

## 8/3 poems or for mothers, wives and lovers

The poems of 8/3 are happy, good, meaning for the mother, wife, and girlfriends that we have summarized below will be extremely meaningful spiritual gifts for dear women.

In addition to the good and meaningful 8/3 wishes, the beautiful 8/3 cards are for the most beloved woman, the comedic 8/3 poems interspersed with a bit of mischief, The husband and the friend also make the recipient feel comfortable and happy to receive. These funny and funny poems will bring a joyful atmosphere to all the people you love the most on International Women's Day to dispel the fatigue that mothers, sisters, wives and people love . had to endure stressful working and studying hours.

The following article is a collection of good and funny poems to give to women on March 8. Please consult with us.



### Poem for the first mother

Mother is a verse of singing verses

Ru children into wonderful dreams

Good for two hours

Swing your baby to sleep, don't forget it for a lifetime

Every day I grow up

In my mother's arms, I am grateful

Mother is the home of a home  
Love, nobility, immense, abundance  
Mother's words teach sweetly  
Hien Tu, affectionate, tighten love  
Mom is sunny sunrise  
Beautiful beautiful chrysanthemum flower  
Thank you, mother, wide sea  
Space cherished for fresh life.  
Now my mother has passed away  
Suddenly happy playing with the afternoon!

## **Poem to congratulate 8-3 for mother No. 2**

I want to!

Giving my mother the love to love on March 8 is coming  
I want you to be a child forever  
Let me still be in my twenties  
Let me hear your compliments  
Oh, I'm charmed with a smile!

I want you to be a child forever  
To swoop on my mother's afternoon  
To stumble and run about your mother  
Mother finds a place to make a child fall and hit.

I want a fairy tale  
There are flying saucers around  
Make the stick useless  
Let my mother's hair be white and white!

I want to write a poem for my mother  
The words that are worn out should not be questioned,  
I understand the blue sky, the sea of ??silver  
But blurring before my mother is brown!

I want to hear the eternal lullaby  
Oh my, oh my salty ginger spicy salt .  
And I want not to sing anymore!  
Old mother like ripe bananas .!



## **Poem to congratulate 8/3 No. 3 for his wife or lover**

Today, the eighth of March

The price of flowers is expensive, the price is high

Wages are over

Remuneration, bonuses do not award this ceremony.

This ceremony is good to think about, this is an opportunity to explain difficulties .

Whoever gives me the gift of cable, I give it to the muse

Roses have been withered

And wonderful poetic poetry is poetry

## **Poem to congratulate 8/3 No. 4 for his wife or lover**

Looking at the pity in his eyes,

The group of people hustled to buy flowers,

In love with men, including me

Looking for a "gift" gift.

In a "strong" moment suddenly "weak"

Only to obey but do not understand why  
There is no distinction to high-suffering,  
Relentless, he plunged into a crisis.  
As the streams dried up in the dry season,  
Not until the end of October until March,  
This suffering god is born  
Probably try us out, oh my god !!!  
I live forever in pride,  
Of a thousand years of history standing behind,  
Where men have never been before:  
Clean, blow rice, sweep the house, measure rice.  
Where is the bright light beside the newspaper,  
Sip tea for a quick stroll.  
Where are the cool nights of the moon,  
I hope to save them for cleaning.  
Where the late night games I awake,  
Gathering brothers and sisters cheering and shouting,  
Where in the day we were proud,  
This hand-directed anti-sweep command moves it,  
Let me be alone until now,  
Alas, where is the glorious time .?!?  
I hope it will be a long time back,  
And forever cannot change,  
When the weak faction has become a mass  
Also established association, also federation,  
They set up a continuous anniversary

Catching the heroes must work hard.

They forgot all about our sect in the past

They always love candy challenge dared to dread

Do you know, Adam?

When the army is subdued by the long leg,

When cleaning up, have to laugh like happiness,

When glory is the continent of niêu

Dear March 3, August .



