

# 山居随笔

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Mountain Life Essays

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纽约上州镜湖（宋德利摄于 2020 年 6 月 20 日）

Mirror Lake in Upstate New York (Photo taken by Song Deli on June 20, 2020)

### 1. 惘山

新泽西州之南无山，唯北有之，不高，顶圆，属丘陵地带。远远望去，山体不大，孤立独存，遥相呼应，似友相约。

近而观之，林木葱茏，纷纷靡靡，路面宽阔，或起或伏，偶有山溪流淌，波光粼粼，若有凉气

袭来。一路行来，车如小舟，游弋于绿波之间。

山坡和缓，溪水汨汨而流，坡下岸边，多有野花绽放，或白或黄，或紫或红，五彩缤纷，赏心悦目。

车行一小时，进入宾夕法尼亚州，地势相似，无甚大异。只是进入纽约上州，山体开始有变。远处山坡，突现褐色，阳光之下，十分扎眼，颇有些大煞风景。

不多时，盘山小路，映入眼帘。车子逶迤前行，渐渐抵达褐色地带。放眼望去，大片山坡，已然破裂。石壁陡峭，棱角分明，似犬牙，似刀锋，在骄阳照射之下，发出刺眼的光芒。

此番景象，令我突发怜悯之心。好端端的绿色小山，惨遭刀削斧劈，我为之感到心痛。试想，若山体有知，必有切腹之痛。此时此刻，山崖缝隙，涓涓细流，润泽有光。窃以为，那该不是山泉，而是山体疼痛难忍，故而清泪滴滴。

人类为了自身利益，犹如入侵者一样，霸道地侵入山林，砍伐树木，劈山开路。这对人类无疑是莫大利好，也似乎理所当然，但对自然界而言，则不啻遭遇劫难。

## 1. Mercy for mountains

There are no mountains in the south of New Jersey, only expect for the north. They are not high, with round tops and belong to the hilly area. From a distance, the mountain is not big, isolated and alone, echoing each other from a distance, like a meeting between friends.

From a closer look, the forests are lush and green, the road is wide, sometimes ups and downs, and there are occasional mountain streams flowing, sparkling, as if there is a cool breeze. All the way, the car is like a small boat, cruising among the green waves.

The hillside is gentle, the stream flows gurgling, and there are many wild flowers blooming on the banks below the slope, which are white, yellow, purple or red, colorful and pleasing to the eye.

After driving for an hour, we enter Pennsylvania, and the terrain is similar, with no big difference. It is just that when we enter upstate New York, the mountains begin to change. The hillside in the distance suddenly turns brown, which is very eye-catching under the sun and quite a bit of a spoiler.

Not long after, the winding mountain road comes into view. Our car meanders forward and gradually arrives at the brown area. Looking around, a large area of the hillside has been broken. The stone walls are steep and angular, like canine teeth and blades, emitting a dazzling light under the scorching sun.

This scene made me suddenly feel compassion. I felt heartbroken for the green hills that are cut by knives and axes. Imagine that if the mountain knows, it would have the pain of cutting its stomach. At this moment, there was a trickle of water in the cracks of the cliffs, moist and shiny. I think it is not a mountain spring, but the mountain is in unbearable pain, so it bleeds tears.

For their own interests, humans, like invaders, invade the mountains and forests, cut down trees, and split the mountains to make roads. This is undoubtedly a great benefit to humans, and it seems to be taken for granted, but for nature, it is nothing less than a disaster.

## 2. 哀鹿

不多时，车子进入大山深处，这里人烟稀少，路边有各种各样的指示牌，除了指路牌，还有加油指示牌、购物指示牌、食品指示牌。更有一种格外显眼，画着一只前腿腾空而起的小鹿。

友人说，这是向驾车者提出警示，因为此地常有野鹿出没。夜间野鹿站在路面上，看到车灯，不但不跑，反而傻乎乎，睁大双眼，直勾勾望着车辆。驾车稍不小心，便会撞到它们。更有甚者，

不仅野鹿被撞死，还易引发车祸。

说时迟，那时快，一只死鹿，真的映入我的眼帘。那是一只肥大的野鹿，直挺挺地被扔在路边。那分明是被撞死的，看这样子，应该是昨夜刚发生的惨剧。此后，这种伤心惨目的场景，接二连三地在路边展现。可怜的野鹿，无辜地横尸山野，在炎炎烈日之下惨遭炙烤，实在惨不忍睹。

仔细想来，小鹿可怜又无辜，这大好的山林，本来是它们自由生长和活动的家园。可现如今，人类开路，驾车风驰，致使惨遭灭顶之灾。

我突然想起，第一只死鹿，是被抛弃在一片黄花之下的。这难道是创造万物的上帝在特意安排，用野花祭奠他所创造的小鹿？

2020年6月13日

## 2. Sad for Deer

Soon, the car enters the depths of the mountains. There are few people here. There are all kinds of signs on the roadside. In addition to road signs, there are also signs for refueling, shopping, and food. There is one that is particularly eye-catching, with a picture of a deer with its front legs in the air.

My friend says that this is a warning to drivers because wild deer often appear here. At night, wild deer stand on the road and see the headlights. Instead of running away, they look silly, open their eyes wide, and stare at the vehicles. If you drive carelessly, you will hit them. What's more, not only are wild deer killed, but they are also prone to car accidents.

Before I get to know it, a dead deer really catch my eyes. It is a fat wild deer, thrown upright on the side of the road. It was clearly killed by a car. From the looks of it, it should be a tragedy that happened last night. Since then, such sad and tragic scenes have appear one after another on the roadside. The poor wild deer, lying dead innocently in the mountains, is scorched by the scorching sun, which is really horrible.

If you think about it carefully, the deer is pitiful and innocent. This beautiful forest is originally their home where they can grow and move freely. But now, humans have opened roads and driven cars at high speed, causing them to suffer a devastating disaster.

I suddenly remember that the first dead deer is abandoned under a field of yellow flowers. Could it be that the God who create all things deliberately arranged to use wild flowers to commemorate the deer he creates?

June 13, 2020

## 3. 闻香

清晨，我漫步在镜湖边。我的脚步声，惊动几只青蛙从草丛中扑通扑通地跳下水。由于时间尚早，湖边的气温不高，我感到有些凉意，于是快走几步，进入阳光照射的地方。

突然一阵沁人心脾的花香，被习习凉风吹到我的面前。我一边闻着花香，一边寻找香花。我把目光投向前方，只见一丛丛阔叶植物，正在湖边迎风起舞。

这种不知名的植物，独株独花，亭亭玉立。枝头几团小花，形成一簇。淡绿色的茎秆，不枝不蔓，顶着三四个花球。有的含苞待放，有的已经绽放，淡淡的青莲色小花，五个尖尖的小花瓣，围着淡黄色的花心。

我弯身凑向前去，贪婪地吸着醉人的芬芳，而后小心翼翼地采下两枝。突然，断处冒出一股白色浆汁，流到我手指上手背上，我摸了摸，很粘稠，酷似全脂牛奶。



回到室内，我赶紧把它们用清水洗净，而后插到玻璃杯里，放入将近满杯的水，而后放到桌子上的电脑左边。我一边闻香，一边写作。好像我的字里行间，也都飘散着沁人心脾的花香。

从此后，我每天都到外面采集新鲜的野花。有一次外出，在车里看到路边有一片金黄色小向日葵，我以为那是野花。在一个炎热的中午，吃过午饭，我就到很远的那个地方去采集。到那里一看，原来不是向日葵，倒像是洋姜花。不过那真是野花，不知其名，也算不得奇怪。我满心欢喜地采集一束。这时候我早已汗流浹背，不过心情格外舒畅，回到住处，我连忙插在玻璃杯中，放到电脑旁边，有硕大艳丽的鲜花陪伴，写起来十分惬意。

2020年6月22日

### 3. Smell fragrance

In the early morning, I stroll along the Mirror Lake. The sound of my footsteps startles a few frogs, which jump out of the grass and into the water. As it is still early, the temperature by the lake is not high and I feel a little chilly, so I take a few quick steps and go into the sunlight.

Suddenly, a refreshing floral scent is blown towards me by the cool breeze. I smell the fragrance of flowers while looking for fragrant flowers. I look ahead and see clusters of broad-leaved plants dancing in the wind by the lake.

With a single plant and a single flower, this unknown plant stands tall and graceful. Several small flowers form a cluster on the branches. The light green stems are simple and have three or four flower balls on top. Some are in bud, some have already bloomed, with light blue lotus-colored flowers and five pointed petals surrounding a light-yellow center.

I lean forward, greedily inhaling the intoxicating fragrance, and then carefully pluck two branches. Suddenly, a stream of white liquid comes out from the broken part and flowed onto my fingers and the back of my hand. I touch it and it is very sticky, just like whole milk.

Back in the room, I quickly wash them with clean water, then insert them into a glass, fill the glass with nearly full water, and then place it to the left of the computer on the table. I write while I smell the fragrance. It seems that there is a refreshing floral fragrance floating between the lines of my words.

From then on, I go outside every day to collect fresh wild flowers. One time when I was out, I saw a field of golden sunflowers on the side of the road in the car, and I thought they were wild flowers. On a hot afternoon, after lunch, I went to a faraway place to collect. When I got there and took a look, I found that it was not a sunflower, but more like a Jerusalem artichoke flower. But it was really a wild flower, so it was not surprising that I don't know its name. I gathered a bunch with great joy. At this time, I was already sweating profusely, but I was in a particularly good mood. When I got back to my residence, I quickly put it in a glass and placed it next to my computer. With the company of large and colorful flowers, it was very pleasant to write.

June 22, 2020

### 4. 寻花

早晨六点钟就起床，到外面小牧场散步。走不远，就想起昨天采摘的小红花，于是在草地上仔

细寻找。之所以仔细，是因为它们太小。

不一会儿，果然看到几粒红点，这便是我要寻找的小红花。今天的几棵很矮小，只有两寸来高。小花在朝阳金色的光芒中，羞涩地藏在草丛中。我之所以喜欢，是因为它们是万绿丛中数点红。尚未绽放的花苞，红艳艳的，只有红豆粒大小。

我没忍心采摘就走过了。不过因为好似怀念朋友一样，我不时地回过头去看，但是看不到了。我又退回到刚才的地方，站在那里，过了很长时间才找到，它们好像是在和我捉迷藏。

我端详片刻，又离开它们继续散步，可是心中依然留恋这几棵小花。但等我回到原地，说什么也看不到它们的身影了。我于是蹲下来，朝太阳升起的方向仔细观看。又过了很长时间才又把它们找到。

这次我倒退着看它们，这时我突然发现，那两寸多高的细茎，在阳光下晶莹剔透，好像是玻璃的，水晶的。

我凝视着两棵花茎，往后退着，但它们却依然十分清晰明显，好像其他杂草都不存在了。只有那两根细茎亭亭玉立。我退出十多米，依然能看到它们卓尔不群的身影。这时我两眼紧紧地盯住它们，弓着身子慢慢向它们走去，没费吹灰之力就走到了它们跟前。

我想，无论哪种植物，大多都有美丽的花朵，然而再美的花朵，基本色彩大同小异，无外乎“赤橙黄绿青蓝紫”。如果每一种花都千篇一律，虽然本身很美丽，但由于缺乏特点，却很难进入人们的视野，最终得不到人类的赏识。

一个人的发展亦然。有时候尽管自身条件很优越，但由于缺乏特色，因而很难“卓尔不群”，最终很难进入伯乐眼中，导致无人赏析，落个“英雄无用武之地”的下场。

也不知这些红花有什么魔力，每次到小牧场散步，我总是要寻找它们。尤其清晨，更是情有独钟，我的脚还没踏入牧场，心却早已到了小红花跟前。

2020年6月30日清晨，我照例很早就进入小牧场。天气开始有些阴，但后来迅速转晴，草地上的露珠不计其数，都在灿烂的阳光闪闪发光。清新的空气，令我神清气爽，我径直走向小红花的地方。只见那几个老朋友在朝阳之下，亭亭玉立，鲜艳的红花，宛如几颗红珍珠，镶嵌在茎秆顶部的花托里。

美艳动人，秀气可餐。酷爱花草的我，真想采摘几朵，放到桌前，一边写作，一边欣赏。但是今天不知怎的，就在我俯身欲采的那一瞬间，我又把手迅速地缩回来，好像碰到了火焰或针尖，因此，最终我连碰都没碰一下。

记得前两天，我已经看到花落之后宛如蒲公英的白色花絮，顶在花的柱头。出于好奇，我顺手捋下一只，用手指碾碎，花絮散开，立即露出一粒一粒的褐色种子。我恨不能把它们收集珍藏起来，等度假结束带回新泽西的住处，把它们种在花盆里。不过，最终我还是很不情愿地播撒在草丛中，让它们等待将来条件成熟，再发新芽，开新花。

我恋恋不舍地离开小红花，到别处散步。二十分钟之后，我回到舍内，开始写作。将近十点左右，窗外远处传来犹如拖拉机的轰鸣声。我抬起头，朝窗外望去，发现是邻居那位可爱而勤劳的僵尸脸兄弟在除草。据说他是和木屋主人有协议，负责这座木屋前后草场、小牧场、池塘边、镜湖北岸等处的除草一事。每隔两周割草一次。

这一上午，我都在写作，午饭后，我照例“饭后百步走”，又情不自禁地步入小牧场。但眼前的一幕令我十分惊喜，那里的青草被割得极为整齐，看上去绿茸茸地，酷似一张硕大的绿色地毯。

然而，片刻之后，似乎因为什么所致而恍然大悟。大事不好，我的小红花别不会惨遭斩首吧？果然一语成谶，小红花所在的地方，已经被“夷为平地”，别说小红花，就是茎秆都早已不复存在。

眼前的情景，让我后悔死了，简直悔得连肠子都出来啦！早想到这些，今天清晨我就该把小花采摘下来，放到玻璃杯里，哪怕只欣赏片刻也好，也不至于让如此美艳的小精灵，白白毁于割草机无情的刀片之下。

这时我突然想起一句名言：“有花堪折直须折 莫待無花空折枝”。意思是说，鲜花正在盛开的时

候，能折就应该去折，不要等到花落之后，无花可折，只折到无花之枝。面对眼前的情形，如果能折到无花之枝，倒也罢了，因为那毕竟还是有所得。然而眼下，我想折到一根无花之枝，也不可，因为割草机不仅使红花荡然无存，就是茎秆也早已“粉身碎骨”，不知到何处去了。诚然，这只是我一生中微不足道的小事一桩。其实，在一般人眼里，这连微不足道的小事都说不上。然而仔细想来，又似乎另有一番意义，那就是遇到机会来临，要千方百计地紧紧抓住，否则，转瞬即逝，“机不可失，失不再来”！事实难道不是如此吗？

2020年6月21日

#### 4. Flower Hunt

I get up at six in the morning and go for a walk in the small pasture outside. I have not walked far when I remember the little red flowers I had picked yesterday, so I look carefully for them on the grass. The reason for being so careful is that they are so small.

After a while, I see a few red dots. These are the little red flowers I was looking for. Today the few flower plants are very short, only two inches tall. The little flower hides shyly in the grass in the golden light of the morning sun. The reason why I like them is that they are a few spots of red among the green. The flower buds that have not yet bloomed are bright red and only the size of red beans.

I don't have the heart to pick them and just walk away. But because I miss them which have already become my friends, I look back from time to time, but I can't see them. I go back to the place where I have just been and stand there. It takes me a long time to find them. It seems like they are playing hide-and-seek with me.

I look at them for a moment, then leave them and continue my walk, but my heart is still attached to these little flowers. Yet, when I return to the original place, I can't see them anymore. So I squat down and look carefully in the direction where the sun is rising. It is a long time before they are found again.

This time I look at them backwards, and suddenly I discover that the thin stems, more than two inches high, are crystal clear in the sunlight, as if they are made of glass or crystal.

I stare at the two flower stalks, backing away, but they are still so clear and distinct that the other weeds seem to disappear. Only the two thin stems stand tall and graceful. I step back more than ten meters and can still see their unique figures. At this time, I stare at them closely, bent my body and walk slowly towards them, and arrive in front of them without any effort.

I think that no matter what kind of plant, most of them have beautiful flowers. However, no matter how beautiful the flowers are, the basic colors are similar, nothing more than "red, orange, yellow, green, indigo, blue and purple". If every kind of flower is the same, although they are beautiful in themselves, they will find it difficult to enter people's field of vision due to their lack of characteristics, and ultimately will not be appreciated by humans.

The same is true for a person's development. Sometimes, despite having excellent conditions, it is difficult to stand out due to lack of characteristics, and ultimately it is difficult to catch the eye of a good person, resulting in no one appreciating you and ending up with the fate of "a hero without a place to use his talents".

