

意象散文写法：把黄昏写成三幅画面

散文和记叙文的分界很简单：记叙文追接下来发生了什么，散文停在当下看见了什么。这道题给了三个意象场景——夕阳、风吹过操场、转身离开，还特别要求不叙事化。写这类散文可以按四步走。

第一步，先定情绪，再选背景。告别有很多种：转学、毕业、搬走、和好朋友散伙。挑一种你最有感觉的，把它当背景音，不要当情节。比如选转学：你只需要知道那天是他离开城市的最后一天，不需要写他为什么走、去了哪里、后来怎么样了。问题里一旦出现后来，散文就开始滑向故事了。

第二步，把三个意象各写成一个场景，每个场景抓两样东西：一个颜色，一个声音。夕阳这个场景，颜色可以是操场铁丝网上的光，从金色变成橘红再变成灰粉；声音可以是远处篮筐砸篮板的闷响。风过操场的场景，颜色是跑道上被掀起的塑料袋，声音是旗子抽打旗杆。转身离开的场景，颜色是他校服后背最后被光描的一道边，声音是自己的鞋底蹭地的沙沙。颜色管画面，声音管气氛，两样齐了场景就立住。

第三步，删叙事连接词。写完通读一遍，把那天下午、然后、后来、最后这类词圈出来。它们一出现，句子就从画面掉回事件。删掉之后句子之间靠画面衔接：上一段写风停了，下一段直接写他的影子变长，中间不需要他站起来这种交代。

第四步，用长短句造节奏。描写画面时用长句，让读者慢下来；情绪顶到顶点时用短句，最好三五个字独立成段。假设写到转身：他转过身。风把这句话吹散了。句号就是留白。一段里连续三个长句之后插一个短句，节奏就出来了，不用通篇抒情。

交稿前自查三件事：有没有出现后来、第二天这类时间推进词；三个场景是不是各有一个颜色一个声音；全文最短的句子是不是放在情绪最重的地方。三样都做到，六百字的散文就有了骨架，剩下的只是把每个句子写干净。

How to Write Imagery Prose: Turn the Dusk into Three Pictures

The line between prose and narrative is simple: narrative chases what happens next, while prose stays with what is seen right now. The assignment gives three imagery scenes - the setting sun, wind crossing the playground, turning and walking away - and specifically asks for non-narrative writing. Such prose can be built in four steps.

Step one: fix the emotion first, then choose the background. Farewells come in many kinds: transferring schools, graduation, moving away, parting with a best friend. Pick the one you feel most strongly, and use it as background music, not as

plot. Suppose you choose transferring schools: the reader only needs to know it is the last day he leaves the city, not why he is leaving, where he goes, or what happens after. The moment a story starts answering what happened after, the prose begins sliding into narrative.

Step two: write each image as a scene, and grab two things per scene: one color and one sound. For the setting sun, the color can be the light on the playground's wire fence, turning from gold to orange-red to gray-pink; the sound can be a distant basketball rim thumping the backboard. For the wind crossing the playground, the color is a plastic bag tumbling along the track, and the sound is the flag whipping the pole. For turning away, the color is the last rim of light tracing his school uniform's back, and the sound is your own shoe soles scraping the ground. Color carries the picture; sound carries the mood; with both, the scene stands.

Step three: delete narrative connectives. Read the draft once and circle phrases like that afternoon, then, later, finally. Whenever they appear, the sentence falls from picture back into event. After deleting them, scenes connect through images: one paragraph ends with the wind stopping, the next opens directly with his shadow lengthening, with no need to explain that he stood up.

Step four: build rhythm with long and short sentences. Use long sentences to describe pictures and slow the reader down; when emotion peaks, use a short sentence, ideally three to five words standing as its own paragraph. Suppose you write the turning: He turned around. The wind scattered the words. The period itself is the white space. Insert one short sentence after three long ones in a row, and the rhythm appears without constant lyricism.

Before handing in, check three things: are there time-advancing words like later or the next day; does each of the three scenes have one color and one sound; is the shortest sentence in the whole piece placed at the heaviest emotional point. Do all three and a six-hundred-word prose has its skeleton; the rest is just cleaning up each sentence.