## **Wishing March 8, No. 5 gave to his wife and lover**

Congratulations on March 8

Please women, die for men

Any good sister, married

This day deliberately because he did

She struggled hard

This day is because he has it

But don't rush

There are always men who give gifts

## **Congratulatory poem 8/3 No. 6**

Baby on March 8

I would like to volunteer to look after you

I go comfortably all night

Good guy only knows how to wait

If you miss sitting .

I'm happy with anyone . let me go

Because the 8th of March

The day I was allowed to throw flowers once

If you still hesitate to hesitate

I look at the door to part... you go.



## **Humorous poem gives wife 8/3 No. 7**

March 8

Wish my sister

Hand holding lots of flowers

Basket full of gifts

Don't worry about housework

Go away

Eating and dropping gas

Money does not have to pay

Speak well

Smiling like flowers

March 8

Wish my sister

Good clothes

Chalk skin, flower face

Nice as a picture

Open the phone

Flooding hymns .

## **Humorous poem gives wife 8/3 No. 8**

Looking at the pity in his eyes,

The group of people hustled to buy flowers,

In love with men, including me

Looking for a "gift" gift.

In a "strong" moment suddenly "weak"

Only to obey but do not understand why

There is no distinction to high-suffering,

Relentless, he plunged into a crisis.

As the streams dried up in the dry season,

Not until the end of October until March,

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Also established association, also federation,  
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Catching the heroes must work hard.  
They forgot all about our sect in the past  
They always love candy challenge dared to dread  
Do you know, Adam?  
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When cleaning up, have to laugh like happiness,  
When glory is the continent of niêu

Dear March 3, August .

## **Good poems for wives 8/3 No. 9**

Today is the eighth of March

Women smooth skin

Wishing you good lips

Safety yourself, you too!

What must take Russia

What 'eight' stories about Cuba with Laos?

Come to any home

Sisters do not work in and out

It is really itchy eyes

But just let them out

Or the 'iron door' they fence

Do you dare to 'dare' to 'come out'.



## **Funny and funny poems for women 10**

Today, the eighth of March

Sisters and out

On the hand holding the kohlrabi root

Wondering whether to stir-fry or store!

Today March 8

Sisters and out

Commission of masses come to greet

Women going in and out

Today March 8

Women come and go.

Today is different from any other day

Women come in and out .

## **Good poems for March 8, 11**

Today is the 8th of March

I wash her clothes . my shirt

I part her a plate of sticky rice

Afraid of her weakness, I eat her .

## **Congratulation poetry for March 8 for women 12**

Today is the 8th of March

You are excited to go out and come in

Men respectfully bowed

The sisters are excited to come in and out .

The next day of March 9th

My sister thought it was going to go in and out

The male has no bow

Little sister came back out .

## Poem to congratulate 8/3 humor No. 13

The 8th day of March  
Not only the sisters went out  
You guys are bad at all  
Just as you all went back in and out  
Stay close or head far away.  
Downstream, reverse domain, in this South outside.  
Ha Nam Hanoi Ha Tay  
Where not to come and go. U right ?!

## Poem to congratulate 8/3 humor No. 14

Today is the 8th of March  
I sat my chalk on the market  
Probably in their twenties  
Probably more high heels  
Long life style ceiling  
Buy the afterlife  
Smile for each other  
Kiss and wind over the bridge dropped  
That's what I said  
Roses also shy words difficult to give  
August, August came in and out  
Looks like everyone desires something  
Today I calculated li  
One even more year to come . next life  
I am the boss to be rich

My life owes forever to love poems.

## Poem to celebrate 8/3 humorous number 15

Today, the eighth of March

My wife stormed out and went in:

. "where's the salary? Didn't see any money?"

my wife is angry . come in and out . !!

## Poem to celebrate 8/3 funny number 16

Today March 8.

My sister rushed in and out

You are under the bulge.

Now I want you to come in or out.

My sister snapped.

I don't like you at all.

You are so strong.

Flipping the situation immediately rushed.

Cloud playing, blinking, shouting.

The inclined bed is too small to fall into the tissue.

Suddenly the sky was dark.

Everyone who fainted ferries.

Angry sisters screamed.

Oh god, so married three husbands .

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