

Listen to the wind

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The wind is free, drunk, and lingering. We have never caught the shadow of the wind or seen the wind, but we can hear the sound of the wind.

That summer, I went back to the countryside. In the car, the wind was like a knife, scratching my cheek again and again, blowing my hair away. At this time, the wind was fierce and howled like crazy in its ears. The deafening sound seemed to shake the world, disturb the mountains and seas, scare the small trees by the road, and scare the flowers to escape everywhere. I'm probably not welcome back. After all, I haven't been back for two years. I closed the window, but I still couldn't resist the wind. It was even more violent and slapped the window hard, as if to break the glass.

It's not easy to get home. There is a grapefruit tree outside my house, which is not mature yet. The green grapefruit hung on the branch and bent the branch. At this time, the wind rose, and it was not as ruthless as in the car, like a silky satin, quietly flying away from the palm of the hand. He flew to his ear, whispered, and apologized for the rudeness at that time. At this time, the wind was gentle, blowing from the side, looked at it curiously, and discussed it carefully for a while, as if to say, "Who is this?" "Why haven't you seen it?" When I sank into it, my grandmother said, "Eat, hurry up!" Pull me back to reality." The wind rises again, as if venting goodbye to me.

In the evening, I sat in the yard with my grandparents watching the moon. The moon seemed to wear a black veil. Behind the black veil, there was a bright moonlight, like a cold and mysterious girl. In the blink of an eye, she hid in the clouds. I couldn't see anything. Soon my parents went back to the house and left me alone in the yard in a daze. I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. At this time, a wisp of evening wind blew away my worry net and my loss. It lay on my shoulder and comforted me warmly: "It's okay. I'm coming." Its voice was soft and lingered in my ears. At this time, it is more beautiful than the moon. The wind blows rhythmically, like playing Beethoven's Moonlight, melodious and beautiful. There was no noise around, and they were listening to the concert of the wind. At this time, the wind is elegant.

Listen to the wind and feel its gentleness and ferocity. How many people have heard such a wonderful and strange voice? It is like the epitome of something in life, and no one pays attention to it. When the wind blows, perhaps everyone wants to listen to the wind, enter a new realm with the wind, and walk with the wind.