I don't know what magic these red flowers have, but I always look for them every time I take a walk in the ranch. I have a special liking for them especially in the early morning. Before my feet even step into the pasture, my heart has already reached the little red flowers.

In the early morning of June 30, 2020, I entered the ranch early as usual. The weather started out a

little cloudy, but then quickly cleared up and there were countless dewdrops on the grass, all sparkling in the bright sunshine. The fresh air made me feel refreshed, and I walked straight to the place where the little red flowers were. I saw those old friends standing tall and graceful under the morning sun, and the bright red flowers were like a few red pearls inlaid in the receptacle at the top of the stem.

Beautiful and charming, delicate and simply delicious. As a flower lover, I really want to pick a few, put them on the desk, and appreciate them while writing. But today, for some reason, the moment I bent over to pick it, I quickly pulled my hand back, as if I had touched a flame or a needle, so in the end I didn't even touch it.

I remember two days ago, I saw white petals that looked like dandelions after the flowers fell, on the stigma of the flowers. Out of curiosity, I picked one up and crushed it with my fingers. The petals fell apart, revealing brown seeds. I wish I could collect them and take them back to my home in New Jersey when my vacation is over and plant them in pots. However, in the end, I still reluctantly sowed them in the grass, letting them wait for the conditions to mature in the future before sprouting new buds and blooming new flowers.

I reluctantly left the little red flower and went for a walk somewhere else. Twenty minutes later, I returned to my room and started writing. Around ten o'clock, a roar like a tractor came from the distance outside the window. I raised my head and looked out the window and found that it was my neighbor's cute and hardworking zombie-faced brother who was weeding. It is said that he had an agreement with the owner of the cabin and was responsible for weeding the pastures in front and behind the cabin, the small pasture, the pond, the north shore of Mirror Lake, etc. Mow the lawn every two weeks.

I spent the whole morning writing, and after lunch, as usual, I took a hundred-step walk after lunch, and I couldn't help but walk into the pasture. But the scene in front of me surprised me very much. The grass there was cut very neatly and looked green and fluffy, just like a huge green carpet.

However, after a moment, it seemed as if something suddenly dawned on him. Something terrible is happening. I hope my little red flower won't be beheaded. As expected, the prophecy came true. The place where the little red flower was located has been "razed to the ground". Not to mention the little red flower, even the stem has long since disappeared.

The scene before me made me regret so much that I almost felt like my intestines were about to pop out! If I had thought of this earlier, I should have picked the flowers this morning and put them in a glass, even if it was just to admire them for a moment, so that such beautiful little elves would not be destroyed in vain by the ruthless blades of the lawn mower.

At this moment, I suddenly remembered a famous saying: "When flowers are ready to be picked, pick them immediately, don't wait until there are no flowers left to pluck empty branches." What this means is that when flowers are in full bloom, you should pick them if you can, instead of waiting until the flowers have fallen and there are no flowers left to pick, only to end up picking branches without flowers. Given the current situation, it would be fine if I could pick a branch without flowers, because after all, I would still gain something. However, at the moment, I couldn't even pick a branch without flowers, because the lawn mower had not only destroyed all the red flowers, but also the stems had been "smashed into pieces" and disappeared without a trace.

Admittedly, this is just a small and insignificant incident in my life. In fact, in the eyes of ordinary people, this is not even a trivial matter. However, if you think about it carefully, it seems to have another meaning, that is, when an opportunity comes, you must do everything you can to grab it, otherwise, it will be gone in a flash, "Opportunity is once lost, it will never come back"! Isn't this the truth?



June 21, 2020

## 5.看柳

午饭后，根据饭后百步走，活到九十九的说法，到外面走上几百步。行走间，突然想起应该到池塘边去拜访一棵硕大的垂柳。心里想着，脚步就向那里迈出去。

几分钟之后，我来到仰慕已久的巨柳前。它酷似一位历经沧桑的老者，从南面看，高出地面一米左右的部分，直径大约两米。无数条绿丝一般的细枝，一直垂到水面。

按照常规来看，粗大的树干长出分枝，分枝上再长出嫩枝。凡是这样长出的枝条，颜色早已由碧绿转为苍绿。打个比喻，犹如一位老妇，满头银发在夏日午后的微风中随意飘扬。

次日清晨，我吃过早饭，照例到室外散步。我在小牧场里往南，一直走到镜湖边，沿着岸边向西行，不远处，又见那棵巨柳，在夏日晨风中婀娜起舞。

我信步走到它的跟前。这次我是从后面往前看，突然一阵惊喜，我发现这原来也是一棵“夫妻树”。“夫妻树”，在古代称为“连理枝”，又称“生死树”，这是树林中与人类夫妻般相依而生的一种同根树。

眼前这株巨柳，正是同根而生。高出地面一米以内，是一根直径两米左右的主干，再往上，则分出两根巨大的枝干，扶摇直上。抵达两层楼高的地方，突然分出两根粗大的分枝。左面一根上部，宛如一只巨大的手臂，深向后侧的枝干，两枝相拥，年深日久。

令我极为惊讶的是，它们竟然早已融合在一起，达到天衣无缝的极致！这双恩爱夫妻，不怕风吹日晒，雪冻雨淋，经年累月地站在池塘边，紧紧相拥。他们的情感历久弥新，不知经历了多少个年头。但根据树围我敢断定，一百多年毫无疑问，二百年，也不为过。

见树论人，按说树能如此，何况人乎？然而事实却令人大跌眼镜。我们人类常说夫妻恩爱，坚贞不渝，百年和好，白头到老。这在从前，不成问题。然而当今，不少人出现道德危机，把婚姻当成“三闪儿戏”：闪恋、闪婚、闪离。更有甚者，未婚先同居，未婚先生子，不以为耻，反以为荣，弄不好，酿成悲剧，乃至惨剧。令人齿冷，令人胆寒！

夫妻巨柳，堪称树神。我诚惶诚恐，站在他们面前，默默问道：“人为万物之灵，何以不如古木？”夫妻巨柳，可做月老。我诚心诚意，站在他们面前，暗暗祝祷：“愿天下有情人，坚守婚姻底线，视道德如生命，视忠贞为灵魂！”

2020年6月

## 5.Watching the willow

After lunch, I walked a few hundred steps outside according to the saying that if you walk a hundred steps after lunch, you will live to be ninety-nine. While walking, I suddenly remembered that I should visit a huge weeping willow by the pond. Thinking of this, I walked towards it.

A few minutes later, I came to the giant willow I had admired for a long time. It looks like an old man who has experienced vicissitudes of life. From the south, the part that is about one meter above the ground is about two meters in diameter. Countless green silk-like thin branches hang all the way to the water surface.

Generally speaking, the thick trunk grows branches, and the branches grow new branches. All the branches that grow like this have long changed from green to pale green. To make an analogy, it is like an old woman with silver hair fluttering in the breeze of a summer afternoon.

The next morning, after breakfast, I went for a walk outside as usual. I walked south in the small ranch until I reached the edge of Mirror Lake, and then walked west along the shore. Not far away, I saw

the giant willow again, dancing gracefully in the summer morning breeze.

I walked up to it. This time I looked from the back, and suddenly I was surprised to find that it was also a "husband and wife tree". "Husband and wife tree" was called "lianlizhi" or "life and death tree" in ancient times. It is a kind of tree with the same roots in the forest that depends on human husband and wife.

The giant willow in front of me grew from the same root. Within one meter above the ground, there is a main trunk with a diameter of about two meters. Going up, two huge branches are divided, soaring straight up. When it reaches the height of two stories, two thick branches suddenly grow out. The upper part of the left one is like a huge arm, with branches extending deep to the back, and the two branches embrace each other for many years.

What surprised me was that they had already merged together to the point of being seamless! This loving couple, not afraid of wind, sun, snow, frost and rain, stood by the pond for years, hugging each other tightly. Their feelings have lasted for a long time, and I don't know how many years they have gone through. But based on the circumference of the tree, I dare to conclude that it has been more than a hundred years, and two hundred years is not an exaggeration.

Judging a person by a tree, it is said that if a tree can be like this, let alone a person? However, the facts are shocking. We humans often say that couples love each other, are loyal and unswerving, reconcile for a hundred years, and grow old together. This was not a problem in the past. However, today, many people have a moral crisis and regard marriage as a "three-flash child's play": flash love, flash marriage, and flash divorce. What's more, they live together before marriage and have children before marriage. They are not ashamed, but proud. If they are not handled properly, it will lead to tragedy or even tragedy. It makes people cold and frightened!

The giant willow couple can be called a tree god. I stood in front of them with great fear and trepidation, silently asking: "Human beings are the spirits of all things, why are they not as good as ancient trees?" Husband and wife giant willows can be matchmakers. I stood in front of them with all my heart and prayed silently: "May all lovers in the world stick to the bottom line of marriage, regard morality as life, and regard loyalty as soul!"

June 2020

## 6.睡莲

深山邂逅巨柳，兴奋异常，我把目光无意中移向前方。就在这一刹那，我突然一阵惊喜，原来前面不远处的池边，有一片美丽的睡莲。

我连忙走上前去，粗略地数了数，盛开的粉色花朵，竟然有二十来只，四平八稳地浮在午后的水面。一片片绿叶，犹如碧玉圆盘，托着一团团粉红色的云朵，平铺在水面。远远望去，犹如中国人三月三、乞巧节、中秋节晚上水边常放的河灯。

睡莲昼开夜合，转天清晨，我又信步来到池塘边，深怕睡莲还没有睡醒。不过令我欣慰的是，昨天看到的那十多朵美丽的莲花，早已在水上重新绽放，在金色的阳光中展露迷人的笑靥。

朵朵睡莲，犹如身着粉色衣裙的睡美人，想必是昨夜在星空下，在寒冷的水中，做了一夜的梦。清晨很早又起来，依然风姿绰约，精神抖擞，在水面随风摇曳。

别看睡美人身材娇小，但身世大有来头。按照植物门、纲、目、科、属的科学分类，她是木贼门、木兰纲、睡莲目、睡莲科、睡莲属。

自古睡莲同莲花一样被视为圣洁、美丽的化身，常被用作供奉女神的祭品。睡莲除具有很高的观赏价值外，睡莲根还能吸收水中铅、汞、苯酚等有毒物质，是城市中难得的水体净化、绿化、美化的植物。

睡莲多生于池塘内，这里不是惊涛骇浪的大海，而是风平浪静的小港湾。古人云：“无力饮池河，詎言吞大海。”睡莲深知无力在大海中拼搏，便泰然淡定，别无旁骛，坚守在小小的池塘内，耐得住寂寞，经得起风雨，根据自身条件生长，最终在这片小天地里，照样出脱成美丽的睡美人，并为净化水质而默默地奉献自己的绵薄之力，得到人类极高的赞赏。

一个人也应如此，要想发展，首先要客观估量自己的特点和能力，只有这样，才能像睡莲一样，不好高骛远，脚踏实地，在一片小天地里，成就大事业。

2020年6月22日 - 23日

## 6. Water lilies

Encountering a giant willow in the deep mountains, I was so excited that I inadvertently moved my gaze forward. At that moment, I was suddenly surprised to find that there was a beautiful water lily by the pond not far ahead.

I hurried forward and roughly counted the blooming pink flowers. There were actually more than 20 of them, floating steadily on the water surface in the afternoon. The green leaves, like jade discs, held a bunch of pink clouds, spread flat on the water surface. From a distance, it looked like the river lanterns that the Chinese often put on the waterside on the nights of March 3, Qiqiao Festival, and Mid-Autumn Festival.

The water lilies open during the day and close at night. The next morning, I walked to the pond again, fearing that the water lilies had not yet woken up. But what comforted me was that the more than ten beautiful lotus flowers I saw yesterday had already bloomed again on the water, showing their charming smiles in the golden sunlight.

The water lilies are like sleeping beauty in a pink dress. I guess she had a dream under the starry sky and in the cold water last night. She got up early in the morning, still graceful and energetic, swaying in the wind on the water.

Although Sleeping Beauty is petite, she has a great background. According to the scientific classification of plant phylum, class, order, family, and genus, she belongs to Equisetum, Magnoliaceae, Nymphaeales, Nymphaeaceae, and Nymphaeaceae.

Since ancient times, water lilies, like lotus flowers, have been regarded as the embodiment of holiness and beauty, and are often used as offerings to goddesses. In addition to its high ornamental value, water lilies can also absorb toxic substances such as lead, mercury, and phenol in the water. It is a rare plant for water purification, greening, and beautification in cities.

Water lilies are mostly grown in ponds, which are not the sea with stormy waves, but a small harbor with calm waters. The ancients said: "If you can't drink the pond river, how can you swallow the sea." Water lilies know that they can't fight in the sea, so they are calm and have no distractions. They stick to the small pond, endure loneliness, withstand wind and rain, grow according to their own conditions, and finally become a beautiful sleeping beauty in this small world. They silently contribute their meager efforts to purify the water quality and are highly praised by humans.

A person should also be like this. If you want to develop, you must first objectively assess your own characteristics and abilities. Only in this way can you be like water lilies, not aiming too high, but down-to-earth, and achieve great things in a small world.

June 22 - 23, 2020

## 7.黄雪

今天早饭后，我疯了一上午。先是把椅子搬到一丛黄色野花里，面对着太阳，闭上眼睛，贪婪地享受太阳赐予我的阳光。而后，低下头，仔细观赏脚下的野花。

一朵又一朵的黄色小花，不知叫什么名字。我想给它取一个美好的名字。小花的花冠是由六只小花组成。每只小花酷似一只黄色小蝴蝶，张开两只翅膀，身子呈半圆形。说清楚一点，就是豌豆花那个样子，因此我怀疑，它是否属于豆科植物。

六朵小花围成一团，组成一个美丽的花冠，这使我联想到雪花。雪花晶莹剔透，就是六角结晶体，这样一来，小花和雪花非常相似，于是我突然想给它取个“黄雪”的名字，应该很合适。对，我从此以后就叫它“黄雪”。

小蜜蜂在黄雪中间飞来飞去，采集花粉，回巢酿蜜。因此，光是采花是远远不够的。由此想到写作也是同样的道理。单单采风是不够的，因为采风所得犹如花粉，尚需认真思考，精心酝酿，才能有所启示，写出好文章。

黄雪，在夏日凉爽的微风中摇曳起舞。其实与黄雪翩翩共舞的还有不少其它花草。其中有一种，只是叶子挺拔，亭亭玉立，但没有花，只有叶。我很佩服这绿叶，它们虽然没有美丽的花朵，但绝不自惭形秽，依然奋发向上，结果它们胜利了，它们的高度远远超过美丽的黄雪。

还有一种植物，更令我钦佩。它有红薯那样的心形紫叶，茎秆弯曲，分明是攀援植物，因此只能借助于其它植物，或篱笆之类的物件，才能弯曲着向上。

然而眼前这棵无名草，却完全靠自己，弯曲着身子，努力向上，结果它的高度远远超过所有那些美丽的小花。

花如此，人又何尝不是如此？一个人应该自立，具备凭借一己之力奋发向上的决心。我想，只要努力，就会有好结果。

其实，我脚下这丛野花野草，就是一个小世界，这里讲究的是公平竞争。既没有颜值歧视，也没有身高歧视，更没有种群歧视。总而言之，这里没有任何类似人来社会的那些不公和歧视。无论植物还是昆虫，一律平等，可以公平竞争。我们人类社会何时才能像它们这样呢？

2020年6月16日

## 7.Yellow Snow

After breakfast today, I went crazy all morning. First, I moved my chair to a bunch of yellow wild flowers, faced the sun, closed my eyes, and greedily enjoyed the sunshine given to me by the sun. Then, I lowered my head and carefully observed the wild flowers under my feet.

I don't know what the yellow flowers are called. I want to give it a beautiful name. The corolla of the small flower is composed of six small flowers. Each small flower looks like a small yellow butterfly with two wings spread out and a semicircular body. To be more specific, it looks like a pea flower, so I doubt whether it belongs to the legume family.

The six small flowers are gathered together to form a beautiful corolla, which reminds me of snowflakes. Snowflakes are crystal clear and are hexagonal crystals. In this way, the small flowers are very similar to snowflakes, so I suddenly want to give it the name "Yellow Snow", which should be very appropriate. Yes, I will call it "Yellow Snow" from now on.

The little bees fly around in the yellow snow, collecting pollen and returning to the nest to make honey. Therefore, it is far from enough to just pick flowers. The same is true for writing. It is not enough to just pick folk songs, because the folk songs you get are like pollen. You still need to think carefully and brew carefully to get inspiration and write good articles.

