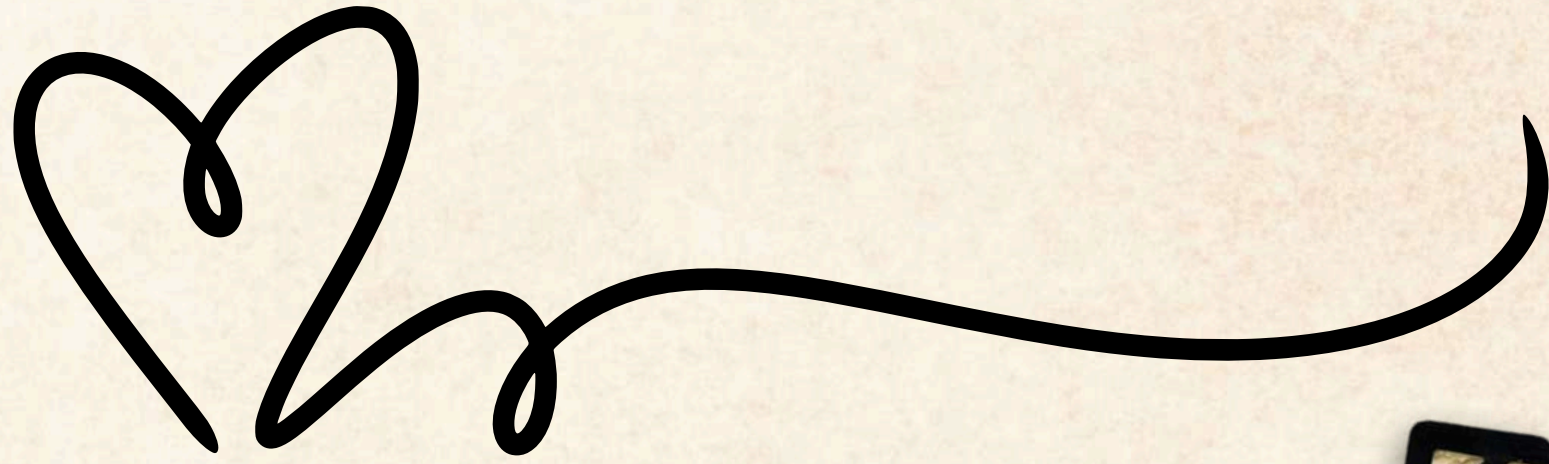




Lettres d'amour à nos
arbres



Cartas de amor
nuestros árboles

Lettere d'amore ai
nostri alberi

Liebesbriefe an unsere
Bäume

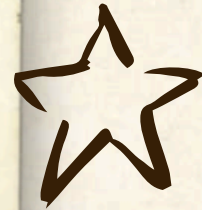
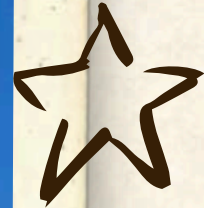


Cartes d'amor als
nostres arbres



Love letters to our trees

La palma



Querida Palma,

Eres un árbol especial, alto y elegante. Tu tronco fuerte sube al cielo y tus hojas verdes bailan con el viento. Siempre estás aquí, bonita y fuerte, bajo el sol o la lluvia.

En la playa, das sombra a los que descansan. En la ciudad, decoras las calles con tu belleza. Eres un símbolo de paz y tranquilidad.

No solo eres hermosa, también generosa. Nos das frutos dulces, como dátiles, cocos y bananas. De ti hacemos aceite, bebidas y harina. Nos das comida, fuerza y salud.

Eres hogar para los pájaros y refugio para los viajeros. También eres símbolo de la España cálida y soleada.

Gracias por tu belleza, tu fuerza y tus regalos. Eres un tesoro de la naturaleza, siempre con nosotros.

Un amigo agradecido.

Serbal

Hola, mi querido serbal.

Cuando era niña, pasaba todo el verano en el campo, en casa de mi abuela. Un día caluroso de verano, tomé unas bayas grandes de un serbal que crecía en un jardín abandonado y las planté en nuestra huerta. Así naciste tú.

Al principio eras pequeña y frágil. Mis hermanos y yo te cuidábamos con cariño: te regábamos, te protegíamos de las malas hierbas y de los insectos. Poco a poco fuiste ganando fuerza y echaste raíces profundas. Te hiciste alta y esbelta, y cada verano empezaste a regalarnos frutos jugosos. Con mi hermana hacíamos collares con tus bayas tan bonitas, y mi hermano las disparaba a las latas con una cerbatana. Así crecimos juntos.

Y ahora eres un árbol hermoso.

En primavera pareces una novia con tu vestido blanco de flores. En verano, te transformas en una ciudad para los pájaros. En tu copa frondosa, entre las hojas, los gorriones hacen nidos y crían a sus polluelos. En otoño te vistes con bayas rojas. Las recogemos, preparamos mermelada y las secamos para el invierno. Así nos das vitaminas para los días fríos. También en otoño estás preciosa con tus hojas rojas y doradas.

