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Let Us Imagine

Imagine,
There've been no years of separation in between,
All our lives haven't gone by in the painstaking state of wait.
That the tree we nourished with the blood from our hearts,
Did not break in the flames of the thunderstorm's nightly raid.
To break –
 The bitterest of all words,
 The most unwholesome one of them!

Still, here in our hearts there is eagerness.
In our arms there is strength.
Let's plant other trees - afresh
On the earth,
And not say,
When they are to grow.
Or, who is to reap the fruit,
Once it is all there.

Spring is young, green and cheerful
Imagine,
 You and I being reborn at dawn.

A Song 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 is a candle LEAF
Burning in the depth of the forest.

Whichever champion is to give news of victory?
Illuminated there is a path 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 vivacity when dead
What happiness the forest's existence brings.