范文：那个黄昏的风

黄昏是从铁丝网上开始的。光挂在锈迹上，一格一格，金得发烫。操场空了，只剩我们两个，影子被拉得很长，长到跨过跑道，搭在墙根。谁都没有说话。说话要挑日子，今天不合适。

夕阳往下沉，颜色一层一层换。先是金，再是橘，最后变成一种旧瓷器的粉。看久了，眼睛会酸。我想起三年前也是这个颜色，我们踩着它走进这个操场，那时不知道黄昏有重量。

风来了。从看台那头起，贴着地面跑，掀起草丛里一张旧试卷，追着它绕半个操场，又把它按在跑道上。旗子猛地一抖，抽在旗杆上，啪的一声，像谁拍了一下手。风穿过我们中间，把他额前的头发掀起来，又放下。他眯了一下眼。风里全是九月的气味，草的、塑胶的、远处食堂的。

风停的那几秒，安静得能听见铁丝网在轻轻响。他的影子又长了一截，从墙根爬上了墙。夕阳只剩一线，卡在两栋楼之间，红得像要熄灭的炭。

他抬起手，像要说什么，又放下。然后他转身。校服的后背被最后那一线光描了一道边，金色，很快暗下去。他走了几步，又回头，风把他的衣角吹向我的方向，像招了一下手。我站在原地，鞋底蹭了蹭地面，沙沙，只有我自己听见。

天暗下来。操场空了，风还在。它绕着看台跑了一圈，把那张旧试卷又掀起来一角，然后往校外去了。它要去他经过的地方。我忽然嫉妒一阵风。

后来我在教室窗口写过很多个黄昏，都没有那天的颜色。颜色留不住，风也留不住。可每年九月，风一穿过操场，我就知道它来了——从那条跑道，从那道铁丝网，从那个转身的背影里来。它不带走什么，它把那个黄昏一遍一遍送回来。

Model Essay: The Wind of That Dusk

The dusk began on the wire fence. Light hung on the rust, link by link, gold enough to burn. The playground was empty except for the two of us, our shadows stretched long, long enough to cross the running track and lean against the base of the wall. Neither of us spoke. Talking needs a chosen day, and today was not suitable.

The sun sank, and the color changed layer by layer. First gold, then orange, at last a pink like old porcelain. Look too long and your eyes ache. I remembered three years ago it was this same color as we stepped onto this playground, and back then we did not know that dusk had weight.

The wind came. It started from the stands, ran hugging the ground, lifted an old exam paper out of the grass, chased it around half the playground, then pressed it back onto the track. The flag gave a sudden shake and cracked against its pole, one clap-like sound. The wind passed between us, lifted the hair on his forehead, let it fall. He squinted for a moment. The wind was full of September's smells - grass, rubber, and the distant canteen.

In the seconds after the wind stopped, it was quiet enough to hear the wire fence humming. His shadow grew another span longer, climbing from the wall's base onto the wall. Only a thread of sunset remained, wedged between two buildings, red as a coal about to die out.

He raised his hand, as if to say something, then lowered it. Then he turned and left. The back of his uniform was traced by that last thread of light, gold, then quickly dark. He took a few steps and looked back; the wind blew his coat hem toward me, like a wave. I stood where I was and scraped my sole against the ground, a soft rasp only I could hear.

The sky went dark. The playground emptied; the wind stayed. It ran a lap around the stands, lifted one corner of that old exam paper again, then headed out of the school gate. It was going to the places he would pass. For a moment I envied a gust of wind.

Later, from classroom windows, I wrote many dusks, and none had that day's color. Colors cannot be kept, and neither can wind. But every September, when the wind crosses the playground, I know it has come - from that track, from that wire fence, from that turning back. It takes nothing away; it returns that dusk again and again.