Después llega el invierno, y tú duermes bajo una manta espesa de nieve. No nos vemos durante tres meses. Pero cuando llega la primavera y volvemos al campo, tú nos recibes con hojas jóvenes y verdes, y yo comprendo con alegría que la felicidad volverá a repetirse.

Esto continúa desde hace muchos años. Tú recuerdas a mis abuelos, viste a mis padres cuando eran jóvenes, y sabes todo lo que hemos perdido y ganado a lo largo del tiempo.

Gracias, serbal, por existir. Eres un recuerdo vivo de nuestra infancia feliz y, al mismo tiempo, un símbolo del futuro.



Polygala myrtifolia



[español]

Mi querida Polygala myrtifolia,

Hace un mes que te descubrí en el parque, siempre soñé con encontrar un árbol mágico. ¡Admiro tus colores y tu forma única! Desde el primer día, me enamoré de tus flores.

Eres el árbol más bonito que he visto. Tus flores parecen pequeñas mariposas violetas. Desde entonces, he hecho muchas fotos y las he subido a mis redes sociales. ¡Mis amigos ya te conocen! Siempre comentan lo bonito que eres. Únicamente hay dos cosas que comparto más en mis redes: fotos de mi hijo y de mi perro.

Mi hijo también te mira con curiosidad. Me pregunta por qué tienes tantas flores y yo le digo que es porque eres feliz. Mi perro, en cambio, solo juega a tu alrededor, disfrutando del momento.

Espero que sigas floreciendo muchos años más, que la primavera te traiga fuerza y vida. Sigue llenando el mundo de color y perfume. También deseo que más gente comprenda lo importante que eres para el medioambiente. Tú limpias el aire y das vida a los insectos y a los pájaros. ¡Eres un tesoro para la naturaleza!

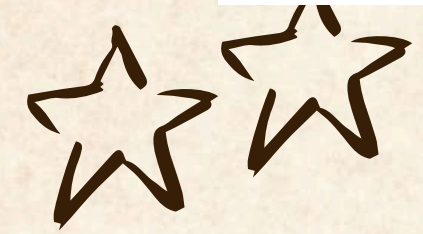
Con todo mi cariño,
Tu eterna admiradora





Albero di limoni

[italiano]



Carissimo albero di limoni,

Ti scrivo con |gratitudine e affetto per tutto ciò che hai rappresentato in questi venticinque anni. Ti ho visto crescere, dalle tue fragili radici ai rami forti che oggi si distendono con fierezza. Sei stato testimone silenzioso degli anni che sono stati passati, resistendo ai venti e al sole cocente, offrendo ombra e bellezza al nostro giardino.

Ogni anno ci doni i tuoi limoni, piccoli tesori dorati dal profumo intenso, che arricchiscono le nostre tavole e con i quali facciamo il miglior granito di limone del mondo, che ci rinfresca nelle calde giornate estive. Il tuo frutto non è solo un dono della natura, ma un simbolo del tempo che abbiamo condiviso.

Grazie per la tua pazienza, la tua resistenza e la tua generosità. Sei più di una pianta: sei un compagno di vita, che ci ricorda la meraviglia della natura.

Con tutto il mio amore,
grazie.





Ficus macrophylla

Dear Ficus macrophylla,

I would like to express my gratitude and admiration for being one of the most awe-inspiring trees I have ever seen.

It all started when I have got my job at Las Arenas' hotel 5 years ago. It had been raining all morning when suddenly I saw an striking tree with its outstanding roots all around the garden. It was love at first sight!

I must admit that working near you make me feel inspired and impressed owing to the picturesque view of the surrounding area. For this reason, when I am in front of you looking at your historic treetop full of green leaves in that panoramic and dramatic flower garden it make me jaw drop.

Last but not least, it seems to me that we had an attraction of love to each other as well as being fascinated by the beauty of your breathtaking branches around you. It is by far the best eye-opening and rewarding experience I have ever had.

I wish I had more time to be with you. It is believed that hug a tree is the best medicine, so that is exactly I feel near you.

Take care,





My dear Monstera Deliciosa, ,

Every morning, when I walk to my balcony with my cup of coffee, I see you. My beautiful Monstera Deliciosa. You stand by my window, your big green leaves reaching for the sunlight, starting the day with me.

I love how you enjoy the morning sun, stretching your leaves as if you are waking up. Birds sing around you, as if they also admire your beauty. You make my home feel alive, bringing peace and nature into my daily life.

In the summer, I love watching you grow, your new leaves opening like little surprises. You are more than just a plant- you are my quiet companion. When I sit near you, I feel calm. When I am tired, you remind me to slow down and breathe.

