

灯火映笑颜：元宵节的团圆夜

在我的家乡，春节的热闹并不会随着年初一的过去而结束。等到正月十五元宵节，年味又会被重新点燃。那一天，街上灯火通明，人声鼎沸，仿佛整个村庄都被光照亮。

傍晚时分，村口的大槐树下早已聚满了人。孩子们手里提着小兔灯、莲花灯，在人群中跑来跑去。大人们则一边聊天，一边欣赏着街道两旁悬挂的花灯。各种形状灯笼：鱼灯、龙灯、走马灯，被点亮时闪烁着温柔的光，照在人们的脸上，也照进了心里。

我最喜欢的，是猜灯谜的环节。那些用毛笔写在红纸上的谜语被挂在灯笼下，风一吹轻轻摇晃。有人凑过去念：“一口咬掉牛尾巴，打一字。”旁边的叔叔哈哈一笑：“是‘告’！”一阵掌声和笑声随即响起。那种热闹，带着人情的温度。

家里也忙得不亦乐乎。母亲早早煮好一锅汤圆，圆滚滚的白团子在锅里翻滚，香气四溢。她总说：“元宵节吃汤圆，团团圆圆才吉利。”我喜欢那一口甜糯的味道，芝麻馅流出来的时候，仿佛幸福也被品进了嘴里。

夜色渐深，灯火却愈发亮了。村里的龙灯队开始巡游，锣鼓声震天。那条长龙盘旋在人群中，闪烁着金色的光芒，孩子们欢呼雀跃，老人们笑得合不拢嘴。天上挂着一轮圆月，照在这一幕上，温柔又动人。

多年以后，我仍记得那晚的灯火。它不仅仅是节日的装饰，更像是一种连接，把散落一地的乡愁和笑声串联起来。无论我身在何处，想起家乡的元宵夜，心中总会亮起一盏温柔的灯。

Lanterns and Laughter: The Reunion Night of the Lantern Festival

In my hometown, the joy of the Spring Festival doesn't fade after New Year's Day. By the time the Lantern Festival arrives on the fifteenth day of the first lunar month, the festive spirit is rekindled. That night, the streets glow with light and laughter, and the whole village seems illuminated.

By dusk, the old locust tree at the village entrance is surrounded by people. Children carry rabbit-shaped and lotus lanterns, running through the crowd. Adults chat while admiring the lanterns hanging on both sides of the road—fish-shaped, dragon-shaped, and rotating lanterns, all glowing softly, lighting up faces and hearts alike.

My favorite part is guessing lantern riddles. The riddles are written in brush calligraphy on red paper and hang beneath the lanterns, swaying gently in the breeze. Someone reads aloud: "Bite off a cow's tail—what character is it?" An uncle bursts into laughter, shouting, "It's '告'!" Applause and laughter ripple through the crowd. That lively warmth carries the true flavor of human connection.

At home, my mother busies herself cooking a pot of glutinous rice balls. The round dumplings roll in boiling water, releasing a sweet aroma. “Eating tangyuan means reunion,” she always says. I love that chewy sweetness, and when the sesame filling oozes out, it feels like tasting happiness itself.

As night deepens, the lanterns shine brighter. The dragon dance parade begins, drums echoing through the village. The golden dragon coils and waves among the crowd, shimmering under the moonlight. Children cheer, elders beam with joy, and the full moon above watches over it all, soft and serene.

Years later, I still remember those lights. They were more than decorations—they were threads connecting laughter, nostalgia, and love. No matter where I am, when I think of my hometown’s Lantern Festival, a gentle lantern seems to light up in my heart.