Yellow snow dances in the cool summer breeze. In fact, there are many other flowers and plants dancing with yellow snow. Among them, there is only one kind, which has upright leaves and stands tall, but no flowers, only leaves. I admire these green leaves very much. Although they don't have beautiful flowers, they never feel ashamed and still strive to move forward. As a result, they win, and their height far exceeds the beautiful yellow snow.

There is another plant that I admire even more. It has heart-shaped purple leaves like sweet potatoes, and its stems are curved. It is clearly a climbing plant, so it can only bend upward with the help of other plants or objects such as fences.

However, this nameless grass in front of me relies entirely on itself, bending its body and striving to grow upward. As a result, its height far exceeds all those beautiful flowers.

If flowers are like this, so are people? A person should be independent and have the determination to strive for progress with his own strength. I think that as long as you work hard, you will get good results.

In fact, the wild flowers and grass under my feet is a small world where fair competition is the key. There is no discrimination based on appearance, height, or ethnicity. All in all, there is no injustice or discrimination here like what people encounter in society. Whether plants or insects, they are all equal and can compete fairly. When will our human society be like them?

June 16, 2020

## 8.游湖

傍晚时分，友人带我和太太乘坐踏桨小船，到镜湖上游玩。

小船有四个座位，前面两个相当于驾驶和副驾驶位置。坐在那里的人，头朝前，负责蹬踏板。朋友自然是正驾驶，太太很想大显身手，于是坐在副驾驶的座位。后面两个座位，很小，只容坐姿，无法伸腿，我坐在右侧的一个位子上。

夕阳下的湖面，微风徐来，水波不兴。等我们登上船，开始行进，平静的水面才被打破。镜湖这时看起来酷似一条河流，中间水深，见不到底。回来时候，湖边水浅，能见到水下的水草和鱼儿。

友人说湖里鱼不少，是因为有人常向湖里播撒鱼苗。顺利的话，能钓到一尺多长的大鱼呢。

小船在前进和返回时都很顺利，只是快靠岸时，朋友蹬着很费力，船的进度不快。我猜是水草把舵轮缠绕住了。心里想着，就瞪着眼睛去看，船尾左侧的确拖着一团水草。我想用手去扯，心中由不得一惊，有些莫名的惧怕。

不过，由于考虑到船的进度，我还是把心一横，左手伸进水里，死死地抓住水草，拼命地扯。其实，也没有费多大力气，水草就被扯断了。我一连扯断三四次，小船这才轻快地靠到岸边。

上岸之后，我为刚才的事颇有成就感。本来踏桨者才是驱动小船的舵手，而我则只是乘客。然而没想到的是，在关键时刻，我这名乘客，居然也能发挥舵手所起不到的作用。

联想开来，我们无论身处何境，从事何业，都应该信心满满，发挥主动作用。只要努力，就会



创造奇迹。

2020年6月15日

## 8. Lake Cruise

In the evening, a friend took my wife and me on a paddle boat to go to Mirror Lake for a trip.

The boat has four seats, the front two are equivalent to the driving and co-pilot positions. The person sitting there, with his head facing forward, is responsible for pushing the pedals. My friend was naturally the driver, and my wife wanted to show off her driving skills, so she sat in the passenger seat. The two seats at the back were very small, just enough for sitting but not for stretching legs, so I sat in a seat on the right.

Under the setting sun, the lake is calm with a gentle breeze. The calm water was broken only when we boarded the boat and started moving. At this time, Mirror Lake looks like a river, with deep water in the middle and no visible bottom. When we came back, the water was shallow and we could see water plants and fish underwater.

A friend said that there are a lot of fish in the lake because people often sow fish fry into the lake. If everything goes well, you can catch a big fish that is more than one foot long.

The boat went smoothly both forward and backward, but when it was almost reaching the shore, my friend had a hard time pedaling and the boat was not moving very fast. I guess the weeds got tangled up in the steering wheel. As I was thinking about this, I stared and saw that there was indeed a bunch of water plants dragging on the left side of the stern. I wanted to pull it with my hands, but I couldn't help but be shocked and felt some inexplicable fear.

However, considering the progress of the boat, I made up my mind, reached my left hand into the water, grabbed the water plants tightly, and pulled hard. In fact, it didn't take much effort to tear the water plants apart. I broke it three or four times in a row, and the boat finally reached the shore easily.

After getting ashore, I felt quite accomplished for what I had just done. Originally, the person paddling the oars was the helmsman who drove the boat, and I was just a passenger. However, what I didn't expect was that at the critical moment, I, as a passenger, could actually play a role that the helmsman could not.

By analogy, no matter where we are or what industry we are in, we should be full of confidence and take the initiative. As long as you work hard, you will create miracles.

June 15, 2020

## 9. 望云

山里的天空格外宽阔。本来湛蓝湛蓝的，万里无云。但不是什么时候，东方有气团形成。那便是云。有白的，有黑的；有高的，有低的；有大的，有小的；有长的，有圆的。

高天的卷云，宛如巨大的羽毛，更像硕大无朋的扫把，缓缓向东南方向扫去。与此同时，有低的云团，缓缓地向相反方向移动。看似缓慢，但却很快就从眼前飘过。

突然碧空中出现一条线，那是喷气飞机喷出的烟雾。那细细的烟雾，起初清晰可见，可是一两个小时之后，却变得臃肿不堪，继而幻成一条龙。前面一个小云团，酷似一珠。

整体看上去，宛如巨龙戏珠，头高尾低，头向东南，尾向西北。后来，这条巨龙继续缓缓地幻化。先成一只老虎，后成一条蟒蛇。诸如此类，不胜枚举。

风吹云过，这时我才真正体会到过眼烟云的含义。什么都是浮云，什么都在变化，什么都在运动，什么样子都会形成，什么样子也都会消失，无论多么美丽，也是匆匆过客，拦也拦不住，挡也挡不成。

无中生有，有中变无，云起云落，变幻莫测，渺小的人类，是无法预测的。既然如此，莫如顺其自然，因为大凡美好的东西，不能强求，不能强留，不能强占。

2020年6月14日

## 9.Looking at clouds

The sky in the mountains is particularly vast. The sky was originally very blue, with not a single cloud in sight. But not at any time, an air mass formed in the east. That is the cloud. Some are white, some are black; some are tall, some are short; some are big, some are small; some are long, some are round.

The cirrus clouds in the sky looked like huge feathers, or even more like a gigantic broom, slowly sweeping towards the southeast. At the same time, there were low clouds moving slowly in the opposite direction. It seems slow, but it passes by quickly.

Suddenly a line appeared in the blue sky; it was the smoke from the jet plane. The thin smoke was clearly visible at first, but after an hour or two, it became bloated and then turned into a dragon. There is a small cloud in front, which looks like a pearl.

The overall appearance looks like a giant dragon playing with a pearl, with its head high and its tail low, with the head facing southeast and the tail facing northwest. Afterwards, the dragon continued to transform slowly. First it became a tiger, then it became a python. There are countless examples like this.

The wind blew the clouds away, and only then did I truly understand the meaning of fleeting clouds. Everything is floating like clouds, everything is changing, everything is moving, everything will be formed and will disappear. No matter how beautiful it is, it is just a passing ferry and cannot be stopped or blocked.

Something comes out of nothing, something becomes nothing, clouds rise and fall, everything is unpredictable, and it is unpredictable for tiny humans. In this case, it is better to let nature take its course, because all good things cannot be forced, cannot be retained by force, and cannot be occupied by force.

June 14, 2020

## 10.海鸥

为答谢友人一家盛情款待，今天太太提议，请友人开车，一起到手指湖（Finger Lake）边游览。由于条件所限，中午，到附近一间快餐店，买几份麦当劳，权当午餐。

驱车一小时左右，来到五个“手指湖”水系的坎那迪瓜（Canadigua）湖边，为简便好记，我幽默地称之为“地瓜湖”。所谓“手指湖”，是因为罗彻斯特湖有五个分支，也就是五个与大湖相通的小湖。从此图上看，罗彻斯特湖像是手掌，五个小湖酷似五个手指，故而得名“手指湖”。

湖面邈远，凉风习习，颇有凉意。我们买好麦当劳，坐在一张湖边餐桌前，快乐地享用实非美味的美味快餐汉堡薯条加饮料。

我们正在快乐地大快朵颐之际，耳边突然传来很大一声响，似乎是婴儿的哭声。我抬头一看，原来是鸥鸟一只飞到我的右侧，洁白的羽毛，肥胖的身材，憨态可掬，其情可悯地望着我。见我不为所动，于是低下头，用力将脖颈弯曲到两腿之间，几乎触到地面，而后大声发出嘎嘎的叫声。

看它可怜巴巴的样子，我就向它投去一根薯条。薯条落在地上，海鸥急不可耐，迅速找到后一口吞咽下去。

在我没有注意的时候，它又重复刚才的动作，把头低下去，弯曲到两腿之间，几乎触碰地面的程度，而后又发出一阵震耳的嘎嘎声，似乎向我表示谢意。

海鸥，突然使我想起苏联著名文学家高尔基的著名诗歌《海燕之歌》，其实海燕就是海鸥。在诗歌中，高尔基把海燕描绘成大无畏的英雄，越是风云突变之际，越向前。我曾在纽约曼哈顿岛南端，站在哈德逊河入海处的海边，观赏过海鸥搏击云天的壮观景象。

那日，转眼之间，风云骤变，天上乌云滚滚，令人望而生畏，然而那些无惧风雨的海鸥，却直冲云霄，随着滚滚乌云在天空飞翔，时上时下，时隐时现，犹如弄招儿在大海中冲浪一般无二。

想想曾经目击到的那些勇士般的海鸥，气宇轩昂，不可一世，再看看眼前这的这只海鸥，却俨然一位谦谦君子。它们在有求于我们人类的时候，谦卑地大声请求，而不是鲁莽无礼，未经允许就抢吃我们的食物。更有甚者，在大饱口福之后，还不忘再次弯下身子，把脖颈夹在两腿之间，一边深深地鞠躬致谢，一边再次发出表示感谢的鸣叫。此情此景，实在感人至深。

对比之下，我们人类有求于它们的时候，表现得是何等飞扬跋扈，哪里像鸥鸟这样恳请谦逊。我们人类为大饱口福，为挣得金钱，霸道无理，强悍地盗猎野生动物。扪心自问，孰佳孰劣，何其鲜明乃尔！躬身自省，难道我们不该从鸥鸟身上学到些什么吗？

2020年6月14日

## 10.Seagulls

To thank our friend's family for their hospitality, my wife suggested today that we ask our friend to drive us to the Finger Lakes for a tour. Due to limited conditions, at noon, I went to a nearby fast food restaurant and bought a few McDonald's meals as lunch.

After driving for about an hour, we arrived at Canadigua Lake, one of the five "Finger Lakes" water systems. For the sake of simplicity and memorability, I humorously called it "Sweet Potato Lake". The so-called "Finger Lakes" comes from the fact that Rochester Lake has five branches, which are five small lakes connected to the Great Lakes. From this picture, Lake Rochester looks like a palm, and the five small lakes resemble five fingers, hence the name "Finger Lakes".

The lake is far away, and the breeze is cool, making it quite refreshing. We bought McDonald's and sat at a table by the lake, happily enjoying the delicious fast food burgers, fries and drinks that were not delicious.

As we were happily enjoying our meal, we suddenly heard a loud noise, which sounded like a baby crying. I looked up and saw that it was a seagull flying to my right side. It had white feathers, a plump body, and looked very naive and pitiful. Seeing that I was unmoved, it lowered its head, bent its neck hard between its legs, almost touching the ground, and then made a loud croaking sound.

Seeing how pitiful it looked, I threw a French fry at it. The French fries fell to the ground and the seagull was impatient. It quickly found them and swallowed them in one gulp.

When I wasn't paying attention, it repeated the same action, lowered its head, bent it between its legs,

almost touching the ground, and then made another deafening creaking sound, as if to express its gratitude to me.

Seagull suddenly reminds me of the famous poem "Song of the Seagull" by the famous Soviet writer Maxim Gorky. In fact, the seagull is the same as the seagull. In the poem, Gorky portrays the seagull as a fearless hero who moves forward even when the situation changes dramatically. I once stood on the beach where the Hudson River flows into the sea at the southern tip of Manhattan Island in New York and watched the spectacular sight of seagulls fighting against the clouds.

That day, the wind and clouds changed suddenly in the blink of an eye. The sky was filled with rolling dark clouds, which was daunting. However, the seagulls, fearless of wind and rain, soared straight into the sky, flying in the sky with the rolling dark clouds, sometimes up and sometimes down, sometimes appearing and sometimes disappearing, just like surfing in the ocean.

Think about those warrior seagulls you have witnessed before, they were majestic and arrogant, and then look at the seagull in front of you, which looks like a humble gentleman. When they need something from us humans, they ask loudly and humbly instead of being rude and snatching our food without permission. What's more, after enjoying the feast, some of them did not forget to bend down again, clamp their necks between their legs, bow deeply to express their gratitude, and chirp to express their gratitude again. This situation and scene are truly touching.

In contrast, when we humans ask for something from them, we act so arrogantly, not at all as humble and solicitous as the gulls. We humans poach wild animals in a domineering and unreasonable manner in order to satisfy our appetites and make money. Ask yourself, which is good and which is bad, it is so clear! If we reflect on ourselves, shouldn't we learn something from seagulls?

June 14, 2020

## 11. 蚂蚁

今天气温较高。上午 10 点钟，我坐在一丛黄色野花中，贪婪地晒着太阳。朋友看到后，在牧场边支起一把太阳伞，并拿来一把轻便座椅，让我在伞下休息。

我面前是牧场边的一根立柱，周围有野花野草簇拥。就在我赏花闻香之际，一只深褐色蚂蚁突然闯入我的眼帘。只见它风风火火，忙忙碌碌，从上至下，从下至上，从左向右，从右向左，不停地奔跑。体轻速高，简直是超音速，看上去，颇似一辆小车，在宽阔的高速路上肆无忌惮地奔驰。

也不知它在忙什么。也许是在寻觅食物，也许就是在锻炼身体，也许是在为参加什么昆虫比赛而练习长跑。诸如此类，尽情联想。不过动物世界，人类难以理解。最多也只能以人类的思维方式去理解和解释动物世界，或者由动物世界，动物的各类活动，产生联想，得到有益的启发。如果真是如此，则利莫大焉！

做寻食之联想，得到的启示则是：它找错了地方！它应该学习在地上爬行寻食的蚂蚁。地上有各类所需食物，但它却离开地面，爬到干枯的木桩上寻觅，堪称蚂蚁版的缘木求鱼。它是在错误的地方，做着错误的事，结果必将南辕北辙。到头来，忙忙碌碌一场空。这是多么愚蠢的事！

其实，与蚂蚁相比，我们人类有时也并不聪明多少，有时真的是半斤八两。我们有时做事缺乏明确目标，缺乏周密思考，在错误的地方，一厢情愿地忙碌，结果当然与这只蚂蚁毫无二致，什么也没有获得，反而累得筋疲力尽。

2020 年 6 月 17 日

## 11. Ants

The temperature is high today. At 10 o'clock in the morning, I sat in a bunch of yellow wild flowers, greedily basking in the sun. When my friend saw this, he set up a parasol at the edge of the pasture and brought a light chair for me to rest under the umbrella.

In front of me was a pillar at the edge of the pasture, surrounded by wild flowers and weeds. Just as I was enjoying the flowers and smelling their fragrance, a dark brown ant suddenly caught my eye. I saw it running in a hurry and busy, from top to bottom, from bottom to top, from left to right, from right to left, running non-stop. It is light in weight and has a high speed, almost supersonic. It looks like a small car running recklessly on a wide highway.

I don't know what it is busy with. Maybe it is looking for food, maybe it is just exercising, or maybe it is practicing long-distance running for some insect competition. And so on, feel free to think about it. However, the animal world is difficult for humans to understand. At best, we can only understand and explain the animal world with human thinking, or generate associations and gain useful inspiration from the animal world and its various activities. If this is true, then the benefits will be immense!

The association of looking for food brings the following revelation: it is looking in the wrong place! It should learn to crawl on the ground like ants looking for food. There are all kinds of food it needs on the ground, but it leaves the ground and crawls onto dry wood stakes to look for it, which is the ant version of trying to catch fish in a tree. It is in the wrong place, doing the wrong thing, and the result is bound to be the opposite of what it should be. In the end, all the busyness was in vain. What a stupid thing this is!

In fact, compared with ants, we humans are sometimes not much smarter, and sometimes we are really just as smart as ants. Sometimes we do things without clear goals and careful thinking, and we work in the wrong place with one-sided wishes. The result is of course no different from that of the ant: we gain nothing but become exhausted.

