



A flock of geese by the river

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Busy with all kinds of communication, busy writing papers, busy with graduation thesis defense, everything is just like cutting the endless logic also chaos of melancholy filled the heart, and like a dense fog around you, you are tightly wrapped in the inside, deeply buried in you.

After all came to an end, I stole a wisp of leisure to return to the countryside to look, I also do not sit in a small car, also do not take a taxi, also do not sit in a bus, I rode a bicycle from the county to the country home.

My hometown is not far from the county town, which is only about 20 miles away. Instead of taking the highway, I took a so-called "wild road" to go back to my hometown. The wild road was still a lumpy one, but one could hear the breath of wild flowers along the road, and see the sheep nibbling at the grass on either side. For me, in the mind was a mess of things, couldn't think for a while.

I came to the south of my hometown house in the field, after this piece of "South River beach" will be home. I saw a scene, stopped, stopped to look.

It was a flock of geese with white flowers. An old villager put up a tent in the field to raise at least two thousand geese.

These acres of land were used to grow crops. He enclosed them and raised geese in them. There was a small

river to the west of the land. He put the geese in the river to swim during the day, and fed them when he went ashore. At night he drove the geese into their special tents, and the day's work was over. The goose, too, crept into his tent and slept soundly.

It was the same every day, dropping the geese, feeding them, collecting them, making them sleep. What about people? Is man also a goose in nature's field? I suddenly wanted to care for the geese, If I care for two thousand geese, absolutely can live a very good life. I do not have to understand the person to send, or scheme against each other, I also do not have to understand the infighting of the workplace, the false and insincere snakes there. I just want a pure mind to let these two thousand geese eat, such a carefree life. When the goose is in the water, I can lie on the grass and watch the blue sky and white clouds in the sky, listen to the insects and smell the fragrance of flowers. It's not going to give you a PhD, it's not going to give you a million dollars, but it's definitely going to give you no worries, no worries.

But being a goose herder, is a little unrealistic. In fact, for everyone, as long as there is a grass in the heart, there is a flock of white like snow geese, no matter where you go, it is a pure heaven and earth.

Don't care too much about the gains and losses in life and ups and downs, the universe is large, you are small, time is ancient, you are just a blink of an eye, think too much, you can be very vexed and also very amused. Maybe in the primeval universe, for hundreds of generations, we were geese, too.

We are goose men, relaxed and happy to hear the birds, see the clouds floating; We are a goose, carefree head in the water to peck fish.

Goosey goosey, song to the sky. White hair floating green water, anthurium clear wave.