Together, we enjoy the morning- the warm sun, the fresh air, the sound of birds. Thank you for being here, for growing, for making my home more beautiful. I will always take care of you, just as you bring joy to my life.

With gratitude,
A Thankful Heart.



Monstera Deliciosa



Quince tree



[english]

Dear quince tree,
How are you? I hope you are very happy with these raining days and with the arrival of the spring...
It's been more than ten years since I dug a hole in the garden, to plant you...
I can still remember your vigorous roots, your thick trunk and your little branches and I remember too, that I thought; "It will become a magnificent tree"...
As you already know, we moved four years ago from the house (and the garden) where you live.
It was very sad for me leave you there, because I have very nice memories with you. I especially remember spending time together during lockdown, in 2020.
I loved sitting next to you, sunbathing and reading, listening to the birds or playing the violin...but the most especial time for me it was when I was trying to draw you.
Yes, I know, I draw like a little boy, I didn't have the right colors of your leaves and flowers and probably my picture it won't be a work of art, but for me, it was the best therapy in the worst moments.
So, thank you very much for your silent and nice company, for your beautiful flowers (prettier than the cherry trees flowers, by the way) and for the quinces!!! (the jam we made with them, is the best I've ever eaten).

Be happy, my friend.

Postscript:
I could have taken you with me, to my allotment, but I felt that this, was your place.



Bay Ficus



[english]

Ficus, I write you this letter with all my heart, far from artificial intelligence.

Yesterday, walking beneath your roots, I felt happiness and gratitude as I remembered all the moments we have shared together.

One holiday afternoon, I met you in Xilxes and I fell in love. I was a city woman searching for a peaceful place, far from the crowd, and I found a shelter among your roots. How many gifts you have given me!

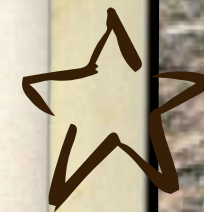
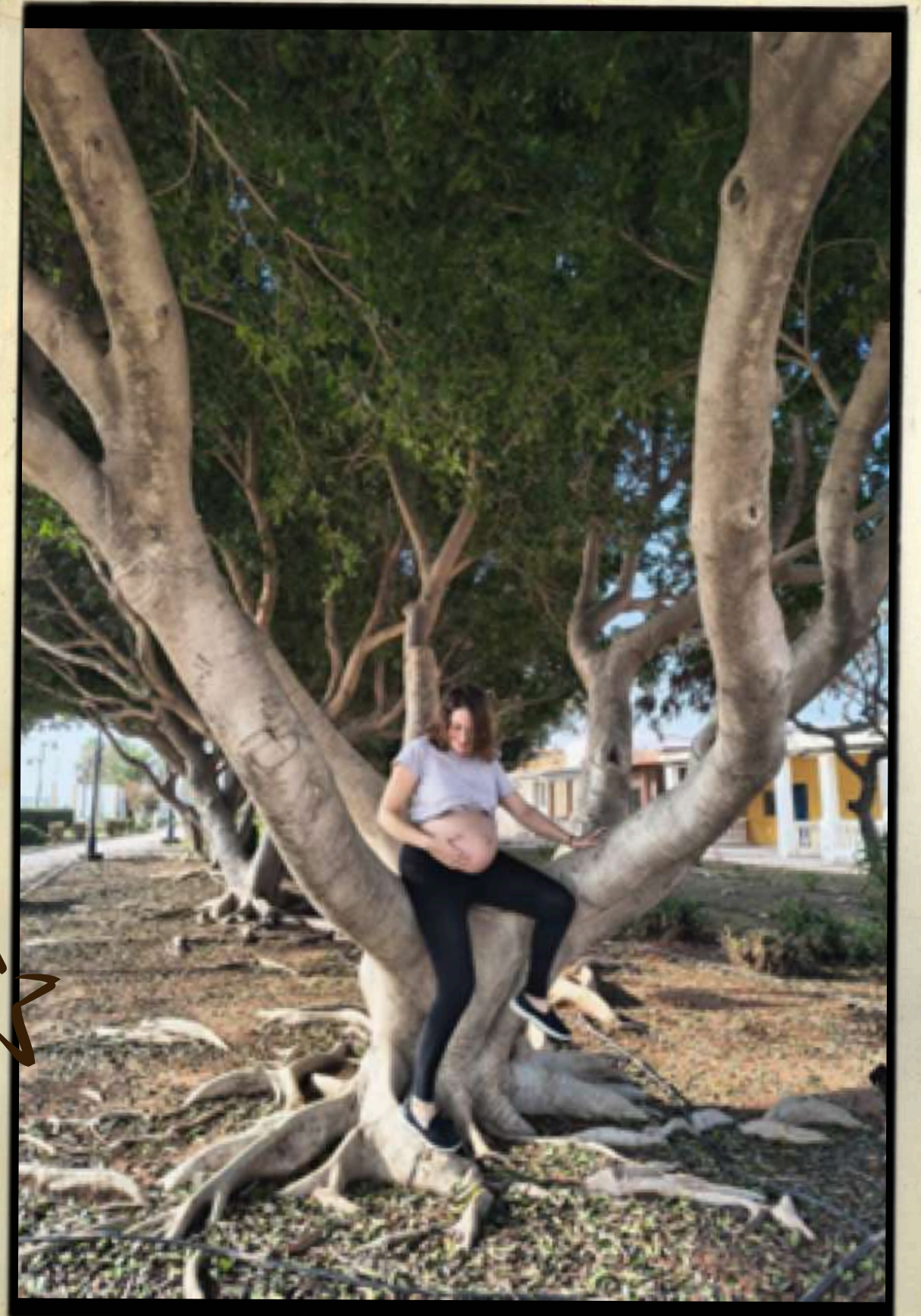
There you stand, facing the sea. Your imposing roots rise, and you are so gorgeous and exotic, inside and out.

