The moment a meteor falls

Whenever I’m free and look up at the sky, I can’t forget the quiet summer night.

That night,I lay on the grass quietly, looking forward to the meteor shower. Shrouded in a light mist, the dark sky appeared a slight tinge of blue. With moonlight pouring, there was a hazy picture in the twilight. Breeze blowing, with grass fragrance, danced at the tip of the nose; the insects chirped haltingly, revolving around my ears in the silent night.

I looked at the sky with wide eyes, being afraid of missing the fleeting meteor. A few minutes later, the meteor started its show. Suddenly, thousands of light streaked across the sky. Although every meteor extinguished in a second, millions of glimmers converged into a ocean of rain. Were it not for the gentle touch of the grass, I might indeed be tricked into believing I’m lying at the North Pole appreciating the beauty of the aurora. All of a sudden, twilight was everywhere, and the sky became dark again. At that moment, the meteor shower was over, leaving only my memory.

And from the fleeting meteors, I always learn a lot. On that day, I lay on the grass for about two hours, but I only experienced the immersive meteor shower for about one minutes. Yes, the happiness is always short. So when I am free and look up the empty sky, I always recapture this, and fall into a state of confusion with emptiness------life is short, happiness is shorter.