

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.