

她朝我走来，双手握住后背的头发。

灰色方形空间，方盒子之外是无限延展的水平面。远处的水泥地面上剖开一方巨坑，里面杂草、泥土裸露着，混杂着沙漠的气息。

葡萄酒干涸的斑迹、壁虎的尾巴。

她在隔着我两米远的地方停了下来，我们都保持着沉默。

她的身体此时裂开了一个口子，从肋骨到肚脐，翻开的皮肉把她的衬衫撑变形了。她解开衬衫的扣子，平静地向我展示她身体打开的深渊。她的乳晕是深紫色的，上面还有很多凹凸的结节，肋骨随着呼吸的起伏若隐若现。开口的地方在躯干中央微微靠右，里面是一片未知的漆黑，翻开的肉看起来像巨大的阴户。

她缓缓从身体的裂缝中掏出一只雪白色的章鱼。

不一会儿，她干裂的没有血色的唇间开始发出嘶嘶的气音。

“逝者已逝，永恒的山巅沉没……

忘了她吧！忘了我！狗日的月亮，海水都不曾如此绝情和恶毒。

……

若你予我荆棘的囚笼，我会被硫酸溶解，在月光的辐射下生成硫酸钙和硫酸镁的璀璨晶石。”

她的面部肌肉抽动着，嘴皮和舌头快速翻滚开合，空洞身体内部的信号素交织着这些词句，从她的唇间流出。这些能指的意象像咒语一样流淌、聚拢、互相关联成抽象的意象群，在她身后的空气中展开。

She walked towards me, holding her hair with her hands.

In a gray square space, outside the box was an infinitely extending horizontal plane.

A huge hole cut on the concrete floor, where weeds and mud were exposed, mingled in an atmosphere of desert.

Dry stains of wine, gecko's tail.

She stopped two meters away from me, and we all remained silent.

At this time, her body split open, from the rib to the belly button, the flesh near the wound turned over and deformed her shirt. She unbuttoned her shirt and calmly showed me the abyss in her body. Her areola was dark purple with many bumps and nodules on it. Underneath the pale skin, her ribs were slightly shaking in concord with the ups and downs of the breathing.

Flesh near the cut looked like a huge vulvar, unknown pitch-black inside.

She slowly dragged out a snow-white octopus from the rip in her body.

After a while, her chapped, bloodless lips began to make a hissing sound.

"The dead are gone; the eternal mountain top sank...

Forget her! forget me! The bloody moon! Even the sea has never been so heartless and vicious.

...

If you give me a cage out of thorns, I will be dissolved by sulfuric acid, and under the radiation of moonlight, form a bright spar of calcium sulfate and magnesium sulfate. "

Her facial muscles twitched, her mouth and tongue quickly rolled and whirled, opened and closed. The semaphores inside the hollow body intertwined with words, flowed from her lips. These signifiers flowed like spells, converged and interrelated into clusters of abstract images that unfolded in the air behind her.

我猜，她最多只是我梦境里产生的图像，蛰伏在深层意识中等待被唤醒。

“你的汗液在说话。你意识不到吗？”

“我喜欢的作家是乔伊斯。他让我麻木。”

她手托着章鱼，它的口器在轻微地开合起伏，吐出细密的泡沫，触手分泌出的黏液流淌到了她的手背、手腕、手臂上，包裹住了骨骼关节和血管瘤节顶起的凹凸不平的皮肤，在正午苍白的阳光下熠熠生辉。

She was at most an image in my dreams, I suppose, dormant in the deep consciousness waiting to be awakened.

"Your sweat is talking. Don't you realize it?"

"The writer I like is Joyce. He numbs me."

She was holding the octopus in her hands, and its mouthparts were opening and closing, spitting out fine foam. The mucus secreted by the tentacles flowed to her hands, wrists, and arms, wrapping up the humps of bone joints and scabrous skin, gleaming in the pale sun at noon.



冰冷的机器和电线被肉汁浸透。

一切结束了。新的时空开始更迭。

虫鸣，麋鹿吃草。

The cold machine and wires were soaked in gravy.

It was over. New time and space began to iterate.

