

把眼睛借给四季一分钟

敬爱的老师、亲爱的同学们：大家好！我演讲的题目是《把眼睛借给四季一分钟》。

上周三下午，雷阵雨刚停，操场积起一个个小水洼。同学都在往教学楼跑，只有低年级的一个小妹妹蹲在水洼边不肯走。我过去想拉她，她指着水洼说：哥哥你看，天空掉进水里了！我低头一看——真的，一整片云倒在水里，被风推着慢慢走。我们两个人就那样蹲着，看了整整一分钟。上课铃响了，我们浑身湿着跑回教室，可我心里亮堂堂的：那一分钟，是我那一星期里最富的一分钟。

同学们，我们的校园其实藏着一千个这样的分钟，四季排好了节目单，天天在我们窗外演出。春天，花坛里的玉兰先开花后长叶，白得像鸽子落在枝头；布谷鸟叫的时候，油菜花把校门口的小路照得金亮。夏天，池塘的荷叶撑成一柄柄绿伞，傍晚的晚霞把半边天烧成橘子味儿的颜色。秋天，教学楼爬山虎红成一面旗，下课的脚印踩在落叶上，咔嚓咔嚓像踩着一地的薯片。冬天，下小雪的早晨，屋檐的冰凌像一排琴键，太阳一出来就叮叮咚咚地滴水。同学们，这样的演出，我们凭什么只看手机不看现场？

也许有同学说：我每天写作业都来不及，哪有时间看四季？我想说，看四季不用一小时，只要一分钟。一分钟，够你看清一朵云变成马的形状；一分钟，够你发现老槐树的芽苞比上周鼓了一圈。四季从不要求我们请假，它只要求我们抬头。

所以，我向大家倡议三件事。第一，从今天起，每天把自己最累的时候换成抬头看窗外的一分钟，让眼睛替我们歇一歇。第二，准备一个巴掌大的小本子，叫它发现本，把每天看到的一个细节记下来，一学期以后，你会拥有一本别人没有的四季日历。第三，周末和爸爸妈妈去找一次季节：去公园、去田边、去山上，回来把发现讲给小组听。我们比一比，到学期末，谁的发现本最厚，谁的眼睛最亮。

同学们，日子可以天天一样，眼睛不能天天一样。把眼睛借给四季一分钟，四季就会还我们一整个闪闪发亮的世界。从今天起，我们一起做四季的观众，也做生活的有心人！谢谢大家！

Lend Your Eyes One Minute to the Four Seasons

Dear teachers and dear fellow students: good morning! The title of my speech is Lend Your Eyes One Minute to the Four Seasons.

Last Wednesday afternoon, right after the thunderstorm stopped, little puddles dotted the playground. Everyone ran toward the teaching building except a little girl from a lower grade, who squatted by a puddle and refused to leave. I went over to pull her up, but she pointed at the puddle and said: big brother, look, the sky has fallen into the water! I looked down — truly, a whole cloud lay mirrored in the water, pushed slowly along by the wind. The two of us squatted there and watched for a full minute. The bell rang, we ran back to class still damp, but my heart was glowing: that one minute was the richest minute of my whole week.

Fellow students, our campus actually hides a thousand such minutes. The four seasons have printed a program and perform outside our windows every day. In spring the magnolias in the flower bed flower before leafing out, white as pigeons perched on the branches; when the cuckoo calls, the rapeseed flowers light the path at the school gate golden. In summer the lotus leaves in the pond open like green umbrellas, and the evening glow sets half the sky the color of tangerines. In autumn the ivy on the teaching building reddens into a flag, and footsteps at break time crunch on fallen leaves as if treading on a ground full of potato chips. In winter on a light-snow morning, the icicles on the eaves look like a row of piano keys, dripping ding-dong as soon as the sun comes out. Fellow students, with a show like this, why would we watch our phones instead of the live performance?

Some may say: I barely have time for homework, when could I look at the seasons? I would answer: looking at the seasons does not take an hour, only a minute. One minute is enough to watch a cloud change into the shape of a horse; one minute is enough to notice that the buds of the old locust tree have swelled a notch since last week. The seasons never ask us for leave; they only ask us to look up.

So I propose three things to everyone. First, starting today, replace your most tired moment each day with one minute looking out of the window, and let your eyes rest for us. Second, prepare a palm-sized notebook and call it a discovery book; write down one detail you see each day, and after one term you will own a four-season calendar nobody else has. Third, on weekends go out with your parents to find the season — to a park, the edge of a field, or a hill — and come back to tell your group what you found. Let us see whose discovery book is thickest and whose eyes are brightest by the end of the term.

Fellow students, the days may all look the same, but our eyes must not. Lend your eyes one minute to the four seasons, and the four seasons will return us a whole glittering world. Starting today, let us be the audience of the seasons and attentive hearts of life! Thank you all!