

我的秋日记录：落叶公园里的小小发现

今天的阳光格外柔和，像是被轻轻过滤过一样，没有刺眼的白光，只剩下暖暖的金色。我背着小包，准备到附近的公园去捡落叶做手账。其实也不是非要做什么，只是想在一个安静的地方好好感受秋天。

公园的入口两旁种着银杏树，现在正是它们最美的时候。金黄的叶子一层一层铺在地上，踩上去发出轻轻的沙沙声，让人忍不住放慢脚步。风吹过时，叶子在空中转着圈落下，那一刻像是在看一场无声的小型舞会。

我沿着湖边慢慢走，看到不少人在散步、遛狗，也有老人坐在长椅上晒太阳。水面倒映着一片金黄，偶尔有鸭子划过，带起一圈圈微弱的涟漪。我停下脚步，看着这些被秋天染色的景象，心里安静得像被抚平了一样。

开始捡落叶后，我意外地发现它比我想象的更有乐趣。每一片叶子都有不一样的纹路和形状，有的像小扇子，有的像一颗心。我蹲在树下挑挑选选，忽然觉得自己像在做一件非常重要的事情。那些叶子明明只是季节变化中的普通产物，却在阳光下显得格外有生命力。

我坐在长椅上，把捡来的落叶一片片整理好。旁边坐着一位带孙子的老人，孩子拿着一片红枫叶看得入神。老人对他说：“树叶会变红，是因为它们在告别。”我听到这句话的时候愣了一下，那种温柔的解释拨动了我的心。原来秋天不只是冷，也可以有这样温暖的离别方式。

坐了一会儿，我忽然注意到身边的一棵梧桐树。它的树干粗壮，叶子落了一大半，只剩下稀疏的几簇在枝头摇晃。我抬头望着它，觉得它特别像生活中的某些阶段——不再茂盛，却依然站得稳稳的。它的影子在地上拖得很长，让我想起这一年来的忙碌与疲惫。

天空渐渐变得更亮，阳光透过树枝打在长椅上，像细碎的金粉。我忽然意识到，秋天虽然常被形容成萧瑟的季节，但其实它也有很温柔的一面，只是需要我们慢下来才能察觉。

我把落叶装进袋子里，准备回家做成一本小小的秋日收藏册。站起身的时候，我突然觉得今天的空气特别轻，仿佛所有压力都在刚才的那阵秋风里被吹散了。

离开公园时，我回头看了一眼那条被落叶铺满的小路。它静静地躺在那里，像是一条柔软的时间线，提醒着我：成长并不总是喧闹的，有时是在这样平凡又安静的时刻里悄悄发生。

我在日记的最后写下：秋天把叶子放回土地，也把我放回了内心最柔软的地方。

My Autumn Chronicle: Small Discoveries in a Park of Falling Leaves

The sunlight today felt especially gentle, as though it had been carefully sifted before touching the ground. It wasn't harsh at all—just warm and golden. I carried a small bag and headed to the nearby park to collect fallen leaves for my journal. I didn't have any specific project in mind; I simply wanted a quiet place to feel

autumn properly.

Ginkgo trees lined both sides of the park's entrance, and this was their most beautiful season. Layers of golden leaves covered the ground, making soft rustling sounds underfoot that slowed my pace naturally. When the wind passed, the leaves twirled in the air before drifting down—it felt like watching a small, silent dance.

I walked slowly along the lakeside. Some people were strolling, some walking dogs, and a few elderly folks sat on benches enjoying the sun. The water reflected the golden view, and ducks occasionally glided across it, leaving gentle ripples behind. I paused for a moment, letting the calmness seep into me like quiet warmth.

When I started collecting leaves, I realized it was much more enjoyable than I had imagined. Each leaf had its own pattern and shape—some looked like tiny fans, others like little hearts. I crouched under the trees, carefully picking and choosing, suddenly feeling as though I were doing something important. These leaves, though just ordinary signs of seasonal change, looked full of life beneath the sunlight.

Sitting on a bench, I sorted the leaves one by one. Next to me, an elderly man was with his grandson. The child held a bright red maple leaf, staring at it curiously. “The leaves turn red because they’re saying goodbye,” the grandfather told him. The gentleness in his voice startled me—it was such a warm explanation, giving a tender meaning to autumn's natural process.

As I rested, I noticed a large plane tree nearby. Most of its leaves had already fallen, leaving only a few clusters trembling on the branches. Looking up at it, I thought it resembled certain stages of life—not lush anymore, but still standing strong. Its long shadow stretched across the ground, reminding me of the past year's busyness and weariness.

The sunlight filtered through the branches, scattering across the bench like fine gold dust. At that moment, I realized that autumn wasn't just a quiet or lonely season; it also carried soft warmth, waiting for anyone willing to slow down and see it.

I packed the leaves carefully, planning to turn them into a small autumn collection book when I got home. As I stood up, the air felt lighter, as if the wind had quietly carried away the stress I'd been holding inside.

Before leaving, I turned back to look at the leaf-covered path. It lay silently behind me, like a soft timeline reminding me that growth isn't always loud—it often happens in quiet, ordinary moments like this.

At the end of my diary, I wrote: Autumn returns its leaves to the earth, and

somehow, it returned me to the softest part of my heart.