歪了一整个秋天的车把

我是从自家窗口看见那辆自行车的。楼下空地上，陈叔扶着一辆蓝漆掉光的旧车，他儿子磊子坐在车座上，两条腿绷得笔直，像踩在什么危险的东西上。

我趴在窗口看了一个傍晚。陈叔弯着腰，两只手扣在后架两侧，跟着儿子一圈一圈地走。磊子的车把抖个不停，一会儿贴左边的墙根，一会儿又斜向花坛。陈叔话少，只反复说两句：看前面，脚踩稳。他的白衬衫后背洇出一大片汗，也没见他用袖子擦。

摔是在第七八圈的时候。陈叔的手松了半秒，车头猛地一摆，磊子连人带车倒进沙堆，半天没起来。我在窗口攥紧了窗台。陈叔走过去，先把车搬开，再蹲下去看他的膝盖，拍了拍裤子上的沙，伸手把磊子从沙堆里拎出来，说，再来。磊子嘴唇哆嗦着，还是重新跨了上去。

后来的事我是一口气看完的。陈叔重新扶住后架，步子放得更慢。有一圈，他不知什么时候撤了手，站在原地没动，磊子自己骑过了那个弯，风把他额前的头发掀起来。绕到第二圈，磊子敢按铃了，那辆车铃只响得出半声，我在四楼都听见了。陈叔站在路灯底下，背着手，一动不动，像一截钉在地里的木桩。

天黑透之前他们收了车。陈叔走在前面，磊子推着车跟在后面，车轮碾过空地，发出细细的沙沙声。走到单元门口，磊子忽然小跑两步，撞了一下陈叔的后背，又赶紧跑开。陈叔没回头，只是抬手在后脑勺上拍了一下，像赶蚊子。

第二天磊子骑车上学，从我窗下一掠而过，喊了声再见。我往下看，陈叔站在院口，手里空着。有些手扶了一整个秋天，松开之后，就再也没扶过。

The Handlebar That Crooked All Autumn

I saw the bicycle from our own window. In the open ground downstairs, Uncle Chen held an old bike with its blue paint worn off, while his son Leizi sat on the seat, both legs stiff as if standing on something dangerous.

I leaned on the windowsill and watched one whole evening. Uncle Chen bent at the waist, both hands hooked on the two sides of the rear rack, walking lap after lap behind his son. The handlebar trembled without end, now hugging the wall on the left, now slanting toward the flower bed. He was a man of few words and repeated only two: eyes forward, feet steady. A wide patch of sweat spread across the back of his white shirt, and he never once wiped it with his sleeve.

The fall came around the seventh or eighth lap. His hand loosened for half a second, the front swung hard, and Leizi toppled into the sand pile, bike and all, and did not get up for a long while. Inside, I gripped the windowsill. Uncle Chen walked over, lifted the bike off first, then squatted to look at the knee, patted the sand off the trousers, and pulled the boy out of the sand with one hand. He said: again. Leizi sat on the seat with both legs stiff, and his lips were trembling, but he swung

a leg back over the seat.

I watched the rest without blinking. Uncle Chen held the rack again, his steps slower than before. On one lap, at some point he withdrew his hands and stood still where he was, and Leizi rode through the turn by himself, the wind lifting the hair off his forehead. On the second lap the boy dared ring the bell. That bell could only produce half a sound, and I heard it all the way on the fourth floor. Uncle Chen stood under the street lamp, hands behind his back, motionless, like a post driven into the ground.

They put the bike away before the dark fully fell. Uncle Chen walked in front, Leizi following with the bike pushed beside him, the wheels grinding over the open ground in a thin rustling sound. At the entrance of the building, the boy suddenly broke into a short run, bumped once against the back of his father, then ran off again. Uncle Chen did not turn around; he only raised a hand and tapped the back of his own head, as if shooing a mosquito.

The next morning Leizi rode off to school, sweeping past under my window, calling out goodbye. I looked down. Uncle Chen stood at the yard gate with empty hands. Some hands hold on for an entire autumn, and once they let go, they never hold on again.