



Village Old Yamkino.

When you are in my village,
See the beautiful banks of the
river
Whith the nicest sight of the
forest
And the carpet of different
flowers.



**Monument to
the fallen
soldiers and
club.**



**Shop
and
mosque.**





School.
School is something,
we must all embrace.
Knowledge we need,
to seek out and
chase.

KINDERGARTEN





Cow pasture.





Forest



Field with sunflowers



Sunset





Night view of the village.

The night has lowered the veil
From the stars to the outermost
houses
The village is asleep, she is tired
The bins are already closed.

Night view of the statue.

A passer-by admires the
sculpture
Only you confessed in love
But do not look for a girl like
All your searches are doomed.





Field
in
summer
and
winter



Povleny river.

Chirps a trill ringing
The river is like a nightingale
Flows on the forest side
Among meadows, fields.

Near the murmur
valley,
The river was deep.
Over the river,
bending the top,
There was a lonely
pine tree.





R a i n b o w

Red, orange, green and blue
Shiny yellow, purple too.
All the colors that you know
Show up in the rainbow

Rainbow arch
Burned brightly
Decorated the grass
Has bloomed the
blue.





And form a carpet on
the ground.
But when those
leaves are stepped
upon,
Listen for the
crackling sound.

The snow is
falling,
The wind is
blowing,
The ground is
white
All day and night.