Ficus, do you remember when I gazed at you? You did too. Do you remember? That day, when I was walking with my partner, Lluís - the same day we posed among your roots for our wedding photos. And what about the day I was so full of life!

Today, I walk with my son and I tell him: "This tree has seen us grow."

Ficus, thank you for existing. With your presence, we become more human.

An admirer



Dear lemon tree in my garden,

Today I want to dedicate these words to you to tell you that your presence has been a gift to me. You always offer me your shade, your perfume, your flowers, your life... and you stand firm against the sun, the rain, and the wind.

I admire your strength and generosity. Twice a year you give away your fruits, tiny suns full of freshness, vitamins, and acidity. With them I can make a delicious, refreshing, healthy, and sweet lemonade, which brightens my days and quenches my thirst in the summer heat.

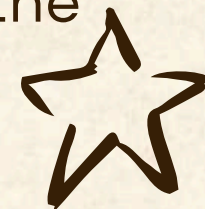
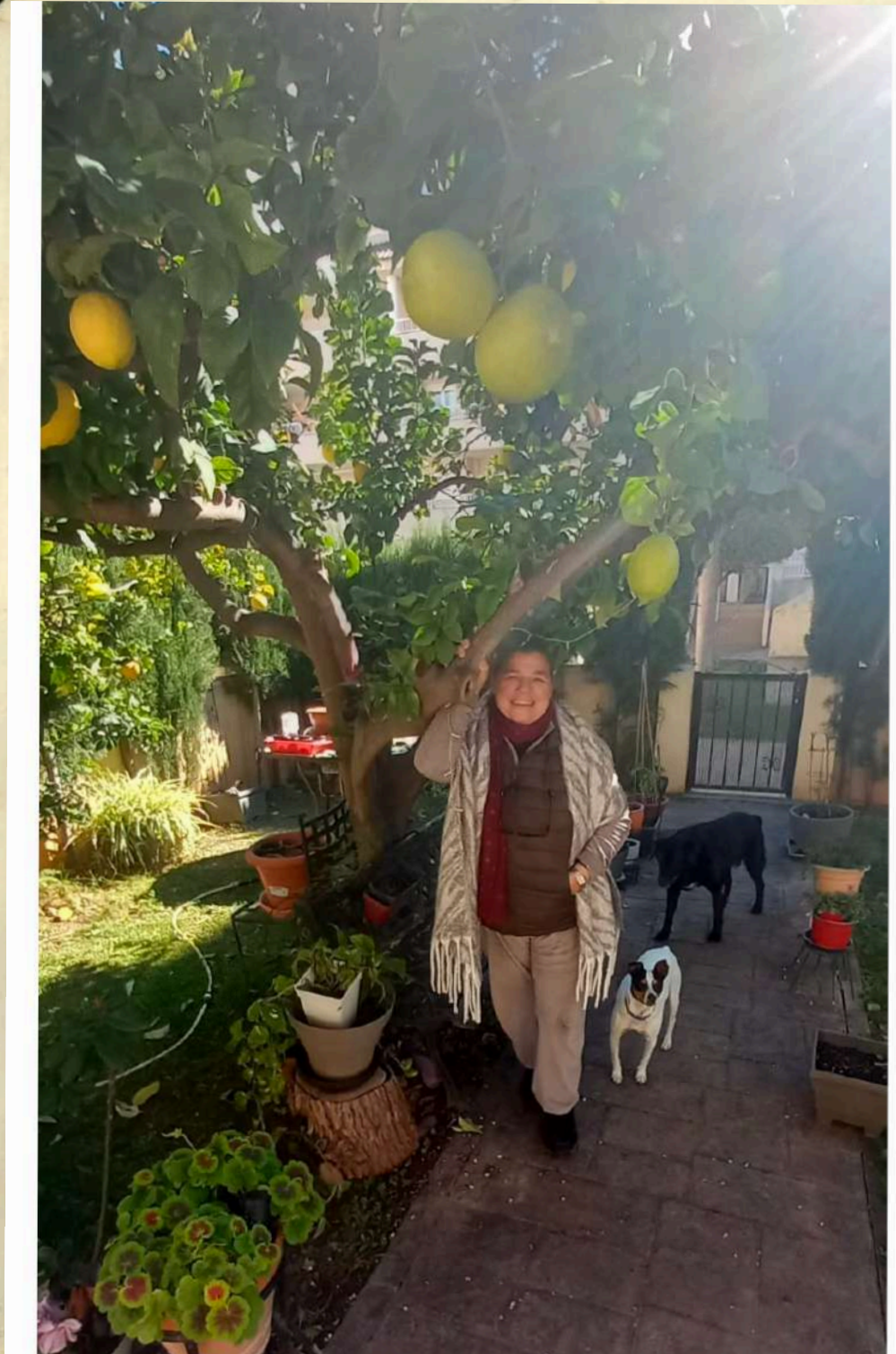
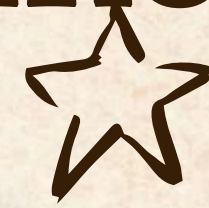
But you don't just bear fruit, you also bring moments of encounter. Your presence enchants and fascinates friends and neighbors who come to ask for your little jewels, and from there, warm and cordial conversations start.

