

# 你在我心中：那条老街上吹不散的温暖

每次路过那条老街，我都会不由自主地放慢脚步。那些斑驳的墙面、开得过满的梧桐、被风吹动的布幔，都像是在替我回忆什么。而我知道，那些回忆里，总有你。

你喜欢这条街的旧气息，说它不像城市里其他地方那样匆忙。我们常常一起走在傍晚的光里，你一边讲故事，一边无意识地踢着地上的小石子。那时我总觉得，世界在你讲述里变得简单，不再锋利。

有一次下雨，我们躲在一间小店的屋檐下。雨点敲在地面上，像无数个急切的心跳。你看着模糊的街景，轻轻说：“雨这么大，我们也别急着走。”就这样，一场雨把我们困在那片小小的阴影下，却也让我感到久违的宁静。

后来你去了很远的地方，老街依旧，季节依旧变化，而我再也找不到那种踏实的傍晚了。人来人往，谁也不知道我在找什么。我只是习惯地抬头望向某个转角，仿佛你会突然出现，像以前那样喊我一声。

思念这种东西，总是藏在最不起眼的细节里。比如风里飘来的桂花味，比如一段无意听到的旋律，比如一个人走过你曾停留过的地方。它们不张扬，却在不经意间把你带回来。

但我最难忘的，是你给过的那份带着温度的勇气。无论我多迷茫，你总说：“没关系，你会好起来的。”那时我以为你只是安慰，如今回想，却发现那句轻描淡写的话，支撑我走过了许多暗处。

如今走在老街上，我依然会想起那些日子。风吹散了尘土，却吹不散你留下的痕迹。你在我心中，不是过去，也不是失去，而是一种在漫长人生里持续发光的力量。

感谢你曾经走进我的生命，也感谢你留给我的温暖。它让我相信，无论世界如何变换，总有一些东西不会被时光带走。

## You in My Heart: The Warmth That Never Fades from the Old Street

Every time I walk down that old street, I instinctively slow my pace. The weathered walls, the lush plane trees, the fabric swaying in the wind—they all seem to remember something for me. And I know that memory always leads back to you.

You loved the old breath of that street, saying it wasn't as hurried as the rest of the city. We often walked there at dusk, you telling stories, idly kicking small stones along the ground. In your stories, the world softened, losing its sharp edges.

Once, it rained, and we hid under the eaves of a small shop. The raindrops struck the ground like countless restless heartbeats. Watching the blurred street, you said, "The rain's too heavy; let's not rush." That rain kept us from leaving, but it

gave me an unexpected sense of peace.

Later, you left for somewhere far away. The street remained, the seasons continued their cycle, but the steady evenings disappeared. People passed by, not knowing what I searched for. I kept glancing toward a corner, imagining you would appear again and call my name.

Missing someone hides in the smallest details: the scent of osmanthus on the wind, an unintended melody, a place where you once paused. Quiet, subtle, yet powerful enough to bring you back for a moment.

What I remember most is the courage you gave me—the kind that carried warmth. No matter how lost I was, you always said, “It’s okay. You’ll be fine.” I once thought it was just comfort. Now I realize those simple words carried me through many dark moments.

Walking the old street now, I still think of those days. The wind scatters dust, but not the traces you left behind. You in my heart are not the past or something lost, but a steady light that keeps glowing.

Thank you for walking into my life, and for the warmth you left. It makes me believe that no matter how the world changes, some things are never taken away by time.