

編號=31

鄭

B+

The Traveler of Time—The Path towards the Future

I walk on the path lined with an overwhelming density of cherry blossoms.

Because of unbearable weight, the branches hang low, as if they adore the temperature of earth. We humans walking on earth do not know the temperature of the soil while plants do.

★

┌ A tree knows when to rest, when to revive, when to bloom, and when to bear abundant fruit. A tree knows the pattern of life, maybe more profoundly than we do. └

★

┌ Trees bind to time by alliance, which none breaks but each quietly keeps it. Therefore, while blooming, they are not proud or arrogant, and while shedding leaves, they stand still and are never depressed. It is time's will that trees flourish or wither. └

This is the second time that I walk on the path. The first was during the transition period between autumn and winter. My friend who led me here said: "If you do not mind, I want you to see a beautiful place." To admire the beauty, I fear nothing, and thus, we came to the graveyard in the valley. *Xanaka*

Graveyard, the place every one of us eventually ends up in, is the very destination that diverse paths lead to. We do not dare to imagine it because of fear, and even being closer is viewed to be ominous.

My first encounter with the graveyard was surrounded with giant lifeless trees. Many magnificent gravestones pointed to the sky in an artistic way, indexing the dead's lives. Some of the stones were full of words while others were written only a few lines of haiku. I was shocked by the scale and the poetic atmosphere that death, could be so solemn and beyond magnificent.

If we are willing to use more imagination, and imagine what words will be inscribed on our own epitaphs, the things that we once strived for may not be of such importance anymore. The long existing grievance can also be laughed off. I often think that our worries and anxieties are all resulted from our lack of imagination about the future.

縮略 = 31

The Traveler of Time—The Path towards the Future

I walk on the path lined with an overwhelming density of cherry blossoms.

Because of unbearable weight, the branches hang low, as if they adore the temperature of earth. We humans walking on earth do not know the temperature of the soil, while plants do.

A tree knows when to rest, when to ^{transitive} revive, when to bloom, and when to bear abundant fruit. A tree knows the pattern of life, maybe more profoundly than we do.

Trees ^{transitive} bind to time by ^{countable} alliance, which none breaks but each quietly keeps it.

Therefore, while blooming, they are not proud or arrogant, and while shedding leaves, they stand still and are never depressed. It is time's will that trees flourish or wither.

This is the second time that I ^{walk} on the path. The first was during the transition period between autumn and winter. My friend who led me here said: "If you do not mind, I want you to see a beautiful place." To admire the beauty, I fear nothing, and thus, we came to the [?] graveyard in the valley.

^{countable} Graveyard, the place every one of us eventually ends up in, is the very destination that diverse paths lead to. We do not dare to imagine it because of fear, and even ^{approaching} being closer is viewed to be ominous.

are bound to time
bind themselves to time

what was surrounded? you were.

My first encounter with the graveyard was surrounded with giant lifeless trees. Many magnificent gravestones pointed to the sky in an artistic way, indexing the dead's lives. Some of the stones were full of words while others were written ^{with} only a few lines of haiku. I was shocked by the scale and the poetic atmosphere that death could be so solemn and beyond magnificent.

If we are willing to [?] use more imagination, and imagine what words will be inscribed on our own epitaphs, the things that we once strived for may not be of such importance anymore. ^{be} ^{more} ^{imaginative} The long existing grievance^s can also be laughed off. I often think that our worries and anxieties ^{have} ~~are~~ all resulted from our lack of imagination about the future.