Your scent permeates the air, filling the garden with freshness and color. In addition, birds also flutter through your branches where they find shelter, and on the bench next to your trunk, I rest under your shade in the quiet afternoons for most of the year. You are more than a tree; you are a silent witness to my life, to smiles, conversations, confidences, sorrows, and moments of peace. Your roots firmly planted in the earth and your branches extended to the sky remind me of your strength, kindness, and silent resilience.

Stay by my side, dear lemon tree; keep bearing your fruits, your shade, and your protection. Continue to be that noble being that unites those of us around you.

With admiration and gratitude,

Lemon tree [english]



[english]

Dear Almond Tree,

I always think of you when I have memories of my childhood. You were always in my life, in one way or another.

My family lived near the almond fields and my primary school was surrounded by them and other fruit trees. We used to play around them after school. I think I was very lucky to be able to do that.

I can imagine why I want to write about you now. I remember that in winter you were always quiet and calm, like a sculpture. But when spring came, you were the first wonderful tree to cover everything with your amazing flowers. It was an incredible sight to see you in bloom.

And that was not all, later, when spring was in full, the flowers had turned into beautiful almonds, like shells protecting their precious fruit. At that moment, when we came out of class, we went to crack some green almonds and eat the white fruit inside, before it ripened. It tasted bitter, but we loved it.

It was a wonderful time when you shared your gifts with us. You are one of the most beautiful trees I have ever seen. Every spring, your beauty and fragrance bring back childhood memories of happy days with my classmates playing around you.



I keep growing, but in my heart, I continue to enjoy being with you. Thank you for everything, my dear almond tree. See you every spring.

With gratitude and love,

The child who ran around you.

Almond tree

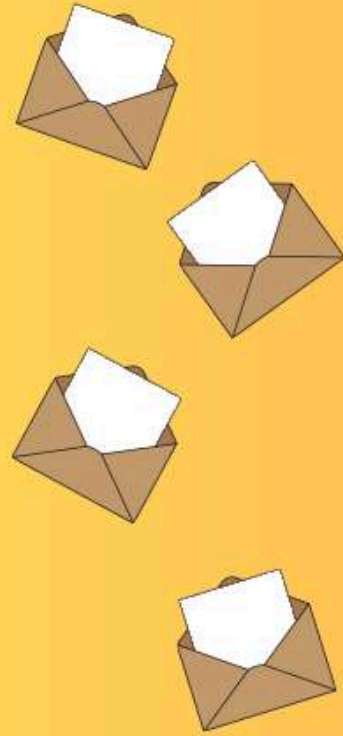


Almond tree in Jérica, Castellón. February 2025.

[english]



**A LETTER TO YOU,
TREES OF THE STATION.**



Standing there ...
witnessing passengers getting on and off



watching time go by.

Dear trees of Massamagrell train station,



I saw you from the very beginning. From the moment you stood here for the first time. People got warm under your denude branches in winter and got cool under your yellowish leaves in summer.

Growing fast as we developed. Both sharing history and stories. Stories from the ones who left, stories from the ones who came.

Love stories and stories of sadness.



We are really grateful for your unestimated work. Filtering air, offering your odorless, colorless, and tasteless O2 gas. Both of us keeping air unspoiled and immaculate for generations on and on.

How hard it should be standing movementless while we provoke you with our unstoppable journeys; or with the run of those who arrive late or with the strong winds that whip your leaves.



Leaves that fly in the sky, till all of them bare and exhausted drop to earth below to wait some children play with them.

Never stop being there.

My green love, unconditionally yours.



