# Arezou

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I have stood here for years; by the window where a lonely girl named Arezou looks at me. Once, my branches were full of leaves, and among them ripened fruits that children were eager to pick. But gradually, Arezou became a sad and depressed girl. When she had guests, she would talk about me with her friends. The voices of people settled into my roots; "You are of no use anymore," "Nothing comes from you," "This is no place for a tree like you".

Every time I heard these words, when Arezou, due to loneliness and being rejected by a fiancé she loved deeply, would play a sad song, turn up the volume, stand behind the window, and cry uncontrollably, a leaf would fall from me. They fell so much that one day I came to my senses and saw my branches had withered, and I no longer had even a single fruit.

Now I stand alone; leafless, fruitless, and silent. People pass by me and say, "What a dry and lifeless tree!" They don't know I didn't dry up overnight; every single leaf of mine was plucked by one of those bitter thoughts. Sometimes at night, the wind weaves through my empty branches, and I wish someone would tell me just once: "It is not too late yet!" Perhaps then, from the deepest part of my roots, a small sprout would emerge once again.