

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.