ALMOND TREE

THANKS FOR YOUR PROTEINIC CONTENT FRUITS, BIRD NESTS BRANCHES, OXIGEN DELIVERY, AIR FILTER, RENEWABLE FIREWOOD ...

TREES DESERVE OUR RESPECT AND CONSIDERATION. WE SHOULD BEAR IN MIND EVERY SINGLE MORNING, WHEN WE GET UP, THAT WE NEED THEM TO LIVE. PLANTS ARE SO GRACEFUL, THEY STAND THERE UNMOVING, JUST SUNBATHING WITH THEIR LEAVES AND WORKING FOR THEMSELVES ELLABORATING THEIR OWN FOOD, SELF-SUFFICIENTLY.

COULD WE IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT TO LIVE THIS WAY? STATIONARY IN A PLACE, OBSERVING PARALYSED THE LANDSCAPE SUPPORTING STRONG COLD WINDS, LONG HEAT DAYS ... THEY DO IT AND WITH NO REPROVALS. EVEN THEY DO IT, WITHOUT TAKING REVENGE OF OUR ACTIONS, OF THE DEVASTATING CONSEQUENCES OF THE HUMAN IMPACT IN THE ENVIRONMENT. THEY STAY AND HELP US, FILTERING THE POLLUTED AIR WE LEAVE EVERYWHERE



EXCELLENT DESSERTS CAN BE DONE WITH THIS INGREDIENT, SUCH AS: CHRISTMAS NOUGATS, SWEDISH ALMOND CAKES, ALMOND AND ORANGE COOKIES, FRENCH MACARONS, ALMOND PANGAKES, ALMOND AND BANANA BREAD...

IT'S A PITY TO APPRECIATE SO MANY FIELDS ABANDONED. OTHERWISE I FULLFIL MY HEART OF HAPPINESS WHEN I TRAVEL TO INNER LANDS, THERE WE CAN DELIGHT OUR SIGHT WITH SO MANY OLIVE AND ALMOND TREES, SHOWING SCULPTURAL GLEAMING BRANCHES. THEY ARE LIKE ANOTHER TREE GENERATION, STILL CAPTURED BY THE TIME WHEN PEOPLE STILL MAKE THEIR LIVING WITH THE AGRICULTURE.

I WOULD LIKE TO OFFER MY GRATTITUDE TO EVERYBODY TO WHOM TREES MATTERS. THOSE WHO LEAVE THE TAP CLOSED WHILE BRUSHING OR THOSE WHO KEEP THE FIRST COOL WATER WHEN SHOWERING IN A BUCKET. ALSO FOR TOWNHALLS WHO PLANT TREES AT THE STREET, RESTRICT WATER WHEN IS LACKING, BAN WATERGAMES AT SCHOOLS AND SO ON...



[english]

Letter to a tree

Dear Cypress:

I fall surrendered at your feet.
I admire you. Your perfect geometry
captures me.

I watch your tight leaves, your rotund
trunk.. I know your strength, your
loneliness. I know you very well. I have
looked at you on summer afternoons
on a yellow background and on other,
winter afternoons against a background
of dark clouds...In all seasons, in all
meteorologies: nor has the wind
disheveled you, nor has the sun
suffocated you.

Your reason for being, always directed
to heaven. Your form, an enigma.

Are you telling me something I can't
see?

Along the way I approach you, then, I
move away.

Are you telling me something I can't
believe?



Cypress

[english]



Fir tree



To our little fir tree,

Our family and I once had a big pine tree in our garden, right in front of the house. It was the first thing you could see when you entered our property. That tree was there before the house, watching the beginning of my parents' lives together: when they got married, when their three children were born, and all through our childhoods. Suddenly, the pine tree became ill, and we had to take it down. Otherwise, it would have caused a lot of damage to our home. It was dangerous.

One year, for Christmas, my big brother brought home a little fir tree. He wrote a letter for us explaining that Santa Claus knew

how much we loved that big tree we had lost. So, he was bringing us a new one with a special mission: to protect our family with its roots, to keep us safe, and to bring us good health and happiness. The fir tree would grow beside our family, and one day, it would be big enough to give us shade on hot days of July. Someday, the whole family and future generations will sit beneath that fir tree, its branches overhead, to enjoy a family meal, giving thanks for everything we have and all the things we have accomplished.

Please, fir tree, don't stop growing.



[english]

Ode to a tree

One friend,
one signal of life between concrete and iron

You make life
You are the last sign of hope in this world

Green between grey,
life between deadless,
the growing life of a tree, as imperceptible as it
could be,
always will be infinite times bigger than the
most impressive building.

Your shadow is the most fresh in the hottest
summer,
and your silhouette the most protective in the
worst storm.

The face of mother nature in this modern world
between buildings, streets and vehicles,
when i lose hope, when i think everything is lost,
i look at you.



