

# 四季里的乡情

在我的记忆里，家乡就像一本厚重的书，每一页都写满了人情与风俗。四季流转，每个时节都有不同的热闹与温情，那些年年重复却从不失色的习俗，早已融进了我们的血脉。

春天，是家乡最热闹的时节。春节刚过，家家户户都忙着贴春联、挂灯笼。除夕那天，祖母会摆上供桌，供奉祖先的牌位，香烟袅袅中弥漫着一种庄重的气息。长辈们叮嘱我们要记得“饮水思源”，那一刻，我总能感受到一种穿越时光的温暖。吃年夜饭时，桌上少不了糍粑、红烧鱼和家乡特有的腊肉。窗外鞭炮声此起彼伏，照亮了整个村子，也点燃了我们对新一年的希望。

夏天的风俗，是端午节的龙舟赛。河面上彩旗飘扬，鼓声震天。男人们挥汗如雨，拼尽全力划桨；女人和孩子们在岸边呐喊助威，竹篮里装着粽子与咸鸭蛋，香味扑鼻。我记得小时候，母亲会在我手腕上系上五彩线，据说能驱邪保平安。那条线虽然早就褪色，但那份母爱的守护，却永远鲜亮。

秋天的家乡，有一种沉静的喜悦。中秋之夜，全村的人都会聚在广场上赏月。圆圆的月亮升起，像一枚温柔的银盘。孩子们提着花灯嬉闹，大人们一边品尝月饼，一边聊着丰收的事。家乡的月饼与外地的不一样，是用红薯粉和芝麻馅制成的，甜而不腻，香气四溢。那一夜，月光洒在每个人的脸上，仿佛把思念都镀上了一层柔光。

冬天，是一年中最具仪式感的季节。腊月里，家家户户都会制作腊肉和香肠，烟火缭绕的小巷成了冬日最温暖的风景。除夕前夕，村头还会举行“送年”活动，老人带着小孩敲锣打鼓，将旧年的不快一并送走。那一夜，雪花纷飞，家乡显得格外宁静而祥和。

四季更迭，风俗依旧。每一次节日的到来，都是一次心灵的归乡。如今我已离家多年，但每当想起那一声声鞭炮、那一盏盏灯火、那一阵阵笑声，我都能在心中清晰地看见那片熟悉的土地——它承载着我全部的温情与思念。

## The Affection of My Hometown Through the Four Seasons

In my memory, my hometown is like a thick book, with every page filled with human warmth and customs. Through the changing seasons, each time of year brings its own liveliness and affection. Those traditions that repeat year after year have already blended into our blood.

Spring is the liveliest season in my hometown. Around the Lunar New Year, every household puts up red couplets and lanterns. On New Year's Eve, my grandmother sets up a table to honor our ancestors. The rising incense fills the air with solemnity. The elders remind us to always remember our roots, and in that moment, I always feel a warmth that transcends time. During the reunion dinner, dishes like rice cakes, braised fish, and cured meat fill the table. Firecrackers outside light up the whole village, igniting our hopes for the new year.

Summer brings the Dragon Boat Festival. The river is decorated with colorful

flags, and the sound of drums shakes the air. Men row with all their strength while women and children cheer from the shore. The smell of zongzi and salted duck eggs drifts around. I remember my mother tying five-colored threads around my wrist to protect me from evil. Though the thread has long faded, the love behind it never will.

Autumn in my hometown is peaceful yet joyful. During the Mid-Autumn Festival, the entire village gathers to admire the moon. Children play with lanterns while adults share mooncakes and talk about the harvest. The local mooncakes are special—made from sweet potato flour and sesame filling, fragrant and not too sweet. That night, under the moonlight, everyone's faces glow with a gentle light of longing.

Winter carries the most rituals. In the last month of the lunar year, families make cured meats and sausages, and smoke fills the alleyways, creating the warmest scenery of winter. On the eve of New Year's Eve, the villagers hold a “farewell to the old year” ceremony, drumming and singing as they send away bad luck. That night, with snow falling, my hometown feels peaceful and blessed.

The seasons change, but the customs remain. Every festival is a return of the heart. Though I have lived away for years, every sound of firecrackers, every lantern light, and every burst of laughter still brings that familiar land back vividly to my mind—it carries all my warmth and longing.