

灯下，笔尖替我走路

十一点，台灯把一小圈光，扣在我的桌上。

光圈里，文具盒打开着，像一个醒着的小世界。

笔尖先动起来。它比我勇敢。

它替我走进函数图像的开口，替我趟过英语长句的深水区。

它走得很轻，笔迹却一步一个脚印。

有时它停在半空，墨水凝成一个小黑点，像一句咽回去的话。

然后它落下，继续走。它从不问我怕不怕。

笔尖走过的地方，埋下一些我说不出口的东西。

一道解开的压轴题里，藏着我想去的那座城市。

一行抄了又抄的单词里，藏着我不敢大声念的名字。

便签贴在文具盒盖内侧，黄黄的，一小片一小片。

上面写着：背完这五十个词，就奖励自己看一次海。

还写着：如果撑不住，就想想六个月后的考场。

最里面那张只写了一个词，写完又画掉，画掉又重写。

便签的胶痕一层压一层，像年轮。

撕下来的旧便签揉成小团，扔进笔筒，笔筒就长高了一截。

笔筒里那些小纸团，全是一天一天攒下来的决心。

灯光不问我写了多少，它只是陪着。

它把我的影子按在练习册上，按得很轻，像一只手。

它照见笔尖周围细小的木屑，照见橡皮屑堆成的小雪。

它把窗外真正的黑夜，隔成与我无关的事。

窗外有风，有偶尔驶过的车，有别人的假期。

灯圈里只有笔尖、便签，和一张越写越密的草稿。

灯罩内侧趴着一只小飞虫，它也被这圈光收留了一晚上。

夜深了，笔尖终于停下，像走完了今天这一程。

我把便签抚平，把笔放回盒中，咔哒。

小世界熄灯之前，轻轻亮了一下。

我知道那不是灯光，是盒子里什么东西，在梦里翻了个身。

也许明天，笔尖还要替我走更远的路。

也许有一天，它走过的路连起来，能通向那张我想要的录取通知书。

而现在，台灯、笔尖、便签，都安安静静。

它们不说梦想这个词，却夜夜都在场。

Under the Lamp, My Pen Tip Walks for Me

Eleven o'clock. The desk lamp turns a small circle of light upside down over my desk.

Inside the circle of light, my pencil case lies open, like a little world that stays awake.

The pen tip moves first. It is braver than I am.

It walks into the opening of a parabola for me; it fords the deep water of long English sentences for me.

It steps very lightly, yet every stroke leaves a footprint.

Sometimes it halts in midair, ink gathering into a small black dot, like a sentence swallowed back.

Then it falls and keeps walking. It never asks me whether I am afraid.

Wherever the pen tip has walked, it buries things I cannot say out loud.

Inside a solved final problem hides the city I want to go to.

Inside a line of words copied again and again hides a name I dare not read aloud.

Sticky notes cling to the inside of the pencil case lid, yellow, one small square after another.

One says: finish these fifty words, then treat yourself to seeing the sea once.

Another says: if you cannot hold on, think of the exam hall six months from now.

The innermost note holds a single word, written, crossed out, then written again.

The glue marks on the notes layer over one another like tree rings.

Peeled-off old notes are crumpled into small balls and dropped into the pen holder, and the holder grows a little taller.

Those paper balls in the holder are all the resolve saved up day by day.

The lamp never asks how much I have written. It simply keeps me company.

It presses my shadow onto the workbook, gently, like a hand.

It lights the fine shavings around the pen tip, and the little drifts of snow piled from eraser crumbs.

It separates the real darkness outside the window into something that does not concern me.

Outside there is wind, an occasional passing car, other people's holidays.

Inside the ring of light there are only the pen tip, the notes, and a draft page growing denser with writing.

A small moth rests on the inside of the lampshade, taken in by this circle of light for the night too.

Late into the night, the pen tip finally stops, as if it has finished today's stretch of road.

I smooth the sticky notes flat, put the pen back in the case, click.

Before the little world turns off its light, it glimmers once.

I know it is not the lamp. Something inside the case turned over in its dream.

Tomorrow, perhaps, the pen tip will walk a farther road for me.

Perhaps one day the roads it has walked will join up and lead to the acceptance letter I want.

And right now, the lamp, the pen tip, and the notes are all perfectly still.