"Letters to our beloved trees"

My Dear Palm,

You are here, a lot for years, in the same place, in the same high school. However, I am only here for two school years.

Every Friday afternoon, when the students have already left, I look at you from the classroom window and I wonder: "am I doing it right?" or "will any student remember me over the years?" Questions without answers that I share with you.

On your branches, the birds rest and begin to sing, especially when spring arrives. It's funny, because sometimes they sing so loudly that it seems like they want to participate in the lesson.

This year, we will not forget last October 29th. It was 4 p.m., the sky became dark grey, the wind blew strongly and your branches moved like they were angry.

I saw you and I thought that it seemed the end of the world. We knew that something strange was going to happen, this was not going to be a simple storm. It was 5 p.m., when I last looked at you before lowering the blinds.

When we saw each other again on November 4th, nothing was the same. However, little by little we have tried to return to the normality of everyday life.

Finally, just to tell you that I hope with all my strength to see you again next year.

A warm hug.



[english]



Palm tree



[english]

My dear Bonsai,

When I see you, wonderful memories come to my mind. You were a special gift from my uncle, who loves gardening. A tiny ficus grown from a bigger one. Your flowerpot is small but your roots are strong and your branches reach up high. You are so cute!

You have shown strength. When you first came into my life in 2009, I was frightened because I wasn't certain I would be able to give you everything you deserve. Our beginning was confusing, the lack of sunlight almost killed you. I am sorry about that. Luckily, you recovered and new green leaves started growing again.

Every summer you travel with me to Almassora, where you recharge your energies from the sunlight and the Mediterranean breeze. During autumn, you lose some leaves. It looks like you have had your hair cut. Winter paralyzes you but then, in spring, your branches stretch and new green shoots emerge. Even though you aren't able to talk, I know you love your new home.

But the most special moment together took place in March 2024 when you witnessed our "I do" at our wedding. What a wonderful day! My partner and I watered you once more as a sign of the care that a marriage needs.

I hope you continue to bring freshness to our dining room for many more years. We will take care of you.

Love,



One must take a winding road to reach you but it does not matter because 'thou'lt aye be dear to me'. I need you because we are living in dark times, and you are my enlightenment, my beacon, my stomping ground. Never have I seen such a magnificent figure. You are my Mediterranean Rowan Tree.

Quand je serai encore plus vieux, au soir, à la chandelle, je me souviendrai de toi. Je sais que tu attends le jour où mes dépouilles nourriront tes racines: mon cimetière ne sera pas marin. Au-dessus de ton corps noueux, le vent se lèvera une autre fois parce que, toujours, il faut tenter de vivre.

Prop de la muntanya però sempre prop de mi perquè mai no hi hagut a Rossell dos amants com nosaltres. Tu has estat la meua ombra en estiu i el meu refugi en hivern. He begut la teva saba i he menjat els teus fruits. La meva sang sempre ha estat verda.

Símbolo de mi cultura milenaria, cronopio inmemorial, árbol de la vida, enhiesto mucho antes que nacieran Nairne, Ronsard, Valéry, Kang, Estellés o Cortázar. Lo estarás cuando yo no esté. Por eso, conmigo siempre va un fragmento de tu corteza.

And finally, do not be scared, after Christmas your string of light will disappear, and you will be free again. As long as I live, I will fulfil the behest: honour thy father

Olive tree



[english]

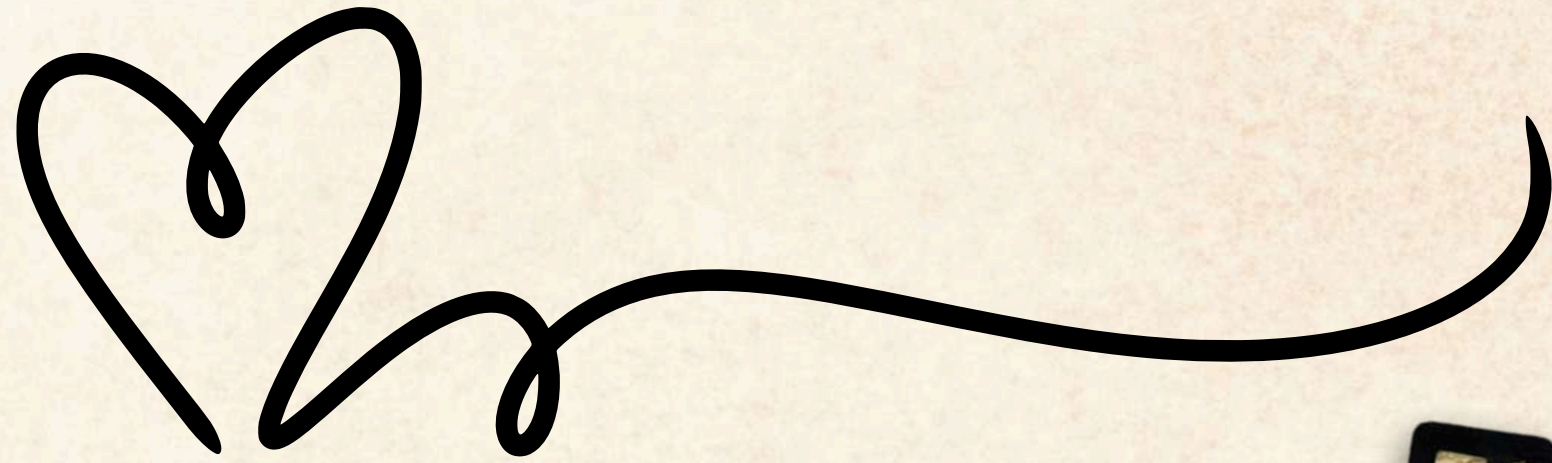
[español]