June 17, 2020

## 12. 香蒲

我自幼喜欢蒲草，对蒲棒情有独钟。虽说如此，但我却从来没有零距离地仔细观赏过。今天上午，我就抱着专门观察和欣赏的目的，来到木屋右侧的池塘边。

我披着暖融融的阳光，一股独特的池塘气味扑鼻而来，令人神清气爽。我站在一棵与我身长相当的蒲草前，痴迷地望着迎风摇曳的蒲叶。一棵棵翠绿的蒲草，犹如绿色仙子在池塘边婀娜起舞。刚刚抽出的蒲棒，细细的，尖尖的，犹如一只只绿中带褐的钢锥，秀丽而挺拔，无言地向上伸展着。

其实令我赏心悦目，不无联想的，并非仅仅是这些新生代。对我启发更大的则是那些往年曾经风华正茂，而今早已凋萎的蒲棒。这些蒲棒早已青春不再，风华尽失。往年的蒲棒早已苍老枯萎，臃肿不堪。更有甚者，蒲絮破棒而出，在微风中飘散，犹如老妪苍白的头发，在风中无奈地飘摇。

更有甚至，蒲絮早已不见踪影，剩下的只是失去生命的蒲棒心，与生机勃勃的新生蒲棒比肩而立。好像是各代之间和谐相处，宛若同一家庭的长辈和晚辈，亲密无间，其乐融融。

我被眼前这新生、衰老和死亡的和谐相处而震撼。看着它们在微风中，在和煦的阳光里亲密相处。有蒲絮飘飞的旧蒲棒，犹如亲切的长辈，在对新生的蒲棒，坦然地讲述自己如何应对风雨，如何坎坷地行走在生命轮回之路上。而新生蒲棒，则如晚辈一样，谦卑地聆听长辈的谆谆教诲。

再想想我们人类，则有数不尽的清规戒律。对于死亡，更是讳莫如深。在我们人类看来，死亡是可怕的，尸体是丑陋的。因此死亡之后要把尸体深埋地下。而眼前的池塘，则是新生儿的摇篮，



又是死亡者的坟墓。摇篮与坟墓并存，生命与死亡共处。我们人类能够做到吗？做不到啊！思及此处，一种愧疚之感油然而生。

2020年6月17日

## 12. Cat-tail

I have liked cattails since I was young and have a special liking for cattail sticks. Having said that, I have never watched it up close and personal. This morning, I came to the pond on the right side of the cabin with the purpose of observation and appreciation.

I was bathed in the warm sunshine, and a unique pond smell filled my nose, making me feel refreshed. I stood in front of a cattail that was as tall as me, staring at the cattail leaves swaying in the wind in fascination. The emerald green cattails look like green fairies dancing gracefully by the pond. The cattails that had just been pulled out were thin and pointed, like green and brown steel cones, beautiful and upright, stretching silently upward.

ase my eyes and make me think of them. What inspired me more were the cattails that were once flourishing and green but have now withered. These cattails have long lost their youth and splendor. The cattails of previous years have long since become old, withered, and bloated. What's more, cattail fluff broke out of the stick and floated in the breeze, just like an old woman's pale hair, swaying helplessly in the wind.

What's more, the cattail fluff has long disappeared, and what remains is only the lifeless cattail core, standing shoulder to shoulder with the vibrant new cattail. It seems like all generations live in harmony, just like the elders and younger generations of the same family, close and happy.

I was struck by the harmony of birth, aging and death before my eyes. Watch them getting along intimately in the breeze and in the warm sunshine. The old cattail sticks with cattail fluff flying around are like kind elders, telling the new cattail sticks frankly how they coped with wind and rain, and how they walked through the bumpy road of life cycle. The new cattails, like the younger generation, humbly listen to the teachings of their elders.

If we think about us humans, we have countless rules and regulations. Death is even more taboo. To us humans, death is scary and corpses are ugly. Therefore, after death, the body should be buried deep underground. The pond in front of us is both a cradle for newborns and a grave for the dead. The cradle and the grave coexist, life and death. Can we humans do it? I can't do it! Thinking of this, a feeling of guilt arises spontaneously.

June 17, 2020

## 13.朝露

### 1.

今天早晨，天气晴朗，万里无云。看得出，今天是一个好天气。  
好天气，正是看朝露的好时候。

7 点多，我打开写作间落地玻璃门，走在鲜艳的黄色野花丛中，继而走进小牧场。

我走到开阔的中间地带，朝东面放眼而望。一片白茫茫的草地映入我的眼帘。草地上布满露珠，远望看不清一粒粒的露珠，只是白茫茫一片，状如秋霜。

秋霜中间，偶然有星星点点晶莹的露珠，在晨光中熠熠生辉，随着我的走动，位置发生变化，它们也改变颜色，有些变成黄色，有些变成蓝色，闪闪发光，犹如宝石。

我改变着方向，从面向东方，转向南方、西方和北方。方向不同，见到的景象一不同。除了东方之外的其它三个方向，最数西方精致美丽。

由于背对太阳，看不到东方那种宛如秋霜的精致，然而绿草地上的宝珠宝石却比东方多得多。由于背对太阳，眼睛没有受到阳光的刺激，因此看得格外清楚。

无数颗星星，闪闪发光。大小差别很大。不仅有蓝色，还有红色。

突然在远方出现一颗非常大的红宝石，美轮美奂，吸引我朝它走去。我目不转睛地望着它，蹑手蹑脚，有时踮着脚尖走，不时地调整着行走的路线，因为稍不留意，方向有所改变，路线有所偏离，哪怕有丝毫偏差，就会看不到了。为保证能见到那颗红宝石，我一边看着，一边走着，最后终于走到它的跟前，原来就是一个比绿豆粒还小的一颗晶莹剔透的露珠，哪里有什么宝石？

我又突发奇想，看看一颗露珠变成的宝石，究竟能从多远看到，其最大距离是都少。我没有带着米尺，只是用我幼年时父亲丈量土地时的步测法。先是左脚起落，后是右脚起落，这两次起落算一步，相当于 5 市尺。

不过一心不可二用，有时眼睛看露珠，脚步忘记数，走着走着，就会乱套。于是我改变方法，采取套退步测法。就是选定一颗宝石，目不转睛地走到它的跟前。然后在它旁边插上一根树枝做记号。

树枝做记号十分显眼。我插好树枝，就一边看着它，一边快速套退，退到看不见那颗宝石为止。这时候，我从这点一边朝树枝记号走去，一边计数。等到那里，一共 40 步，按照上述我父亲说的标准，40 步共 200 市尺。3 市尺等于 1 米。200 市尺差不多相当于 66 米。也就是说，一棵发亮的露珠，能从 66 米之外的地方看到它变成的蓝色或红色“宝石”。

计数完毕，我再把目光转向东方，我眼前出现一条漂亮的绿色通道，翠绿欲滴，茸茸如地毯。之所以如此，是因为反复行走，露珠早已被我蹭掉。

我的鞋子和裤脚早已湿透，湿漉漉的，犹如刚刚淌过水一样。

## 2.

十点钟，我坐在写作间的落地玻璃门前，灿烂的阳光隔着玻璃门，照在我的后背上，暖融融的，十分惬意。我把清晨观看露珠的情况记述下来。

我歇息一会儿，把玻璃门来开，把双腿伸开，想把被露水打湿的裤腿晒干。

没想到，都已经到了这个时刻，居然还有一颗硕大的露珠，晶莹剔透，在微弱的晨风中瑟瑟发抖。我立即起身，朝它走去。

我蹑手蹑脚地行走，真想是小偷偷鸡似的，战战兢兢，生怕找不到它，走不到它跟前，它就会离开我的视线。

我目不转睛地走到它的跟前，原来是一颗十分不显眼的露珠，倒挂在一只同样十分不显眼的细草叶上。细草叶在微风中被出得瑟瑟抖动，因此露珠才抖动。

我死死地等着它，这时它跟前的一朵黄色野花，招来一只小蜜蜂，蜜蜂一动，殃及跟前的草叶，于是小露珠被无声地碰落。很遗憾。

我步测距离，这里是 10 步之遥。50 市尺，大约 26 米。

## 3.

露水是稀薄的小水滴，出现于早晨或夜晚。由于早晨气温较低，当物体的表面温度低于露点时，气化的水分会液化成液态，凝聚在物体（例如树叶或草，以至栏杆、汽车、屋顶或桥梁）表面，形成露水。由于其形态经常凝结成珠状，因此也被称为露珠。

露水与温度表面有关，所以露水在仲夏时最容易出现。

当温度非常低，露水就会以冰的固态形式的出现，是为霜。

文化上，露水经常同纯净和生气勃勃联系在一起。成为某些普遍的饮料的名字，譬如山露水和山脉薄雾。唐朝刘威所作早春诗中提到：“冰消泉派动，日暖露珠晞。”亦称为“露水珠儿”。

文人多愁善感，总是借助自然景观反映自己的内心世界，因此出现不少脍炙人口的绝妙好辞。此外，还时常有人借助这种自然现象生动地形容各类社会现象。

明·兰陵笑笑生《金瓶梅词话》第十二回：“我的哥哥，这一家都谁是疼你的？都是露水夫妻，再醮货儿！唯有奴知道你的心，你知道奴的意。”

“露水夫妻”这种婚姻状态是贬义，很多情况是非法同居的别称，也指暂时结合的非正式夫妻。然而，为了守住正当婚姻的底线，无论哪种情况都不是可取的。

2020 年 7 月 15 日

### 13.Morning Dew

#### 1.

This morning, the weather is clear and cloudless. It can be seen that today is a good day.

Good weather is a good time to see the morning dew.

At around 7 o'clock, I opened the floor-to-ceiling glass door of the writing room, walked among the bright yellow wild flowers, and then entered the small pasture.

I walked to the open center area and looked towards the east. A vast expanse of white grassland came into my sight. The grass was covered with dewdrops, but from a distance you couldn't see the individual dewdrops. It was just a vast expanse of white, like autumn frost.

Among the autumn frost, there are occasional crystal dewdrops, sparkling in the morning light. As I walk, their positions change, and they also change color, some turn yellow, some turn blue, sparkling like gems.

I changed direction, from facing east, to south, west, and north. The scenery you see is different depending on the direction. Among the other three directions except the East, the West is the most exquisite and beautiful.

Because we are facing away from the sun, we cannot see the exquisite autumn frost in the east, but there are many more gems and stones on the green grass than in the east. Because you are facing away from the sun, your eyes are not stimulated by the sunlight and therefore you can see particularly clearly.

Countless stars are shining. The sizes vary greatly. Not only blue, but also red.

Suddenly, a very large ruby appeared in the distance. It was so beautiful that it attracted me to walk towards it. I stared at it intently, tiptoed, sometimes walked on tiptoe, and adjusted my walking route from time to time, because if I was not careful, the direction would change and the route would deviate. Even the slightest deviation would make me lose sight of it. In order to ensure that I could see the ruby, I walked while looking at it, and finally got to it. It turned out to be a crystal clear dewdrop smaller than a mung bean. How could there be a ruby at all?

Then I had another sudden thought: to see how far away a dewdrop-turned gem could be seen, and the maximum distance was very short. I didn't have a ruler with me, I just used the pace method my father used to measure land when I was a child. First the left foot rises and falls, then the right foot rises and falls. These two rises and falls count as one step, which is equivalent to 5 feet.

But you can't do two things at once. Sometimes you will stare at the dewdrops and forget to count your footsteps, and you will get confused while walking. So I changed my approach and adopted a set of backward testing methods. Just choose a gem and walk up to it without taking your eyes off it. Then stick a branch next to it as a mark.

The tree branches are very conspicuous. After I inserted the branch, I looked at it and quickly pulled it back until I could no longer see the gem. At this point, I walked toward the branch mark from this point and counted as I went. When we get there, there are 40 steps in total. According to the standard my father mentioned above, 40 steps are 200 shichi in total. 3 chi equals 1 meter. 200 shichi is roughly equivalent to 66 meters. That is to say, a shining dewdrop can be seen as a blue or red "gem" from 66 meters away.

After finishing the counting, I turned my gaze to the east again, and a beautiful green passage appeared before my eyes, emerald green and lush like a carpet. The reason for this is that the dew has already been waded away by me due to repeated walking.

My shoes and trouser legs were already soaked, wet as if I had just walked through water.

## 2.

At ten o'clock, I sat in front of the floor-to-ceiling glass door of the writing room. The bright sunshine shone through the glass door onto my back. It was warm and very comfortable. I recorded the experience of watching the dewdrops in the early morning.

I rested for a while, opened the glass door, stretched out my legs, and tried to dry my trouser legs that were wet by the dew.

Unexpectedly, at this moment, there was still a huge dewdrop, crystal clear, shivering in the faint morning breeze. I immediately stood up and walked towards it.

I walked on tiptoe, like a thief stealing a chicken, trembling with fear, afraid that I would not be able to find it, and that it would disappear from my sight before I could get close to it.

I walked up to it with my eyes fixed on it. It turned out to be a very inconspicuous dewdrop hanging upside down on an equally inconspicuous thin grass leaf. The fine grass leaves trembled in the breeze, and so the dewdrops trembled.

I was waiting for it eagerly. At this time, a yellow wild flower in front of it attracted a small bee. When the bee moved, it affected the grass leaves in front of it, and the small dewdrops were knocked down silently. I'm sorry.

I measured the distance by walking, and it's 10 steps away. 50 chi, about 26 meters.

## 3.

Dew is small, thin droplets of water that appear in the morning or evening. Because the temperature is lower in the morning, when the surface temperature of an object is lower than the dew point, the vaporized water will liquefy into liquid and condense on the surface of objects (such as leaves or grass, as well as railings, cars, roofs or bridges) to form dew. Because it often condenses into beads, it is also called dewdrops.

Dew is related to the temperature surface, so dew is most likely to appear in midsummer.

When the temperature is very low, dew appears in the solid form of ice, which is frost.

Culturally, dew is often associated with purity and vitality. Became the name of certain popular beverages, such as Mountain Dew and Mountain Mist. In the early spring poem written by Liu Wei in the Tang Dynasty, it is mentioned: "The ice melts and the springs flow, the dewdrops dry in the warm sun." It is also called "dew drops."

Literati are sentimental and always use natural landscapes to reflect their inner world, resulting in many popular and wonderful words. In addition, people often use this natural phenomenon to vividly describe various social phenomena.

Chapter 12 of Jin Ping Mei Ci Hua by Lanling Xiaoxiaosheng of Ming Dynasty: "My brother, who in this family loves you? They are all one-night stands and two-time lovers! Only I know your heart, and you know my intentions."

The marital status of "dew couple" is derogatory. In many cases, it is another name for illegal cohabitation. It also refers to an informal couple who are temporarily together. However, in order to maintain the bottom line of a legitimate marriage, neither situation is desirable.