None of them ever says the word dream, yet every night they are all present.

盒子裡的深夜航船

我們的船停在書桌港，白色鐵皮是船身。

每天夜里十點半，燈光從遠處打過來，像一座不移動的燈塔。

航行者上船。他帶着一天的疲憊，和半瓶沒喝完的水。

筆尖是這艘船最高的桅杆。

它不指方向，它記錄方向：一條，又一條，全是航線。

數學卷子是一片海域最深的地方，桅杆在那兒探了三次深度。

第一次觸底，第二次打滑，第三次，穩穩立住了。

桅杆立住的那一刻，船上所有東西都輕輕震了一下。

便箋是我們的海圖，貼在船艙內壁上。

每張便箋畫着一個港口：月考港，期中港，六月的那個大海港。

有的港口旁邊寫着小字：此處風浪大，備好橡皮，備好心情。

最舊那張海圖邊角已經卷起，上面只有四個字：想去遠方。

燈光每晚都來，從不問我們去哪兒。

它只把光鋪在海面上，讓航行者看得見筆尖周圍一掌大的地方。

有一晚燈光偏了偏，我看見航行者趴在桌上，桅杆的影子蓋住他的呼吸。

沒有人下令，全船靜默，等他自己直起身。

他直起身，拧開筆帽，海圖上的航線又往前畫了一格。

橡皮屑落在甲板上，像航行途中化掉的雪。

我們知道那不是雪，那是被他擦掉的、昨天的自己。

船艙深處還藏着幾樣舊東西：斷了一截的鉛筆，寫滿又撕剩的便箋角。

那是上一次远航留下的錨痕。

船底還積着一層細細的鉛筆灰，像航海日志里沒寫的日子。

鐵皮上有一道凹痕，是有一次船從桌沿跌下去留下的。

它爬起來，檢查桅杆完好，當晚照常出海。

凌晨十二點半，燈塔熄了，航行者下船。

我们收好桅杆，抚平海图，船身咔哒上锁。

铁皮船在黑暗里轻轻晃了一下，其实没有海，是桌子在呼吸。

明天夜里，灯塔还会亮，海图还会往前。

我们相信那片叫六月的海，船到得了。

就算到不了最远的港口，桅杆立过的地方，海水都认得。

而航行员终有一天会知道，他夜夜划出去的航线，一条都没有白费。

The Night Ship Inside the Case

Our ship lies at anchor in Desk Harbor; white tin is its hull.

Every night at ten thirty, light comes from far away, a lighthouse that never moves.

The navigator boards. He brings a day's tiredness and a half-finished bottle of water.

The pen tip is the tallest mast aboard.

It does not point the way; it records it: one course line, then another.

The math exam paper is the deepest water in these seas; the mast sounded its depth three times there.

The first time it touched bottom, the second it slipped, the third it planted firm.

The moment the mast stood firm, everything on board trembled once, softly.

The sticky notes are our sea charts, pasted along the cabin walls.

Each note marks one port: Monthly Exam Port, Midterm Port, and the great harbor called June.

Beside some ports, small writing warns: heavy swells here, bring spare erasers, bring a steady heart.

Oldest of the charts, its corners already curling, holds just four words: I want faraway places.

The lamp comes every night and never asks where we are bound.

It only spreads light on the sea so the navigator can see a hand's-breadth around

the pen tip.

One night the lamp shifted, and I saw the navigator asleep at his desk, the mast's shadow lying across his breathing.

No one gave an order; the whole ship went silent, waiting for him to sit up by himself.

He sat up, uncapped the pen, and the chart's course grew one square longer.

Eraser crumbs fell on the deck like snow melting mid-voyage.

We knew it was not snow. It was yesterday's self, erased by his hand.

Deep in the cabin we keep old things: a pencil broken in half, the corner of a note written full and torn.

They are anchor scars from the last voyage.

Under the hull lies a fine silt of pencil dust, like days the logbook never recorded.

There is one dent in the tin, left by the night the ship fell off the edge of the desk.

It climbed back up, found the mast intact, and sailed again that same evening.

At twelve thirty, the lighthouse goes out, and the navigator leaves the ship.

We stow the mast, smooth the charts, and the hull locks with a click.

The tin ship rocks once in the dark — but there is no sea; it is only the desk breathing.

