

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.

灯火里的年味

每到腊月，家乡的空气里就开始弥漫着一种特别的香气，那是糯米蒸熟的甜香，也是过年的味道。街头巷尾都在忙碌着，男人在修剪门前的竹子，女人在晾晒腊肉，小孩则追逐着冬日的阳光。整个村庄，仿佛被一层红色的喜气笼罩。

除夕前几天，家家户户都开始贴春联。爷爷总是最讲究的一个，他会用毛笔写上“春回大地，福满人间”，红纸上的墨迹浓重有力，像是把整个冬天都染成了春天。夜幕降临，村头的灯笼一盏盏亮起，红光映在雪地上，像流动的火焰。那一刻，我总觉得家乡比任何地方都温暖。

年三十这天，母亲会早早起床准备祭祖。她会把煮好的鸡、鱼、豆腐一一摆上供桌，点上三炷香。香烟缭绕中，父亲带着我们跪拜，嘴里念叨着祖辈的名字。那一刻，我第一次体会到什么是“根”。原来我们之所以庆祝，不只是为了新年，更是为了让家族的记忆延续下去。

到了晚上，全家人围坐在一起吃年夜饭。桌上摆满了佳肴——白斩鸡、清蒸鱼、糯米圆子，还有那盘象征团圆的红烧狮子头。电视里传来春晚的笑声，窗外鞭炮声此起彼伏。爷爷举起酒杯，说：“又是一年团圆夜。”那一句话，让我心里一阵温热。

初一清晨，家家户户门前都插着青竹，竹叶上挂着鞭炮。第一声“噼啪”响起，整个村子被唤醒。孩子们穿着新衣，挨家挨户拜年。老人们笑着发红包，嘴里还念叨着“新年好，长大啦”。到下午，村头的广场上会举行舞龙舞狮表演，锣鼓震天，舞者翻腾。人群欢笑着、鼓掌着，那一刻，我总觉得那不仅是节日，更是一场心灵的欢腾。

如今我远在他乡，每到春节，总会想起那一盏盏灯火下的笑脸。那是家的方向，也是年味的归宿。无论我走到哪里，心中那份对家乡的热爱与牵挂，永远不会熄灭。

The Taste of the New Year in the Glow of Lanterns

Every year when the twelfth lunar month arrives, the air in my hometown fills with a sweet scent—the smell of steamed glutinous rice and the fragrance of the New Year. Everyone is busy: men trim the bamboo at their doors, women hang cured meats to dry, and children chase each other under the winter sun. The whole village is wrapped in red joy.

Days before New Year's Eve, every family starts pasting Spring Festival couplets. My grandfather, always the most traditional, writes them himself: "Spring returns to the earth, blessings fill the world." The heavy black ink on the red paper seems to paint winter into spring. When night falls, lanterns light up one by one at the village entrance, glowing warmly against the snow. At that moment, I always feel that no place is warmer than home.

On New Year's Eve morning, my mother prepares offerings for our ancestors. She sets boiled chicken, fish, and tofu on the table and lights three sticks of incense. As the smoke curls upward, my father leads us in kneeling and reciting the ancestors' names. It's then I understand the meaning of "roots." Our celebration is not only for the new year but to keep the family's memory alive.

At night, the whole family gathers for the reunion dinner. The table is filled with dishes—white-cut chicken, steamed fish, glutinous rice balls, and braised meatballs symbolizing unity. The Spring Festival Gala plays on TV, and firecrackers burst outside. My grandfather raises his glass and says, "Another year of reunion." Those words warm my heart.

On the morning of the first day of the new year, bamboo poles with firecrackers stand before every door. As the first crackle echoes, the whole village awakens. Children dressed in new clothes go door to door wishing happy new year, receiving red envelopes from smiling elders. By afternoon, the square hosts a dragon and lion dance, drums shaking the air, people cheering and clapping. It's not just celebration—it's joy of the soul.

Now that I live far from home, every Spring Festival I think of those smiling faces under lantern light. That's the direction of home, the flavor of the New Year. No matter where I go, my love and longing for my hometown will never fade.

月下的乡愁

每当中秋来临，我的思绪总会飘回那个被月光包裹的小村庄。家乡的中秋，没有城市的喧嚣，却有一种静谧的热闹——一种藏在灯火和笑声里的温度。

从早上开始，家家户户就忙碌起来。母亲会揉面做月饼，锅里传来芝麻与红糖的香气。我们几个孩子围在灶边，抢着尝刚出炉的月饼。那种香甜的味道，仿佛能在舌尖上开出花。父亲则在院子里挂上灯笼，一盏盏红灯在夜幕未降前就已经亮起。

傍晚时分，天边的月亮慢慢升起，像被清水洗过一般明亮。全村的人都会搬出小凳子，围坐在院子里赏月。大人们喝茶聊天，孩子们提着纸灯笼在院子里穿梭。老人常说：“中秋的月，是一年里最圆的月。”我抬头望去，那轮圆月像极了母亲温柔的笑脸。

家乡的中秋还有个特别的习俗——“送月饼”。人们会把自家做的月饼分给邻里，每家都送一份，再收一份。月饼不同，情意却一样。那是家乡人最质朴的相互问候，也是彼此心意的传递。夜深时，河边的倒影摇曳着，月亮仿佛也笑着看我们。

后来我离开家乡求学、工作，很多年都没能回去过中秋。每当夜深人静，我会站在阳台上仰望那同一轮明月。城市的灯光再亮，也掩不住那一份柔情的思念。我知道，在千里之外的家乡，父母此刻也一定在看着同一轮月亮。

有人说，中秋是团圆的节日。但对我而言，它更是一场心的回家。无论我身在何处，只要看到那一轮月，我就仿佛又回到了家乡的院子里，闻到了月饼的香气，听到了父母温柔的笑声。

Homesickness Under the Moonlight

Every Mid-Autumn Festival, my thoughts drift back to that small village bathed in moonlight. My hometown's festival isn't noisy like the city's—it's quietly lively, filled with warmth hidden in laughter and lights.

From morning, every household is busy. My mother kneads dough to make mooncakes, and the scent of sesame and brown sugar fills the kitchen. We children crowd around the stove, eager to taste the freshly baked cakes. Their sweetness seems to bloom right on the tongue. My father hangs red lanterns in the yard, their glow appearing even before dusk.

By evening, the moon rises slowly, bright as if washed by clear water. The whole village sits outdoors to admire it. Adults sip tea and chat, while children run with paper lanterns. The elders say, “The Mid-Autumn moon is the roundest of the year.” I look up and see my mother’s gentle smile reflected in that perfect circle.

In my hometown, there’s a special custom called “sending mooncakes.” Families exchange their homemade mooncakes with neighbors—each gives and receives one. Though the cakes differ, the affection is the same. It’s the simplest yet warmest way of saying “we care.” By late night, the river reflects the glowing moon, as if smiling down on us.

Years later, I left home to study and work, missing many Mid-Autumns. At night, I often look up at the same moon from my balcony. No city light can outshine that tender longing. I know my parents, miles away, are watching it too.

Some say the Mid-Autumn Festival is about reunion, but to me, it’s a journey of the heart. Wherever I am, when I see that moon, I feel as though I’m back in our courtyard again—smelling mooncakes, hearing my parents’ laughter, and feeling the peace of home.