Insects sang and elk grazed.



艺术的方式（或者是写作），总以一种不知名的方式激起人的内在的敏感共振——一种诡辩的思维，一种隐晦的气息，在人的思维暗处的小道上踱步。

The way of art (or writing) always arouses people's inner sensitive echo in an anonymous way – sophistries or fallacies, like a kind of vague and obscure breath, pacing on the trail in the dark side of people's mind.





时间模糊了我的视觉/图像记忆，有时大雪变成了洁白的深海，有时只剩下无尽的白与动态的红色小块。那段回忆在反复出现的过程中，声音也被篡改了——雪地上大风的呼啸、直升机的轰鸣消失了，苍白的世界中，一阵阵尖锐的耳鸣愈来愈响。

My visual/imagery memory blurred in time.

Sometimes the snow became a white ocean; sometimes only endless dynamic red patches left.

As the memory reappeared itself, the voice was somewhat tampered with - the roar of the gale from the snowfield and the thunder of the helicopter faded away, and in that pale world, bursts of sharp tinnitus grew louder and louder.



提起愤怒的酮，我想这不是每个人都愿意体验的。价格倒是不贵，但在市面上试剂不是很流通。很奇怪大家甚至不愿意提起它。

如果那滋味像三文鱼就着奶油白酱，它倒还会受欢迎些。可事实上，它的反应类似于酸涩的牙齿啃啮电缆，或是购物袋上扎满钉子与戒指。

盛大的婚礼的确是一个 bonus，毋庸置疑。

一万台摄像机毫无逻辑地指着对方，一声令下，小金人砸个细碎，里面飞出成千上万只鸽子。

坦诚地说，要不是因为愤怒的酮，这稀有的深色介质，我根本没法闻见植物汁液的气味，或是在梦里跳桑巴跳出门槛前的黎明。

Speaking of angry ketones, not everyone wanted to experience it, I suppose. Their price was rather reasonable, but the reagents hadn't prevailed on the market. Strange that people didn't even bother to mention it.

If it tasted like salmon with cream sauce, it would be more popular, out of question. But in fact, its reaction was similar to sort of a sour tooth biting a cable, or a shopping plastic bag all stabbed with nails and rings.

The grandiose wedding was indeed a bonus, no doubt.

Ten thousand cameras pointed at each other illogically, and at an order, the little golden man smashed it into pieces, thousands of pigeons flew out of it.

Frankly speaking, were it not for angry ketones - this rare dark medium, I would not have been able to smell the scent of plant sap, or jump samba before the dawn in the dreamy field.

我在那天下午又陷入了那个循环的回忆。

一只玫红色的蝴蝶兰，颜色鲜艳得刺眼，取代了母亲和那只红色围巾，屹立在苍凉的雪原之中。

馥郁的芳香让我感到眩晕。

它矗立在我视野的远方，花朵面对着我，它中心的花药仿佛在审视着我。

我踏着雪，去追逐它，荒原上的雪异常的松软，我使不上劲，我怎么努力也跑不快。大雪加倍地肆虐，我视力模糊、呼吸困难、气管疼痛、心跳加速、晕眩，感到窒息。

随着我离它越来越近，我发现它其实很高，花瓣很大很厚，肥硕的唇瓣从中心坠下来，花茎遒劲得像树干一样。在我快要接近它的时候——我几乎耗尽我全部的力气，耳鸣越来越强烈，我想要伸手去触碰它的中心，它令我感到惧怕，但我没有别的选择，我想知道真相。

“受到威胁，那就服从。”这句话又出现在我的脑海。耳鸣强烈到让我头痛欲裂的程度。而在最后一刻，我察觉到兰花的蕊柱在以高频率震动（如果不是四周的雪花异常的飘动，我根本无法察觉它如此高频到超越肉眼极限的震动）难道是它发出的刺耳的声音？我之前的耳鸣…

I again fell into the cycle of memories that afternoon.

A rose-red phalaenopsis, with dazzling bright colors, replaced my mother and her red scarf, standing in the barren snowfield.

Its heavy fragrance made me dizzy.

