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## Departure

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# Xiaoqing Liu

## 去意

当我决定要走的时候,我的朋友神色慌张。他们说,“你要去哪儿?你究竟要什麼?”

我笑了。我什麼都不要,因为不要,我才要离开。

我生怕在一个地方呆久了,  
我会懒,会更加不想动,会不用脑子就能从一条街穿过另一条街,从一个路口拐进下一个路口,吃饭,上班,  
然后看望同一帮朋友,做同样的游戏,说同样的笑话。

我生怕我还这样孤寂地一个人走下去,在所有熟人指指点点的目光下,背会萎缩,笑容会更僵持。

我也生怕会被一个人疯狂地爱上,不知道该怎麽办。明白自己是极其心软的人,  
挪不动启程的步伐,从此会被腋着着,哪怕心里极不情愿。风大的时候,帆起的时候,看着自己的心像布一样被片片扯开,却不能哭。从此只有音乐在空中,梦在空中,舞蹈在空中,诗在空中,而我只有在泥泞的土里跋涉,不会注意一片新叶,更别说抬头看一下天,那将是怎样一张忧郁可怖的脸和碎石般的心。

我还怕守着爱,也会成了习惯。  
再不经意的清晨,托着那双旧拖鞋,把它跟垃圾一起倒掉,茫然地看着大车载着它,转出巷口,驶出视野,没有可能再捡到。

我怕同样的风,同样的雨,同样的油纸伞和小巷,同样的喃喃自语,所有的故事是开头也是结尾,我也将不再去电影院。

那时候,朋友,你还认得我吗?纵使我毫发未变。

真的,我其实什麼都不想要,我只想聆听不同的歌声,攀援不同的山峰。我希望我的一生象鸟一样飞过天空,象恐龙一样缓缓跨越季节,象风一样抚摸大地。

## Departure

When I was ready to go, my friend looked panicked. “Where are you going? What on earth are you looking for?”

I smiled. I ask for nothing. It is only because of this that I desire so much to leave.

I’m afraid I’ll get lazy if I stay in one place for too long. I’ll feel tardy. I’ll go from one street to another and turn down one road and onto another without even turning on my brain. I will eat, go to work and then visit the same group of people, play the same games and tell the same old jokes.

I’m afraid I will have to walk on like this forever, lonely, scrutinized by all of my acquaintances. My back will shrink and smiles will freeze.

I’m afraid someone I don’t love will crazily love me. Which will leave me feeling terrible and I won’t have any idea what to do. I know myself as an extremely softhearted person, I will be glued to the place with great reluctance to leave, and will be unable to stir anymore. When the wind blows, the sails will start flying, and I will see my own heart shredded like slices of cloth. I will have to refrain hard from crying. From then on, only music will be in the sky. And dream and dance and poetry. But really I will have to trudge in the mud below, never noticing the buds on trees or even looking up at the sky. What a terrible broken hearted fate that will be!

I'm also afraid of staying because love will become a habit. On an ordinary, careless morning, while wearing an old pair of slippers I might throw it away with the garbage. Staring blankly as it's being carried away by the garbage truck, I won't even realize anything is unusual until the truck turns at the end of the lane and finally disappears out of my sight. Then I will lose any possibility of picking it up again.

I'm also afraid of the same wind, the same rain, the same umbrella, the same lane and the same whispering. All movies begin and end similarly, and thus I will never again return to the cinema.

My friend, will you recognize me by that time, even if nothing changes in me?

Yes, I ask for nothing. I only want to listen to different songs and climb different mountains. I wish my whole life would be like that of a bird flying across the sky, or a dragon slowly spanning the seasons, or the wind softly touching the earth.