Tonight the lighthouse will shine again, and the chart will stretch farther.

We believe the water they call June is within our reach.

And even if the farthest port cannot be reached, the sea remembers every place our mast has stood.

And the navigator will learn, one day, that not one course line he rowed out night after night was wasted.

多年以后，盒子里还亮着一盏灯

搬家那天，我在纸箱最底下，摸到一只旧文具盒。

铁皮上的蓝，褪成了一种说不上来的颜色。

咔哒。拉链锈了，还是开了。

一支笔尖钝了的钢笔先滚出来，像一位退休的老船员。

我拧开笔帽，它干涸多年，却还记得握它的角度。

我把它按在废纸上，划了一下。

不出水。可我的手记得，那年冬天它如何在灯下替我赶路。

盒盖内侧，便签的胶已经失效，纸片却一片没掉。

褪色的字迹里，那四个字还在：想去远方。

旁边的小字也还在：此处风浪大，备好橡皮，备好心情。

我忽然想得起那个夜晚：台灯把光扣在桌上，笔尖在压轴题前打滑，又立住。

想得起灯光照着的范围有多大——一掌，刚好够放下一整个初三。

想得起橡皮屑堆在笔尖旁边，像一场下在桌面上下不完的小雪。

那些夜里写过的字，我以为早忘了。

它们却在我后来的每一次签字、每一次写下自己名字的时候，悄悄到场。

我去了远方，比那张便签写的更远。

我解过的题没有一张留到今天，解题的那股劲却留了下来。

原来文具盒装过的，从来不是笔和纸。

它装的是一段被灯光照亮的坚持，和一支替我走路的笔尖。

还有那个趴在灯圈里、以为全世界都睡了的小孩。

他不知道自己能走多远，只知道明天的课还要听，明天的题还要算。

他就是一天一天地走，把灯走成了自己的一部分。

我把旧笔、旧便签放回盒里，没有扔。

新居的台灯拧开，光扣在桌上，和那年一模一样大。

我坐下来，像回到一张没收拾完的课桌。

盒子放在灯圈边上，安安静静，咔哒上锁。

多年以后我才懂：那盏灯没有熄，它只是搬进了我身体里。

往后每一个需要赶路的夜晚，它都自己亮起来。

Years Later, a Lamp Still Glows in the Case

On moving day, at the bottom of a cardboard box, my hand found an old pencil case.

The blue on its tin had faded into a color I cannot name.

Click. The zipper had rusted, but it opened all the same.

A fountain pen with a dulled tip rolled out first, like a retired old sailor.

I unscrewed its cap; dry for years, it still remembered the angle of my grip.

I pressed it to scrap paper and drew one stroke.

No ink came. But my hand remembered how, on winter nights, it had traveled for me under the lamp.

Inside the lid, the glue on the sticky notes had long failed, yet not one square had fallen.

In the faded handwriting, those four words were still there: I want faraway places.

The small line beside it survived too: heavy swells here, bring spare erasers, bring a steady heart.

Suddenly I could see that night again: the lamp turning its light over the desk, the pen tip slipping before the hardest problem, then planting firm.

I remembered how wide the pool of lamplight was — one hand's-breadth, just enough to hold an entire ninth grade.

I remembered eraser crumbs piled beside the pen tip, like a light snow over the desk that never stopped falling.

The characters written on those nights, I thought I had long forgotten.

Yet at every signature since, every time I write my own name, they quietly show up.

I reached faraway places, farther than that note ever wrote.

Not one problem I solved survives to today, but the stubbornness of solving it does.

So the pencil case never really held pens and paper.

It held a stretch of persistence lit by a lamp, and a pen tip that walked the road for me.

And it held the child hunched inside that ring of light, sure the whole world was asleep.

He had no idea how far he could go; he only knew tomorrow's lessons still had to be heard, tomorrow's problems still had to be solved.

He simply walked day after day, until the lamp became part of himself.

I put the old pen and the old notes back inside. I did not throw them away.

In the new apartment I twist on the desk lamp, and its light falls over the desk, exactly as wide as that year.

I sit down, as if returning to a school desk not yet tidied.

The case rests at the edge of the circle of light, quiet, locked with a click.

Only years later did I understand: that lamp never went out. It simply moved inside me.

Every night from now on that calls for travel, it lights itself.