

For years and years, trees have been a haven for the streams which were flowing from neighborhood's spring down to the fields. A row of trees shone their shadow, so selflessly that they would return to their lords, what was trusted to them. The landscape of the spiral streams, derived from the shape of the earth and attracts any talented soul. The poets and artists of this land repeatedly portrayed scenes from this perspective in their works to express the experience that they have endured.

People of the flow (river), understand the water (Sohrab sepehri)
Sit by the river and watch the passage of the life (Hafeez)
Water is the waving mirror of love (Fereidoon moshiri)
Look how languishing the water flows (Iqbal)
The stream you see flowing by your feet/ is the tears I shed after your departure. Shāh Ni'matullāh Wali
One in the meadow by the river/ and the other in agony with him. Roomi

Gradually, this landscape became a common symbol of Iranians memories. Modern life however brought about a different destination for it. Emergence of cement and Stone Rivers, prevented trees roots from water. In appearance, the rivers became more impenetrable to maintain water and as a result the trees died out of thirst and they were cut down one by one.

This foolishness had two eminent tolls. First the water faced his foe, the sun and vaporized as much as it would have sunk to the ground. Second Iranians symbolic landscape was destroyed.

The modern parks and gardens, despite of having vast green landscapes, raise no memories and excitement in one's heart. This is when we understand the value of motherland's natural gems. Persian landscape that was dominated by the technology as well as less qualified perspective, became alike a precious handymade carpet.