

## is a layer of sh

levietoja yļq - 06 Jūl 2019 07:32

Falling flowers and fallen leaves, I look at the former and respect the latter. In the eyes of ordinary people, flowers are wonderful things. In the middle of the year, the flower season is only in the spring. That time is beautiful, glory, and prosperous. Women's pursuit of appearance is also in the age of beauty, beautiful appearance, closed-mouth shame, such as the ancient four beautiful women, one after another to prosper the beauty business. The flowers are blooming, the fire cooking oil, such as the situation of Jia Yuanchun in the Dream of Red Mansions, is the ideal of every ordinary laity. However, in my opinion, more meaning is connected with bad luck. Since the jade burial flower, the flower has become a symbol of the dead. Falling flowers are intentional, flowing water is ruthless, it is a sorrowful feeling. The short-lived red decoration is false and dazzling, and it is splendid. When it is old, it falls into the mud and stinks; but it is extremely bleak. "The Japanese wind blames the ostrich, and the falling flowers are like falling people." "The flowers have been danced before the wind, and the rain has been given at dusk." The flowers ended the scene with glamorous and vivid life, which caused people to fear and sigh. Lin Xinru plays the sinus room in the beauty plan, and a song "Falling Flowers" plays the woman's fate with the fate of the characters. A woman is like a flower, this is the swan song of Anita Mui. I didn't expect it to be a song. The life of the leaf is totally different from the flower. From the beginning of the buds, to the hairy tender jade, to the shade of the green, and to the ground. There are no two leaves in the world. The disaster was bullied by the wind and the rain. Wishful and flamboyant. I got a bamboo basket and fetched water, and I didn't know what to do. The leaves are chasing the true life trajectory. Not pretentious, not artificial. There is no unreasonable gaze, no scornful prodigal son, no temperamental servant. In the sun, the green is shining confidently, and the rain is letting it indulge. The bad weather is coming, and Ye Yiqi turns into a season. Where is the leaf, where is the ridiculousness of the earth. When the snow seals the door, there is still green pine and straight. Xu Shiyong once said that planting flowers is not as good as growing vegetables. It is obvious that the flowers are not as good as the leaves. This statement is very much. The leaves of the vegetables are delicious dishes, the leaves of the herbs can cure the disease, the leaves of the tea tree can quench the thirst [Cigarettes Online](#), and the red leaves can also send lovesickness. Master Luban saw the sawtooth blades of grass, and invented the saw Tonga in the southwestern part of the Pacific Ocean. The total land area is less than 700 square kilometers and the population is about 100,000. If someone tells you that Tonga is not homeless, don't be surprised, because there are large areas of leaves and bark everywhere, and you can use it to make a house at any time. It turned out that the island of Tonga is flourishing. Because its leaves and bark are very resilient, it is used by local people as the main raw material for building a house

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. After the leaves and bark have been processed, they are used to act as walls and roofs, and then supported by solid branches, a simple hut is completed. This type of house generally has no doors and windows, and only one hole is reserved as an entrance. Because of its light weight, it can be easily lifted, so wherever people go, the house can be moved. Who dares to look down on the most common and most common leaves? The Bible, Riad and Eve, are shy with fig leaves, and the leaves are holy. On the Tanabata, wash your hair with eucalyptus leaves, and your hair is black and shiny. When I was a child, I tore the sugar cane leaves into strips with wide thumbs. I first rolled them up with lychee leaves (harder), pinched them, and then rolled them up with sugar cane leaves. I could roll out a yard long, like a small horn, and blow it up. Loud. Or picking a piece of grass and squeaking. Leaves give us the joy that musical instruments cannot replace. Nan Qijiang Urin, do not eat raw, have filial piety. And eating rape does not eat cabbage

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, only eat the old leaves next to it, some people are strange, ask him the reason, he said: "I am afraid that the life of this dish is hurt." When I was a few years old, I was traveling once. In the hot sun, I was faintly at the pond, and suddenly I felt dizzy. The little friend screamed at the old farmer. The

old farmer picked up the lotus leaf. I got the juice and gave it to me, and I smashed it among my people. For a long time, I finally woke up. After that time, I had a special gratitude to Ye. The phoenix tree leaf is like a bookmark, let me read the memories of childhood. In the square of the mother's school, there is a phoenix tree. The summer snoring, I and my friends have nothing to climb to the tree to play.