散文常见病自查：六个让意境塌掉的句子

散文写完读一遍觉得不对劲，问题多半出在几种固定句子上。下面六个病例句都来自初中作文里的高频写法，对照自己的稿子改。

病例一：交代前因后果。他爸妈工作调动，他要转去别的城市。这句在交代原因，是记叙文的写法。散文不需要读者知道原因，只需要读者感到离别。改成：他要走了。走这件事留在风里，比留在履历里好。

病例二：直说心情。我心里难过极了，眼泪差点掉下来。心情一被点名，画面就退场。改成写身体和动作：我攥着校服下摆，指节有点凉。读者自己会得出难过。

病例三：形容词堆叠。美丽、温暖、令人感动的夕阳挂在天边。三个形容词挤一个名词，等于一个都没说清。删掉两个，换成一个具体画面：夕阳挂在铁丝网第三个网眼上。位置一具体，形容词就失业了。

病例四：比喻打架。夕阳像火球，又像熔金，还像妈妈温柔的眼睛。一个本体三个喻体，读者刚看清一个又被换掉。留一个最贴情绪的：夕阳像要熄灭的炭。炭有将尽的意思，和告别同向。

病例五：三个意象平均用力。夕阳写两百字，风写两百字，转身写两百字，散文变成三段式说明文。给它们分工：夕阳管时间流逝，风管情绪波动，转身管离别落地。让风出现三次，夕阳出现两次，转身只写一次但放在最后，轻重就出来了。

病例六：结尾升华。这个黄昏让我明白了珍惜。明白句式是散文最重的伤，它把前面所有画面兑换成一句道理。改成把画面送回来：每年九月，风穿过操场，我就知道它来了。不总结，意境反而留得住。

自查顺序：先删原因交代，再删心情点名，然后数形容词，再数比喻个数，看三个意象有没有分工，最后检查结尾有没有明白、懂得这类词。六关过了，六百字的散文基本不会塌。改的时候别心疼，删掉的每一句道理，都是从画面手里抢回来的。

Prose Self-Check: Six Sentences That Collapse the Mood

When a finished prose piece reads oddly, the trouble usually sits in a few stock sentence types. The six specimen sentences below come from high-frequency patterns in middle school compositions; check them against your own draft.

Specimen one: explaining cause and effect. His parents were transferred for work, so he had to move to another city. This sentence explains a reason, which is narrative writing. Prose does not need the reader to know the reason; it only needs the reader to feel the parting. Change it to: He was leaving. Leaving belongs better in the wind than in a record.

Specimen two: naming the feeling. I was extremely sad and nearly cried. Once a feeling is called by name, the picture exits the stage. Write the body and the action instead: I gripped the hem of my uniform, my knuckles a little cold. The reader will arrive at sadness on their own.

Specimen three: stacking adjectives. The beautiful, warm, touching sunset hung in the sky. Three adjectives crowded around one noun say less than any one of them. Delete two and replace them with one concrete picture: the sunset hung in the third mesh of the wire fence. Once the position is concrete, adjectives lose their jobs.

Specimen four: fighting metaphors. The setting sun is like a fireball, like molten gold, and like a mother's gentle eyes. One tenor with three vehicles – the reader barely finishes one image before being swapped to the next. Keep the one closest to the emotion: the sun like a coal about to die out. A dying coal points the same direction as farewell.

Specimen five: giving all three images equal weight. Two hundred words on the sunset, two hundred on the wind, two hundred on the turning – the prose becomes a three-part report. Assign roles: the sunset carries time passing, the wind carries emotional movement, the turning carries the parting landing. Let the wind appear three times, the sunset twice, and the turning once, placed last. Weight appears.

Specimen six: uplifting endings. This dusk taught me to cherish. The taught-me pattern is prose's worst wound; it exchanges every picture before it for one moral. Send the picture back instead: every September, when the wind crosses the playground, I know it has come. Without summarizing, the mood actually stays.

Self-check order: delete cause explanations first, then feeling names, then count adjectives, then count metaphors, then check whether the three images have a division of labor, and finally check the ending for words like learned, understood, realized. Pass all six gates and a six-hundred-word prose will not collapse. Do not mourn while cutting: every sentence of moral you delete is stolen back from the pictures.