

白露晨思

清晨的空气中透着一丝寒意，白露像晶莹的珍珠点缀在草叶与花瓣上。薄雾弥漫在村庄的屋顶之间，远处的山峦像水墨画般若隐若现。阳光透过雾气洒在露珠上，折射出微微的光辉，仿佛每一颗露珠都承载着秋天的秘密。

我漫步在乡间小道上，脚下的落叶轻轻发出沙沙声，枫叶的红与黄色交织成温暖而深沉的色彩。秋风轻拂过脸庞，带来远处稻谷的香气和泥土的气息。这样的清晨，让人心境安宁，却又带着淡淡的思绪，仿佛连风也在低语，提醒我时光的流逝。

此时，我不禁想起远方的家人和故乡的景象。白露像一面镜子，映照出内心的孤独与温暖交织的情感。童年的小路、老屋前的梧桐树，都在记忆中清晰浮现。秋天不仅让人感受到自然的美，更激发了心底深处的眷恋与思念。

漫步在这宁静的秋日清晨，我感受到人生的无常与美好。每一片落叶的飘落都像是在提醒我，生活中有些美好是短暂的，需要用心去珍惜。白露的清晨，是岁月温柔的赠礼，让我在喧嚣之外，找到属于自己的静谧与思考。

或许人生就是如此，像白露般短暂而美丽。我们在时间的河流中漂浮，感受风、光与露水，心底的思绪也随之澄明。秋日的清晨教会我，用柔软的心去感受生活，用敏锐的目光去观察世界，用静默的心去体会生命的深意。

Morning Thoughts on White Dew

The morning air carries a hint of chill, with White Dew sparkling like tiny pearls on the leaves and petals. A thin mist drifts between the rooftops of the village, while distant mountains appear faintly, like an ink painting. Sunlight filters through the fog, reflecting off the dew drops with a gentle glimmer, as if each drop holds a secret of autumn.

I stroll along the country path, the fallen leaves rustling softly underfoot. The red and yellow of the maple leaves intertwine into a warm yet profound tapestry. The autumn wind brushes my face, bringing the scent of distant rice fields and earthy aromas. This kind of morning brings peace to the soul, yet also a subtle melancholy, as if even the wind whispers the passage of time.

At this moment, I can't help but think of my family and homeland far away. White Dew acts like a mirror, reflecting the mingled emotions of solitude and warmth within. Childhood paths and the old house under the wutong trees emerge vividly in memory. Autumn not only reveals nature's beauty but also stirs deep feelings of longing and nostalgia.

Walking in this tranquil autumn morning, I feel the impermanence and beauty of life. Each falling leaf seems to remind me that some beauty is fleeting, and must be

cherished with care. The morning of White Dew is a gentle gift from time, allowing me to find my own quiet and reflection beyond the clamor of daily life.

Perhaps life is like this, fleeting and beautiful like White Dew. We drift along the river of time, feeling the wind, light, and dew, as our innermost thoughts become clear. The autumn morning teaches me to perceive life with a tender heart, observe the world with sharp eyes, and experience the profound meaning of existence in silence.