一块银幕的散场独白

我是影厅前面的那块银幕，

白白的，大大的，像一面安静的湖。

今天下午，我的湖里游过一条白鲸，

游过一片会发光的珊瑚。

散场的铃，叮铃铃响了，

放映机闭上了它亮亮的一只眼睛，

灯光一盏一盏升起来，

我的湖面上，故事退潮了。

别急，别急，让我慢慢收，

白鲸，回到我的左边折起来，

花蝴蝶，停在我的右边褶子里，

那个举着旗子的小英雄，

藏进我正中间最深的一层。

孩子们站起来了，一排一排，

有的揉着眼睛，有的还在回头，

一个小女孩踮着脚，

想跟我说一声再见。

我当然会答应她，

只是我的再见，要等到明天，

等到放映机再睁开眼，

等到灯灭，鼓点再响。

椅子空了，爆米花屑亮晶晶，

像我的湖底留下了小星星，

清洁的扫帚沙沙地走过，

把笑声扫进簸箕里。

我从门上的玻璃望出去，

看他们走进傍晚的街，

路灯一盏一盏亮起来，

那是他们回家的路。

那个揉眼睛的小男孩，

踩着路灯的影子往前走，

他不知道，他的白鲸

就藏在我这里，等他再来。

那个踮脚的小女孩，

在门口回头看了我一眼，

她的再见我听见了，

我把它夹在最上面的一层。

妈妈牵着手，爸爸背着包，

回家的路上叽叽喳喳，

他们把白鲸讲给路灯听，

路灯听得一亮一亮。

风把他们的声音送回来，

送给我这个安静的听众，

我把每一个字都收好，

叠整齐，压平，放好。

影厅空了，灯还亮着，

我白白的，像一张睡前的床，

白鲸在我左边轻轻呼吸，

花蝴蝶在我右边做梦。

清洁的阿姨关了大灯，

留下一盏小小的工作灯，

像给故事留了一粒星星，

好让它们晚上不害怕。

我也打了个大大的哈欠，

把四个角抖一抖，站直，

明天下午三点半，

铃一响，我又会亮起来。

到那时，灯一灭，鼓点一响，

白鲸第一个游出来，

它记得那个揉眼睛的男孩，

他也会记得，回家的路上，

路灯替他保管过一场梦。

A Monologue of the Screen After the Movie Ends

I am the screen at the front of the hall,

white and big, like a quiet lake.

This afternoon, a white whale swam through my lake,

and a glowing coral reef floated past.

The bell of the ending rings, ding-ling-ling,

the projector closes its one bright eye,

the lights rise up, one by one,

and on my lake, the story goes out with the tide.

Wait, wait, let me put things away slowly,

white whale, go back and fold into my left side,

butterfly, rest in the folds on my right,

and the little hero holding the flag,

hide in the deepest layer right in my middle.

The children stand up, row by row,

some rub their eyes, some keep looking back,

a little girl rises on her toes,

wanting to whisper goodbye to me.

Of course I will answer her,

only my goodbye has to wait until tomorrow,

until the projector opens its eye again,

until the lights go out and the drums start again.

The chairs are empty, the popcorn crumbs sparkle,

like little stars left on the bottom of my lake,

the cleaning broom walks past, swish swish,

sweeping the laughter into the dustpan.

I look out through the glass of the door,

watching them walk into the evening street,

the street lamps light up, one by one,

that is their road home.

That little boy who rubbed his eyes,

is stepping forward on the shadows of the lamps,

he does not know that his white whale

is hidden here with me, waiting for him to come back.

That little girl on her toes,

looked back at me once at the door,

I heard her goodbye,

and I pressed it into my topmost layer.

Mom holds a hand, Dad carries the bag,

chattering all along the road home,

they tell the white whale to the street lamps,

and the lamps listen, blinking brighter.

The wind carries their voices back to me,

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to me, the quiet listener,

I keep every word safe,

folding them neat, pressing them flat, putting them away.

The hall is empty, one light still on,

I am white, like a bed before sleep,

the white whale breathes softly on my left,

the butterfly dreams on my right.

The cleaning aunt turns off the big lights,

and leaves one small working lamp,

like keeping a tiny star for the stories,

so they will not be afraid at night.

I also give a big yawn,

shake my four corners, and stand straight,

tomorrow at half past three,

when the bell rings, I will light up again.

Then, when the lights go out and the drums begin,

the white whale will swim out first,

it remembers the boy who rubbed his eyes,

and he will remember, on the road home,

the street lamps kept a dream safe for him.