

蓝蓝

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## 火车，火车

黄昏把白昼运走。窗口从首都  
摇落到华北的沉沉暮色中

……从这里，到这里。

道路击穿大地的白杨林  
闪电，会跟随着雷  
但我们的嘴已装上安全的消声器。

火车越过田野，这页删掉粗重脚印的纸。  
我们晃动。我们也不再言词  
帮助低头的羊群，砖窑的滚滚浓烟。

轮子慢慢滑进黑夜。从这里  
到这里。头顶不灭的星星  
一直跟随，这场墓地漫长的送行  
在我们勇敢的狭窄铁轨上延伸

火车。火车。离开报纸的新闻版  
驶进乡村木然的冷噤：  
一个倒悬在夜空中  
垂死之人的看。

LAN LAN

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*Train, Train*

*translated by Fiona Sze-Lorrain*

Dusk carries day away. From the capital the window  
swings to the dense twilight of north China

. . . from here, to here

The road pierces through the aspen forest  
Lightning, will be followed by thunder  
yet safety silencers have covered our mouths

Train crosses the field, a page that erases heavy footsteps  
We sway. We no longer use words  
to help goats with bowed heads, smoke billowing from brick kilns

Wheels slide slowly into night. From here  
to here. Overhead, ardent stars  
trail behind, this long farewell in a graveyard  
stretches on the thin railway of our courage

Train. Train. Leaving the front page of newspapers  
into the numb shivers of villages:  
hanging upside-down in night sky  
a look from the dying