打火机*

nyacatnyanya

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我吃完饭的时候晃晃悠悠去超市,跟老板说要一盒红河和一个打火机,老板顿了一下,大概常抽烟的人不会买打火机,但也或许是我面上挂着的疲惫和我的打扮让他没有发问,他把烟和打火机递给我,我付了钱。今天是阴天,稍微风有一些大,我走到宿舍楼的角落,抽出一根点燃。我上次抽烟是在十年的烟雾发呆,一些熟悉又陌生的味道,一些别形的烟雾发呆,一些熟悉又陌生的味道,一些想把燃着的烟头摆在左手腕上,手腕的内侧肤色偏白,之前烫伤的疤痕像丑陋的眼睛一样凝视着我。我看着手里的烟又看着手腕,预想得到那后面会发生的事情——不过是又一次灼热疼痛,又一次的水泡裂开流出眼泪

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一般的组织液,又一次的发炎、溃烂、化脓,然 后留下类似的反复的疤痕。生活里的事大抵相似,没 有谁与谁不同。我拉了下外套的袖子把手腕上的疤痕 盖上, 然后深吸了一口烟, 它的顶端迅速地燃烧留下 一大截的烟灰, 落在我面前的地面上。辛辣的, 刺鼻 呛人的味道, 我丢掉剩下的烟头把它踩灭, 然后捡起 来扔进一边的垃圾桶。不知道烟味会不会附着在我的 外套上,这件外套感觉是至少四年前买的了,帽子上 有可爱的软趴趴的棕色鹿角。我很喜欢这件外套,它 的袖口的棉质蕾丝老化了, 上次穿得急了被我不小心 扯烂, 后来我母亲帮我补了一块不知道哪来的丝质蕾 丝上去,看起来有点假白,格格不入。于是我又在外 面漫无目的地逛了十五分钟, 城市的风吹过我的大 衣, 吹过我的头发。我想起我之前会帮我父亲买烟, 又想起我是怎么劝他戒烟, 想起他是怎么戒了后又复 吸, 想起很多很多和我有关的事情, 又好像一件都和 我没有关系。我走到宿舍门口的时候看到宿管阿姨拿 着打火机,从她们的谈话中我知道是有个同学过生日 想点蜡

烛,来找宿管借,宿管找了一会找到了,那女孩子却不见了。我看着阿姨们欢快地讨论这件事,看着她们寻找那个女孩子,有的打火机会点亮生日蛋糕上的蜡烛,有的打火机会点燃我手里的烟。一个熄灭在愿望里,一个熄灭在泥土中。