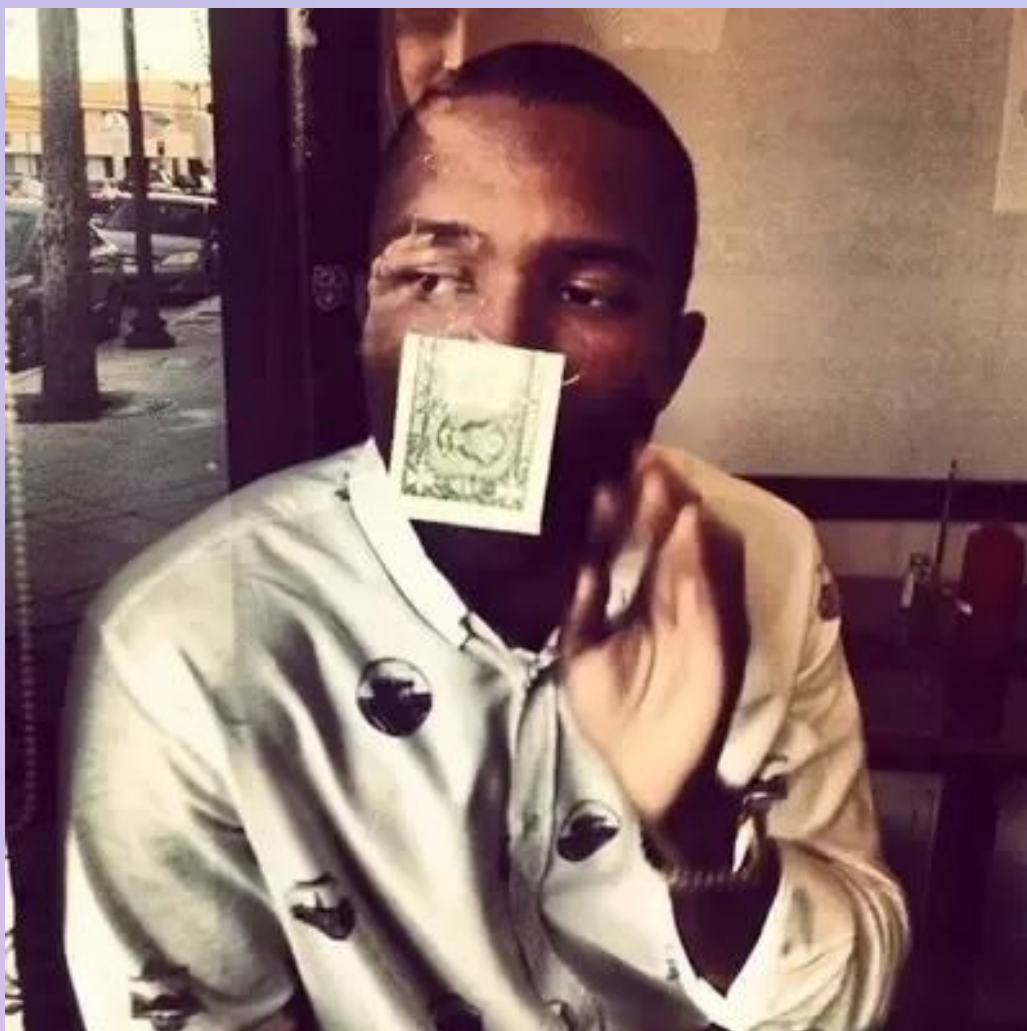


樱花译语 | 来自Frank Ocean的出柜信

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Whoever you are, wherever you are... I'm starting to think we are a lot alike.

无论你是谁，无论你在哪儿..我开始觉得我们有太多相似的地方。

Human beings spinning on blackness. All wanting to be seen, touched, heard, paid attention to.

人类在黑暗之中彷徨。都希望被主视，被触碰，被倾听，被关注。

My loved ones are everything to me here.

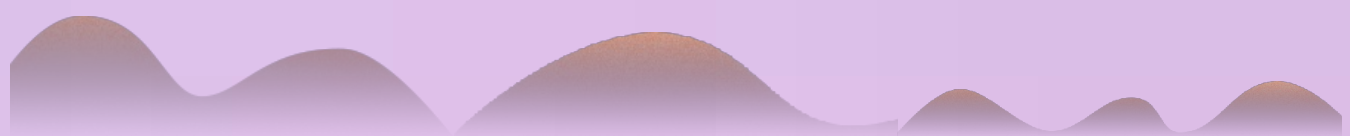
我所爱的人于我而言就是我的一切。

In the last year or 3, I've screamed at my creator. Screamed at clouds in the sky. For some explanation. Mercy maybe.

在过去的一年，或是三年里，我一直在对我的造物主呐喊着。对着天上的流云呐喊，祈祷一些解释，祈求一些怜悯。

For peace of mind to rain like manna somehow.

希望内心能安宁如无声的细雨。



4 summers ago, I met somebody. I was 19 years old. He was too.

四年前的夏天，我遇到了一个人。我19岁，他也是。

We spent that Summer and the Summer after, together. Everyday almost.

我们一起度过了一个又一个夏天。几乎每天如此。

And on the days we were together, time would glide.

在一起的日子里，时间总是悄然划过。

Most of the day I'd see him, and his smile. I'd hear his conversation and his silence. Until it was time to sleep. Sleep I would often share with him.

一天的大多数时间，我会看着他，看他的笑容，听他的说话声，还有他的沉默，直到晚安时分，我们一同入睡。

By the time I realized I was in love, it was malignant. It was hopeless. There was no escaping. No negotiating with the feeling. No choice.