It stood at the edge of my vision, the flower faced me, and the anther seemed to be judging me.

I trampled through the snow to chase it. The snow on the wasteland was too soft for me to run fast, no matter how hard I tried. The heavy snow raged, making my vision blurred, my breathing difficult, aching my trachea, fastening my heartbeat, and I felt dizzy and suffocated.

As I got closer, I found that it was actually very tall, with large and thick petals, plump lips falling from the center, and the stem were as vigorous as a tree trunk. When I was about to approach it - I almost exhausted all my strength, the tinnitus grew stronger and stronger, I wanted to reach out to touch its center, it scared me, but I had no choice, I wanted to know the truth.

"If you are threatened, then obey." This sentence came back to me. The tinnitus was so intense that it gave me a splitting headache. And at the last moment, I noticed that the orchid's pistil was vibrating at a high frequency (were it for the abnormal movement of the surrounding snowflakes, I wouldn't be able to detect the vibration at such a high frequency that exceeded the limit of naked eyes). Was the harsh sound always from it? My tinnitus before...

我想念她，我想念她想得快疯了。

她没有血色的薄嘴唇，她灰褐色、如草丛一般的头发，还有她的眉毛，几乎让人无法察觉到它们的存在，像绒毛一样贴在眉弓骨上。她空洞的神情，使呼吸显得毫无意义。她四周环绕着安静的空气，进入她的气场后，我会觉得时空、话术、结构这些都被留在了身后，唯一能感应到的，只是和她微弱的、却千丝万缕的连接。

I missed her; I missed her almost losing my mind.

Her thin bloodless lips, her gray-brown, grass-like hair, and her eyebrows, which were almost indiscernible, stuck to the brow bone like sparse fluff. Her hollow expression decontextualized her breathing. She was surrounded by still air. After entering her aura, I felt that time and space, discourse, and structure were all left behind. The only thing that could be sensed was the faint but inextricable connection to her.





循环、密封、潮湿、月亮、太阳、惨白、大楼、废墟、沙土、黑暗、血红、鲜  
红、触手、伤口、章鱼、鸟喙、乙醇、眼球、疼痛、燃烧、激素、爱、恨、性  
欲、导电、食欲、翅膀、薄膜、母马、灼烧、融化、溶解、生长、老化、酸  
性、腐肉、蜘蛛、伤疤、耳鸣、船、紫色、藤蔓、云、丝绸、盲人、浓雾、刺  
鼻、球体、麻痹、剪刀、排泄、切割、性交、晕厥、吞咽、战争、脊柱、血  
管、强光、沙滩、炙热、羽毛、血液、生长素、雌二醇、关节、椎体、弱智、  
迷宫、腔体、食道、葡萄酒、蜥蜴、花瓣、抽搐、飓风、雨滴、雕塑、噩梦、  
溺水、卵子、子宫、森林、黑墙、墓碑、谜语、情人、冰柜、枸杞、脚掌、指  
甲、腋毛、头发、声带、拷贝、死亡、青色、红色、绿色、蓝色、黄色、白  
色、黑色、爆炸……

Circulation, sealing, humidity, the moon, the sun, paleness,  
buildings, wrecks, sand, darkness, blood-red, bright-red, tentacles, a  
wound, octopus, a bird's beak, ethanol, eyeballs, pain, burning,  
hormone, love, hate, libido, conductivity, appetite, wings, film, a  
mare, scorch, melting, dissolving, growth, aging, acid, carrion,

spiders, scar, tinnitus, a boat, purple, vine, cloud, silk, blindness,

dense fog, pungent, the orb, paralysis, scissors, excretion, cutting,

sexual intercourse, syncope, swallowing, wars, spines, blood vessels,

bright light, beach, heat, feathers, blood, auxin, estradiol, joints,

centrum, mental deficiency, the maze, the cavity, esophagus, wine,

lizards, petals, convulsions, hurricanes, raindrops, sculptures,

nightmares, drowning, eggs, the uterus, forests, black walls,

tombstones, riddles, lovers, freezers, wolfberries, soles, nails, armpit

hair, hair, vocal cords, copy, death, cyan, red, green, blue, yellow,

white, black, explosion...

