

Poem by Saleh

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### Melody from the Forest

Don't know what uproar there is in the silence of the forest  
Hundreds of happy and sad melodies it may invoke  
Don't know what magic there is in the depth of the forest  
Capture the man does the enchanter of the forest.

In the autumn's morning sun so bright gets the forest  
Illusive as it may be, every golden leaf turns into a candle  
Burning in the bosom of the forest.

Whichever champion is to give news of victory?  
Illuminated there is a path all everywhere in the forest.  
As the scented wind throws, thousands of golden coins over the forest  
Whatever the quite butterfly thinks  
Whichever tune is the lovebird of the forest to play for the fall of all leaves.

The forest, I like:

It is, as with the human beings' soul  
Filled with mysterious twilights

The forest I like:

Pretty when alive  
Brings the world greenness when dead.