Concealed in the leaves of the fan-like, overlooking the children under the tree, aiming at them to shoot, I feel very successful. Luck is good, but I can catch a few more, and after the tree is shown off, the mother is transferred to another school. There is a tea mountain on the back. There is a layer of short Dunton tea trees on the hillside of the dome. Spring is coming, we are going to find tea that we can eat. In the native language, shout "Ye Yu bubble." It is the white hard, curly tea leaves that have just grown. Usually born at the top of the tree, it is quite difficult to find. But its taste is also very beautiful. The palate is refreshing, with a hint of astringency, especially the unusually crispy and sweet, very rich in the grace of nature, like the season of leaf rotation, and adulthood. When things go by, I am just mediocre, not red or purple. Sometimes, I send grievances to my mother's head, and I don't know how to say a certain childishness. She was not angry, took my hand and led me to the nearby park for a walk.

There are many plants in the park

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, there are delicate Nanmu, and there are barren greens. The mother said, you see, the more delicate the species, the shorter the life span. On the contrary, the common plants have strong vitality and are resistant to external winds and cold erosion. Why do you admire the golden branches and leaves? As long as it is a green leaf, it is not a dead leaf. I am relieved. The leaves of the leaves are not flying, and let me turn into a leaf without roots, drifting freely in the world. At least, the situation is impermanent, and the true color is still changing. You are still coming from the spring, but you can't erase the chill and darkness of the harsh winter. There is never such a thing as you are, and it is implicated in such sharp controversy and contrast

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, which melts into such opposite sorrows and loves and hatreds. Beauty and ugliness are intertwined in your body. You will have a beautiful, light face, just like a nine-day fairy. Your petals are tender, like a beautiful skirt; your posture is graceful, like a young girl; your life is dense, like the clouds of the sky. People gather at your feet, plunged into your arms, admire your graceful flowers, and sniff your seductive kingdom in the flowers, you are not inferior. You are not like the condensate of peach blossoms, not like the plain white of pear flowers, not like the scorn of apricot flowers, you win the title of "national flower" with your unique posture. You are famous, and women and children are well known; you are arrogant and arrogant. You and your companions pull up their arms and join together to form a sea of flowers; under the blue sky, white clouds, and green grass, you make a picture of a dream like a poem. In the wind, you dance and dance, and you can stretch the green leaves and leaves the elegant mellow fragrance. It is just like crazy. Why, in the darkness of the night, I heard you crying endlessly? Is it the word of mouth, spit on you is the dirtiest, most disgusting flower in the world to make you self-defeating? Open the dusty past, you write a series of blood and sin. Your red is the blood of the Chinese, and your white is the silver of the Chinese. Your master is a ferocious Japanese army. They are like wolves and leopards. The iron hoof tramples on the land of China and commits unforgivable crimes. They kill people like numbness, take advantage of it, and do nothing. They regard you as a tool of aggression, where the beasts go, and plant you. The Chinese people are angry with you. Some people have proposed to eliminate your companions at Wuhan University. You feel the humiliating history of heartbreaking seems to have gradually drifted away behind you and slowly subsided. The development of Sino-Japanese friendship has washed away a little embarrassment. However, there is a crime, a bunch of shame, those who sting the conscience of the people, those who violate the humanity, those that are difficult to heal, those who are still shameless, have been firmly nailed to the national column. Telling the sadness of sorrow and resentment. Everyone who has a patriotism of patriotism, how can he forget, how can he understand, how can it continue to be staged? Maybe people will hang around in the good situation of "falling flowers independent, micro-snow swallowing", but who can forget, after Yan Yan's relaxation, how deep the hidden disaster, full of bitter blood and tears, maybe, people will You are tolerant, but for those who create brutal aggressors, they are Class A war

criminals, how can people be tolerant! Their horrible violent behavior is not tolerated by the world, they will be ruthlessly condemned and whipped by the world! They will certainly pay for what they have done, and history is innocent and fair! This is not only a memorial to those innocent souls, but also an urgent responsibility of the people of any country with a bloody nationality and a sense of justice.

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