每一寸皮肤、每一处关节、每一个内脏器官、每一滴血液都在咆哮着。

仿佛下一秒身体就会爆炸开。

一只黑色的大鸟向我飞来，停在我身边，低头俯视着我，查看我报废的肉身，像检查一块将要变质的猪肉一般，锐利的眼神中透出法医或是屠夫般的娴熟。巨大的阴影遮住了上空的混乱光芒。

“你被无法穿透的东西环绕着吗？”它问我。

我无法动弹，也无法回答。此刻我意识到，Lan 在这里，或者说，我进入了她这不可言说的境地。

大鸟随后撕开我上身的衣服，用尖锐的喙啄食我肚子。先啄开皮肤，然后一点一点咬下我的肉，最后猛地一啄，鸟头一大半都埋进了我的身体里，鸟嘴摸索了一会儿，好像取走了什么东西。在它的头拔出来的瞬间，我体内盈余的血液喷射了出来，然后汨汨地从开口的洞中流出，沿着我的肚子，沿着我扭曲的四肢，流淌在我的四周。

大鸟的嘴里衔着一只半透明的眼珠，看上去很坚硬，像一块水晶石一般。

Every inch of my skin, every joint, every internal organ, every drop of my blood were roaring as if the next second the body would explode.

A big black bird flew towards me, stopped by my side, looked down at my scrapped body, like examining a piece of pork about to go bad. Its piercing eyes seemed to possess the skill of a forensic or butcher. The huge shadow blotted out the chaotic light above.

"Are you surrounded by something we cannot penetrate?" it asked me.

I couldn't move, and I couldn't answer. At this moment I realized that Lan was here, in other words, I had entered her unutterable field.

The bird then tore off my shirts. The sharp beak kept pecking at my stomach; first, my skin, then bit by bit nibble my flesh, and finally, with a violent peck, most of the bird's head was buried in my body, fumbling for a while, as if it had taken something away. The moment its head pulled out, the surplus blood in my body spurted out, and then gurgled out from the hole, flowing along my belly, along my twisted limbs, and then all around me.

There was a translucent eyeball in the big bird's beak, which looked very hard, like a crystal stone.

我慢慢平息了痛苦和恐惧，随着我的血液流出，疼痛慢慢释放了，我身体中一切躁动的欲望、不谐和的音符、矛盾的思想和丑陋的影像，从我身体的破洞中飞出，冲向玻璃的十字架，冲向远方深海下的冰山。我慢慢干涸的身体在平静中恢复了自由。

“请把你最后的吻用绷带包裹起来。”

大鸟咬着那只眼球，一边对我说道。那只眼球也定定地看着我，我看到那颗灰色瞳孔对着我，放大了，又猛地缩得很小。

I gradually calmed my pain and fear. As my blood flowed, the pain eased. All the restless desires, discordant notes, contradictory thoughts, and ugly images in my body flew out from the holes, and dashed for the glass cross, for the iceberg far beneath the sea. My body, which was slowly drying out, returned to freedom in calmness.

"Please wrap your last kiss in a bandage."

Big Bird held the eyeball in its beak and said to me. That eyeball also looked at me firmly, and I saw the gray pupil facing me, enlarged, and suddenly contracted to a tiny size.



我逐渐恢复了对身体的控制。

我把头侧向右方，我能感到右边光源更亮，看到自己源源不断流出的血液已经形成蜿蜒的河流，每隔大概一米的距离就分叉开，蜿蜒向远出的低地，在湿地上伸出属于我的红色藤蔓，好像它们是我身体的衍生——我的触手，我的翅膀，我的生命之树。即使遇到隆起和坑洼，这些流淌的藤蔓也没有断裂。

I gradually regained control over my body.

I turned my head to the right, as I could feel the light source on the right brighter. I could see that my continuous flow of blood had formed a winding river, diverging at about one meter, and meandered to the distant lowland. I stretch out my red vines on the wet ground, as if they were derived from my body - my tentacles, my wings, my tree of life. Even with bumps and potholes, these flowing vines did not break.

