写给故事里那位父亲

那位陌生的父亲：请允许我这样称呼你。你在光影里坐了一百二十分钟，我在光影外也坐了一百二十分钟。散场了，我想给你写几行字。

你在故事里话很少。你修车，你蹬三轮，你把一沓毛票压在枕头底下。你的远方是一只蛇皮袋，装着进城的车票，装着没敢说出口的打算。你把远方折得很小，塞进兜里，怕别人看见。夜里你数那些毛票，数完用皮筋扎好，像扎住一捆不声不响的日子。

光影多诚实啊。它把你手上的油渍、你半夜坐在门槛上的背影、你偷偷把我书包带子接好的那双手，全都放大了一百倍。我在第六排看着，忽然想起我家那位，也是这样的手，也是这样少的嘴。

你在月台上没回头。我知道你为什么——回头，眼泪就不值钱了。列车开动的时候，我看见你追着车窗跑了两步，又停下来，站在原地，被尾气裹住。故事把这一段拍得很轻，轻得像雪落在雪上。可我在黑暗里听见自己心口咔哒一声，像有什么东西上了锁，又像有什么东西开了锁。

我想替你说一句话。那句你在故事里咽回去的话，我替你保管着。等哪天我家那位也背过身去的时候，我把它拿出来，对着他的背影说。哪怕只说半句，哪怕声音发抖。光影教会我的，不是流泪，是把流泪的那点力气，省下来去开口。

你的远方后来到了吗？电影没演。我猜到了，又猜你没到。没到也没关系——你在三轮车上驮着家往前走的样子，本身就是远方在动。

灯亮了，我把这几行字折好，夹进课本。明天放学，我提前十分钟回家，帮那位把门口的车推好，不说话，就像你在光影里做的那样。有些话说不出口，就先做给它看。

A Letter to the Father in the Story

Sir, a father I have never met: allow me this address. You sat inside the light and shadow for one hundred and twenty minutes; I sat outside them for one hundred and twenty minutes too. The show is over, and I want to write you a few lines.

You speak little in the story. You repair bicycles, you pedal the tricycle, you press a stack of small bills under the pillow. Your distance is a woven sack holding a ticket into the city, holding plans you never dared to say aloud. You fold the distance very small and tuck it into your pocket, afraid someone will see. At night you count those small bills, then bind them with a rubber band, like binding a bundle of quiet days.

How honest the light and shadow are. They magnified a hundred times the grease on your hands, your back sitting on the doorstep at midnight, the hands that secretly stitched my schoolbag strap back together. In the sixth row I watched, and suddenly thought of the man at home: the same kind of hands, the same kind of silence.

You did not turn around on the platform. I know why: turn around, and the tears would lose their worth. When the train began to move, I saw you run two steps after the window, then stop, standing there wrapped in the exhaust. The story filmed that part lightly, light as snow falling on snow. But in the darkness I heard a click inside my own chest, as if something locked, as if something unlocked.

I want to say one sentence for you. The sentence you swallowed inside the story, I will keep it for you. Someday, when the man at home also turns his back, I will take it out and say it to that back. Even half a sentence, even with a shaking voice. What the light and shadow taught me is not how to cry, but how to save the strength of crying and spend it on opening my mouth.

Did your distance arrive in the end? The film did not show it. I guess it did, and I guess it did not. It does not matter either way: the way you carried your family forward on that tricycle is itself the distance in motion.

The lights are on. I fold these lines and press them into my textbook. Tomorrow after school I will go home ten minutes early and help the man at home park the bicycle by the door, saying nothing, the way you did inside the light and shadow. Some words cannot be spoken aloud; so do them first, and let them speak.