

## 粽香里的乡愁——端午节的一天

端午节这天，天刚亮，院子里就飘满了粽叶的清香。母亲在厨房忙碌，桌上摆着糯米、红枣、花生，还有一大盆洗净的粽叶。我走过去，卷起袖子准备帮忙。母亲笑着说：“你今年得自己包几个，不能光吃。”

我拿起一片粽叶，小心地折成漏斗形，舀一勺糯米，又放几颗红枣。可是手一抖，糯米就撒得到处都是。母亲看着我笨拙的样子，忍不住笑出声来。她熟练地示范一遍，双手翻飞间，一个饱满的粽子便成形。那动作轻巧又有节奏，仿佛在织一段节日的旋律。

家里的气氛很热闹，奶奶在一旁讲着过去的故事。她说：“以前我们端午节都要划龙舟，包粽子是为了纪念屈原。那时候的糯米可不容易得，能吃上粽子是件大事。”我听着这些故事，心里升起一种莫名的敬意——原来节日的味道，不只是食物的香气，更是记忆的延续。

中午的时候，锅里的粽子终于煮好了。揭开锅盖，热气腾腾地冒出，香味扑鼻。母亲把粽子捞出来，用剪刀剪掉绳子。我迫不及待地剥开一只，糯米晶莹，红枣香甜。咬下一口，甜而不腻，嘴里满是家的味道。

吃完粽子，父亲在门口挂上艾草和菖蒲，说是可以驱邪避病。风吹过，艾草的香味混合着粽叶的清香，整个屋子都弥漫着夏天的味道。我望着挂在门上的绿叶，心里突然有种柔软的感觉——那是家的象征，也是我们对岁月最温柔的坚持。

夜幕降临，我在日记本上写下今天的经历。虽然只是包粽子、吃粽子，但在我心里，这是一次与传统的对话，一次与家乡的相遇。那些平凡的味道，藏着最深的乡愁。

## The Fragrance of Zongzi — A Dragon Boat Festival Day

On the morning of the Dragon Boat Festival, the scent of bamboo leaves filled our courtyard. My mother was busy in the kitchen, the table covered with glutinous rice, red dates, peanuts, and a large basin of freshly washed leaves. I rolled up my sleeves to help. Smiling, she said, “This year, you have to make a few yourself—no just eating!”

I picked up a leaf, folded it into a cone, scooped in some rice, and added a few red dates. But as soon as I tried to wrap it, rice spilled everywhere. My mother laughed at my clumsy attempt and showed me again. Her hands moved quickly and gracefully, turning out a perfect zongzi in moments. Her motions had a rhythm to them, like weaving a song of the festival.

The house was lively. My grandmother sat nearby, telling old stories. “Back then,” she said, “we used to race dragon boats on the river. We made zongzi to honor Qu Yuan. Rice wasn’t easy to get in those days, so eating zongzi was something special.” Listening to her, I felt a deep respect—the taste of a festival, I realized, isn’t just about food, but the memories and meanings carried with it.

By noon, the zongzi were finally cooked. When the lid was lifted, a wave of fragrant steam filled the room. My mother fished them out and snipped the strings. I peeled one open eagerly—the rice glistened, the red dates sweet and soft. One bite, and the flavor of home filled my mouth—sweet, sticky, and full of warmth.

After lunch, my father hung mugwort and calamus above the door, saying they would ward off evil. The scent of herbs mixed with the aroma of zongzi, filling the house with the smell of summer. Looking at the green leaves swaying by the doorway, I felt something tender stir inside me—it was the feeling of home, the quiet strength of tradition.

That night, I wrote down the day's memories in my diary. It was just wrapping and eating zongzi, yet it felt like a conversation with my roots, a meeting with my hometown. Within those simple flavors lies the deepest sense of belonging.