July 15, 2020

## 14.晚霞

### 1.

山林地带，阴晴无常。

纽约上州受密西根州五大湖潮湿空气的影响，时常有令人望而生畏的巨大云团，自西北方向滚滚而来。

今天傍晚，形状诡异多变的云团，从太阳将要落下的方向蒸腾而起。起初，一团一团，一层一层，黑色浓云，翻腾滚动，酷似火山喷发的火山灰，变化多端，没有定形。

然而转眼之间，说不出是什么样子的云团，变成一朵硕大无朋的牡丹，只是没有真牡丹那样美丽的颜色，宛如黑白录像的视频。

这朵美丽的牡丹在阳光照射下，上方花瓣的外沿开始镶上明晃晃的金边。霎时间，这朵无与伦比的牡丹美轮美奂。

然而美景不长，牡丹花朵的左侧开始流动，渐渐地幻化成一位妙龄女郎。女郎体态丰腴，呈俯卧姿势，美中不足，只是背部无端长出一个黄色的大球。片刻之后，美丽的女郎变成一只雄鸡。雄鸡没过多久，就幻化成一头跃跃欲试的雄狮。

这时，这片巨大的云团逐渐失去黄色的光泽，最后完全变成一团漆黑的浓云，不紧不慢地向东南方向流动。

片刻之后，云团变得越来越淡，如烟似雾，继续向东南方向飘动。此时，西北方向开始发亮。无疑，夕阳即将落下。

此时此刻，西边天空的主角，已经由滚滚云团变成灿烂的夕阳。

山林地带的夕阳，不似在空旷地带那样壮美。因为被枝交叶盖的密林所遮掩，万丈光芒已经被切割得支离破碎，变成零金片片，金星点点，透过枝叶的缝隙，投照到人间来。因此，不论何人，在这里都无缘看到“长河落日圆”的壮观奇景。

不过，虽然无法看到夕阳的真面目，但它所造就的美景却令人叹为观止。尤其是漫天的彩霞，更是美不胜收。既然看不到落日，那就不得已求其次，尽情地欣赏瑰丽的晚霞。



我朝西北方向望去，落日余晖，金光灿烂，照得大小不一，形状各异的云团酷似山林大火迸发出的熊熊烈焰。无怪乎晚霞有“火烧云”的美誉。

“山林大火”，迅猛异常，片刻之间，就已经烧到我头顶上来。我不由自主地把视线转到东南方向，只见无数大小不一，长短不等的条状云团，横七竖八地飘散在浩渺的长空，宛如画家任意泼洒涂抹的玫瑰色颜料。

好图不久，美景不长。蔚为壮观的玫瑰色逐渐变得暗淡，本来尽态极妍的彩云，相继变成紫色，铁灰色，乃至黑色。赏心悦目的玫瑰色，最终荡然无存。绚丽多姿的晚霞，已然被黑黢黢的云团吞噬殆尽。

## 2.

科普一下，便可得知，太阳刚刚出来或者快要落山的时候，天边的云彩常常是通红的一片，像火烧过的一样。这种通红的云称为朝霞和晚霞，形象地称之为“火烧云”。太阳是由红、橙、黄、绿、青、蓝、紫七色光混合而成。在这几种光中，红光穿过空气层的本领最大，橙、黄、绿光次之，青、蓝、紫光最差。

天气晴朗的时候，悬在空中的雨滴少，红、橙、黄、绿几种色光几乎全部通过，只把青、蓝、紫三种色光拦住，而这几种光，又数蓝色光反射的最多，所以把整个天空“染”成了蓝色。而在清晨或者傍晚有云的时候，太阳光穿过的空气层要比中午的时候厚一些，其中的黄、绿、青、蓝、紫几种光，在空气里“行走”没有多远就筋疲力尽了，只有红、橙色光可以穿过空气层把头探出头来，将天边“染”成红色，这就形成了火烧云。

火烧云常出现在夏季，特别是在雷雨之后的日落前后，在天空的西部。火烧云的色彩一般是红彤彤的，火烧云的出现，预示着天气暖热、雨量丰沛、生物生长繁茂、蓬勃的时期即将到来。

## 3.

古往今来，不知有多少文人墨客都有赞美彩霞的名句。最著名的莫过于王勃《滕王阁序》中的千古名句：“落霞与孤鹜齐飞，秋水共长天一色”。

雨后的天空，乌云消散，阳光又重新照耀着大地。阳光映射下的彩霞与野鸭一起飞翔。大雨后的江水显得异常的充盈，远远望去，江水似乎和天空连接在一起。

此句色彩对比鲜明，落霞是绚丽的，多重的，孤鹜是清淡的，单一的，落霞是自上而下的，孤鹜是自下而上的，秋水长天，天水相接，浑然一体，远近、上下、立体式的展现出一幅深秋江天图。

作者以落霞、孤鹜、秋水和长天四个景象勾勒出一幅宁静致远的画面，历来被奉为写景的精妙之句，广为传唱。

## 4.

王勃（约 650——约 676 年），字子安，绛州龙门县（今山西省河津市）人。唐朝文学家，儒客大家，文中子王通之孙。王勃聪敏好学，六岁能文，下笔流畅，被赞为“神童”。后与杨炯、卢照邻、骆宾王共称“初唐四杰”。

然而十分不幸，上元三年（676 年）八月，王勃自交趾探望父亲返回时，渡海溺水，惊悸而死。

王勃的文采斐然，留下如彩霞一般瑰丽的诗文，然而他的短暂人生，也如彩霞一般短暂。真可谓天妒英才，令人扼腕唏嘘！

## 5.

然而，古时诗词寓意深远让人回味无穷，但由于与现代白话文有所区别，所以人们常从字面意思上理解错误。这其中就包括王勃的这句千古名句：“落霞与孤鹜齐飞，秋水共长天一色”。

要了解这句话的意义，当时当地的风物不可不晓。对此，宋代吴曾说：“落霞非云霞之霞，盖南昌秋间有一种飞蛾，若今所在麦蛾是也。当七八月间，皆纷纷堕于江中，不究自所来，江鱼每食之，土人谓之霞，故勃取以配鹜耳。”由此看来，“霞”不是云霞，而是一种飞蛾。另外，“落霞”之“落”并不是“飘落”的意思，“落”在句中与“孤”相对，意思当相同或相近，是“散落、零散”之义。而从日本的藏本来看，孤鹜的“鹜”则是“雾”，这是由于读音相同而被误写的。

## 6.

且不说王勃“落霞”二字是否真的被误读，也不管用“落霞”二字演绎他短暂的一生是否得当，而他在这篇文章中还有另外一段，却真的是他坎坷悲哀人生的真实写照。

王勃在辞赋文章写作手法上很少使用比喻手法，但他善于议论，哲理深刻，如《滕王阁序》中“天高地迥，觉宇宙之无穷；兴尽悲来，识盈虚之有数。”

这一“兴尽悲来”正是他坎坷短暂人生的真实写照，也算是一语成谶。

世事难测，人生苦短，让我们每一个人都珍惜时光，爱惜生命吧。

2020年7月13日

## 14. Sunset

### 1.

In mountainous areas, the weather is unpredictable.

Upstate New York is influenced by the humid air from the Great Lakes in Michigan, and there are often huge, daunting clouds rolling in from the northwest.

This evening, clouds of strange and ever-changing shapes rose from the direction where the sun was about to set. At first, there were clumps and layers of thick black clouds, rolling and swirling, resembling volcanic ash from a volcanic eruption, changing in many ways and without a fixed shape.

However, in the blink of an eye, the cloud that was indescribable turned into a huge peony, but it did not have the beautiful color of a real peony, but looked like a black and white video.

Under the sunlight, the outer edges of the upper petals of this beautiful peony began to be bordered with bright gold. In an instant, this incomparable peony became magnificent.

However, the beautiful scene did not last long. The left side of the peony flower began to flow and gradually transformed into a young lady. The girl was plump and lying prone, but the only flaw was a large yellow ball growing out of nowhere on her back. After a moment, the beautiful girl turned into a rooster. It didn't take long for the rooster to transform into a lion that was eager to fight.

At this time, this huge cloud gradually lost its yellow luster, and finally turned completely into a dark and thick cloud, moving slowly to the southeast.

The sunset in the mountainous area is not as magnificent as that in the open area. Because it was obscured by the dense forest covered with branches and leaves, the bright light had been cut into pieces, turning into golden flakes and golden stars, shining through the gaps between the branches and leaves and

onto the earth. Therefore, no matter who you are, you will not have the chance to see the spectacular sight of "the setting sun over the long river" here.

However, although you can't see the true face of the sunset, the beautiful scenery it creates is breathtaking. Especially the colorful clouds in the sky are breathtakingly beautiful. Since we can't see the sunset, we'll have to settle for the next best thing and enjoy the gorgeous sunset glow to our heart's content.

I looked towards the northwest. The afterglow of the setting sun was shining brightly, illuminating the clouds of varying sizes and shapes, making them look like the raging flames of a forest fire. No wonder the sunset is known as "fire clouds".

The "forest fire" was extremely fierce and in a moment, it had already burned above my head. I couldn't help but turn my gaze to the southeast, and saw countless strips of clouds of varying sizes and lengths, floating in the vast sky in all directions, like rose-colored paint splashed by a painter.

Good pictures don't last long, and beautiful scenery doesn't last long. The magnificent rose color gradually dimmed, and the originally gorgeous clouds turned into purple, iron gray, and even black. The pleasing rose color eventually disappeared. The gorgeous sunset has been completely swallowed up by the dark clouds.

## 2.

With some scientific knowledge, you will learn that when the sun just comes out or is about to set, the clouds in the sky are often bright red, as if they had been burned by fire. This bright red cloud is called morning glow and evening glow, and is figuratively called "fire cloud". The sun is a mixture of seven colors of light: red, orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue and purple. Among these types of light, red light has the greatest ability to pass through the air layer, followed by orange, yellow and green light, and cyan, blue and purple light are the worst.

When the weather is clear, there are fewer raindrops hanging in the air, and almost all red, orange, yellow and green lights pass through, only cyan, blue and purple lights are blocked. Among these lights, blue light is reflected the most, so the entire sky is "dyeing" blue. When there are clouds in the early morning or evening, the air layer that sunlight passes through is thicker than at noon. The yellow, green, cyan, blue and purple lights are exhausted after "traveling" very far in the air. Only the red and orange lights can pass through the air layer and poke their heads out, "dyeing" the sky red, which forms a fire cloud.

Fire clouds often appear in summer, especially around sunset after a thunderstorm, in the western part of the sky. The color of fire clouds is generally bright red. The appearance of fire clouds indicates that a period of warm weather, abundant rainfall, and lush and prosperous biological growth is about to come.

## 3.

Throughout the ages, countless writers and poets have written famous lines praising the colorful clouds. The most famous is the famous line from Wang Bo's "Preface to the Pavilion of Prince Teng": "The setting sun and the lone wild goose fly together, and the autumn water and the sky are the same color."

After the rain, the dark clouds in the sky dissipated and the sun shone on the earth again. The colorful clouds reflected by the sunlight fly with wild ducks. The river water seemed unusually full after the heavy rain. From a distance, the river water seemed to be connected with the sky.

This sentence has sharp contrast in colors: the setting sun is gorgeous and multi-colored, while the

solitary wild goose is light and simple. The setting sun is from top to bottom, while the solitary wild goose is from bottom to top. The autumn water and the long sky are connected, forming a whole, showing a picture of the river and sky in late autumn in a three-dimensional way, from far and near, up and down.

The author uses the four scenes of setting sun, solitary wild goose, autumn water and vast sky to outline a picture of tranquility and far-reachingness, which has always been regarded as an exquisite sentence for describing scenery and is widely sung.

#### 4.

Wang Bo (c. 650-c. 676), courtesy name Zi'an, was a native of Longmen County, Jiangzhou (now Hejin City, Shanxi Province). A writer and Confucian scholar in the Tang Dynasty, and grandson of Wen Zhongzi Wang Tong. Wang Bo was intelligent and studious. He could write at the age of six and his writing was fluent, so he was praised as a "child prodigy". Later, he was called one of the "Four Great Talents of the Early Tang Dynasty" together with Yang Jiong, Lu Zhaolin and Luo Binwang.

Unfortunately, in August of the third year of Shangyuan (676), Wang Bo drowned while crossing the sea on his way back from Jiaozhi to visit his father and died of shock.

Wang Bo was a man of great literary talent, leaving behind poems and essays as beautiful as colorful clouds. However, his short life was also as short as the colorful clouds. It is truly a pity that talented people are envied by heaven!

#### 5.

However, the ancient poems have profound meanings and are memorable, but because they are different from modern vernacular Chinese, people often misunderstand their literal meanings. These include Wang Bo's famous line that has been passed down through the ages: "The setting sun and the lone wild goose fly together, and the autumn water and the sky are the same color."

To understand the meaning of this sentence, one must know the local customs and practices at that time. In this regard, Wu Zeng of the Song Dynasty said: "The falling glow is not the same as the clouds. It is a kind of moth in Nanchang in autumn, similar to the wheat moth we see today. Between July and August, they all fall into the river one after another, without knowing where they come from. The fish in the river eat them, and the locals call it "xia", so they take it to match the ears of ducks." From this it can be seen that "xia" is not clouds, but a kind of moth. In addition, the "luo" in "luoxia" does not mean "falling". "Luo" in the sentence is opposite to "gu", and the meaning is the same or similar, which means "scattered, disorganized". However, according to the Japanese version, the "鹭" in "孤鹭" is "雾", which was misspelled due to the same pronunciation.

#### 6.

Regardless of whether Wang Bo's word "Luoxia" was really misinterpreted, or whether it is appropriate to use the word "Luoxia" to interpret his short life, there is another paragraph in this article, which is really a true portrayal of his rough and sad life.

Wang Bo rarely used metaphors in his writing of poetry and prose, but he was good at argumentation and his philosophical ideas were profound, such as in "Preface to the Pavilion of Prince Teng": "The sky is high and the earth is vast, and I feel the infinity of the universe; when excitement ends and sadness comes,

I know that there is a limit to fullness and emptiness."

This "excitement ends and sadness comes" is a true portrayal of his short and rough life, and it can be said to be a prophecy.

The world is unpredictable and life is short, so let each of us cherish time and love life.

July 13, 2020

## 15.观鸟

上午 9 点半左右，独自三进西山，补拍几张怪树的照片，其中包括几字树、连理树、啃老树、弓箭树等。此外还拍摄几张远山峡谷图。虽然辛苦，但收获颇丰，我来到开阔地里一棵高大的灌木下面，站在那里乘凉歇脚。

补拍树林完成，心满意足，我走出第二“山门”，沿着斜坡狭路，一直向下走。拐了一个弯，我站在一棵高大的灌木下面，面向北方，放眼眺望，远山凝翠，气象万千。

蝉噪林逾静，鸟鸣山更幽。就在我聚精会神，情迷远山之际，突然一阵小鸟的啁啾声，打断我的思路。我凝神前望，只见一个黄艳艳的小鸟，叽叽喳喳地不知从何处飞来，落在我眼前不远的一棵小树上。一边引吭高歌，一边四处张望。

说时迟，那时快，忽然之间就有一只褐色小鸟，扑棱棱飞落在同一棵树上。它就停在距离那只黄鸟咫尺之遥的树枝上，拼命地，没命地喊，真可谓声嘶力竭。如果我没猜错，黄鸟为雌，褐鸟为雄，后者是前来求偶的。

然而黄鸟似乎根本不在意，照旧昂首挺胸，朝天鸣叫。而那只可怜的褐鸟，简直是在用热脸贴黄鸟的冷屁股。可悲又可笑。

想一想我们人类，不是也常有类似的情况吗？其实，在某些方面有些优越条件的人，不该以此作为傲视他人的资本，越是条件优越，越是应该谦虚低调，而条件较差的人，则不应该妄自菲薄，当然也要坚持做人的底线，不可为了求得他人的欢心，而一味地迁就，甚而失掉自信，放弃自尊。否则就会失去做人的底线，做出令人厌恶，甚至令人不齿的举动。

这时，黄鸟似乎被褐鸟骚扰得忍无可忍，迅速从枝叶间飞走，落在南面一棵相邻的小树上。然而，没皮没脸的褐鸟，毫不识趣，也立即起飞追到那棵树上，落在黄鸟旁边，叽叽喳喳地叫个不停。

烦不胜烦之下，恼不胜恼，可怜的黄鸟立即展翅，逃离褐鸟的骚扰，又飞回到原来那棵树上。片刻之后，褐鸟蓦然展翅高飞，略过黄鸟的藏身之树，眨眼功夫，就在高天中消失殆尽了。

我猜想，一准是黄鸟看不上褐鸟。不知是何原因，我突然想起现在美国社会出现一股“黑命贵”的潮流，难道鸟类也深受影响，美丽的黄色雌鸟，根本看不上笨拙的褐色雄鸟？难道黄鸟也是因为自己的羽毛是浅色调的黄色，而看不起羽毛是褐色的小鸟。哈哈，这岂不是鸟类也在搞“肤色歧视”？

2020 年 6 月

## 15. Bird Watching

Around 9:30 in the morning, I went to Xishan for the third time alone and took some more photos of the strange trees, including the Ji-shaped tree, the twined trees, the gnawing tree, the bow and arrow tree, etc. In addition, I also took several pictures of distant mountains and canyons. Although it was hard work,



it was fruitful. I came to a tall shrub in the open area and stood there to rest in the shade.

After finishing the reshoots of the woods, I felt satisfied and walked out of the second "mountain gate" and went down along the narrow slope. After turning a corner, I stood under a tall bush, facing north, and looking out. The distant mountains were green and the scenery was magnificent.

The chirping of cicadas makes the forest even quieter, and the singing of birds makes the mountain even more secluded. Just as I was concentrating and fascinated by the distant mountains, the chirping of birds suddenly interrupted my thoughts. I looked forward intently and saw a bright yellow bird chirping as it flew from somewhere and landed on a small tree not far in front of me. While singing loudly, he looked around.

No sooner said than done, suddenly a little brown bird fluttered down and landed on the same tree. It perched on a branch just inches away from the yellow bird, shouting desperately, until it was hoarse. If I'm not mistaken, the yellow bird is a female and the brown bird is a male, and the latter is here to court.

However, the yellow bird didn't seem to care at all. It still held its head high and sang towards the sky. And the poor brown bird was simply trying to put its warm face in the cold butt of the yellow bird. Sad and ridiculous.

