holding that girl
Smaller then Your doll
The smell of warmth
And sweet pure love
Is bringing a huge tear into Your eye

Hold Your breath and understand
There is no word that You can say
You're summers just two pinkies
That is all You know today

You are coming closer wondering if she's also Yours
Her face so beautiful, her dream is only about the mummy boobs

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The joy just cannot stay inside