# 光影里的远方

灯亮起来的时候，我坐了一会儿。周围的座位一个一个空掉，像退潮。银幕上字幕往上走，白字走在黑底上，像一条路在往天上走。

两个小时里，我住在光影里。光影很诚实：它把父亲背上的弯、母亲手上的茧、少年过早长大的自行车，都摆在我眼前。光影也很狡猾：它明明全是光，落在我心上，却比石头还沉。

故事发生在很远的小城。故事里的远方是一座站台，一列绿皮火车，一封始终没寄出的信。我坐在第六排，心却去过那里很多次——主角站在月台上的时候，我闻到了那座月台的风。

其实远方并不远。远方是我趴在课桌上抬头就能看见的那条路，是外婆家窗外那道山梁。电影替我把它说破：远方不是一个地名，远方是还没有长成的那部分自己。

光影在银幕上闪，也在我眼睛里闪。我想起和父亲吵架的那个晚上，想起母亲转身离开时没带走的伞。电影没有说教，它只是举起一面镜子，让我在别人故事里，认出自己没说出口的那句话。

散场时，服务员把座椅一个一个扶正。光影已经收工，故事已经退回胶片里。而我带着那点思考往外走，把路灯一盏一盏踩在脚下，觉得自己沉了一点，也清了一点。检票员在门口摞纸杯，地上散落着爆米花，可我心里那间影厅还没打扫，还黑着，还亮着。

路口处我抬头。城市里星星很少，我想起电影里小城的那片天。总有一天，我要亲眼去看一次那样的星空——让光影里的远方，和脚下的远方，终于握一次手。

家在楼上，窗里的灯是暖的。我轻轻推门，爸妈睡了。我把电影里那句台词在心里念了一遍，和它一起睡。梦里我坐上那列绿皮火车，故事里的远方，成了我的远方。

# The Distance Inside the Light and Shadow

When the lights came on, I stayed seated for a while. The seats around me emptied one by one, like a tide going out. On the screen the credits walk upward, white characters walking on black, like a road climbing into the sky.

For two hours I lived inside the light and shadow. The light and shadow are honest: they laid before me the bend in a father of the family back, the hard skin on the hands of a mother, the bicycle of a boy who grew up too soon. The light and shadow are also clever: they are made entirely of light, yet when they land on my heart they are heavier than stone.

The story happens in a small town far away. The distance inside the story is a station, a green train, a letter that was never posted. I sat in the sixth row, but my heart traveled there many times. When the young man stood on the platform, I could smell the wind of that platform.

Actually the distance is not far. The distance is the road I can see whenever I lift my head from my desk at night, the ridge of hills outside the window of the home of my grandmother. The film said it plainly for me: the distance is not a place on a map; the distance is the part of yourself that has not finished growing.

The light and shadow flicker on the screen, and they flicker in my eyes too. I remember the night of the quarrel with my father, the umbrella the mother left behind when she walked out. The film did not lecture me; it only held up a mirror, and in the story of another person I recognized the words I had never said aloud.

At the end of the show the attendant straightens the seats one by one. The light and shadow have finished work, the story has retreated back into the film. But I walk out carrying that small weight of thought, stepping on the street lamps one by one, feeling a little heavier, and a little clearer. The attendant at the door stacks paper cups, popcorn is scattered on the floor, but the hall inside my heart has not been cleaned yet: it is still dark, and still lit up.

At the crossing I lift my head. The city keeps few stars; I remember that sky above the small town in the film. One day I will go and see such a sky with my own eyes, so that the distance inside the light and shadow and the distance under my feet can finally shake hands.

Our home is on the upper floor, and the lamp in the window is warm. I push the door softly; my parents are asleep. I recite one line of the film in my heart once more, and fall asleep with it. In the dream I board that green train, and the distance inside the story becomes my distance.