The shadows of trees
in the misty river
fade away like smoke
Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)
Even the white lilac has a shadow.

*Hungarian proverb*
The moon goes west
the shadow of flowers
stretches to the east.

Buon (1716–1783)
You are right to admire the tree's reflection in the river.

You would be wrong to deduce from it that Full Fly

Luau Ten (6th century BCE)
Look: this branch is rough and black, and the cloud
torrentially pours rain on its bare bark.
But wait for the winter to go, and you will see
a leaf piercing its knots that are so hard for it to pierce,
and you will ask how a frail bud,
so tender and so green, is able to burst out of this black wood.

*Victor Hugo (1802–1885)*

O vegetation! O spirit! O matter! O force!
covered with a rough skin or with a living bark!

*Victor Hugo (1802–1885)*
At last, the snow and the ice make way for greenery.

Honorat de Rucan (1589–1670)
The weather has taken off its cloak of wind, cold and rain and put on a robe embroidered with the shining sun, clear and beautiful.
*Charles d’Orléans (1394–1465)*

Even my shadow is in excellent health.
First morning of spring.
*Kobayashi Issa (1763–1827)*

حَمَّرَ اللَّيْلُ بَيْنَ الْمَيْسَرِينَ وَجَبَلَ الْأَلْسَأَرَ بَيْنَ الْأَلْسَأَرِّينَ
If you seek to forget your thoughts, come see me and water the sweet-tasting vegetables in my garden.

Wang Wei (8th century)
O Reem, rise now, be attentive and look:
what has happened to this hill so that it now
displays its wonders?
The beauty of its face was veiled,
but spring unveils it now.
Roses resembling cheeks appear, as well as narcissi
resembling eyes that see their beloved
and anemones resembling embroidered robes.

Al-Sanawbari (10th century)

بيا رياذ قم بانظر إلى الجبل
ماذا قمت به ؟ أو راهتنا ؟
كانت خيامه مثمرة وثمرة
والنصير قد كشف الحب في يديه
ورأيت عديداً من الأزهار فذكرت
مشكل الرياح إذ رأيت أطرافها
وشفقت أزهار مثل المطر التي قد بدأت

Spring rain
everything becomes more beautiful

Chiyo-Ni (1703–1775)

بعد مطر الرياح كل شيء مكثف جميل آخر
شيء يبدع
Even if the world ends tomorrow,
today I'll plant a tree.

_Ernst Jünger (1895–1998)_

حتى لو توجيه نهاية العالم غداً
سنغرد اليوم شجاعة

آرشت يوينجر
Simply take it by the root, don’t get distracted by the branches.

Yoka Gengaku (665–713)

لا تشغل نفسك بالاغصاب
اهتم بالجذور الاصيلة
يوكو جينكا كو
The bird reads, the breeze echoes, 
the branch dances and the brook applauds. 
*Ibn al-Saygh (14th century)*

الطير يقرأ والسمير مردد 
والغصن يرقص والغدير يصفق 
ابن الصائق
To create a little flower is the labour of ages.
William Blake (1757–1827)

خلق زهرة صغيرة
تطلب جهود زمن طويل
وليام بليايك

Scent is the wisdom of flowers.
Henri de Montherlant (1895–1972)

المطر هو ذكاء الوردة
هنري دو مونترلاند
O Rose, thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
that flies in the night
in the howling storm:
has found out the bed
of crimson joy:
and his dark secret love
does thy life destroy.

*William Blake (1757–1827)*

Dawn is the age of roses.

*Nicolas Vauquelin (1567–1649)*

نهايَهُ مثلُ وفُضَائلِ الزَّهْرَةِ
نْيَكُولَا فوْكْوِالِدِ"
O friend, don't go
to the flower garden,
the flower garden is within you.

*Saint Kabir (15th century)*
The flowers of the garden guide us with their smiles.

*Sidi Abou Madyan (12th century)*

أوريد الحديقة تنير صترقا لنا يبتساماتها - سيدى بوحدان
Not that I love flowers to the point of death.
What I fear is beauty extinguished, old age approaching!
Overburdened branches snap, flowers fall in clusters;
tender buds consult and then open sweetly.

Tu Fu (5th century)

A world of pain and sorrow
at the very time when cherry trees are blossoming.

Kobayashi Issa (1763–1827)
The flowering branch of the plum tree gives its scent to he who breaks it.

Chiao-Ni (1703–1775)
Trees are poems
that the earth draws in the sky.

Kahlil Gibran (1883–1931)

الأشجار

هي أشعار
ترسمها الأرض
في السماء

جميل
The pine tree spreads its scent and its sap oozes, and it always stands erect on the side of the road...

Théophile Gautier (1811–1872)

تفز شجرة الصنوبر صمتهما وتنفسها المعاي،
وقد تقع إتقاءً على حافة الطريق
ثيوفيل كوتيريه
One hears the tree fall but not the forest growing.

_Mediterranean proverb_

يسمع الريح شجرة حين تنهار
لا القارة حين تنمو مثل متوسطي.
A little reed was enough for me to make the forest sing,
Henri de Régnier (1864–1936)
Like beautiful young women, the palm trees wore their best and adorned themselves with their fruits as jewellery.

Zafir al-Haddad (11th century)