灯亮之前，我在座位上多坐了一会儿

电影里那座老火车站要关了。最后一班车开走以后，站长一个人站在站台上，把广播打开，又放了一遍那句：开往山南的列车即将进站。站台上没有人。他放完，把广播关了，锁上候车室的门，钥匙挂在门框的钉子上，没有取走。字幕说，第二年春天，候车室改成了图书角，钥匙还在钉子上。

这一段没有音乐，只有广播里那句重复的话，和铁轨被风吹着的声音。我鼻子发酸，自己也没料到。我旁边座位上的女生在笑我，我装作擦眼镜。

灯亮起来，大家往门口挤。我没动，在座位上又坐了一会儿，看着银幕上那片白。我想起爷爷。我们村通火车的那些年，每天傍晚五点半，爷爷搬个小板凳坐在院门口，面朝村口那条路。那趟车其实不停我们村，只在村口道口过一趟，呜呜一叫就过去。我问爷爷等谁，他说没等谁，听听。火车停运那年，道口拆了，爷爷还是每天五点半坐一会儿，手里剥着毛豆，耳朵朝着那个方向。

电影里的站长为什么不取走钥匙？我在座位上想这个问题。候车室的钟停了，长椅搬走了，可他把钥匙留在钉子上，像是给还想来的人留个门。我爷爷坐在院门口，听的也不是火车，他听的是那些下车的人，是挑着担子回村的，是放假回来的学生。车没了，那些人还在路上，他就还坐着。

我在座位上把鞋带重新系了一遍才起身。走到门口，那个笑我的女生回头等我，我们一起出去。外面天刚黑，路灯刚亮。我跟她说，这部电影我长大还要再看一遍。她问为什么。我说，有些片子，灯亮了舍不得马上走。

回家路上我给家里打电话，妈妈说爷爷在院里坐着呢。我把电话递给爷爷之前，先喊了一声：爷爷，火车过不过不要紧，你也听听我。电话那头他笑了，说：好好好，我听着呢。

I Stayed in My Seat a While After the Lights

The old railway station in the film is about to close. After the last train pulls away, the stationmaster stands alone on the platform, switches on the loudspeaker, and plays that sentence once more: the train bound for Shannan is about to arrive. There is nobody on the platform. When it finishes, he switches off the loudspeaker, locks the door of the waiting room, and hangs the key on the nail beside the frame, without taking it back. The subtitle says that in the spring of the following year, the waiting room became a reading corner, and the key is still on the nail.

This part has no music, only the repeated sentence from the loudspeaker and the sound of wind along the rails. My nose stung, and I did not expect it myself. The girl in the seat beside me laughed at me, and I pretended to wipe my glasses.

The lights came on and everyone pushed toward the door. I did not move; I sat in my seat a little longer, looking at the white glow of the screen. I thought of my

grandfather. In the years when our village had rail service, every evening at half past five he carried a small stool out to sit at the gate, facing the road at the village entrance. That train never actually stopped at our village; it passed once through the crossing at the entrance, hooted, and was gone. I asked Grandpa whom he was waiting for. He said nobody, just listening. The year the line closed, the crossing was dismantled, and Grandpa still sat there at half past five every day, shelling green beans, his ears turned that way.

Why did the stationmaster in the film leave the key on the nail? I sat in my seat and thought about it. The clock in the waiting room had stopped, the benches had been carried off, yet he left the key on the nail, as if leaving a door open for anyone who might still want to come. My grandfather sitting at the gate was not listening for trains either. He was listening for the people who got off somewhere nearby, for those walking home with carrying poles, for students back for the holidays. The trains were gone, but those people were still on the road, so he kept sitting.

I stayed long enough to retie my shoelaces before standing up. At the door, the girl who had laughed at me turned to wait for me, and we went out together. Outside, dusk had just fallen and the street lamps had just come on. I told her I would watch this film again when I grew up. She asked why. I said: some films, you cannot bear to leave the moment the lights come on.

On the way home I called the house. My mother said Grandpa was sitting in the courtyard. Before handing the phone to him, I called out first: Grandpa, whether the train passes or not does not matter, you listen to me too. On the other end he laughed and said: all right, all right, I am listening.