Think about us humans, don't we often encounter similar situations? In fact, people who have superior conditions in some aspects should not use this as capital to look down on others. The better the conditions, the more humble and low-key they should be. People with poorer conditions should not belittle themselves. Of course, they should also adhere to the bottom line of being a human being. They should not blindly accommodate others in order to please them, or even lose confidence and give up self-esteem. Otherwise, one will lose the bottom line as a human being and do disgusting or even despicable things.

At this time, the yellow bird seemed to be harassed by the brown bird and could no longer bear it. It quickly flew away from the branches and leaves and landed on an adjacent small tree to the south. However, the shameless brown bird did not know what was going on and immediately took off and chased the yellow bird to the tree, then landed next to the yellow bird, chirping non-stop.

Feeling extremely annoyed, the poor yellow bird immediately spread its wings, escaped from the harassment of the brown bird, and flew back to the original tree. A moment later, the brown bird suddenly spread its wings and flew high, passing over the tree where the yellow bird was hiding. In the blink of an eye, it disappeared into the sky.

I guess it must be that the yellow bird looks down on the brown bird. I don't know why, but I suddenly remembered that there is a "Black Lives Matter" trend in American society. Could it be that birds are also deeply affected? The beautiful yellow female bird simply looks down on the clumsy brown male bird? Could it be that the yellow bird looks down on the birds with brown feathers because its own feathers are light yellow? Haha, doesn't this mean that birds are also practicing "skin discrimination"?

June 2020

## 16.听鸟

清晨，在河边散步，一株垂柳梢头，有一只黑鸟在啁啾不停。它的声音颇有喜感，听起来酷似嘻嘻哈哈。嘻嘻是高音，而且似乎是女高音，花腔女高音。哈哈则是男中音，甚至可以说是男低音。真是神奇，似乎一个男女声都能唱的歌手。在我们人类，这种现象早已司空见惯，大凡什么歌唱比

赛，总会有一些奇葩歌手，或男生反串女生，或女生反串男生，更有甚至，一人兼顾男女二声，堪称人类一绝。这一绝，似乎只属于人类。然而现在，我才长了见识，在动物世界，鸟类家族里，依然有反串角色，原来反串并非人类专美。

嘻哈鸟站在高高的枝头，先是昂首挺胸，口洞大开，再一扬脖，于是乎，花腔女高音嘻嘻之声便不绝于口。嘻嘻两声之后，立即低首缩胸，大开口洞，于是乎，男低音哈哈之声便应运而生。响亮的嘻嘻哈哈，阻遏高天之云，震荡一湖清水。令行云回首，令涟漪迟步。

我欣赏着它那美妙的歌声，就在余音缭绕之际，发现它的样貌美丽无比。乌黑发亮的身段，不胖不瘦，苗条匀称。最显眼之处，则在双肩。那里左右两则各有一片红在前，白在后的图案，似乎是哪位高明的化妆师的杰作。其实，那不像是简单而毫无意义的图案，不是虚夸炫耀的美容，而是天生的神迹。这两片神迹，乍一看去，宛如两只肩章。这时，嘻哈鸟似乎颇解人意，知道我在观赏那两片神迹，就故意低下头，使两块肩章越发醒目。

莫不是它因为参加歌唱比赛，因为优美的歌声，奇葩的反串，获得姣好成绩，因为被授予美丽的红白奖章？

嘻哈鸟站在高高的垂柳树梢，继续引吭高歌，我则信步前行。虽知道这只机灵鬼，似乎还没有向我炫耀够，或许是它舍不得我离开，我向前行，它向前飞。转眼之间，它已经落在我前面一棵更加高大的垂柳树的梢头，继续为我嘻哈献唱。我似乎已被感动，于是就吹起口哨和它对话，它真似善解人意，于是又开始嘻哈鸣叫。

时候不早，我再次打了几声口哨，与它暂别。回到住处，我站在阳台上晒太阳，谁知又有一只嘻哈鸟闯入我的眼帘。只见下面的草地上，戴着红白肩章的嘻哈鸟，在草地上来去匆匆，一般而言，鸟类行进，不是双腿前后迈步，而是双腿一起向前蹦跳。可是嘻哈鸟却蠢笨地迈开双腿，摇摇晃晃地在草丛中低头寻找食物。

不过，我没有想对，因为它不是在寻找食物，而是用嘴巴在草地上抹抹小嘴，而后把一只翅膀先后张开，再用嘴揉一揉。就这样，一次又一次地重复着这一动作，远远望去，颇似在草地上翩翩起舞。

说起舞，并不太准确，似乎它是在用舞姿吸引爱慕者。果不其然，片刻之后，便另有一只嘻哈鸟不知从何飞来。但很不幸，它遭到了无情的反击，说什么也靠不上前。无奈，那只外来者只好乘兴而来，扫兴而归。

赶跑了求偶者，嘻哈鸟一扑棱，就像一只箭，被迅速射向高高的松树巅。它在那里嘻哈一阵之后，突然展翅高飞，飞到远处的树林里，不见了。

2020 年夏日

## 16. Listen to the birds

In the early morning, I was taking a walk by the river and heard a black bird chirping on the branch of a weeping willow. Its voice is quite funny and sounds similar to laughing. Hehe is a high note, and seems to be a soprano, a coloratura soprano. Haha is a baritone, or even a bass. It's amazing, it seems like there's a singer who can sing both male and female voices. For us humans, this phenomenon has long been commonplace. In any singing competition, there are always some weird singers, either boys playing the roles of girls, or girls playing the roles of boys. What's more, one person can voice both men and women, which is a unique feature of human beings. This unique feature seems to belong only to humans. However, now I have learned that in the animal world, there are still cross-dressing roles in the bird family. It turns out that cross-dressing is not exclusive to humans.

The hip-hop bird stood on a high branch, first with its head held high and its chest puffed out, its mouth

wide open, then it raised its neck, and then the coloratura soprano's hip-hop sound continued from its mouth. After laughing twice, he immediately lowered his head and chest, and opened his mouth wide. Thus, the bass sound of "haha" came into being. The loud laughter blocked the clouds in the sky and shook the clear water in the lake. Make the moving clouds look back and make the ripples slow down.

I was enjoying its beautiful singing, and as the sound lingered, I discovered that its appearance was incomparably beautiful. She has a shiny black figure, neither fat nor thin, but slim and well-proportioned. The most noticeable part is the shoulders. There are two patterns on the left and right, with red in front and white in the back, which seem to be the masterpiece of some skilled makeup artist. In fact, it does not seem like a simple and meaningless pattern, nor is it a vain and ostentatious beauty, but a natural miracle. At first glance, these two miracles look like two epaulettes. At this time, the hip-hop bird seemed to understand me and knew that I was admiring the two miracles, so it deliberately lowered its head to make the two epaulettes more eye-catching.

Could it be that it was because it participated in the singing competition, because of its beautiful singing voice, and because of its unique cross-dressing performance, that it achieved good results, and because it was awarded the beautiful red and white medal?

The hip-hop bird stood on the top of a tall weeping willow tree and continued to sing loudly, while I walked forward leisurely. Although I know this clever ghost, it seems that it has not shown off to me enough. Perhaps it is reluctant to let me leave. I move forward and it flies forward. In the blink of an eye, it had landed on the top of a taller weeping willow tree in front of me and continued to sing hip-hop for me. I seemed to be moved, so I whistled to talk to it. It seemed to be really understanding, so it started chirping again.

It was getting late, so I whistled a few more times to say goodbye to it. When I got back to my residence and stood on the balcony to bask in the sun, another hip-hop bird caught my eye. On the grass below, a hip-hop bird with red and white epaulettes was seen hurrying back and forth on the grass. Generally speaking, when birds move, they do not move their legs forward and backward, but rather jump forward with both legs together. But the hip-hop bird moved its legs clumsily, staggeringly as it lowered its head in the grass to look for food.

However, I was wrong, because it was not looking for food, but wiping its little mouth on the grass, and then it opened and rubbed its wings one by one with its mouth. In this way, this action is repeated again and again, and from a distance, it looks like dancing on the grass.

To say it's dancing isn't quite accurate, as it seems like it's using its dancing moves to attract admirers. Sure enough, a moment later, another hip-hop bird flew in from nowhere. But unfortunately, it encountered a ruthless counterattack and could not move forward no matter what. Helplessly, the outsider had to come with high hopes and leave with disappointment.

After driving away the suitors, the hip-hop bird flapped its wings and was shot quickly to the top of the tall pine tree like an arrow. After laughing there for a while, it suddenly spread its wings and flew into the woods in the distance and disappeared.

Summer 2020

## 17. 听蛙

来到度假别墅之前，朋友就说前面的镜湖和木屋右侧的池塘里有很多青蛙，随时都能听到它们

的叫声。

水里有青蛙，没有什么出奇的。小时候，我家附近的池塘里就有青蛙。夏季里如果下过一阵暴雨，村头的水井里，水已经接近井边，里面都会有绿色和褐色的青蛙，一个个鼓起双腮，呱呱地叫个不停。

再有我当年大学毕业，到天津南郊部队农场接受再教育，种了两年水稻。稻田里更是少不了青蛙，一天到晚不停地鼓噪而鸣。

蛙声其实是十分美妙的。初中时期，在语文课上就学到了宋朝词人辛弃疾的《西江月》。词中有句云：“稻花香里说丰年，听取蛙声一片。”

提起蛙声，又使我想起中国国画大师齐白石画蛙声的故事。

有一日，齐白石到老舍家中做客，在书房中二人谈天说地，畅所欲言。此时老舍提到近日里看到一句诗词，觉得写意韵味颇浓，妙不可言，非常适合作为画中情景。那就是“蛙声十里出山泉”这句诗，老舍建议齐白石为此作画一幅，名字就题这句诗。

齐白石一听，瞬间觉得此意境就在眼前，稍作思考，当场就让老舍准备纸墨笔砚，要以此作画一幅。而且齐白石的想法不同于常人，一般人看到这样的题目，肯定会画山泉里的青蛙，但齐白石并非常人，他的画向来以写意出名。

只见他提笔画了六只蝌蚪，两两为伴，朝着向下的水流匆匆地游去，而湍急的水流簇拥着它们，让它们更加富有动势。这幅画很快完成了，在一旁欣赏绘画全过程的老舍，不禁拍手叫绝。

蛙声是美的，但也不是美的。这要看是谁听。在农夫来听，只不过是应景之声，无所谓美与不美。在文人画家听来，则是美的。然而在一些人听来，非但不美，而且还十分嘈杂，因此忍无可忍。

我的故乡在中国著名的大运河西岸。我的姨妈也在河西十多里开外的村庄。记得我上初中时的一个暑假，妈妈领着我去姨妈家中做客。一路上妈妈不停地结合实地，给我讲述大运河的故事。其中最令我难以忘怀的就是乾隆爷下江南，沿着运河南行发生的故事。

妈妈说，乾隆爷的大船在运河里行驶，用午餐时，传膳者毕恭毕敬地献上一双箸子（筷子），而且嘴里还说出了“箸子”。乾隆爷听到后立即说，我急着下江南，船要开得很慢，怎么能停住呢？原来，箸子的“箸”与停住的“住”两者的谐音，触动了乾隆爷的敏感神经，居然从“箸”的发音联想到停住行船。万般无奈，皇上的话是金口玉言，说了就得照办。于是从那之后，“箸子”就叫“快子”，以此表示行船速度要快。因为是竹子做的，因此在“快”的头上添加竹字头，“筷”字便应运而生。

妈妈讲的第二个故事，还是与乾隆爷下江南有关。在前往姨妈家的路上，有一段很直的路段。妈妈说，原来这里有一段很大的弯道，乾隆爷在船里都感觉到了。他随即说，这里的河段为什么这么弯，行船费时费力，不如修直为好。话音刚落，这段弯路转眼之间就变直了。

妈妈讲的第三个故事就与蛙声相关了。乾隆爷下江南的时候，运河里有不少青蛙，一天到晚地鼓噪而鸣，吵得乾隆爷无法睡个安稳觉。乾隆爷大声喊道：“这些蛤蟆真讨厌，叫得我都睡不好觉。”谁知说者无意，听者有心。青蛙们听到乾隆爷吼了这么一嗓子之后，刹那之间噤若寒蝉，一个个立即停止鸣叫。从此以后，运河里就再也听不到青蛙叫了。更有甚至，不仅听不到青蛙鸣叫，而且从此青蛙在大运河里干脆就销声匿迹了。听人说，现在大运河里真的没有青蛙。这个说法是否真实，我没有考察过，不过据我回忆，我小时候到姥姥家，到姑姑家去做客，都要沿着运河走，的确没有听到过青蛙叫。

讲述那么多历史传闻，现在该回到眼下，说一说我在镜湖边上的故事吧。这些故事中最为神秘的就算是青蛙叫了。

从来到这里的第一天，我就听到镜湖里远远近近地传来一阵阵巨大的声响，听起来颇似驴叫，哇哈哇哈地此起彼伏。有时就像是驴叫比赛，一声声，一阵阵，遥相呼应，听起来有点令人毛骨悚然。

这声音究竟有多大，我说起来可能无人相信，如果是我，紧住在湖边，晚上都会被那种驴叫声吵醒，醒来就再也别想入睡。

我想，如果乾隆爷到这里划船，恐怕也会被这驴叫声吓坏，因此会立即禁声，说不好，还会下令把这些吵人的蠢“驴”杀掉，剥下它们的皮去制作驴皮胶，其质量一定会超过鼎鼎有名的山东阿胶。

不过乾隆爷如果真的那样下命令，可就大错特错了，因为这叫声并非驴叫，而是青蛙叫！这种蛙叫，胜过驴鸣，叫声之劣，甚于驴声。

2020 年夏季

### 17. Listening to frogs

Before I came to the holiday villa, my friend told me that there were many frogs in the mirror lake in front and the pond on the right side of the wooden house, and their calls could be heard at any time.

There are frogs in the water, nothing surprising. When I was a child, there were frogs in the pond near my home. If there was a heavy rain in the summer, there would be green and brown frogs in the well at the head of the village, and the water would be close to the well. They would puff up their cheeks and croak non-stop.

When I graduated from college, I went to the military farm in the southern suburbs of Tianjin for re-education and planted rice for two years. Frogs are indispensable in the rice fields, croaking all day long.

The sound of frogs is actually very beautiful. In junior high school, I learned "Xijiangyue" by Xin Qiji, a poet of the Song Dynasty, in Chinese class. There is a line in the poem: "In the fragrance of rice flowers, we talk about a good harvest, and listen to the sound of frogs." Speaking of frog sounds, it reminds me of the story of Qi Baishi, a master of Chinese traditional painting, painting frog sounds. One day, Qi Baishi visited Lao She's home, and the two talked about everything in the study. At this time, Lao She mentioned that he had seen a poem recently, and felt that it had a strong freehand charm and was indescribable, which was very suitable for the scene in the painting. That was the poem "Frog sounds come from the mountain spring ten miles away". Lao She suggested that Qi Baishi paint a picture for this, and name it after this poem. When Qi Baishi heard it, he instantly felt that this artistic conception was right in front of him. After a little thought, he asked Lao She to prepare paper, ink, brush and inkstone on the spot to paint a picture based on this. Moreover, Qi Baishi's ideas were different from those of ordinary people. When ordinary people saw such a topic, they would definitely paint frogs in the mountain spring, but Qi Baishi was not an ordinary person. His paintings have always been famous for freehand painting.

He picked up his brush and drew six tadpoles, two by two, swimming hurriedly towards the downstream water, and the turbulent water surrounded them, making them more dynamic. The painting was completed quickly, and Lao She, who was watching the whole painting process, couldn't help but applaud.

The frog sounds are beautiful, but not beautiful. It depends on who is listening. To farmers, it is just a sound that suits the scene, and it doesn't matter whether it is beautiful or not. To literati and painters, it is beautiful. However, to some people, it is not only not beautiful, but also very noisy, so they can't stand it.

My hometown is on the west bank of the famous Grand Canal in China. My aunt is also in a village more than ten miles away from the west of the river. I remember one summer vacation when I was in junior high school, my mother took me to visit my aunt's house. Along the way, my mother kept telling me stories about the Grand Canal in combination with the actual situation. The most unforgettable story for me is the story of Emperor Qianlong going to the south of the Yangtze River and traveling south along the canal.

My mother said that Emperor Qianlong's ship was sailing in the canal. During lunch, the waiter

respectfully presented a pair of chopsticks and said "chopsticks". When Emperor Qianlong heard this, he immediately said, "I am in a hurry to go to the south of the Yangtze River. The ship has to sail very fast. How can it stop?" It turned out that the homophony of "chopsticks" and "stop" touched Emperor Qianlong's sensitive nerves, and he actually associated the pronunciation of "chopsticks" with stopping the ship. There was no choice but to do what the emperor said. From then on, "chopsticks" were called "fast", which means that the ship should sail fast. Because it is made of bamboo, the bamboo head was added to the head of "fast", and the word "chopsticks" came into being.

