

极夜之城的静默日记

这里的夜几乎不会结束。极夜城市建在高纬度的冰原之上，太阳已经整整三周没有露面。可即便如此，街道依然清晰明亮，那是由仿生光苔提供的柔光，它们像一层会呼吸的薄纱铺在建筑外壁，在黑暗中微微闪动。

我今天比平时起得更早，或者说，也可能只是睡得更浅。极夜会让人失去对时间的敏感，城市的时钟系统倒是精准，但心里的时钟却容易乱掉。洗漱时我看着镜里略显苍白的自己，突然觉得这座永夜之城像是在考验人的内心：当外界失去光，人是否还能保持心里的亮度。

早餐后我去了能源监控中心。城市的主要能源来自地底深处的热脉带，那是更新地壳活动后出现的新型天然热源。工程师们说这种能量几乎不会枯竭，但我还是习惯每天查看热脉的波动曲线。那像是一条会呼吸的红色线条，在黑色背景上轻轻律动。看着它我有一种奇怪的安心感，好像它和我的心跳同步。

下午，科研组开放了冰原外圈的观测舱，我报名进入。舱外是绵延无尽的暗蓝冰层，在极夜中显得深邃得像宇宙表面。我隔着舱壁轻敲了一下冰面，回声沉稳而厚重。这片冰原承载了太多历史，也掩埋了太多秘密。曾经的气候失序让这里成为死亡之地，而如今，它却是人类反思与重建的象征。

从观测舱回到城内，光苔的微光照着我前行。行人不多，有些人贴着暖光披肩，有些带着抗压面罩，每个人在沉默中走向自己的方向。我忽然意识到，在这一座极夜城市里，科技扮演的不是救世主，而是一种陪伴——在这漫长无尽的黑暗里，帮我们守住最微弱的光。

夜里，我坐在窗边写下这些文字。窗外依旧是深蓝色的世界，没有一丝星光。可不知为何，我却感觉心里亮了一点。也许人并不是依靠太阳才活着，而是依靠自己愿不愿意发光。

Silent Diary of the Polar Night City

Here, the night almost never ends. The polar night city lies on a high-latitude ice plain where the sun has not appeared for three weeks. Even so, the streets remain bright—lit by layers of bioluminescent moss clinging to the building walls, glowing softly like a breathing veil.

I woke earlier than usual today, though it may simply be that I slept lightly. Polar night blurs one's sense of time. The city's digital clock is precise, but the internal clock drifts easily. While washing up, I stared at my pale reflection and suddenly felt that this eternal-night city was testing me: when the world loses its light, can a person still keep their inner brightness?

After breakfast, I visited the energy monitoring center. The city's power comes from the geothermal pulse deep beneath the crust—a new natural resource formed after tectonic renewal. Engineers claim it will never run out, yet I still check its fluctuation curves every day. It appears as a breathing red line moving gently across

a dark screen. Watching it calms me, as if my heartbeat syncs with it.

In the afternoon, the research team opened the outer ice-field observation capsule. I joined the group. Outside the capsule lay an endless surface of deep-blue ice, dark and cosmic. I tapped the ice through the capsule wall; the echo was thick and steady. This ice plain carries too much history and too many buried secrets. Climate chaos once turned it into a land of death, but now it stands as a symbol of reflection and renewal.

Returning to the city, the faint glow of light-moss guided my steps. Few people were out: some wrapped in thermal shawls, others wearing pressure-resistant masks. Everyone walked silently toward their destinations. It occurred to me that in this city of endless night, technology is not a savior—it is a companion, helping us guard the smallest trace of light.

Tonight, I sit by the window writing this entry. Outside, the world is a deep blue with no stars at all. And yet, somehow, I feel a small brightness growing inside me. Perhaps we don't live because the sun shines—perhaps we live because we choose to shine ourselves.