

清明雨上：家乡的思念与传承

每到清明，家乡的山野总会笼罩在一层淡淡的雾气里。细雨如丝，润物无声。人们说，这雨，是思念化成的。

清明这天，家家户户早早起床，提着纸钱、香烛和供品，沿着泥泞的小路去扫墓。一路上，山花点点，青草吐翠，空气里弥漫着泥土的香气。祖坟坐落在半山腰，四周松柏环绕，显得庄重而宁静。

父亲先清扫墓碑上的灰尘，母亲摆上供品，我和弟弟则在一旁烧纸钱。纸灰随风飘散，像极了那些远去的思念。磕头时，父亲总要叮嘱我们：“要记得他们，我们今天的一切，都是他们给的。”那一刻，我第一次明白，清明不只是悲伤的节日，更是一种传承的仪式。

扫墓完毕后，大人们会在田间插柳。村里老人常说：“清明插柳，不负春光。”柳枝嫩绿，象征生命的延续。孩子们最喜欢的，是放风筝。那一只只彩色的风筝在天空中翻飞，仿佛把愿望和思念都带上了天。

傍晚回家的路上，村庄被雨雾笼罩。炊烟升起，远处传来鸡鸣犬吠。母亲煮了一锅青团，软糯中带着青草的香气。她说：“清明吃青团，寓意清净长寿。”一家人围坐在一起，吃着青团，心里有一种说不出的温暖。

长大后离开家乡，每逢清明，我仍会去郊外走走。虽然身边没有熟悉的山和墓，但那种肃穆与思念的感觉依旧。清明教会了我珍惜眼前人，也让我懂得，传承不仅在血脉中，也在记忆和心意里。

Under the Qingming Rain: Memories and Traditions of My Hometown

Every year during Qingming, my hometown is shrouded in a gentle mist. The fine drizzle falls silently, nurturing everything it touches. People say this rain is made of longing.

On that day, every family rises early, carrying paper offerings, incense, and food, walking along muddy paths to the ancestral graves. The hills are dotted with wildflowers, fresh grass glistens with dew, and the air smells of earth. The family tomb sits halfway up the mountain, surrounded by pine trees—solemn and peaceful.

My father wipes the dust off the tombstone, my mother arranges the offerings, and my brother and I burn the paper money. The ashes drift away with the wind, just like our thoughts for those who have passed. As we bow, my father always reminds us, “Remember them. Everything we have today comes from them.” In that moment, I understood that Qingming is not only about grief—it is a ceremony of remembrance and inheritance.

After visiting the graves, adults plant willow branches in the fields. The elders say, “Plant willows during Qingming and cherish the spring.” The fresh green symbolizes life’s renewal. Children love to fly kites—the bright colors soaring into the sky carry our wishes and memories upward.

On the way home at dusk, the village lies under a veil of rain and smoke. The smell of cooking drifts through the air. My mother makes qingtuan, soft green rice cakes with a faint aroma of herbs. “Eating qingtuan means purity and longevity,” she says. Sitting together as a family, sharing those warm green cakes, I feel a quiet, unspoken peace.

Even now, far from home, I still take walks in the countryside when Qingming comes. Though the familiar hills and graves are gone, the feeling of reverence and remembrance remains. Qingming has taught me to cherish those who are still here and to understand that inheritance lives not only in blood, but also in memory and the heart.