The second story my mother told was also about Emperor Qianlong's trip to the south of the Yangtze River. On the way to my aunt's house, there was a very straight section of the road. My mother said that there was a big bend here, and Emperor Qianlong felt it in the boat. He then said, why is the river section here so bendy, it takes time and effort to sail, it is better to straighten it. As soon as the voice fell, the bend became straight in the blink of an eye.

The third story my mother told was related to the sound of frogs. When Emperor Qianlong went to the south of the Yangtze River, there were many frogs in the canal, croaking all day long, making Emperor Qianlong unable to sleep well. Emperor Qianlong shouted loudly: "These frogs are so annoying, they make me sleep badly." Who knows that the speaker is unintentional, but the listener is intentional. After hearing Emperor Qianlong's roar, the frogs were silent in an instant, and they stopped croaking one by one. From then on, no more frogs could be heard in the canal. What's more, not only can you no longer hear frogs croaking, but frogs have simply disappeared from the Grand Canal since then. I heard that there are really no frogs in the Grand Canal now. I have not investigated whether this statement is true, but as far as I can remember, when I was a child, I would walk along the canal when visiting my grandmother's house or my aunt's house, and I really did not hear frogs croaking.

After telling so many historical rumors, it is time to return to the present and tell the story of my stay at the Mirror Lake. The most mysterious of these stories is the frog calls.

From the first day I came here, I heard a series of huge noises coming from the Mirror Lake from far and near, which sounded quite like donkey calls, one after another. Sometimes it was like a donkey call competition, one after another, echoing from afar, which sounded a bit creepy.

No one would believe how loud this sound is. If it were me, I would be woken up by the donkey calls at night if I lived close to the lake, and I would never fall asleep again after waking up.

I think if Emperor Qianlong came here to row a boat, he would probably be scared by the donkey calls, so he would immediately stop the calls. It is not certain whether he would order these noisy stupid "donkeys" to be killed and their skins to be peeled off to make donkey skin glue, the quality of which would definitely exceed the famous Shandong donkey glue.

However, if Emperor Qianlong really gave such an order, he would be very wrong, because this call was not a donkey call, but a frog call! This frog's call is better than the donkey's bray, and its call is worse than the donkey's.

Summer 2020

## 18. 观雨

清晨 6 点半就起床了。本想到外面去散步，但是天公不作美，霏霏细雨，纷纷扬扬，草地上湿漉漉的，显然今天的散早步计划，必定泡汤无疑。

我站在落地玻璃门前，无奈地望着外面。我突然抬起头，看到屋檐下有一串雨珠，不停地滴落



在地上。不能外出，百无聊赖，我把视线移向屋檐，聚精会神地看起水珠来。

平日里没有闲心观看屋檐下的雨珠。现在得闲看起来，还挺有意思。原以为屋檐下应该是一串透明的雨珠，不停地往下滴，然而实际并非如此。雨珠起初并非透明，亦非圆形，初看起来，只是一个一个的半圆体，颤颤巍巍地扣在屋檐下，酷似半圆形黑珍珠，慢慢长大，缓缓透出一点光亮。而光点也随时间的推移而越长越大，最后变得通体透明，滚瓜溜圆，转瞬之间，迅速滴下。我总想看看个究竟，决然不可能，因为那速度简直是超音速。

一个雨珠从成形到滴落，究竟会用多少时间？我选定一个明亮的雨珠，加以观察。我心里默默地数数，每数一下，都按一秒计算。雨珠滴落，立即有一个黑点儿出现在那里，这就是新的雨珠。

我从前面一个雨珠滴落时开始数，一、二、三、四、五……黑珍珠慢慢长大，但速度非常慢，我心里越着急，它越没有动静。我甚至有些怀疑，它是否能变成晶莹剔透的雨珠滴下。

不过，就在我焦急之际，已经数到七十三，黑珍珠才突然闪现一丝亮光。然而亮光一旦出现，速度便会迅速加快，等我数到八十四的时候，它就变得通体透明，形成一个圆圆的雨珠，迅速滴下。

雨珠形成的过程，先暗，后明；先黑，后白。这使我想起中国的阴阳之说。明和白，属于阳；暗和黑，属于阴。世界上的万物，都是由阴阳两种因素构成。

阴阳是中国古代文明中对蕴藏在自然规律背后的、推动自然规律发展变化的根本因素的描述，是各种事物孕育、发展、成熟、衰退直至消亡的原动力。

阴阳双方在一定的条件下还可以互相转化，达到极致便是物极必反。雨珠从暗到亮，从黑到白，就是阴阳双方互相转化的实例。雨珠从成形，到滴落；从无到有，从有到无，就是一个孕育、发展、成熟、衰退，直至消亡的完整过程。

凝视雨珠，浮想联翩。雨珠不紧不慢地形成，又不紧不慢地坠落，砸在石阶上，粉身碎骨，怦然有声。与震天霹雳相比，这声音虽然微乎其微，但却像炸雷一样，猛然之间炸断我的凝思，使我立即回过神来。

想一想，我觉得自己未免有点儿可笑，见到雨珠，居然像见到宝珠。可我又突然想起大科学家牛顿与大瘟疫的故事。

1665年，牛顿在剑桥三一学院就读期间，伦敦发生了大瘟疫，造成万人死亡。情景并不比我们今天的情况好，一时间人心惶惶。大家纷纷躲避瘟疫，当时的医疗条件并非那么好，所以很多人远走他乡躲避。

这期间，牛顿也不能幸免，他到乡下躲避瘟疫，自我隔离，不串门、不逛街、不参加聚会。但就这段独处的清静岁月，他的创造发明能力进入了的高峰期。著名的苹果砸到牛顿头上的故事，就在这段时间发生的。牛顿在这期间思考出了他今后大多数成果，创立了二项式定理、光的分解，确立了牛顿第一、牛顿第二定律和引力定律的基本思想。

今天，全球不知有多少人都因为新冠病毒而在家自我隔离。想想牛顿的故事，也许这也就是我们创造力处于巅峰的时候。因此，淡定，多思；独处，善虑，也许下一个牛顿就是你我！

2020年6月29日

## 18. Watching the rain

I got up at 6:30 in the morning. I wanted to go out for a walk, but the weather was not good. It was drizzling and the grass was wet. Obviously, today's morning walk plan would definitely be ruined.

I stood in front of the French glass door and looked outside helplessly. I suddenly looked up and saw a string of raindrops under the eaves, dripping on the ground. Unable to go out, bored, I turned my eyes to the eaves and looked at the water drops attentively.

I usually don't have the leisure to watch the raindrops under the eaves. Now I have the leisure to

watch, it's quite interesting. I thought there should be a string of transparent raindrops under the eaves, dripping down continuously, but it's not the case. The raindrops were not transparent or round at first. At first glance, they were just semi-circular bodies, trembling under the eaves, like semi-circular black pearls, slowly growing and slowly revealing a little light. And the light spots also grew bigger and bigger with the passage of time, and finally became transparent and round, and dripped quickly in a flash. I always wanted to see what was going on, but it was absolutely impossible because the speed was simply supersonic.

How long does it take for a raindrop to form and fall? I selected a bright raindrop and observed it. I counted silently in my mind, and each count counted as one second. When the raindrop fell, a black dot immediately appeared there, which was a new raindrop.

I started counting from the time when the previous raindrop fell, one, two, three, four, five... The black pearl grew slowly, but the speed was very slow. The more anxious I was, the less it moved. I even doubted whether it could become a crystal clear raindrop and fall.

However, just when I was anxious, I had counted to seventy-three when the black pearl suddenly flashed a ray of light. However, once the light appeared, the speed would increase rapidly. When I counted to eighty-four, it became transparent throughout, forming a round raindrop and falling quickly.

The process of raindrop formation is dark first, then light; black first, then white. This reminds me of the Chinese theory of yin and yang. Light and white belong to yang; dark and black belong to yin. Everything in the world is composed of two factors, yin and yang.

Yin and yang are the descriptions of the fundamental factors behind the laws of nature in ancient Chinese civilization that drive the development and change of natural laws. They are the driving force for the gestation, development, maturity, decline and extinction of various things.

Yin and yang can also transform into each other under certain conditions. When they reach the extreme, things will turn into opposites. The transformation of raindrops from dark to light, from black to white, is an example of the transformation of yin and yang. The process of raindrops from forming to dripping; from nothing to something, from something to nothing, is a complete process of gestation, development, maturity, decline and extinction.

Staring at the raindrops, my imagination runs wild. The raindrops are formed slowly and fall slowly, hitting the stone steps, breaking into pieces and making a thumping sound. Compared with the thunder, this sound was insignificant, but it was like a thunderclap, which suddenly broke my concentration and brought me back to my senses immediately.

Thinking about it, I feel a little ridiculous. Seeing raindrops is like seeing pearls. But I suddenly remembered the story of the great scientist Newton and the great plague.

In 1665, when Newton was studying at Trinity College, Cambridge, a great plague broke out in London, killing 10,000 people. The situation was no better than our situation today, and people were panicked for a while. Everyone avoided the plague. The medical conditions at that time were not so good, so many people went far away to avoid it.

During this period, Newton was not immune. He went to the countryside to avoid the plague, isolated himself, did not visit, did not go shopping, and did not attend parties. But during this period of quiet time alone, his creative ability entered its peak. The famous story of an apple falling on Newton's head happened during this period. During this period, Newton thought out most of his future achievements, created the binomial theorem, the decomposition of light, and established the basic ideas of Newton's first and second laws and the law of gravity.

Today, I don't know how many people around the world are self-isolating at home because of the new coronavirus. Think about Newton's story. Maybe this is when our creativity is at its peak. Therefore, stay

calm and think more; be alone and considerate. Maybe the next Newton will be you and me!

June 29, 2020

## 19.观鱼

每次站在湖边，都要注视一小片水域。离岸一米左右的那片水面没有水草浮萍，因此显得清澈见底。这片水域只有一米见方左右，令我喜出望外的是，总有一条估摸一尺左右的鱼，停在那里。几乎每次到这里都能看到它，也说不出是否是同一条鱼。我在有浮萍水草的水里从来没有看到过鱼。

这条鱼看似十分文静，停在水里，除了不时地稍微摇动一下尾巴，几乎纹丝不动，真的很怪。真不知它何以如此坚定不移。

每次看到它，我都会自然联想到中国一句名言：“水至清则无鱼，人至察则无徒。”意思是水太清了，鱼就无法生存，要求别人太严了，就没有伙伴。现在有时用来表示对人或物不可要求太高。

撇开这句成语的主要意思不谈，我常想，明明是因为水清，这条鱼才来到这里，或者是休闲，或者是晒日光浴。但无论什么原因，最根本的一点正是因为这里太干净了。想到这里，再看那句成语，觉得意思不太严谨。窃以为，之所水清无鱼，那并非水至清，而是因为观鱼者的骚扰。

我以自己的实际行动证实了这一点，因为有时候我用草棍去搅动水面，或者用什么东西投到水里的时候，那条鱼便迅速逃离了。

因此，这句成语似乎应该这样说：水至清则有鱼，若无鱼，乃因观鱼者之骚扰也。

今天，2020年6月30日，清晨，阴天。我又到湖边去观赏那条文静的小鱼。我站在小码头上仔细观看。因为阴天，光线不太好，那片无水草浮萍的水域，并不十分明亮，但很清楚，小鱼依然几乎一动不动地在水里悬浮着。神态自若，一如以往。

中午，饭前，我又到那里去看鱼。这是天阴沉沉的，厚厚的黑云布满天空。宛如山火冒出的滚滚浓烟。

我走到那片水域，水似乎有点浑浊，一眼望去，模模糊糊，没有鱼的影子。我张大眼睛，寻找好大一会儿，也不见它的踪影。我大失所望，只好作罢，立即打道回府。然而就在我刚要转身之际，我分明看到一个小白点在动，再定睛一看，那就是鱼尾。是的，鱼儿早已在那里等我多时。我的心里这才一块石头落地。

这时云层更厚更黑，已经有零星雨点落在我的脸上。我怕雨下大，就真的转身返回住处。

是什么原因使它义无反顾地坚持悬浮在这里，无论晴天还是阴天。原以为它是因为晴朗的天气，这里阳光灿烂，它是来享受阳光和蓝天的，可是今天，既没有阳光，更没有蓝天，然而它却依然如故。我想他兴许是为了享受这里的一片宁静吧。看看小鱼，想想自己，何其相似乃尔。我们都从享受宁静中获得乐趣。

提起鱼的乐趣。我忽然想起“子非鱼”的故事。

古代庄周和惠施在濠水岸边散步。庄子随口说道：“河里那些鱼儿游动得从容自在，它们真是快乐啊！”一旁惠施问道：“你不是鱼，怎么会知道鱼的快乐呢？”庄子回答说：“你不是我，怎么知道我不了解鱼的快乐？”惠施又问道：“我不是你，自然不了解你；但你也并非鱼，一定也是不能了解鱼的快乐的！”庄子安闲的回答道：“我请求回到谈话的开头，刚才你问我说：‘你是怎么知道鱼是快乐的？’既然你问我鱼为什么是快乐的，这就说明你事先已经承认我是知道鱼是快乐的，而现在你问我怎么知道鱼是快乐的。那么我来告诉你，我是在濠水的岸边知道鱼是快乐的。”

何为鱼之乐？人是否知之？由庄周和惠施的辩论中，是否可以说：鱼之乐，唯鱼知之，妄自揣测，断然诡辩，皆不宜也。

2020 年 6 月

## 19. Watching fish

Every time I stand by the lake, I always look at a small area of water. The water surface about one meter away from the shore has no water plants and duckweed, so it looks clear. This area of water is only about one meter square, and what makes me overjoyed is that there is always a fish about one foot long, stopping there. I can see it almost every time I come here, and I can't tell whether it is the same fish. I have never seen fish in water with duckweed and water plants.

This fish seems very quiet. It stops in the water and almost does not move except for shaking its tail from time to time. It is really strange. I really don't know why it is so steadfast.

Every time I see it, I will naturally think of a famous Chinese saying: "When the water is too clear, there will be no fish, and when people are too strict, there will be no followers." It means that if the water is too clear, fish cannot survive, and if you are too strict with others, you will have no companions. Now it is sometimes used to express that you should not be too demanding of people or things.

Leaving aside the main meaning of this idiom, I often think that it is because of the clear water that the fish came here, either for leisure or sunbathing. But no matter what the reason, the most fundamental point is that it is too clean here. Thinking of this, looking at the idiom again, I feel that the meaning is not very rigorous. I think that the reason why there are no fish in clear water is not because the water is too clear, but because of the harassment of fish watchers.

I have confirmed this with my actual actions, because sometimes when I use a straw to stir the water surface or throw something into the water, the fish quickly escapes.

Therefore, this idiom seems to say: If the water is too clear, there will be fish, and if there are no fish, it is because of the harassment of fish watchers.

Today, June 30, 2020, early in the morning, it was cloudy. I went to the lake again to watch the quiet little fish. I stood on the small dock and watched carefully. Because it was cloudy, the light was not very good, and the area without water plants and duckweed was not very bright, but it was clear that the little fish was still floating in the water almost motionless, and calm as always.

At noon, before lunch, I went there to see the fish again. It was gloomy, with thick black clouds covering the sky. It was like the billowing smoke from a mountain fire.

I walked to the water area, and the water seemed a little turbid. At a glance, it was blurry, and there was no trace of the fish. I opened my eyes wide and looked for a long time, but there was no trace of it. I was very disappointed, so I had to give up and go home immediately. However, just as I was about to turn around, I clearly saw a small white dot moving. When I looked again, it was the tail of the fish. Yes, the fish had been waiting for me there for a long time. I was relieved.

At this time, the clouds were thicker and darker, and there were already sporadic raindrops falling on my face. I was afraid that it would rain heavily, so I really turned around and returned to my residence.

What is the reason that makes it insist on floating here without hesitation, whether it is sunny or cloudy. I thought it was because of the sunny weather and the bright sunshine here, it came to enjoy the sunshine and blue sky, but today, there is neither sunshine nor blue sky, but it remains the same. I think he might be enjoying the tranquility here. Look at the little fish and think about yourself, how similar they are. We all enjoy the tranquility.

Speaking of the joy of fish. I suddenly remembered the story of "You are not a fish".