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Merci!



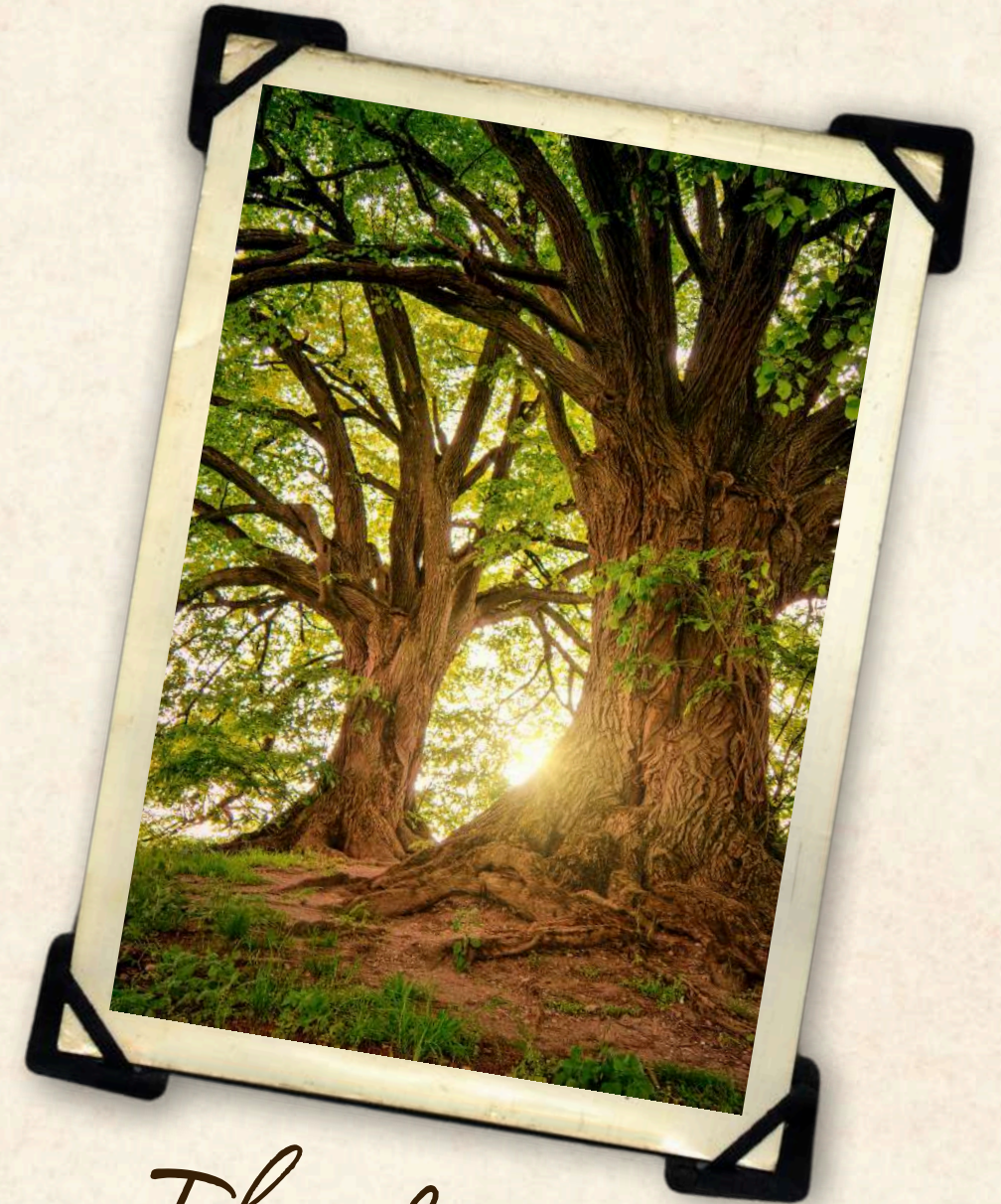
¡Gracias!

Grazie!

Danke schön!



Gràcies!



Thank you!