而当我意识到我陷入了爱河时，这是恶性的。我感到无助，无处可逃。被痛苦挟持，无法选择。

It was my first love. It changed my life.

这是我的初恋。我的生命就此改变。

Back then, my mind would wander to the women I had been with. The ones I cared for and thought I was in love with.

我的思绪徘徊向我曾相处过的女人，那些我曾关心的女人，那些我以为我真正爱过的女人。

I reminisced about the sentimental songs I enjoyed when I was a teenager. The ones I played when I experienced a girlfriend for the first time.

我回忆起年轻时热爱的那些感伤的歌曲，一如我第一次在女朋友前弹奏的一般。



Imagine being thrown from a plane. I wasn't in a plane though.

想象着自己从飞机上坠落高空，尽管那时我并不在飞机里。

I was in a Nissan Maxima. The same car I packed up with bags and drove to Los Angeles in. I sat there and told my friend how I felt.

我的千里马轿车曾载着我把我的行李驶向洛杉矶，此刻我坐在它里面，坦诚地把我的所想告诉了“我的朋友”。

I wept as the words left my mouth. I grieved for them, know I could never take them back for myself. 当我明白说出的话已经是覆水难收，我感到悲伤。说着说着，哭了出来。

He patted my back. He said kind things. He did his best, but he wouldn't admit the same.

他轻轻地拍了拍我的背，说了些安慰的话。他尽力了，尽管他无法承认这样的我。

He had to go back inside soon. I was late and his girlfriend was waiting for him upstairs.

他得回去了，天色已晚，他的爱人还在楼上等着他。

He wouldn't tell me the truth about his feelings for me for another 3 years. I felt like I'd only imagined reciprocity for years.

接下来的三年里他始终没有对我坦诚他的感受。我想这些年来也只能解释为互惠了。

Now imagine being thrown from a cliff. No. I wasn't on a cliff. I was still in my car telling myself it was gonna be fine and to take deep breaths.

就像在悬崖边被推了下去。当然我也并非真的在悬崖上，我仍坐在我的车里，深吸一口气，告诉自己一切都会转好的。



I took the breaths and carried on. I kept up a peculiar friendship with him because I couldn't imagine keeping up my life

without him.

时间继续流转。我仍和他保持着一段特殊的友谊，因为我无法想象没有他我该如何继续我的生活。

I struggled to master myself and my emotions. I wasn't always successful.

我挣扎着，想掌控自我，收敛情绪。但并非每次都成功。

The dance went on..

舞会仍要继续..

I kept the rhythm for several Summers after.

之后的几个夏天里，这段旋律仍保存在我的心里。

It's Winter now.

冬天了。

I'm typing this on a plane back to Los Angeles from New Orleans.

我在从新奥尔良飞往洛杉矶的飞机上写下了这一段话。

I flew home for another marred Christmas. I have a windowseat. It's December 27, 2011. By now, I've written two albums. This being the second.

家人在等着我回去过圣诞节。我的座位靠着窗。时间，2011年12月27日。截至这个时候，我已经写完了两张专辑，现在是第二张。

I wrote to keep myself busy and sane. I wanted to create worlds that were rosier than mine.

我不断写歌，好让自己保持忙碌和清醒。我想创造出不同于这个世界的，我的玫瑰园。

I tried to channel overwhelming emotions. I'm surprised at how far all of it has taken me.

我尝试着去引导这些充盈的情绪，直到我诧异于它们已经带着我走了很远。

Before writing this, I'd told some people my story. I'm sure these people kept me alive. Kept me safe... sincerely. These are the folks I wanna thank from the floor of my heart.

写下这一切之前，我把我的故事告诉过一些人。这些人让我感觉我活着，让我心安...是我打从心底真心感谢的人。

Everyone of you knows who you are. Great humans. Probably angels. I don't know what happens now, and that's alright. I don't have any secrets I need kept anymore.

你们每个人都知**道**你是谁。是伟大的人类。也许是天使。我不知道此刻发生着什么，但也没事，我已不必再对任何人隐瞒。



There's probably some small shit still, but you know what I mean. I was never alone, as much as I felt like it. As much as I still do sometimes. I never was. I don't think I ever could be.

也许还有一点点小问题，但你知道我想说什么。我从不孤单，正如我所感觉的一样，就像我仍在做的一样。我也不认为我会变得孤单。

Thanks. To my first love, I'm grateful for you. Grateful that even though it wasn't what I had hoped for and even though it was never enough, it was.

向我第一次爱的人，致以谢意。我感谢你，即使它并没有成为我所希望的那样，即使对我而言，它永远不够..不，它足够了。

Some things never are...And we were. I won't forget you. I won't forget the Summer. I'll remember who I was when I met you. I'll remember who you were and how we both changed and stayed the same.

有些事情永远无法完美..但我们其实已经完美了。我会永远记得你，永远记得那个夏天，永远记得遇见你时的那个自己。人心易变，但我们仍如往初。

I've never had more respect for life and living than I have right now. Maybe it takes a near death experience to feel alive.

我从未对生活 and 生命致以如此的敬意。也许一次濒死的体验才会感受到生命的存在。

Thanks. To my mother, you raised me strong. I know I'm only brave because you were first...

谢谢我的妈妈，你让我坚强，我知道有你在心里只会让我勇敢。

So thank you. All of you. For everything good. I feel like a free man. If I listen closely, I can hear the sky falling too.

也谢谢所有的你们，所有的美好。我感到自由。当我仔细聆听，我听到了天幕降落的声音。

-Frank



往期回顾

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- 科普 | 同性恋基因不存在.....吗？
- 五一七 | 活动及周边 | 曾经的黑白此刻灿烂





SAME

we are different
and we are
the same





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