In ancient times, Zhuang Zhou and Hui Shi were walking on the bank of the Hao River. Zhuangzi casually said: "The fish in the river swim leisurely and freely, they are really happy!" Hui Shi asked: "You are not a fish, how do you know the happiness of fish?" Zhuangzi replied: "You are not me, how do you know that I don't understand the happiness of fish?" Hui Shi asked again: "I am not you, so I naturally don't understand you; but you are not a fish, so you must not understand the happiness of fish!" Zhuangzi replied leisurely: "I ask to go back to the beginning of the conversation. Just now you asked me: 'How do you know that fish are happy?' Since you asked me why fish are happy, it means that you have already admitted that I know that fish are happy, and now you ask me how I know that fish are happy. Then let me tell you that I knew that fish are happy on the bank of the Hao River."

What is the joy of fish? Do people know it? From the debate between Zhuang Zhou and Hui Shi, can we say that only fish know the joy of fish, and it is inappropriate to speculate and make sophistry.

June 2020

## 20. 遇蛇

一天清晨 7 点多，看到小牧场木栏杆下面的草丛里露出一条花蛇，“神龙见尾不见头”，除了头部以外，身体的大部分都露在外面。我想它是在晒太阳。我见到它就害怕，哪里敢走近它，更不敢打扰它。

写了将近一上午，到 11 点左右的时候，我第二次到小牧场散步，又路过花蛇晒太阳的地方，只见它依然趴在那里，一动不动，我心想它也太贪婪，太懒惰了吧，一直趴在这里晒了三四个小时，还不够。

我只是心里一抽，没敢打扰它。过了一会儿之后，我往回走，又经过那里，发现花蛇终于不见了，但那里却有一条蛇皮。

这时我才恍然大悟，原来花蛇不是在那里晒太阳，而是脱皮。蛇皮有个雅号叫“蛇蜕”。我一边往回走，一边还在想着花蛇。真是不容易啊，就算是 7 点多我第一次看到它的时候开始脱皮，那也已经过了三四个小时。蛇脱皮要这么长时间啊！它痛苦吗？不得而知。

其实，有草的地方就有蛇。我从小就怕蛇。小时候，我常年为家里的小毛驴到野外割草。我一个人在一望无边的青纱帐里钻来钻去，蛇是经常看到的。虽然如此，我却一直怕蛇。只要见到蛇，就心里一抽，赶紧离开。不过即便如此，也还是有和蛇亲密接触的时候，比如我把草割下来暂时堆起来继续往前割。等我把草割得差不多，回来抱草时，曾经把一条小蛇抱在怀里，吓得我立即把草扔下。

北方人不仅害怕蛇，还敬畏蛇。各家都有几样动物被视为神，因此绝对不可惊扰。否则就要遭难。这几样动物是黄鼠狼，刺猬，蛇。

妈妈曾经给我讲过一个蛇的故事。说的是，有一个孩子在田里惊扰一条蛇，这条蛇立即向他进攻。这个孩子拼命往家里跑。可是家里没有地方藏，他就蹲在地上，让妈妈用一口大缸把他盖住，以为这样就万无一失了。可没想到，这条蛇爬到水缸上，缠绕一圈又一圈。后了很久，大蛇才从大缸上下来，爬走了。等妈妈把大缸挪开时，发现那孩子已经死掉，化成一洼血水。太恐怖啦。这个可怕的故事一直深深地记在我心里，所以我从来不敢碰蛇。

也正是因为如此，我来到这里之后，凡是到有草的地方去的时候，都是战战兢兢，生怕遇到蛇。不过，既然有草就有蛇，见到蛇也就难免了。想一想，自从来到这里，我曾将在镜湖岸上看到过水蛇。在木屋前的木阶梯花草中见过两条似乎也是在晒太阳的花蛇。

2020 年 6 月

## 20. Encountering a snake

One morning at about 7 o'clock, I saw a flower snake in the grass under the wooden fence of the small ranch. It was like a dragon with its tail visible but not its head. Except for its head, most of its body was exposed. I thought it was basking in the sun. I was scared when I saw it, so I didn't dare to approach it, let alone disturb it.

I wrote for nearly a whole morning. At about 11 o'clock, I went to the ranch for a walk for the second time. I passed by the place where the flower snake was basking in the sun. I saw it still lying there, motionless. I thought it was too greedy and lazy. It had been lying there for three or four hours, but it was not enough.

I just felt a pang in my heart and didn't dare to disturb it. After a while, I walked back and passed by there again. I found that the flower snake had finally disappeared, but there was a snake skin there.

At this time, I suddenly realized that the flower snake was not basking in the sun there, but shedding its skin. Snake skin has a nickname called "snake shedding". I was still thinking about the flower snake while walking back. It's really not easy. Even if it was around 7 o'clock when I first saw it, it had already been three or four hours. It takes so long for a snake to shed its skin! Is it painful? I don't know.

Actually, wherever there is grass, there are snakes. I have been afraid of snakes since I was a child. When I was a child, I often went to the wild to cut grass for my family's donkey. I was alone in the endless green tent, and I often saw snakes. Despite this, I have always been afraid of snakes. Whenever I saw a snake, my heart would twitch and I would leave quickly. But even so, there were still times when I had close contact with snakes, such as when I cut the grass and temporarily piled it up and continued to cut forward. When I had almost cut the grass and came back to pick up the grass, I once held a small snake in my arms, which scared me so much that I immediately dropped the grass.

Northerners are not only afraid of snakes, but also respect them. Each family has a few animals that are regarded as gods, so they must not be disturbed. Otherwise, they will suffer. These animals are weasels, hedgehogs, and snakes.

June, 2020

## 21. 山雨

午后，修改完一篇文章，我到屋外小牧场散步。我一边轻轻地踱着，一边还在思考一些问题。

突然之间，脸上感到冰凉。我定下神来，才意识到原来是下雨了。雨滴小小的，细细的，我抬头往前看，细雨霏霏，不紧不慢，在清风中随意飘荡。

我有些担心淋湿，颇有回返之意，可就在这时，在我不知不觉中之中，小雨突然停下来。于是，我又放心大胆，继续信步而行。

山间这阵小雨，颇令我茅塞顿开。小雨，下在山间，下在别处，二者颇有不同。都市的雨，伴随鼎沸的人声而下，伴随喧嚣的杂音而下，伴随躁动的人心而下。山间的雨，伴随清风而下，伴随鸟语而下，伴随花香而下，伴随池塘涟漪而下，伴随青蛙的鼓噪而下。

山间小雨，下在心坎上，提神给力，令人振奋。它来无踪，去无影，悄然无声，神秘奇妙。

2020 年 6 月 23 日

## 21. Mountain Rain

In the afternoon, after revising an article, I went for a walk in the small pasture outside the house. I was walking gently while thinking about some problems.

Suddenly, I felt cold on my face. I calmed down and realized that it was raining. The raindrops were small and fine. I looked up and saw the drizzle, not fast or slow, floating freely in the breeze.

I was a little worried about getting wet and wanted to go back, but at this moment, the drizzle suddenly stopped without my knowledge. So I was bold and continued to walk.

This drizzle in the mountains made me suddenly enlightened. The drizzle, falling in the mountains, and falling elsewhere are quite different. The rain in the city falls with the bustling voices, the noisy noises, and the restless hearts. The rain in the mountains falls with the breeze, the birdsong, the fragrance of flowers, the ripples in the pond, and the croaking of frogs.

The light rain in the mountains, falling on the heart, is refreshing and exciting. It comes without a trace, leaves without a trace, is silent and mysterious.

June 23, 2020

## 22. 童心

### 1.

本来喜欢写诗，但到这里这么多天了，却只是集中精力写随笔，没有顾得写诗。刚刚在阳台吃早点的时候，听到蛙声和雄鸡司晨，于是信手拈来，口占一首。

晨

东边日头热煞人，  
西天仍有淡月痕；  
南塘绿蛙声声笑，  
北岭金鸡正司晨。

### 2.

为了观察小栗鼠搬运米粒回家的动作，我站在玻璃窗里，看着手表为它计时。我聚精会神地看着它，结果表明，一分钟填满囊袋，而后送回家。从离开到返回，总共两分半钟，这其中包括回家途中，回家“卸货”，再返回来的全过程，总共两分半钟。

### 3.

平生喜欢花草，在纽约上班期间，办公桌前一年四季都有鲜花陪伴。现在到山林里来，奇花异草，争奇斗妍，无论何时，只要走到外面，就会看到鲜花。房前屋后，池边湖岸，牧场坡地，无处



不鲜花，无时不芬芳。

天赐的鲜花美草，何不尽情享受？于是我每天都要采集新鲜的野花，放到电脑旁边，一边写作，一边欣赏鲜花。

另外我还对各类虫虫鸟鸟等小生灵情有独钟，我会在火热的太阳底下，沿着湖边追着为各类蜻蜓拍照，为了给蝴蝶和蜜蜂拍照，我会举着手机，在野花丛中与它们赛跑，汗流浹背，狼狈非常，然心甘情愿，乐此不疲。

#### 4.

为了拍摄“嘻哈鸟”，我曾在电线杆和松林之间来回追。为了拍摄飞翔的动作，我举着手机，屏住呼吸，目不转睛地死死盯住它不放。只是因为鸟儿飞翔速度太快，总也抓拍不到，但我不死心，就那样举着手机，仰着头，眼睛盯花了，脖子扬酸了，但我依然坚持，直到拍好为止。

## 22. Childlike innocence

#### 1.

I used to like writing poems, but after so many days here, I have only focused on writing essays and have not had time to write poems. Just now, when I was eating breakfast on the balcony, I heard the sound of frogs and the roosters crowing at dawn, so I came up with a poem.

##### Morning

The sun is scorching in the east,  
There is still a faint moon in the west;  
The green frogs in the South Pond are laughing,  
The golden roosters in the North Ridge are crowing at dawn.

#### 2.

In order to observe the action of the chinchilla carrying rice grains home, I stood in the glass window and watched the watch to time it. I watched it attentively, and the results showed that it took one minute to fill the sac and then send it home. From leaving to returning, it took a total of two and a half minutes, which included the whole process of going home, "unloading" at home, and then returning, a total of two and a half minutes.

#### 3.

I have always loved flowers and plants. When I was working in New York, there were flowers all year round at my desk. Now when I come to the mountains and forests, there are exotic flowers and plants

competing for beauty. Whenever I go outside, I will see flowers. In front of and behind the house, by the pool, on the lakeside, on the slope of the pasture, there are flowers everywhere, and they are fragrant all the time. Why not enjoy the flowers and beautiful plants given by God? So I collect fresh wild flowers every day and put them next to my computer, while writing, I appreciate the flowers. In addition, I also have a special liking for various insects, birds and other small creatures. I will chase and take pictures of various dragonflies along the lake under the scorching sun.

4.

In order to take pictures of butterflies and bees, I will hold up my mobile phone and race with them in the wild flowers. I sweat profusely and feel very embarrassed, but I am willing and never tired of it. In order to take pictures of the "hip-hop bird", I once chased it back and forth between the telephone poles and the pine forest. In order to take pictures of the flying action, I held up my mobile phone, held my breath, and stared at it intently. It was just because the birds were flying too fast that I could never capture them, but I didn't give up. I just held the phone and tilted my head up. My eyes were dazzled and my neck was sore, but I still persisted until I got the picture right.

## 23.瀑布

1.

山林地势高低悬殊，雨季常有瀑布。瀑布之美，无人不晓。然美之所在，美之原因，则恐非尽人皆知也。

瀑布之美，异于常美。瀑布之美，成双成对：远美，近美；高美，低美；大美，小美；独美，众美；直美，曲美；喧哗美，默然美；散乱美，集中美；起点美，终点美；升腾美，下泻美；破碎美，整体美；朦胧美，清晰美；跳跃美，匍匐美；诸如此类，不胜枚举。

瀑布之美由若干特殊因素造就：一、必有落差；二、必有曲折；三、必有坎坷；四、必有流动；五、必有撞击；六、必有烟雾；七、必有水珠；八、必有浪花。

2.

瀑布离不开水、石、木、雾。瀑布色彩，白与黑，反差越大越美。

垂直一条线，横流万条丝。横流美，美得潇洒；直流美，美得坦荡。

大地裂痕，有泉水汩汩而出，那是大地伤口流出的血。

雨大积水，流动成溪，积水为潭。潭满外溢，盈科而后进，越阻而行，汇入江河，融入大海。

远看全景，纤纤细细，途中弯弯，近处加宽，尾部如扇，落下如帘。乍看如一只颤抖的白色孔雀，躺在绿色大地之上。

潭若巨杯，琼浆已满，玉液外溢。落到地上，变成汩汩而流的小溪，在阳光下，波光粼粼，碎玉零金，虽然失去磅礴的气势，但却从容不迫，优雅至美。

阳光透过树林，酷似一把硕大无朋的彩扇，扇动溪流，缓缓流淌，汇聚成河，为人类生成水力灌溉，交通饮用，实在不行，还能造就美景。

### 3.

变幻莫测，形状各异，千姿百态，站在不同角度，得不同之美景。

上游平缓，下游跌宕。落入褐色深潭，由白变成黑。横流如白蛇狂舞，更似银龙飞腾。或独龙出水，或双龙戏珠。

发源地在脚下，向前看，则有向上倒流的感觉，成三叠。近处如万缕丝，远处一条龙，飞动抖动，高出飞烟雾，钻入幽深的黑洞。

站在瀑布后面，看远处平平的地平线。有长长水流，横流入一方水潭，潭水湛蓝，酷似吉他，弹奏乐曲，悠扬悦耳。

水潭四周，石壁林立，酷似荷叶，无数细细的瀑布，像是荷叶的叶脉。

更美是彩虹，雨后挂苍穹。赤橙黄绿青蓝紫，美景妙得奇。

2020年6月

## 23. Waterfall

### 1.

The terrain of the mountains and forests varies greatly, and there are often waterfalls in the rainy season. The beauty of waterfalls is known to everyone. However, the beauty and the reason for the beauty may not be known to everyone.

The beauty of waterfalls is different from ordinary beauty. The beauty of waterfalls comes in pairs: far beauty, near beauty; high beauty, low beauty; big beauty, small beauty; single beauty, many beauty; straight beauty, curved beauty; noisy beauty, silent beauty; scattered beauty, concentrated beauty; starting point beauty, end point beauty; rising beauty, falling beauty; broken beauty, overall beauty; hazy beauty, clear beauty; jumping beauty, creeping beauty; and so on, too numerous to mention.

The beauty of waterfalls is created by several special factors: 1. There must be a drop; 2. There must be twists and turns; 3. There must be ups and downs; 4. There must be flow; 5. There must be impact; 6. There must be smoke; 7. There must be water droplets; 8. There must be waves.

### 2.

Waterfalls are inseparable from water, stone, wood, and fog. The greater the contrast between white and black, the more beautiful it is.

A vertical line, thousands of silk threads flowing horizontally. The horizontal flow is beautiful, and the vertical flow is beautiful, and the vertical flow is beautiful, and the vertical flow is beautiful.

There are springs gurgling out of the cracks in the earth, which is the blood flowing out of the wound of the earth.

When it rains heavily, water accumulates, flows into streams, and accumulates into pools. The pool is full and overflows, and it flows forward after it fills up, and it flows beyond the obstacles, and merges into rivers and the sea.

From a distance, the panoramic view is slender and thin, bending on the way, widening near, and the tail is like a fan, falling like a curtain. At first glance, it looks like a trembling white peacock lying on the green

earth.

The pool is like a giant cup, the nectar is full, and the jade liquid overflows. Falling to the ground, it becomes a gurgling stream, sparkling in the sun, broken jade and gold, although it loses its majestic momentum, it is calm and elegant.

The sunlight shines through the woods, like a huge colorful fan, fanning the stream, flowing slowly, converging into a river, generating water irrigation for humans, transportation and drinking, and if not, creating beautiful scenery.

### 3.

It is unpredictable, with various shapes and postures. Standing at different angles, you can get different beautiful scenery.

The upper reaches are gentle, and the lower reaches are turbulent. Falling into the brown deep pool, it turns from white to black. The horizontal flow is like a white snake dancing wildly, and it is more like a silver dragon flying. Or a single dragon emerges from the water, or two dragons play with a pearl.

The source is at your feet. Looking forward, you feel that it is flowing backwards, forming three layers. It is like thousands of silk threads in the near distance, and a dragon in the distance, flying and shaking, high above the flying smoke, and drilling into the deep black hole.

Standing behind the waterfall, look at the flat horizon in the distance. There is a long stream of water, flowing horizontally into a pool of water. The pool water is blue, like a guitar, playing music, melodious and pleasant.

The pool is surrounded by stone walls that resemble lotus leaves, and countless thin waterfalls that look like the veins of lotus leaves.

Even more beautiful is the rainbow, which hangs in the sky after the rain. The red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple colors are amazing.

June 2020

The end