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The Traveller of Time—The Path That Leads to Future

I walked on that path sided by vibrantly and prosperously blossoming cheery trees.

Bearing too much weight, the branches slightly bent downwards, as if they were emotionally attached to the temperature of earth. We, walking on the ground, have no idea what the ground's temperature feels like, yet trees know.

A tree knows when to rest, when to revive, when to bloom furiously, when to fruit voraciously. About life cycle, maybe a tree knows more profoundly than we do.

Trees make an oath of alliance with time. Both sides do not break it and quietly keep it. Hence, when they blossom, they do not go wild with ecstasy and arrogance. When they wither, they still stand tall and lofty without losing their spirit. It is all down to the will of time, regardless of trees thriving or shrivelling.

This was the second time that I walked on that path. Last time, it was when autumn met winter. "If you don't mind, I would like to take you to a beautiful place," said the friend who brought me here. For the sake of the appreciation of beauty, I had no taboos to bind me. That was how we came to this graveyard of the valley.

Graveyards are the ultimate destination for every one of us. They are our future no
matter what way we are taking. Because of fear, we can not envision. We even
dismiss getting nearer as ominous.

When I first entered this graveyard, towering trees were surrounded by an ambience
of decay and rot. Many of the huge imposing tombstones pointed to the sky,
suggesting in an aesthetic way the life trajectories of the dead. Some were overwritten,
whereas some were just in few verses. I was struck by its scale and poetry, for death
can be so solemn, so magnificent.

If we can have more of imagination, to imagine what words will be carved in our
epitaphs, maybe, those we are striving for will suddenly be insignificant and those
bitterness and resentment that have been long tangled in our minds will be laughed off.

I often feel that our worries and anxiety all stem from our lack of imagination of

future.

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transitive

countable

know
vs.
know about

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are you there now? ?

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