

# 你在我心中：清晨的微光里有你的影子

清晨的微光落在窗台上，总让我想起你。不是因为某个具体的画面，而是那种若有若无的气息，让人心安。你在我心中，大概就像这束光，不炽烈，却足以点亮一整天的情绪。

有时我会回想起很多细碎的瞬间：你在厨房忙碌时侧过头来的一瞥，你坐在窗边读书时的安静，你听我诉说烦恼时那句不动声色的“我在”。这些场景在记忆里轻轻闪动，像是不经意被风吹起的书页，悄然却真实。

我总觉得，和你在一起时，时间会变慢。不是停滞，而是像溪水绕过石头般柔软，从容，带着一种能把人的锋芒悄悄磨平的力量。你从不夸张，也不声张；你的存在本身，就是一种无声的安抚。

有段时间，我曾在深夜独自走过长长的街道。霓虹冷得像冰，他们闪烁着，却不照亮什么。那时我格外明白，原来温暖不是灯火，而是一个人在你心里的重量，是一个名字被你轻轻念起时带来的安定感。你就是那样的存在，让我在混乱里找回方向。

如今的我依然常常迷惘，但我学会了把你的影子放在心里最柔软的地方。当我焦躁时，它提醒我停下呼吸；当我疲惫时，它让我记起曾经被你理解、被你接住的瞬间。这样的力量不喧哗，却足以支撑我继续向前。

你在我心中，不是某个明确的身份，也不是某段故事的起点或终点。你像一道温柔的风，从我生命里吹过，却留下了比风更沉稳的痕迹。因为你，我开始懂得如何把脆弱收好，把坚定放在更加深的地方。

如果有人问我什么是“被照亮”，或许，我会想起清晨第一束微光落进房间的那一刻。那光里有你，而你，也在我心中。

## You in My Heart: Your Silhouette in the Morning Light

The morning light falling on the windowsill always reminds me of you. Not because of any specific scene, but because of that subtle presence that quietly brings peace. You in my heart are like this light—never harsh, yet enough to brighten the entire day.

Sometimes I recall small fragments of memory: the glance you gave me while busy in the kitchen, the quietness of you reading by the window, the calm “I’m here” when I confided my worries. These moments flicker softly like pages turned by a gentle breeze—quiet yet unmistakably real.

When I was with you, time seemed to slow down. Not stopping, but softening like a stream flowing around a stone, carrying a power that smooths the sharp edges of life. You were never dramatic; your presence itself was a silent comfort.

There was a time I walked alone through long streets late at night. Neon lights

glowed coldly, shining without warmth. It was then I realized true comfort isn't light but the weight of someone in your heart, the peace that comes from whispering a familiar name. You were that presence, guiding me through confusion.

Even now I often feel lost, but I have learned to keep your silhouette in the softest corner of my heart. When I grow anxious, it reminds me to breathe. When I feel weary, it brings back the memory of being understood and held. This strength is quiet, yet enough to keep me moving forward.

You in my heart are not a defined role or a beginning or end to any story. You are like a gentle wind passing through my life, leaving behind a steadiness far stronger than the wind itself. Because of you, I learned to keep my fragility tucked away and my courage rooted deeper.

If someone asks me what it means to be "illuminated," I would think of that first ray of morning light entering my room. That light carries your presence, and you remain in my heart.