Think of the w

Posted by ylq - 2019/04/13 13:47

Think of the words of WeChat flying a few days ago; "Spring willow, the Dragon Boat Festival." The aftertaste of these eight characters, I think is also a new concept of traditional eating scorpion drinking sulphur wine, but also people's deepest miss for a saint, and expect the emotion of "Liu Xianzhi Wen Changsheng". The festival has passed and my depression has not been alleviated. On the contrary, there is a little insomnia that is uncontrollable in recent days. One person often walks in the verses; even, there are some strange thoughts of weakening the mind. Especially serious is the hand that crushes the dream. When the dream and the poem come, I Pain in the canyon of thinking. Haha, saying that these are a little bit, it seems that I have a sick, lonely, worried disease. Speaking of illness, it is estimated that everyone has experience. Such as typhoid fever, Chinese medicine said that yin into the body, need to adjust the yang, go to Yin, so there is a bowl of pharmacy; and if there is a neuropathic pain, Western medicine is said to be mentally irritated, need to rest for a while, that is good There is a sedative like sleeping. But my illness Cigarettes Wholesale Price, does not belong to the above, for the time being Marlboro Lights Online, there is no way to nurse the treatment. I can only settle in the sky, and live in painful life Marlboro Cigarettes Wholesale. It??s early summer, and the spring??s Yanhua is only a few mottled. Looking at the sadness of flowers and flowers, the eyes of the poetry are gone, but the people who write poetry can always recall, overdraw, and resurrect. Those thin feelings. These feelings grow on the withered branches. How can it be said that it is not a disease? In fact, most of the things in the word of the text are the sound of the sword that is polished by the mind, and the flame of the forged casting. It can be seen that literature is not a broken pen knife, and then look for the sentence of "Li Sao", "Man Jiang Hong" and "Historical Records", which shows the pharmacology of the treatment of the disease. Since the development of literature, there are ancient blogs and developments. In general, there are three major literary carriers: poetry, prose, and novels. Whether these three can be seen as: penetrating history, restoring history, telling history, I am not studying literature, I dare not talk about it, for the time being, I have to say this (to be studied theoretically). The purpose of these three kinds of literature, I want to be inseparable from the history and reality of life, if this statement is established Marlboro Red 100S Carton Cheap, then I have the next statement. Words have faces, and faces have medical health standards. We are looking for the roots of history. Most of them do not start from the face of words. In this way, words are life-characteristic. With the characteristics of life, nature has joy, sadness, anger, and embarrassment. I think in the recent poems I wrote, fighting, slamming, shouting, and complaining that the throat of the underworld should be seen as a face. My face is blue, my face is pale, and the Dragon Boat Festival has passed. It seems that I have a sick, lonely, worried disease. I can only settle in the sky, and live in painful life. I live in the village city, the suburbs of the city, the pain and the cracks in the city and the village Wholesale Cigarettes Free Shipping. The more terrible thing is the solid relationship between the city and the village. Although there is no castle in the ancient city, There are always broken city towers, and the light of the sword of history and ancient yellow. People will always die, but they can't die from the old forces that have eliminated their activity, and they can't die from the gallows of the dying "City of the City". Haha, my illness is not light. I am in a state of sorrow, dreaming of the Buddha's Zen language, things I realize, things I am empty. Yes, the Buddha crossed the tiger in Fuhudong. It can be said that nowadays, the rule of law in the world, how can not teach the hidden wolves, can not tolerate the watering people of Wei Tuo? Early summer, late at night, sitting alone in the courtyard, looking at the sporadic treetops After Xingzi??s thoughts and thousands of thoughts, the mind began to sleep, and the night was darker. The thin sleepiness of the moon came, the sky was silent, the layers of dark clouds drifted from the moon, and an insomnia flew again. I saw the poems under the lamp, rolling the heart of white light, like a cabbage planted in the mud, which is the shape of life on the mud. I sat at my desk and conceived a nocturnal insomnia.

==========